**Chapter Fifteen**

**Evaluating Poetry 1**

**God’s Will for You and Me**

**Pied Beauty**

**A poison Tree**

**The Most Vital Thing in Life**

**Longing**

**To Marguerite**

**Pitcher**

**The Old – Fashioned Pitcher**

**The Long Voyage**

**Breathes there the man**

**The Engine**

**I like to see it lap the Miles**

**The Toys**

**Little Boy Blue**

**When I have fears that may cease to be**

**O Solitude!**

**Do not stand by my grave and weep**

**Song**

**God’s Will for You and Me**

Just to be tender, just to be true,
Just to be glad the whole day through,
Just to be merciful, just to be mild,
Just to be trustful as a child,

Just to be gentle and kind and sweet,

Just to be helpful with willing feet,

Just to be cheery when things go wrong,

Just to drive sadness away with a song,

Whether the hour is dark or bright,

Just to be loyal to God and right,

Just to be believe that God knows best,

Just in his promises ever to rest—

Just to let love be our daily key,

That is God’s will for you and me.

**Pied Beauty**

Glory be to God for dappled things –

 For skies of couple-colour as a brinded cow;

 For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim;

Fresh-firecoal chestnut-falls; finches’ wings;

 Landscape plotted and pieced – fold, fallow, and plough;

 And áll trádes, their gear and tackle and trim.

All things counter, original, spare, strange;

 Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)

 With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;

He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change:

 Praise him.

**A poison Tree**

I was angry with my friend:

I told my wrath, my wrath did end.

I was angry with my foe:

I told it not, my wrath did grow.

And I watered it in fears,

Night and morning with my tears;

And I sunned it with smiles,

And with soft deceitful wiles.

And it grew both day and night,

Till it bore an apple bright.

And my foe beheld it shine.

And he knew that it was mine,

And into my garden stole

When the night had veiled the pole;

In the morning glad I see

My foe outstretched beneath the tree.

**The Most Vital Thing in Life**

When you feel like saying something

 That you know you will regret,

 Or keenly feel an insult

 Not quite easy to forget,

 That’s the time to curb resentment

 And maintain a mental peace,

 For when your mind is tranquil

 All your ill-thoughts simply cease.

If it is easy to be angry

 When defrauded or defiled,

 To be peeved or disappointed

 If your wishes are denied:

 But to win a worthwhile battle

Over selfishness and spite,

 You must learn to keep strict silence

 Though you know you are in the right.

So keep your mental balance

 When confronted by a foe

 Be it enemy in ambush

 Or some danger you know.

 If you are poised and tranquil

 When all around is strife,

 Be assured that you have mastered

 The most vital thing in life.

**Longing**

Come to me in my dreams, and then

By day I shall be well again!

For so the night will more than pay

The hopeless longing of the day.

Come, as thou cam'st a thousand times,

A messenger from radiant climes,

And smile on thy new world, and be

As kind to others as to me!

Or, as thou never cam'st in sooth,

Come now, and let me dream it truth,

And part my hair, and kiss my brow,

And say, My love why sufferest thou?

Come to me in my dreams, and then

By day I shall be well again!

For so the night will more than pay

The hopeless longing of the day.

**To Marguerite**

Yes! in the sea of life enisled,

With echoing straits between us thrown,

Dotting the shoreless watery wild,

We mortal millions live alone.

The islands feel the enclasping flow,

And then their endless bounds they know.

But when the moon their hollows lights,

And they are swept by balms of spring,

And in their glens, on starry nights,

The nightingales divinely sing;

And lovely notes, from shore to shore,

Across the sounds and channels pour—

Oh! then a longing like despair

Is to their farthest caverns sent;

For surely once, they feel, we were

Parts of a single continent!

Now round us spreads the watery plain—

Oh might our marges meet again!

Who order'd, that their longing's fire

Should be, as soon as kindled, cool'd?

Who renders vain their deep desire?—

A God, a God their severance ruled!

And bade betwixt their shores to be

The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea.

**Pitcher**

His art is eccentricity, his aim

 How not to hit the mark he seems to aim at,

His passion how to avoid the obvious,

 His technique how to vary the avoidance.

The others throw to be comprehended. He

 Throws to be a moment misunderstood.

Yet not too much. Not errant, arrant, wild,

 But every seeming aberration willed.

Not to, yet still, still to communicate

 Making the batter understand too late.

**The Old – Fashioned Pitcher**

 How dear to my heart was the old-fashioned hurler, who labored all day on the old village green.

He did not resemble the up-to-date twirler, who pitches four innings and ducks from the scene.

The up-to-date twirler Im not very strong for; He has a queer habit of pulling up lame.

And that is the reason I hanker and long for -- the pitcher who started and finished the game.

