

Humanities in Action

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Preface

A collection of demonstrations leveraging the increased support for writing in the humanities.

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Chapter 1

Poetry

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1.1 William Butler Yeats

No Second Troy

Why should I blame her that she filled my days
With misery, or that she would of late
Have taught to ignorant men most violent ways,
Or hurled the little streets upon the great,
Had they but courage equal to desire?
What could have made her peaceful with a mind
That nobleness made simple as a fire,
With beauty like a tightened bow, a kind
That is not natural in an age like this,
Being high and solitary and most stern?
Why, what could she have done, being what she is?
Was there another Troy for her to burn?

William Butler Yeats

The Lake Isle of Innisfree

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made:
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honeybee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

William Butler Yeats

He wishes for the clothes of Heaven

Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,
 Enwrought with golden and silver light,
 The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
 Of night and light and the half-light,
 I would spread the cloths under your feet:
 But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
 I have spread my dreams under your feet;
 Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

William Butler Yeats

Easter 1916

I

I have met them at close of day
 Coming with vivid faces
 From counter or desk among grey
 Eighteenth-century houses.
 I have passed with a nod of the head
 Or polite meaningless words,
 Or have lingered awhile and said
 Polite meaningless words,
 And thought before I had done
 Of a mocking tale or a gibe
 To please a companion
 Around the fire at the club,
 Being certain that they and I
 But lived where motley is worn:
 All changed, changed utterly:
 A terrible beauty is born.

II

That woman's days were spent
 In ignorant good-will,
 Her nights in argument
 Until her voice grew shrill.
 What voice more sweet than hers
 When, young and beautiful,
 She rode to harriers?
 This man had kept a school
 And rode our winged horse;
 This other his helper and friend
 Was coming into his force;
 He might have won fame in the end,
 So sensitive his nature seemed,
 So daring and sweet his thought.
 This other man I had dreamed
 A drunken, vainglorious lout.
 He had done most bitter wrong

To some who are near my heart,
 Yet I number him in the song;
 He, too, has resigned his part
 In the casual comedy;
 He, too, has been changed in his turn,
 Transformed utterly:
 A terribly beauty is born.

III

Hearts with one purpose alone
 Through summer and winter seem
 Enchanted to a stone
 To trouble the living stream.
 The horse that comes from the road,
 The rider, the birds that range
 From cloud to tumbling cloud,
 Minute by minute they change;
 A shadow of cloud on the stream
 Changes minute by minute;
 A horse-hoof slides on the brim,
 And a horse plashed within it;
 The long-legged moor-hens dive,
 And hens to moor-cocks call;
 Minute by minute they live:
 The stone's in the midst of all.

IV

Too long a sacrifice
 Can make a stone of the heart.
 O when may it suffice?
 That is Heaven's part, our part
 To murmur name upon name,
 As a mother names her child
 When sleep at last has come
 On limbs that had run wild.
 What is it but nightfall?
 No, no, not night but death;
 Was it needless death after all?
 For England may keep faith
 For all that is done and said.
 We know their dream; enough
 To know they dreamed and are dead;
 And what if excess of love
 Bewildered them till they died?
 I write it out in a verse -
 MacDonagh and MacBride
 And Connolly and Pearse
 Now and in time to be,
 Wherever green is worn,
 Are changed, changed utterly:
 A terrible beauty is born.

William Butler Yeats

An Irish Airman Foresees His Death

I know that I shall meet my fate
 Somewhere among the clouds above;
 Those that I fight I do not hate
 Those that I guard I do not love;

My country is Kiltartan Cross,
 My countrymen Kiltartan's poor,
 No likely end could bring them loss
 Or leave them happier than before.

Nor law, nor duty bade me fight,
 Nor public man, nor cheering crowds,
 A lonely impulse of delight
 Drove to this tumult in the clouds;

I balanced all, brought all to mind,
 The years to come seemed waste of breath,
 A waste of breath the years behind
 In balance with this life, this death.

William Butler Yeats

The Stolen Child

Where dips the rocky highland
 Of Sleuth Wood in the lake,
 There lies a leafy island
 Where flapping herons wake
 The drowsy water-rats;
 There we've hid our faery vats,
 Full of berries
 And of reddest stolen cherries.
 Come away, O human child!
 To the waters and the wild
 With a faery, hand in hand,
 For the world's more full of weeping than you
 can understand.

Where the wave of moonlight glosses
 The dim grey sands with light,
 Far off by furthest Rosses
 We foot it all the night,
 Weaving olden dances,
 Mingling hands and mingling glances
 Till the moon has taken flight;
 To and fro we leap
 And chase the frothy bubbles,
 While the world is full of troubles
 And is anxious in its sleep.
 Come away, O human child!
 To the waters and the wild
 With a faery, hand in hand,

For the world's more full of weeping than you
can understand.

Where the wandering water gushes
From the hills above Glen-Car,
In pools among the rushes
That scarce could bathe a star,
We seek for slumbering trout
And whispering in their ears
Give them unquiet dreams;
Leaning softly out
From ferns that drop their tears
Over the young streams.
Come away, O human child!
To the waters and the wild
With a faery, hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping than you
can understand.

Away with us he's going,
The solemn-eyed:
He'll hear no more the lowing
Of the calves on the warm hillside
Or the kettle on the hob
Sing peace into his breast,
Or see the brown mice bob
Round and round the oatmeal-chest.
For he comes, the human child,
To the waters and the wild
With a faery, hand in hand,
From a world more full of weeping than he
can understand.

William Butler Yeats

When you are old

When you are old and grey and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true,
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face;

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

William Butler Yeats

The Fiddler of Dooney

When I play on my fiddle in Dooney
 Folk dance like a wave of the sea
 My cousin is priest in Kilvarnet
 My brother in Moharabuiee

I passed my brother and cousin:
 They read in their books of prayer;
 I read in my book of songs
 I bought at the Sligo fair.

When we come at the end of time,
 To Peter sitting in state,
 He will smile on the three old spirits,
 But call me first through the gate;

For the good are always the merry,
 Save by an evil chance,
 And the merry love the fiddle
 And the merry love to dance:

And when the folk there spy me,
 They will all come up to me,
 With 'Here is the fiddler of Dooney!'
 And dance like a wave of the sea.

William Butler Yeats

Swift's Epitaph

Swift has sailed into his rest;
 Savage indignation there
 Cannot lacerate his breast.
 Imitate him if you dare,
 World-besotted traveller; he
 Served human liberty.

William Butler Yeats

The Wild Swans At Coole

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

The nineteenth autumn has come upon me
 Since I first made my count;
 I saw, before I had well finished,
 All suddenly mount

And scatter wheeling in great broken rings
Upon their clamorous wings.

I have looked upon those brilliant creatures,
And now my heart is sore.
All's changed since I, hearing at twilight,
The first time on this shore,
The bell-beat of their wings above my head,
Trod with a lighter tread.

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

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

William Butler Yeats

To A Friend Whose Work Has Come To Nothing

Now all the truth is out,
Be secret and take defeat
From any brazen throat,
For how can you compete,
Being honour bred, with one
Who, were it proved he lies,
Were neither shamed in his own
Nor in his neighbours' eyes?
Bred to a harder thing
Than Triumph, turn away
And like a laughing string
Whereon mad fingers play
Amid a place of stone,
Be secret and exult,
Because of all things known
That is most difficult.

William Butler Yeats

1.2 Robert Frost

Fire and Ice

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 say that for destruction ice
 Is also great
 And would suffice.

Robert Frost

The Oven Bird

There is a singer everyone has heard,
 Loud, a mid-summer and a mid-wood bird,
 Who makes the solid tree trunks sound again.
 He says that leaves are old and that for flowers
 Mid-summer is to spring as one to ten.
 He says the early petal-fall is past
 When pear and cherry bloom went down in showers
 On sunny days a moment overcast;
 And comes that other fall we name the fall.
 He says the highway dust is over all.
 The bird would cease and be as other birds
 But that he knows in singing not to sing.
 The question that he frames in all but words
 Is what to make of a diminished thing.

