1 A POCKET OF TIME
We lived in a pocket of Time.
It was close, it was warm.
Along the dark seam of the river
the houses, the barns, the two churches,
hid like white crumbs
in a fluff of gray willows and elms,
till Time made one of his gestures;
his nails scratched the shingled roof.
Roughly his hand reached in,
and tumbled us out.
- Elizabeth Bishop (1911-1979)

2 PIERROT
Pierrot is dying;
Tiptoe in,
Finger touched to lip,
Harlequin,
Columbine and Clown.
Hush! How still he lies
In his bed,
White slipped hand and white
Sunken head.
Oh, poor Pierrot.

Here’s his dressing-gown
Across the chair,
Slippers on the floor. . .
Can he hear
Us who tiptoe in?
Pillowed high he lies
In his bed;
Listen, Columbine.
“He is dead.”
Oh, poor Pierrot.
- Adelaide Crapsey (1878-1914)

4 LADY OF THE HARBOR
"Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore,
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"
- Emma Lazarus (1849-1887)

5 THE LAMB
Little Lamb, who made thee
Dost thou know who made thee
Gave thee life & bid thee feed.
By the stream & 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 & he is mild,
He became a little child
I a child & thou a lamb,
We are called by His name,
Little Lamb God bless thee.
- William Blake (1757-1827)

6 WHERE THE MUSIC COMES FROM
I want to be where the music comes from
Where the clock stops where it’s now.
I want to be with the friends around me,
Who have found me, who show me how.
I want to sing to the early morning
See the sunlight melt the snow.
And oh, I want to grow.

I want to wake to the living spirit
Here inside me where it lies.
I want to listen till I can hear it.
Let it guide me and realize
That I can go with the flow unending
That is blending that is real
And oh, I want to feel.

I want to walk in the earthly garden
Far from cities, far from fear.
I want to talk to the growing garden
To the devas, to the deer.
And to be one with the river flowing
Breezes blowing sky above.
And oh, I want to love.
- Lee Hoiby (b. 1926)

9 JABBERWOCKY
’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 awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling 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, has thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!"
O 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.

- Lewis Carroll (1832-1898)

10 LIEF DER LIEBE
Engelfreuden ahndend, wallen
Wir hinaus auf Gottes Flur,
Daß von Jubel wiederhallen
Höhn und Tiefen der Natur.
Heute soll kein Auge trübe,
Sorge nicht hienieden seyn,
Jedes Wesen soll der Liebe
Frei und froh, wie wir, sich weih'n!

Singt den Jubel, Schwestern, Brüder,
Fest geschlungen, Hand in Hand!
Hand in Hand das Lied der Lieder,
Seelig an der Liebe Band!

Steigt hinauf am Rebenhügel,
Blikt hinab ins Schattenthal!

Überall der Liebe Flügel,
Hold und herrlich überall!

- Friederich Hölderlin (1770-1843)

12 BEGINNING MY STUDIES
Beginning my studies the first step pleas'd me so much,
The mere fact consciousness, these forms, the power of motion,
The least insect or animal, the senses, eyesight, love,
The first step I say awed me and pleas'd me so much,
I have hardly gone and hardly wish'd to go any farther,
But stop and loiter all the time to sing it in ecstatic songs.

13 I WAS THERE
I understand the large hearts of heroes,
The courage of present times and all times,
How the skipper saw the crowded and rudderless wreck of the steamship, and Death chasing it up and down the storm,
How he knuckled tight and gave not back an inch, and was faithful of days and faithful of nights,
And chalk'd in large letters on a board, Be of good cheer, we will not desert you;
How he follow'd with them and tack'd with them three days and would not give it up,
How he saved the drifting company at last,
How he saw the old-grown'd women look'd when boated from the side of their prepared graves,
How the silent old-faced infants and the lifted sick, and the sharp-lipp'd unshaved men;

All this I swallow, it tastes good, I like it well, it becomes mine,
I am the man, I suffer'd, I was there.

(Song of Myself , 33)

14 A CLEAR MIDNIGHT
This is thy hour, O Soul, thy free flight into the wordless,
Away from books, away from art, the day erased, the lesson done.
Three fully forth emerging, silent, gazing, pondering the themes thou lovest best.
Night, sleep, death, and the stars.

15 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.

16 JOY, SHIPMATE, JOY!
Joy, shipmate, Joy!
(Pleas'd to my soul at death I cry,)
Our life is closed, our life begins,
The long, long anchorage we leave,
The ship is clear at last, she leaps!
She swiftly courses from the shore,
Joy, shipmate, joy.

- Walt Whitman (1819-1892)

17 AUTUMN
The leaves are falling, falling down
As far as though from gardens deep in heaven fading.
They fall with gestures of complete negation.

And in the night the heavy earth is falling
From all the stars into its loneliness.
And we are falling, even this hand must fall,
And see, the other, too. All falling, all.

And yet, one holds all falling everywhere
Endlessly, gently, in his hand’s caress.

- Rainer Maria Rilke (1875-1926),
translated by Harry Duncan

19 THE DARKLING THRUSH
I leant upon a coppice gate
When Frost was spectre-gray,
And Winter’s dregs made desolate
The weakening eye of day.
The tangled bine-stems scored the sky
Like strings of broken lyres,
And all mankind that haunted nigh
Had sought their household fires.

The land’s sharp features seemed to be
The Century’s corpse outleant,
His crypt the cloudy canopy,
The wind his death-lament.
The ancient pulse of germ and birth
Was shrunken hard and dry,
And every spirit upon earth
Seemed fervourless as I.

At once a voice arose among
The bleak twigs overhead
In a full-hearted evensong
Of joy illimited;
An aged thrush, frail, gaunt, and small,
In blast-beruffed plume,
Had chosen thus to fling his soul
Upon the growing gloom.

So little cause for carolings
Of such ecstatic sound
Was written on terrestrial things
Afar or nigh around,
That I could think there trembled through

His happy good-night air
Some blessed Hope, whereof he knew
And I was unaware.

- Thomas Hardy (1840-1928)

22 THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE LARK
I can never remember all the words of our song. Help me out, come on.

Said the nightingale to the meadowlark, “Be still, mmm…“

“Be still, you’ll…“

“…you’ll wake my friend who sleeps by day”

Said the meadowlark to the nightingale, “I sing…“

“I sing…“

“I sing to wake my friend who sleeps by night.

What shall we do?
What shall we do?“

You sing to me and I’ll sing to you.”

Said the meadowlark to the nightingale . . .

Said the nightingale to the meadowlark . . .

“I’ll teach you a song I learned from a swan.”

“I’ll teach you a magic spell I learned from an owl.”

So he taught his magic spell to the meadowlark in the night.

And she sang the song of the swan to the nightingale in the day.

In the night, in the night, in the night.
In the day, in the day, in the day.

- Ivan Turgenev (1820-1910),
translation by W. Ball