

[1] Shed No Tear!

Shed no tear! oh, shed no tear!
 The flower will bloom another year.
 Weep no more! oh, weep no more!
 Young buds sleep in the root's white core.
 Dry your eyes! oh, dry your eyes!
 For I was taught in Paradise
 To ease my breast of melodies,—
 Shed no tear.
 Overhead! look overhead!
 'Mong the blossoms white and red—
 Look up, look up! I flutter now
 On this fresh pomegranate bough.
 See me! 'tis this silvery bill
 Ever cures the good man's ill.
 Shed no tear! oh, shed no tear!
 The flower will bloom another year.
 Adieu, adieu — I fly — adieu!
 I vanish in the heaven's blue,—
 Adieu, adieu!

*John Keats (1795–1821)***[2] Ah! Woe is Me!**

Ah! woe is me! poor silver-wing!
 That I must chant thy lady's dirge,
 And death to this fair haunt of spring,
 Of melody, and streams of flowery verge,—
 Poor silver-wing! ah! woe is me!
 That I must see
 These blossoms snow upon thy lady's pall!
 Go, pretty page! and in her ear
 Whisper that the hour is near!
 Softly tell her not to fear
 Such calm favonian burial!
 Go, pretty page! and soothly tell,—
 The blossoms hang by a melting spell,
 And fall they must, ere a star wink thrice
 Upon her closed eyes,
 That now in vain are weeping their last tears,
 At sweet life leaving, and these arbours green,—
 Rich dowry from the Spirit of the Spheres,
 Alas! poor Queen!

*John Keats***[3] A Farewell**

Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
 Thy tribute wave deliver:
 No more by thee my steps shall be,
 For ever and for ever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea,
 A rivulet then a river:
 Nowhere by thee my steps shall be
 For ever and for ever.

But here will sigh thine alder tree
 And here thine aspen shiver;
 And here by thee will hum the bee,
 For ever and for ever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee,
 A thousand moons will quiver;
 But not by thee my steps shall be,
 For ever and for ever.

*Alfred Tennyson (1809–1892)***[4] Tears, Idle Tears**

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
 Tears from the depth of some divine despair
 Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
 In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
 And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
 That brings our friends up from the underworld,
 Sad as the last which reddens over one
 That sinks with all we love below the verge;
 So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
 The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
 To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
 The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
 So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
 And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
 On lips that are for others; deep as love,
 Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
 O Death in Life, the days that are no more!

*Alfred Tennyson***[5] A Cradle Song**

Sweet dreams form a shade,
 O'er my lovely infants head.
 Sweet dreams of pleasant streams,
 By happy silent moony beams

Sweet sleep with soft down.
 Weave thy brows an infant crown.
 Sweet sleep Angel mild,
 Hover o'er my happy child.

Sweet smiles in the night,
 Hover over my delight.
 Sweet smiles Mothers smiles,
 All the livelong night beguiles.

Sweet moans, dovelike sighs,
 Chase not slumber from thy eyes,
 Sweet moans, sweeter smiles,
 All the dovelike moans beguiles.

Sleep sleep happy child,
 All creation slept and smil'd.
 Sleep sleep, happy sleep.
 While o'er thee thy mother weep

Sweet babe in thy face,
 Holy image I can trace.
 Sweet babe once like thee.
 Thy maker lay and wept for me

Wept for me for thee for all,
When he was an infant small.
Thou his image ever see.
Heavenly face that smiles on thee,

Smiles on thee on me on all,
Who became an infant small,
Infant smiles are His own smiles,
Heaven & earth to peace beguiles.

William Blake (1757–1827)

[6] Winter Song

The browns, the olives, and the yellows died,
And were swept up to heaven; where they glowed
Each dawn and set of sun till Christmastide,
And when the land lay pale for them, pale-snowed,
Fell back, and down the snow-drifts flamed and flowed.

From off your face, into the winds of winter,
The sun-brown and the summer-gold are blowing;
But they shall gleam with spiritual glint,
When paler beauty on your brows falls snowing,
And through those snows my looks shall be soft-going.

Wilfred Owen (1893–1918)

[7] Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly...

William Shakespeare (1564–1616)

[9] [12] Tears

Tears! tears! tears!
In the night, in solitude, tears;
On the white shore dripping, dripping, suck'd in by the sand;
Tears—not a star shining—all dark and desolate;
Moist tears from the eyes of a muffled head:
—O who is that ghost?—that form in the dark, with tears?
What shapeless lump is that, bent, crouch'd there on the sand?
Streaming tears—sobbing tears—throes, choked with wild cries;
O storm, embodied, rising, careering,
with swift steps along the beach;
O wild and dismal night storm, with wind!
O belching and desperate!
O shade, so sedate and decorous by day,
with calm countenance and regulated pace;
But away, at night, as you fly, none looking—
O then the unloosen'd ocean,
Of tears! tears! tears!

Walt Whitman (1819–1892)

[10] I Love You

When April bends above me
And finds me fast asleep
Dust need not keep the secret
A live heart died to keep.

When April tells the thrushes,
The meadow-larks will know,
And pipe the three words lightly
To all the winds that blow.

Above his roof the swallows,
In notes like far-blown rain,
Will tell the little sparrow
Beside his window-pane.

O sparrow, little sparrow,
When I am fast asleep,
Then tell my love the secret
That I have died to keep.

Sara Teasdale (1884–1933)