Robert Frost

Bond and Free

Love has earth to which she clings
 With hills and circling arms about
 Wall within wall to shut fear out.
 But Thought has need of no such things,
 For Thought has a pair of dauntless wings.

On snow and sand and turf, I see
 Where Love has left a printed trace
 With straining in the world's embrace.
 And such is Love and glad to be.
 But Thought has shaken his ankles free.

Thought cleaves the interstellar gloom
 And sits in Sirius' disc all night,
 Till day makes him retrace his flight,
 With smell of burning on every plume,
 Back past the sun to an earthly room.

His gains in heaven are what they are.
 Yet some say Love by being thrall
 And simply staying possesses all
 In several beauty that Thought fares far
 To find fused in another star.

Robert Frost

Putting in the Seed

You come to fetch me from my work tonight
 When supper's on the table, and we'll see
 If I can leave off burying the white
 Soft petals fallen from the apple tree.
 (Soft petals, yes, but not so barren quite,
 Mingled with these, smooth bean and wrinkled pea;)
 And go along with you ere you lose sight
 Of what you came for and become like me,
 Slave to a springtime passion for the earth.
 How Love burns through the Putting in the Seed
 On through the watching for that early birth
 When, just as the soil tarnishes with weed,
 The sturdy seedling with arched body comes
 Shouldering its way and shedding the earth crumbs.

Robert Frost

The Road Not Taken

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.

Robert Frost

The Need of Being Versed in Country Things

The house had gone to bring again
 To the midnight sky a sunset glow.
 Now the chimney was all of the house that stood,
 Like a pistil after the petals go.

The barn opposed across the way,
 That would have joined the house in flame
 Had it been the will of the wind, was left
 To bear forsaken the place's name.

No more it opened with all one end
 For teams that came by the stony road
 To drum on the floor with scurrying hoofs
 And brush the mow with the summer load.

The birds that came to it through the air
 At broken windows flew out and in,
 Their murmur more like the sigh we sigh
 From too much dwelling on what has been.

Yet for them the lilac renewed its leaf,
 And the aged elm, though touched with fire;
 And the dry pump flung up an awkward arm;
 And the fence post carried a strand of wire.

For them there was really nothing sad.
 But though they rejoiced in the nest they kept,
 One had to be versed in country things
 Not to believe the phoebes wept.

Robert Frost

Mending Wall

Something there is that doesn't love a wall,
 That sends the frozen-ground-swell under it,
 And spills the upper boulders in the sun;
 And makes gaps even two can pass abreast.
 The work of hunters is another thing:
 I have come after them and made repair
 Where they have left not one stone on a stone,
 But they would have the rabbit out of hiding,
 To please the yelping dogs. The gaps I mean,
 No one has seen them made or heard them made,
 But at spring mending-time we find them there.
 I let my neighbor know beyond the hill;
 And on a day we meet to walk the line
 And set the wall between us once again.
 We keep the wall between us as we go.
 To each the boulders that have fallen to each.
 And some are loaves and some so nearly balls
 We have to use a spell to make them balance:
 "Stay where you are until our backs are turned!"
 We wear our fingers rough with handling them.

Oh, just another kind of outdoor game,
 One on a side. It comes to little more:
 There where it is we do not need the wall:
 He is all pine and I am apple orchard.
 My apple trees will never get across
 And eat the cones under his pines, I tell him.
 He only says, "Good fences make good neighbors."
 Spring is the mischief in me, and I wonder
 If I could put a notion in his head:
 "Why do they make good neighbors? Isn't it
 Where there are cows? But here there are no cows.
 Before I built a wall I'd ask to know
 What I was walling in or walling out,
 And to whom I was like to give offense.
 Something there is that doesn't love a wall,
 That wants it down." I could say "Elves" to him,
 But it's not elves exactly, and I'd rather
 He said it for himself. I see him there
 Bringing a stone grasped firmly by the top
 In each hand, like an old-stone savage armed.
 He moves in darkness as it seems to me,
 Not of woods only and the shade of trees.
 He will not go behind his father's saying,
 And he likes having thought of it so well
 He says again, "Good fences make good neighbors."

Robert Frost

After Apple-picking

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 rub the strangeness from my sight
 I got from looking through a pane of glass
 I skimmed this morning from the drinking 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 disappear,
 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.
 I feel the ladder sway as the boughs bend.
 And I keep hearing from the cellar bin

The 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.

Robert Frost

The Wood-pile

Out walking in the frozen swamp one gray day
 I paused and said, "I will turn back from here.
 No, I will go on farther—and we shall see."
 The hard snow held me, save where now and then
 One foot went down. The view was all in lines
 Straight up and down of tall slim trees
 Too much alike to mark or name a place by
 So as to say for certain I was here
 Or somewhere else: I was just far from home.
 A small bird flew before me. He was careful
 To put a tree between us when he lighted,
 And say no word to tell me who he was
 Who was so foolish as to think what he thought.
 He thought that I was after him for a feather—
 The white one in his tail; like one who takes
 Everything said as personal to himself.
 One flight out sideways would have undeceived him.
 And then there was a pile of wood for which
 I forgot him and let his little fear
 Carry him off the way I might have gone,
 Without so much as wishing him good-night.
 He went behind it to make his last stand.
 It was a cord of maple, cut and split
 And piled and measured, four by four by eight.
 And not another like it could I see.
 No runner tracks in this year's snow looped near it.
 And it was older sure than this year's cutting,
 Or even last year's or the year's before.
 The wood was gray and the bark warping off it
 And the pile somewhat sunken. Clematis
 Had wound strings round and round it like a bundle.

What held it though on one side was a tree
 Still growing, and on one a stake and prop,
 These latter about to fall. I thought that only
 Someone who lived in turning to fresh tasks
 Could so forget his handiwork on which
 He spent himself, the labor of his axe,
 And leave it there far from a useful fireplace
 To warm the frozen swamp as best it could
 With the slow smokeless burning of decay.

Robert Frost

The Exposed Nest

You were forever finding some new play.
 So when I saw you down on hands and knees
 In the meadow, busy with the new-cut hay,
 Trying, I thought, to set it up on end,
 I went to show you how to make it stay,
 If that was your idea, against the breeze,
 And, if you asked me, even help pretend
 To make it root again and grow afresh.
 But 'twas no make-believe with you to-day,
 Nor was the grass itself your real concern,
 Though I found your hand full of wilted fern,
 Steel-bright June-grass, and blackening heads of clover.
 'Twas a nest full of young birds on the ground
 The cutter-bar had just gone champing over
 (Miraculously without tasting flesh)
 And left defenseless to the heat and light.
 You wanted to restore them to their right
 Of something interposed between their sight
 And too much world at once-could means be found.
 The way the nest-full every time we stirred
 Stood up to us as to a mother-bird
 Whose coming home has been too long deferred,
 Made me ask would the mother-bird return
 And care for them in such a change of scene
 And might our meddling make her more afraid.
 That was a thing we could not wait to learn.
 We saw the risk we took in doing good,
 But dared not spare to do the best we could
 Though harm should come of it; so built the screen
 You had begun, and gave them back their shade.
 All this to prove we cared. Why is there then
 No more to tell? We turned to other things.
 I haven't any memory-have you?
 Of ever coming to the place again
 To see if the birds lived the first night through,
 And so at last to learn to use their wings.

Robert Frost

1.3 Walt Whitman

O Captain! My Captain

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
 The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
 The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
 While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
 But O heart! heart! heart!
 O the bleeding drops of red,
 Where on the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
 Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
 For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,
 For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
 Here Captain! dear father!
 This arm beneath your head!
 It is some dream that on the deck,
 You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
 My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
 The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
 From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
 Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
 But I with mournful tread,
 Walk the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

Walt Whitman

I saw in Louisiana a live oak growing

I saw in Louisiana a live-oak growing,
 All alone stood it and the moss hung down from the branches,
 Without any companion it grew there uttering joyous leaves of dark green,
 And its look, rude, unbending, lusty, made me think of myself,
 But I wonder'd how it could utter joyous leaves standing alone there without
 its friend near, for I knew I could not,
 And I broke off a twig with a certain number of leaves upon it, and twined
 around it a little moss,
 And brought it away, and I have placed it in sight in my room,
 It is not needed to remind me as of my own dear friends,
 (For I believe lately I think of little else than of them,)
 Yet it remains to me a curious token, it makes me think of manly love;
 For all that, and though the live-oak glistens there in Louisiana solitary in a
 wide flat space,
 Uttering joyous leaves all its life without a friend a lover near,
 I know very well I could not.

Walt Whitman

Prairie Grass Dividing

The prairie-grass dividing, its special odor breathing,
 I demand of it the spiritual corresponding,
 Demand the most copious and close companionship of men,
 Demand the blades to rise of words, acts, beings,
 Those of the open atmosphere, coarse, sunlit, fresh, nutritious,
 Those that go their own gait, erect, stepping with freedom and command,
 leading not following,
 Those with a never-quell'd audacity, those with sweet and lusty flesh clear of
 taint,
 Those that look carelessly in the faces of Presidents and governors, as to say
 Who are you? Those of earth-born passion, simple, never
 constrain'd, never obedient,
 Those of inland America.

Walt Whitman

A Farm Picture

Through the ample open door of the peaceful country barn,
 A sunlit pasture field with cattle and horses feeding,
 And haze and vista, and the far horizon fading away.

Walt Whitman

1861

Arm'd year-year of the struggle,
 No dainty rhymes or sentimental love verses for you terrible year,
 Not you as some pale poetling seated at a desk lisping cadenzas piano,
 But as a strong man erect, clothed in blue clothes, advancing, carrying a rifle
 on your shoulder,
 With well-gristled body and sunburnt face and hands, with a knife in the belt
 at your side,
 As I heard you shouting loud, your sonorous voice ringing across the
 continent,
 Your masculine voice O year, as rising amid the great cities,
 Amid the men of Manhattan I saw you as one of the workmen, the dwellers
 in Manhattan,
 Or with large steps crossing the prairies out of Illinois and Indiana,
 Rapidly crossing the West with springy gait and descending the Alleghanies,
 Or down from the great lakes or in Pennsylvania, or on deck along the Ohio
 river,
 Or southward along the Tennessee or Cumberland rivers, or at Chattanooga
 on the mountain top,
 Saw I your gait and saw I your sinewy limbs clothed in blue, bearing
 weapons, robust year,

Walt Whitman

Old Ireland

Far hence amid an isle of wondrous beauty,
 Crouching over a grave an ancient sorrowful mother,
 Once a queen, now lean and tatter'd seated on the ground,
 Her old white hair drooping dishevel'd round her shoulders,
 At her feet fallen an unused royal harp,
 Long silent, she too long silent, mourning her shrouded hope and heir,
 Of all the earth her heart most full of sorrow because most full of love.

Yet a word ancient mother,
 You need crouch there no longer on the cold ground with forehead between
 your knees,
 O you need not sit there veil'd in your old white hair so dishevel'd,
 For know you the one you mourn is not in that grave,
 It was an illusion, the son you love was not really dead,
 The Lord is not dead, he is risen again young and strong in another country,
 Even while you wept there by your fallen harp by the grave,
 What you wept for was translated, pass'd from the grave,
 The winds favor'd and the sea sail'd it,
 And now with rosy and new blood,
 Moves to-day in a new country.

Walt Whitman

Bivouac on a Mountain side

I see before me now a traveling army halting,
 Below a fertile valley spread, with barns and the orchards of summer,
 Behind, the terraced sides of a mountain, abrupt, in places rising high,
 Broken, with rocks, with clinging cedars, with tall shapes dingly seen,
 The numerous camp-fires scatter'd near and far, some away up on the
 mountain,
 The shadowy forms of men and horses, looming, large-sized, flickering,
 And over all the sky—the sky! far, far out of reach, studded, breaking out,
 the eternal stars.

Walt Whitman

City of Orgies

City of orgies, walks and joys,
 City whom that I have lived and sung in your midst will one day make
 Not the pageants of you, not your shifting tableaux, your spectacles, repay
 me,
 Not the interminable rows of your houses, nor the ships at the wharves,
 Nor the processions in the streets, nor the bright windows with goods in
 them,
 Nor to converse with learn'd persons, or bear my share in the soiree or feast;
 Not those, but as I pass O Manhattan, your frequent and swift flash of eyes
 offering me love,
 Offering response to my own—these repay me,
 Lovers, continual lovers, only repay me.

Walt Whitman

Out of the Rolling Ocean the Crowd

Out of the rolling ocean, the crowd, came a drop gently to me,
 Whispering, I love you, before long I die,
 I have travel'd a long way, merely to look on you, to touch you,
 For I could not die till I once look'd on you,
 For I fear'd I might afterward lose you.

Now we have met, we have look'd, we are safe,
 Return in peace to the ocean, my love,
 I too am part of that ocean, my love,-we are not so much separated,
 Behold the great rondure—the cohesion of all, how perfect!
 But as for me, for you, the irresistible sea is to separate us,
 As for an hour carrying us diverse-yet cannot carry us diverse forever;
 Be not impatient—a little space—know you I salute the air, the ocean and
 the land,
 Every day at sundown for your dear sake my love.

Walt Whitman

Shut Not Your Doors

Shut not your doors to me, proud libraries,
 For that which was lacking on all your well-fill'd shelves, yet needed most, I
 bring
 Forth from the war emerging, a book I have made,
 The words of my book nothing, the drift of it every thing,
 A book separate, not link'd with the rest nor felt by the intellect,
 But you ye untold latencies will thrill to every page.

Walt Whitman

1.4 Oscar Wilde

Magdalen Walks

The little white clouds are racing over the sky,
 And the fields are strewn with the gold of the flower of March,
 The daffodil breaks under foot, and the tasselled larch
 Sways and swings as the thrush goes hurrying by.

A delicate odour is borne on the wings of the morning breeze,
 The odour of deep wet grass, and of brown new-furrowed earth,
 The birds are singing for joy of the Spring's glad birth,
 Hopping from branch to branch on the rocking trees.

And all the woods are alive with the murmur and sound of Spring,
 And the rose-bud breaks into pink on the climbing briar,
 And the crocus-bed is a quivering moon of fire
 Girdled round with the belt of an amethyst ring.

And the plane to the pine-tree is whispering some tale of love

Till it rustles with laughter and tosses its mantle of green,
 And the gloom of the wych-elm's hollow is lit with the iris sheen
 Of the burnished rainbow throat and the silver breast of a dove.

See! the lark starts up from his bed in the meadow there,
 Breaking the gossamer threads and the nets of dew,
 And flashing adown the river, a flame of blue!
 The kingfisher flies like an arrow, and wounds the air.

Oscar Wilde

Sonnet to Liberty

Not that I love thy children, whose dull eyes
 See nothing save their own unlovely woe,
 Whose minds know nothing, nothing care to know,
 But that the roar of thy Democracies,
 Thy reigns of Terror, thy great Anarchies,
 Mirror my wildest passions like the sea,
 And give my rage a brother! Liberty!
 For this sake only do thy dissonant cries
 Delight my discreet soul, else might all kings
 By bloody knout or treacherous cannonades
 Rob nations of their rights inviolate
 And I remain unmoved-and yet, and yet,
 These Christs that die upon the barricades,
 God knows it I am with them, in some things.

Oscar Wilde

The Grave of Shelley

Like burnt-out torches by a sick man's bed
 Gaunt cypress-trees stand round the sun-bleached stone;
 Here doth the little night-owl make her throne,
 And the slight lizard show his jewelled head.
 And, where the chaliced poppies flame to red,
 In the still chamber of yon pyramid
 Surely some Old-World Sphinx lurks darkly hid,
 Grim warder of this pleasaunce of the dead.

Ah! sweet indeed to rest within the womb
 Of Earth, great mother of eternal sleep,
 But sweeter far for thee a restless tomb
 In the blue cavern of an echoing deep,
 Or where the tall ships founder in the gloom
 Against the rocks of some wave-shattered steep

Oscar Wilde

The Grave of Keats

Rid of the world's injustice, and his pain,
 He rests at last beneath God's veil of blue:
 Taken from life when life and love were new
 The youngest of the martyrs here is lain,
 Fair as Sebastian, and as early slain.
 No cypress shades his grave, no funeral yew,
 But gentle violets weeping with the dew
 Weave on his bones an ever-blossoming chain.
 O proudest heart that broke for misery!
 O sweetest lips since those of Mitylene!
 O poet-painter of our English Land!
 Thy name was writ in water—it shall stand:
 And tears like mine will keep thy memory green,
 As Isabella did her Basil-tree.

Oscar Wilde

A Vision

Two crownèd Kings, and One that stood alone
 With no green weight of laurels round his head,
 But with sad eyes as one uncomforted,
 And wearied with man's never-ceasing moan
 For sins no bleating victim can atone,
 And sweet long lips with tears and kisses fed.
 Girt was he in a garment black and red,
 And at his feet I marked a broken stone
 Which sent up lilies, dove-like, to his knees.
 Now at their sight, my heart being lit with flame
 I cried to Beatricé, "Who are these?"
 And she made answer, knowing well each name,
 "Æschylos first, the second Sophokles,
 And last (wide stream of tears!) Euripides."

Oscar Wilde

By the Arno

The oleander on the wall
 Grows crimson in the dawning light,
 Though the grey shadows of the night
 Lie yet on Florence like a pall.

The dew is bright upon the hill,
 And bright the blossoms overhead,
 But ah! the grasshoppers have fled,
 The little Attic song is still.

Only the leaves are gently stirred
 By the soft breathing of the gale,
 And in the almond-scented vale
 The lonely nightingale is heard.

The day will make thee silent soon,
 O nightingale sing on for love!
 While yet upon the shadowy grove
 Splinter the arrows of the moon.

Before across the silent lawn
 In sea-green mist the morning steals,
 And to love's frightened eyes reveals
 The long white fingers of the dawn

Fast climbing up the eastern sky
 To grasp and slay the shuddering night,
 All careless of my heart's delight,
 Or if the nightingale should die.

Oscar Wilde

At Verona

How steep the stairs within Kings' houses are
 For exile-wearied feet as mine to tread,
 And O how salt and bitter is the bread
 Which falls from this Hound's table, better far
 That I had died in the red ways of war,
 Or that the gate of Florence bare my head,
 Than to live thus, by all things comrades
 Which seek the essence of my soul to mar.

"Curse God and die: what better hope than this?
 He hath forgotten thee in all the bliss
 Of his gold city, and eternal day"
 Nay peace: behind my prison's blinded bars
 I do possess what none can take away,
 My love, and all the glory of the stars.

Oscar Wilde

Greece

The sea was sapphire coloured, and the sky
 Burned like a heated opal through the air;
 We hoisted sail; the wind was blowing fair
 For the blue lands that to the eastward lie.
 From the steep prow I marked with quickening eye
 Zakynthos, every olive grove and creek,
 Ithaca's cliff, Lycaon's snowy peak,
 And all the flower-strewn hills of Arcady.
 The flapping of the sail against the mast,
 The ripple of the water on the side,
 The ripple of girls' laughter at the stern,
 The only sounds: when 'gan the West to burn,
 And a red sun upon the seas to ride,
 I stood upon the soil of Greece at last!

Oscar Wilde

Apologia

Is it thy will that I should wax and wane,
 Barter my cloth of gold for hodden grey,
 And at thy pleasure weave that web of pain
 Whose brightest threads are each a wasted day?

Is it thy will—Love that I love so well—
 That my Soul's House should be a tortured spot
 Wherein, like evil paramours, must dwell
 The quenchless flame, the worm that dieth not?

Nay, if it be thy will I shall endure,
 And sell ambition at the common mart,
 And let dull failure be my vestiture,
 And sorrow dig its grave within my heart.

Perchance it may be better so—at least
 I have not made my heart a heart of stone,
 Nor starved my boyhood of its goodly feast,
 Nor walked where Beauty is a thing unknown.

Many a man hath done so; sought to fence
 In straitened bonds the soul that should be free,
 Trodden the dusty road of common sense,
 While all the forest sang of liberty,

Not marking how the spotted hawk in flight
 Passed on wide pinion through the lofty air,
 To where the steep untrodden mountain height
 Caught the last tresses of the Sun God's hair.

Or how the little flower he trod upon,
 The daisy, that white-feathered shield of gold,
 Followed with wistful eyes the wandering sun
 Content if once its leaves were aureoled.

But surely it is something to have been
 The best beloved for a little while,
 To have walked hand in hand with Love, and seen
 His purple wings flit once across thy smile.

Ay! though the gorgèd asp of passion feed
 On my boy's heart, yet have I burst the bars,
 Stood face to face with Beauty, known indeed
 The Love which moves the Sun and all the stars!

Oscar Wilde

1.5 Alfred Tennyson

The Deserted house

1

Life and Thought have gone away
 Side by side,
 Leaving door and windows wide:
 Careless tenants they!

2

All within is dark as night:
 In the windows is no light;
 And no murmur at the door,
 So frequent on its hinge before.

3

Close the door, the shutters close,
 Or thro' the windows we shall see
 The nakedness and vacancy
 Of the dark deserted house.

4

Come away: no more of mirth
 Is here or merry-making sound.
 The house was builded of the earth,
 And shall fall again to ground.

5

Come away: for Life and Thought
 Here no longer dwell;
 But in a city glorious—
 A great and distant city—have bought
 A mansion incorruptible.
 Would they could have stayed with us!

Alfred Tennyson

Ulysses

It little profits that an idle king,
 By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
 Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
 Unequal laws unto a savage race,
 That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.

I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
 Life to the lees; all times I have enjoy'd
 Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
 That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
 Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
 Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;
 For always roaming with a hungry heart

Much have I seen and known; cities of men
 And manners, climates, councils, governments,
 Myself not least, but honour'd of them all;
 And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
 Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy,
 I am a part of all that I have met;
 Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
 Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
 For ever and for ever when I move.
 How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
 To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
 As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
 Were all too little, and of one to me
 Little remains: but every hour is saved
 From that eternal silence, something more,
 A bringer of new things; and vile it were
 For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
 And this gray spirit yearning in desire
 To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
 Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
 To whom I leave the scepter and the isle—
 Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
 This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
 A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
 Subdue them to the useful and the good.
 Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
 Of common duties, decent not to fail
 In offices of tenderness, and pay
 Meet adoration to my household gods,
 When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:
 There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
 Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me
 That ever with a frolic welcome took
 The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
 Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;
 Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;
 Death closes all: but something ere the end,
 Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
 Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
 The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
 The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
 Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
 Push off, and sitting well in order smite
 The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
 To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
 Of all the western stars, until I die.
 It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
 And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.

Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
 We are not now that strength which in old days
 Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

Alfred Tennyson

Locksley Hall

Comrades, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis early morn:
 Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon the bugle horn.

'Tis the place, and all around it, as of old, the curlews call,
 Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over Locksley Hall;

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the sandy tracts,
 And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest,
 Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the West.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the mellow shade,
 Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid.

Here about the beach I wander'd, nourishing a youth sublime
 With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of Time;

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed;
 When I clung to all the present for the promise that it closed:

When I dipt into the future far as human eye could see;
 Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be.—

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;
 In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest;

In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove;
 In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be for one so young,
 And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance hung.

And I said, 'My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the truth to me,
 Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to thee.'

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a colour and a light,
 As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the northern night.

And she turn'd-her bosom shaken with a sudden storm of sighs—
 All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes—

Saying, 'I have hid my feelings, fearing they should do me wrong';

Saying, 'Dost thou love me, cousin?' weeping, 'I have loved thee long'.

Love took up the glass of Time, and turn'd it in his glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in music out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the copses ring,
And her whisper throng'd my pulses with the fulness of the Spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,
And our spirits rush'd together at the touching of the lips.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted! O my Amy, mine no more!
O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the barren, barren shore!

Falsar than all fancy fathoms, falsar than all songs have sung,
Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy?-having known me-to decline
On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than mine!

Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level day by day,
What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathise with clay.

As the husband is, the wife is: thou art mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.

What is this? his eyes are heavy: think not they are glazed with wine.
Go to him: it is thy duty: kiss him: take his hand in thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is overwrought:
Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him with thy lighter thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy things to understand—
Better thou wert dead before me, tho' I slew thee with my hand!

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the heart's disgrace,
Roll'd in one another's arms, and silent in a last embrace.

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth!
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth!

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest Nature's rule!
Cursed be the gold that gilds the straiten'd forehead of the fool!

Well-'tis well that I should bluster!-Hadst thou less unworthy proved—
Would to God-for I had loved thee more than ever wife was loved.

Am I mad, that I should cherish that which bears but bitter fruit?
I will pluck it from my bosom, tho' my heart be at the root.

Never, tho' my mortal summers to such length of years should come
As the many-winter'd crow that leads the clanging rookery home.

Where is comfort? in division of the records of the mind?
Can I part her from herself, and love her, as I knew her, kind?

I remember one that perish'd: sweetly did she speak and move:
Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was to love.

Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the love she bore?
No-she never loved me truly: love is love for evermore.

Comfort? comfort scorn'd of devils! this is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy heart be put to proof,
In the dead unhappy night, and when the rain is on the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams, and thou art staring at the wall,
Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the shadows rise and fall.

Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to his drunken sleep,
To thy widow'd marriage-pillows, to the tears that thou wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the 'Never, never,' whisper'd by the phantom years,
And a song from out the distance in the ringing of thine ears;

And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness on thy pain.
Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow: get thee to thy rest again.

Nay, but Nature brings thee solace; for a tender voice will cry,
'Tis a purer life than thine; a lip to drain thy trouble dry.

Baby lips will laugh me down: my latest rival brings thee rest.
Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the mother's breast.

O, the child too clothes the father with a dearness not his due.
Half is thine and half is his: it will be worthy of the two.

O, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty part,
With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart.

'They were dangerous guides the feelings-she herself was not exempt—
Truly, she herself had suffer'd'—Perish in thy self-contempt!

Overlive it-lower yet-be happy! wherefore should I care,
I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by despair.

What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like these?
Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens but to golden keys.

Every gate is throng'd with suitors, all the markets overflow.
I have but an angry fancy: what is that which I should do?

I had been content to perish, falling on the foeman's ground,
When the ranks are roll'd in vapour, and the winds are laid with sound.

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honour feels,
And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each other's heels.

Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn that earlier page.
Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wondrous Mother-Age!

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the strife,
When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of my life;

Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field,

And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn;

And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men;

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new:
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do:

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunder-storm;

Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

So I triumph'd, ere my passion sweeping thro' me left me dry,
Left me with the palsied heart, and left me with the jaundiced eye;

Eye, to which all order festers, all things here are out of joint,
Science moves, but slowly slowly, creeping on from point to point:

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion, creeping nigher,
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly-dying fire.

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns.

What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his youthful joys,
Tho' the deep heart of existence beat for ever like a boy's?

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger on the shore,
And the individual withers, and the world is more and more.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears a laden breast,
Full of sad experience, moving toward the stillness of his rest.

Hark, my merry comrades call me, sounding on the bugle-horn,
They to whom my foolish passion were a target for their scorn:

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a moulder'd string?
I am shamed thro' all my nature to have loved so slight a thing.

Weakness to be wroth with weakness! woman's pleasure, woman's pain
Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a shallower brain:

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions, match'd with mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine—

Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing. Ah, for some retreat
Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life began to beat;

Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father evil-starr'd;—
I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish uncle's ward.

Or to burst all links of habit—there to wander far away,
On from island unto island at the gateways of the day.

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,
Breathths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag,
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings the trailer from the crag;

Droops the heavy-blossom'd bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree—
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.

There methinks would be enjoyment more than in this march of mind,
In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind.

There the passions cramp'd no longer shall have scope and breathing-space;
I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race.

Iron-jointed, supple-sinew'd, they shall dive, and they shall run,
Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the sun;

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of the brooks.
Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books—

Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I know my words are wild,
But I count the gray barbarian lower than the Christian child.

I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains,
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains!

Mated with a squalid savage-what to me were sun or clime?
I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time—

I that rather held it better men should perish one by one,
Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's moon in Ajalon!

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range.
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change.

Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day:
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

Mother-Age (for mine I knew not) help me as when life begun:
Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh the Sun—

O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set.
Ancient founts of inspiration well thro' all my fancy yet.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Locksley Hall!
Now for me the woods may wither, now for me the roof-tree fall.

Comes a vapour from the margin, blackening over heath and holt,
Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a thunderbolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail, or fire or snow;
For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and I go.

Alfred Tennyson

Tithonos

The woods decay, the woods decay and fall,
The vapours weep their burthen to the ground,
Man comes and tills the field and lies beneath,
And after many a summer dies the swan.
Me only cruel immortality
Consumes; I wither slowly in thine arms,
Here at the quiet limit of the world,
A white-hair'd shadow roaming like a dream
The ever-silent spaces of the East,
Far-folded mists, and gleaming halls of morn.
Alas! for this gray shadow, once a man—
So glorious in his beauty and thy choice,
Who madest him thy chosen, that he seem'd
To his great heart none other than a God!
I ask'd thee, "Give me immortality."
Then didst thou grant mine asking with a smile,

Like wealthy men who care not how they give.
 But thy strong Hours indignant work'd their wills,
 And beat me down and marr'd and wasted me,
 And tho' they could not end me left me maim'd
 To dwell in presence of immortal youth,
 Immortal age beside immortal youth,
 And all I was in ashes. Can thy love
 Thy beauty, make amends, tho' even now,
 Close over us, the silver star, thy guide,
 Shines in those tremulous eyes that fill with tears
 To hear me? Let me go: take back thy gift:
 Why should a man desire in any way
 To vary from the kindly race of men,
 Or pass beyond the goal of ordinance
 Where all should pause, as if most meet for all?

A soft air fans the cloud apart; there comes
 A glimpse of that dark world where I was born.
 Once more the old mysterious glimmer steals
 From any pure brows, and from thy shoulders pure,
 And bosom beating with a heart renew'd.
 Thy cheek begins to redden thro' the gloom,
 Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close to mine,
 Ere yet they blind the stars, and the wild team
 Which love thee, yearning for thy yoke, arise,
 And shake the darkness from their loosen'd manes,
 And beat the twilight into flakes of fire.
 Lo! ever thus thou growest beautiful
 In silence, then before thine answer given
 Departest, and thy tears are on my cheek.

Why wilt thou ever scare me with thy tears,
 And make me tremble lest a saying learnt,
 In days far-off, on that dark earth, be true?
 "The Gods themselves cannot recall their gifts."

Ay me! ay me! with what another heart
 In days far-off, and with what other eyes
 I used to watch {if I be he that watch'd}
 The lucid outline forming round thee; saw
 The dim curls kindle into sunny rings;
 Changed with thy mystic change, and felt my blood
 Glow with the glow that slowly crimson'd all
 Thy presence and thy portals, while I lay,
 Mouth, forehead, eyelids, growing dewy-warm
 With kisses balmier than half-opening buds
 Of April, and could hear the lips that kiss'd
 Whispering I knew now what of wild and sweet,
 Like that strange song I heard Apollo sing,
 While Ilion like a mist rose into towers.

Yet hold me not for ever in thine East;
 How can my nature longer mix with thine?
 Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold

Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled feet
 Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when the steam
 Floats up from those dim fields about the homes
 Of happy men that have the power to die,
 And grassy barrows of the happier dead.
 Release me, and restore me to the ground;
 Thou seest all things, thou wilt see my grave:
 Thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by morn;
 I earth in earth forget these empty courts,
 And thee returning on thy silver wheels.

Alfred Tennyson

Break, Break, Break

Break, break, break,
 On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
 And I would that my tongue could utter
 The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
 That he shouts with his sister at play!
 O well for the sailor lad,
 That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
 To their haven under the hill:
 But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
 And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
 At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
 But the tender grace of a day that is dead
 Will never come back to me.

Alfred Tennyson

In the Valley of Caunteretz

All along the valley, stream that flashest white,
 Deepening thy voice with the deepening of the night,
 All along the valley, where thy waters flow,
 I walked with one I loved two and thirty years ago.
 All along the valley while I walked to-day,
 The two and thirty years were a mist that rolls away;
 For all along the valley, down thy rocky bed,
 Thy living voice to me was as the voice of the dead,
 And all along the valley, by rock and cave and tree,
 The voice of the dead was a living voice to me.

Alfred Tennyson

Crossing the Bar

Sunset and evening star,
 And one clear call for me!
 And may there be no moaning of the bar,
 When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
 Too full for sound and foam,
 When that which drew from out the boundless deep
 Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
 And after that the dark!
 And may there be no sadness of farewell,
 When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
 The flood may bear me far,
 I hope to see my Pilot face to face
 When I have crossed the bar.

Alfred Tennyson

1.6 David Herbert Richards Lawrence

Self Pity

I never saw a wild thing
 sorry for itself.
 A small bird will drop frozen dead from a bough
 without ever having felt sorry for itself.

D. H. Lawrence

At the Window

The pine-trees bend to listen to the autumn wind as it mutters
 Something which sets the black poplars ashake with hysterical laughter;
 While slowly the house of day is closing its eastern shutters.

Further down the valley the clustered tombstones recede,
 Winding about their dimness the mist's grey cerements, after
 The street lamps in the darkness have suddenly started to bleed.

The leaves fly over the window and utter a word as they pass
 To the face that leans from the darkness, intent, with two dark-filled eyes
 That watch for ever earnestly from behind the window glass.

D. H. Lawrence

From A College Window

The glimmer of the limes, sun-heavy, sleeping,
 Goes trembling past me up the College wall.
 Below, the lawn, in soft blue shade is keeping
 The daisy-froth quiescent, softly in thrall.

Beyond the leaves that overhang the street,
 Along the flagged, clean pavement summer-white,
 Passes the world with shadows at their feet
 Going left and right.

Romoste, although I hear the beggar's cough,
 See the woman's twinkling fingers tend him a coin,
 I sit absolved, assured I am better off
 Beyond a world I never want to join.

D. H. Lawrence

Gloire de Dijon

When she rises in the morning
 I linger to watch her;
 She spreads the bath-cloth underneath the window
 And the sunbeams catch her
 Glistening white on the shoulders,
 While down her sides the mellow
 Golden shadow glows as
 She stoops to the sponge, and her swung breasts
 Sway like full-blown yellow
 Gloire de Dijon roses.

She drips herself with water, and her shoulders
 Glisten as silver, they crumple up
 Like wet and falling roses, and I listen
 For the sluicing of their rain-dishevelled petals.
 In the window full of sunlight
 Concentrates her golden shadow
 Fold on fold, until it glows as
 Mellow as the glory roses.

D. H. Lawrence

Patience

A wind comes from the north
 Blowing little flocks of birds
 Like spray across the town,
 And a train, roaring forth,
 Rushes stampeding down
 With cries and flying curds
 Of steam, out of the darkening north.

Whither I turn and set
 Like a needle steadfastly,

Waiting ever to get
 The news that she is free;
 But ever fixed, as yet,
 To the lode of her agony.

D. H. Lawrence

Piano

Softly, in the dusk, a woman is singing to me;
 Taking me back down the vista of years, till I see
 A child sitting under the piano, in the boom of the tingling strings
 And pressing the small, poised feet of a mother who smiles as she sings.

In spite of myself, the insidious mastery of song
 Betrays me back, till the heart of me weeps to belong
 to the old Sunday evenings at home, with the winter outside
 And hymns in the cosy parlour, the tinkling piano our guide.

So now it is vain for the singer to burst into clamour
 With the great black piano appassionato. The glamour
 Of childish days is upon me, my manhood is cast
 Down in the flood of remembrance, I weep like a child for the past.

D. H. Lawrence

Piccadilly Circus at Night

When into the night the yellow light is roused like dust above the towns,
 Or like a mist the moon has kissed from off a pool in the midst of the downs,

Our faces flower for a little hour pale and uncertain along the street,
 Daisies that waken all mistaken white-spread in expectancy to meet

The luminous mist which the poor things wist was dawn arriving across the
 sky,
 When dawn is far behind the star the dust-lit town has driven so high.

All the birds are folded in a silent ball of sleep,
 All the flowers are faded from the asphalt isle in the sea,
 Only we hard-faced creatures go round and round, and keep
 The shores of this innermost ocean alive and illusory.

Wanton sparrows that twittered when morning looked in at their eyes
 And the Cyprian's pavement-roses are gone, and now it is we
 Flowers of illusion who shine in our gauds, make a Paradise
 On the shores of this ceaseless ocean, gay birds of the town-dark sea.

D. H. Lawrence

A White Blossom

A tiny moon as white and small as a single jasmine flower
 Leans all alone above my window, on night's wintry bower,
 Liquid as lime-tree blossom, soft as brilliant water or rain
 She shines, the one white love of my youth, which all sin cannot stain.

D. H. Lawrence

A Winter's Tale

Yesterday the fields were only gray with scattered snow,
 And now the longest grass-leaves hardly emerge;
 Yet her deep footsteps mark the snow, and go
 On towards the pines at the hills' white verge.

I cannot see her, since the mist's white scarf
 Obscures the dark wood and the dull orange sky;
 But she's waiting, I know, impatient and cold, half
 Sobs struggling into her frosty sigh.

Why does she come so promptly, when she must know
 That she's only the nearer to the inevitable farewell;
 The hill is steep, on the snow my steps are slow—
 Why does she come, when she knows what I have to tell?

D. H. Lawrence

The Wild Common

The quick sparks on the gorse bushes are leaping,
 Little jets of sunlight-texture imitating flame;
 Above them, exultant, the pee-wits are sweeping:
 They are lords of the desolate wastes of sadness their screamings proclaim.

Rabbits, handfuls of brown earth, lie
 Low-rounded on the mournful grass they have bitten down to the quick.
 Are they asleep?—Are they alive?—Now see, when I
 Move my arms the hill bursts and heaves under their spurting kick.

The common flaunts bravely; but below, from the rushes
 Crowds of glittering king-cups surge to challenge the blossoming bushes;
 There the lazy streamlet pushes
 Its curious course mildly; here it wakes again, leaps, laughs, and gushes.

Into a deep pond, an old sheep-dip,
 Dark, overgrown with willows, cool, with the brook ebbing through so slow,
 Naked on the steep, soft lip
 Of the bank I stand watching my own white shadow quivering to and fro.

What if the gorse flowers shrivelled and kissing were lost?
 Without the pulsing waters, where were the marigolds and the songs of the
 brook?
 If my veins and my breasts with love embossed
 Withered, my insolent soul would be gone like flowers that the hot wind took.

So my soul like a passionate woman turns,
 Filled with remorseful terror to the man she scorned, and her love
 For myself in my own eyes' laughter burns,
 Runs ecstatic over the pliant folds rippling down to my belly from the
 breast-lights above.

Over my sunlit skin the warm, clinging air,
 Rich with the songs of seven larks singing at once, goes kissing me glad.
 And the soul of the wind and my blood compare
 Their wandering happiness, and the wind, wasted in liberty, drifts on and is
 sad.

Oh but the water loves me and folds me,
 Plays with me, sways me, lifts me and sinks me as though it were living
 blood,
 Blood of a heaving woman who holds me,
 Owing my supple body a rare glad thing, supremely good.

D. H. Lawrence

1.7 John Keats

Ode on a Grecian Urn

Thou still unravished bride of quietness!
 Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
 Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
 A flow'ry tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
 What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
 Of deities or mortals, or of both,
 In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
 What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
 What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
 What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
 Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
 Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
 Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
 Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
 Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
 Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
 Though winning near the goal yet, do not grieve;
 She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
 For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
 Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
 And, happy melodist, unwearied,
 For ever piping songs for ever new;
 More happy love! more happy, happy love!
 For ever warm and still to be enjoyed,
 For ever panting and for ever young;

All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea-shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou sayst,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty," that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

John Keats

Bright Star, Would I were Stedfast as Thou Art—

Bright star, would I were stedfast as thou art—
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like nature's patient, sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—
No—yet still stedfast, still unchangeable,
Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

John Keats

On the Sea

It keeps eternal whisperings around
Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell
Gluts twice ten thousand caverns, till the spell
Of Hecate leaves them their old shadowy sound.

Often 'tis in such gentle temper found,
 That scarcely will the very smallest shell
 Be moved for days from whence it sometime fell,
 When last the winds of heaven were unbound.
 Oh ye! who have your eye-balls vexed and tired,
 Feast them upon the wideness of the Sea;
 Oh ye! whose ears are dinned with uproar rude,
 Or fed too much with cloying melody,
 Sit ye near some old cavern's mouth, and brood
 Until ye start, as if the sea-nymphs choired!

John Keats

To Autumn

I

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
 To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
 With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,
 Until they think warm days will never cease,
 For summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

II

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
 Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
 Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
 Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers:
 And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
 Steady thy laden head across a brook;
 Or by a cyder-press, with patient look,
 Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.

III

Where are the songs of spring? Ay, where are they?
 Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
 While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
 Among the river shallows, borne aloft
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
 Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
 The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

*John Keats***Ode to a Nightingale****1.**

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

2.

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been
 Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
 Tasting of Flora and the country green,
 Dance, and Provencal song, and sunburnt mirth!
 O for a beaker full of the warm South,
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
 And purple-stained mouth;
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

3.

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
 What thou among the leaves hast never known,
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret
 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
 Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
 And leaden-eyed despairs,
 Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
 Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

4.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
 But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
 Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
 Already with thee! tender is the night,
 And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
 Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;
 But here there is no light,
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
 Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

5.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,

Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
 But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
 White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
 Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
 And mid-May's eldest child,
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

6.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
 I have been half in love with easeful Death,
 Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath;
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy!
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain
 To thy high requiem become a sod.

7.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
 No hungry generations tread thee down;
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown:
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
 The same that oft-times hath
 Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

8.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
 Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf.
 Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley-glades:
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
 Fled is that music: do I wake or sleep?

John Keats

1.8 Percy Shelley

Ode to the West Wind

I

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
 Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
 Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
 Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,
 Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingéd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
 Each like a corpse within its grave, until
 Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
 (Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
 With living hues and odours plain and hill:

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
 Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh, hear!

II

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
 Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
 Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
 On the blue surface of thine aery surge,
 Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge
 Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
 The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
 Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
 Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere
 Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: oh, hear!

III

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
 The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
 Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
 And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
 Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
 So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
 For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
 The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear

The sapless foliage of the ocean, know
 Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
 And tremble and despoil themselves: oh, hear!

IV

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
 If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
 A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
 Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
 I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over Heaven,
 As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
 Scarce seemed a vision; I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
 Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
 I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
 One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

V

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
 What if my leaves are falling like its own!
 The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
 Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
 My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
 Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
 And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
 Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
 Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,
 If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

Percy Shelley

Ozymandias

I met a traveller from an antique land
 Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
 Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,
 Half sunk, a shatter'd visage lies, whose frown
 And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command

Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
 Which yet survive, stamp'd on these lifeless things,
 The hand that mock'd 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.

Percy Shelley

The Indian Serenade

I arise from dreams of thee
 In the first sweet sleep of night,
 When the winds are breathing low,
 And the stars are shining bright
 I arise from dreams of thee,
 And a spirit in my feet
 Hath led me—who knows how?
 To thy chamber window, Sweet!

The wandering airs they faint
 On the dark, the silent stream—
 The champak odors fail
 Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
 The nightingale's complaint,
 It dies upon her heart;
 As I must on thine,
 Oh, beloved as thou art!

O lift me from the grass!
 die! I faint! I fail!
 Let thy love in kisses rain
 On my lips and eyelids pale.
 My cheek is cold and white, alas!
 My heart beats loud and fast;—
 Oh! press it to thine own again,
 Where it will break at last.

Percy Shelley

Ode to a Skylark

Hail to thee, blithe spirit—
 Bird thou never wert—
 That from heaven or near it
 Pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
 From the earth thou springest,

Like a cloud of fire;
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
 Of the sunken sun,
 O'er which clouds are brightening,
 Thou dost float and run,
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight;
 Like a star of heaven,
 In the broad daylight
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud,
 As, when night is bare,
 From one lonely cloud
 The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
 What is most like thee?
 From rainbow-clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see
 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody:

Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought;
 Singing hymns unbidden,
 Till the world is wrought
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine:
 I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal
 Or triumphal chaunt,
 Matched with thine, would be all
 But an empty vaunt—
 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain?
 What fields, or waves, or mountains?
 What shapes of sky or plain?
 What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

Teach me half the gladness

That thy brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow,
 The world should listen then, as I am listening now!

Percy Shelley

Love's Philosophy

The Fountains mingle with the Rivers
 And the Rivers with the Oceans,
 The winds of Heaven mix forever
 With a sweet emotion;
 Nothing in the world is single;
 All things by a law divine
 In one spirit meet and mingle.
 Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high Heaven
 And the waves clasp one another;
 No sister-flower would be forgiven
 If it disdained its brother,
 And the sunlight clasps the earth
 And the moonbeams kiss the sea:
 What is all this sweet work worth
 If thou kiss not me?

Percy Shelley

Mouse Tail

'Fury said to a mouse,
 That he met in the
 house, "Let us
 both go to law:
 I will prosecute
you.—Come, I'll
 take no denial;
 We must have
 a trial: For
 really this
 morning I've
 nothing to do."
 Said the mouse
 to the cur,
 "Such a trial,
 dear Sir, With
 no jury or
 judge, would
 be wasting
 our breath."
 "I'll be

judge, I'll
be jury,"
Said cunning
old Fury:
"I'll try
the whole
cause, and
condemn
you
to
death."

Lewis Carroll

Chapter 2

Music

2.1 Musical Symbols

Example 2.1.1 Accidentals. The accidentals are

- `<doublesharp/>`: ✖
- `<sharp/>`: #
- `<natural/>`: ♮
- `<flat/>`: ♭
- `<doubleflat/>`: ♭♭

□

2.2 Scale Degrees

Scale degrees are created using the `<scaledeg>` tag which places a “diacritic circumflex” over the degree. The circumflex looks best when attached to single-digit numbers.

Example 2.2.1 Scale Degrees. The scale degrees are

- `<scaledeg>0</scaledeg>`: 0̂
- `<scaledeg>1</scaledeg>`: 1̂
- `<scaledeg>2</scaledeg>`: 2̂
- `<scaledeg>3</scaledeg>`: 3̂
- `<scaledeg>4</scaledeg>`: 4̂
- `<scaledeg>5</scaledeg>`: 5̂
- `<scaledeg>6</scaledeg>`: 6̂
- `<scaledeg>7</scaledeg>`: 7̂
- `<scaledeg>8</scaledeg>`: 8̂
- `<scaledeg>9</scaledeg>`: 9̂
- `<scaledeg>10</scaledeg>`: 10̂

□

2.3 Time Signatures

Time signatures are formed with the `<timesignature/>` element and the `@top` and `@bottom` attributes. For example,

- `<timesignature top="2" bottom="4"/>`: $\frac{2}{4}$
- `<timesignature top="12" bottom="8"/>`: $\frac{12}{8}$
- `<timesignature top="7" bottom="8"/>`: $\frac{7}{8}$
- `<timesignature top="5" bottom="24"/>`: $\frac{5}{24}$
- `<timesignature top="3+2+3" bottom="8"/>`: $\frac{3+2+3}{8}$
- `<timesignature top="5" bottom="8"/>&<timesignature top="3" bottom="8"/>`: $\frac{5}{8} \& \frac{3}{8}$

2.4 Notes

Notes are created using the `<n>` tag with a pitch class, `@pc`. Optional attributes include accidentals, `@acc`, and octaves, `@octave`. Please note, accidentals precede numeric pitch classes.

For example, `<n pc="C" acc="sharp" octave="4"/>` results in C_4^\sharp while `<n pc="5" acc="flat"/>` results in b_5 .

Example 2.4.1 Alphabetic Pitch Classes. The alphabetic pitch classes are

- | | | | | |
|-----------|----------------|---------|-----------|----------------------|
| • A_2^* | • A_2^\sharp | • A_2 | • A_2^b | • $A_2^{\flat\flat}$ |
| • B^* | • B^\sharp | • B | • B^b | • $B^{\flat\flat}$ |
| • C_3^* | • C_3^\sharp | • C_3 | • C_3^b | • $C_3^{\flat\flat}$ |
| • D^* | • D^\sharp | • D | • D^b | • $D^{\flat\flat}$ |
| • E_4^* | • E_4^\sharp | • E_4 | • E_4^b | • $E_4^{\flat\flat}$ |
| • F^* | • F^\sharp | • F | • F^b | • $F^{\flat\flat}$ |
| • G_5^* | • G_5^\sharp | • G_5 | • G_5^b | • $G_5^{\flat\flat}$ |

□

Example 2.4.2 Numeric Pitch Classes. The numeric pitch classes are

- | | | | | |
|----------|----------------|---------|----------|--------------------|
| • $*1_5$ | • $\sharp 3_4$ | • 5_3 | • $b7_2$ | • $\flat\flat 9_1$ |
| • $*2$ | • $\sharp 4$ | • 6 | • $b8$ | • $\flat\flat 10$ |

□

2.5 Chords

Chords are created using a combination of the `<chord>` and `<alteration>` tags. The `<chord>` tag can have any combination of the following attributes: `@root`, `@mode`, `@bps`, `@suspended`, `@parentheses`, and `@bass`. For alterations to chords, we place each alteration in an `<alteration>` tag, which are contained within the `<chord>` tag. To accommodate different styles of chord notation, the `<chord>` attribute `@parentheses` (`parentheses="yes|no"`) will toggle the parentheses surrounding the alterations. With regard to the “mode” or “characteristic” of

the chord, whatever text is entered will be used verbatim *except* in the cases of augmented, major, minor, halfdiminished, and diminished. In these cases, the standard chord symbol representation will be used (+, Δ, −, °, and ° respectively).

For example, `<chord root="C" bps="4 3"/>` will result in C_3^4 while
`<chord root="B doublesharp" mode="min major" bps="6 5"
 suspended="yes" parentheses="yes" bass="G">
 <alteration><sharp/>9</alteration>
 <alteration>add 11</alteration>
</chord>`

will result in $B^{\#} \text{min} \Delta_3^6 \text{sus} (\text{add } 11) / G$.

Example 2.5.1 Chords. Examples of chords are

- N.C.
- C (bass)
- A
- Bma
- Cmaj
- DΔ
- Emi
- Fmin
- G−
- A^baug
- B^b+
- C^bdim
- D^b°
- E^b6
- F^b9
- G^b7
- A[#]dom⁷
- B[#]maj⁷
- C[#]Δ⁷
- D[#]m⁷
- E[#]min⁷
- F[#]−⁷
- G[#]aug⁷
- A^b+⁷
- B^bdim⁷
- C^b°⁷
- D^b°
- E^b°⁷
- F^bΔ⁷
- G^bmin^{maj7}
- A^{*}m^{M7}
- B^{*}−Δ⁷
- C^{*}Δ⁷ (#5)
- D^{*}+Δ⁷
- E^{*}min⁷ (dim 5)
- F^{*}dom⁷ (dim 5)
- G^{*}ma⁷sus/D^{*}
- A[♯] (add 9 omit 3)
- B[♯]7 (#11 /_{♭9})
- C[♯]7 (add 11 omit 5)
- D[♯]Δ⁷ (#5)/E
- E[♯]m⁷sus add 3
- F[♯]/B^b
- G[♯]+ (add #9 add ♭9)

□

Example 2.5.2 Chord Comparisons. While there are different ways to notate chords, some are clearer than others.

- Fmaj vs FM
- Cmin^{Δ7} vs C−Δ⁷
- CΔ⁷ (#5) vs C+Δ⁷ vs Caug^{maj7}

□

2.6 Scores

A score may be represented in several formats: PDF output from a scorewriter (not a scan of printed sheet music), an XML file in the MusicXML format, online within MuseScore, or in Lilypond syntax. We plan to support various output options and conversions, but at this writing support is rudimentary, but evolving.

2.6.1 PDF Source

Starting with a PDF that is “born digital” such as output from a **scorewriter** like Finale, it is possible to treat the score simply as we would any other image. The PDF version will be incorporated into the PDF output when the \LaTeX output is compiled, presuming the file is placed in the right location relative to the main \TeX file. For HTML output the utilities `pdfcrop` and `pdf2svg` will produce an SVG image that will work well.

This procedure will work best for very short scores, since it is treated as an indivisible image. For \LaTeX output, a longer score can lead to very poor page breaks, and large vertical gaps, especially in a preceding page. Or worse, the score might be longer than a single page, for which there is no solution. The piece below is inadvisably long and will likely demonstrate this behavior, though it is shorter than a page. Using scores authored, or converted to, Lilypond syntax should allow for better behavior of longer scores within a \LaTeX document.

Allegro

The image shows a piano score for 'Allegretto in F' by Rob Hutchinson. It is written in 3/4 time and F major. The score is divided into five systems of music. The first system begins with a forte (f) dynamic. The second system begins with a piano (p) dynamic. The third system begins with a forte (f) dynamic. The score concludes with a double bar line at the end of the fifth system.

Figure 2.6.1: Allegretto in F, Rob Hutchinson

2.6.2 Embedded Interactive Musical Scores

A score hosted on [MuseScore](https://musescore.org) is easy to specify with two ID numbers: the user number and the score number (examine the source for details). Then an embedded interactive player is nearly trivial to embed into HTML output. Work continues on a process to realize the score within \LaTeX output.

[<https://musescore.org/user/141988/scores/3113841> not yet realized in \LaTeX]

Figure 2.6.2: [String Quartet 1](#) by [Lily He](#)