The old-fashioned pitcher,

The iron-armed pitcher,

The stout-hearted pitcher,

Who finished the game.

**The Long Voyage**

Not that the pines were darker there,

nor mid-May dogwood brighter there,

nor swifts more swift in summer air;

 it was my own country,

having its thunderclap of spring,

its long midsummer ripening,

its corn hoar-stiff at harvesting,

 almost like any country,

yet being mine; its face, its speech,

its hills bent low within my reach,

its river birch and upland beech

 were mine, of my own country.

Now the dark waters at the bow

fold back, like earth against the plow;

foam brightens like the dogwood now

 at home, in my own country.

**Breathes there the man**

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,

Who never to himself hath said,

'This is my own, my native land!'

Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,

As home his footsteps he hath turned,

From wandering on a foreign strand!

If such there breathe, go, mark him well;

For him no Minstrel raptures swell;

High though his titles, proud his name,

Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;

Despite those titles, power, and pelf,

The wretch, concentred all in self,

Living, shall forfeit fair renown,

And, doubly dying, shall go down

To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,

Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

**The Engine**

Into the gloom of the deep, dark night,

 With panting breath and a startled scream;

Swift as a bird in sudden flight

 Darts this creature of steel and steam.

Awful dangers are lurking nigh,

 Rocks and chasms are near the track,

But straight by the light of its great white eye

 It speeds through the shadows, dense and black.

Terrible thoughts and fierce desires

 Trouble its mad heart many an hour,

Where burn and smoulder the hidden fires,

 Coupled ever with might and power.

**I like to see it lap the Miles**

I like to see it lap the Miles -

And lick the Valleys up -

And stop to feed itself at Tanks -

And then - prodigious step

Around a Pile of Mountains -

And supercilious peer

In Shanties - by the sides of Roads -

And then a Quarry pare

To fit it's sides

And crawl between

Complaining all the while

In horrid - hooting stanza -

Then chase itself down Hill -

And neigh like Boanerges -

Then - prompter than a Star

Stop - docile and omnipotent

At it's own stable door –

**The Toys**

My little Son, who look'd from thoughtful eyes

 And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,

 Having my law the seventh time disobey'd,

 I struck him, and dismiss'd

 With hard words and unkiss'd,

 His Mother, who was patient, being dead.

 Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,

 I visited his bed,

 But found him slumbering deep,

 With darken'd eyelids, and their lashes yet

From his late sobbing wet.

And I, with moan,

Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;

For, on a table drawn beside his head,

He had put, within his reach,

A box of counters and a red-vein'd stone,

A piece of glass abraded by the beach

And six or seven shells,

A bottle with bluebells

And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art,

To comfort his sad heart.

So when that night I pray'd

To God, I wept, and said:

Ah, when at last we lie with tranced breath,

Not vexing Thee in death,

And Thou rememberest of what toys

We made our joys,

How weakly understood

 Thy great commanded good,

 Then, fatherly not less

 Than I whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,

 Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say,

 "I will be sorry for their childishness."

**Little Boy Blue**

The little toy dog is covered with dust,

 But sturdy and stanch he stands;

 The little toy soldier is red with rust,

 And his musket molds in his hands.

 Time was when the little toy dog was new,

 And the soldier was passing fair;

 And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue

 Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,

 "And don't you make any noise!"

 So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,

 He dreamt of the pretty toys;

 And, as he was dreaming, an angel song

 Awakened our Little Boy Blue---

 Oh! the years are many, the years are long,

 But the little toy friends are true!

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,

 Each in the same old place---

 Awaiting the touch of a little hand,

 The smile of a little face;

 And they wonder, as waiting the long years through

 In the dust of that little chair,

 What has become of our Little Boy Blue,

 Since he kissed them and put them there.

**When I have fears that may cease to be**

When I have fears that I may cease to be

Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,

 Before high-piled books, in charactery,

 Hold like rich garners the full ripen'd grain;

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

 Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,

 And think that I may never live to trace

 Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;

 And when I feel, fair creature of an hour,

 That I shall never look upon thee more,

 Never have relish in the faery power

 Of unreflecting love;--then on the shore

 Of the wide world I stand alone, and think

 Till love and fame to nothingness do sink.

**O Solitude!**

O Solitude! if I must with thee dwell,

Let it not be among the jumbled heap

Of murky buildings: climb with me the steep,—

Nature's observatory—whence the dell,

In flowery slopes, its river's crystal swell,

May seem a span; let me thy vigils keep

'Mongst boughs pavilioned, where the deer's swift leap

Startles the wild bee from the foxglove bell.

But though I'll gladly trace these scenes with thee,

Yet the sweet converse of an innocent mind,

Whose words are images of thoughts refined,

Is my soul's pleasure; and it sure must be

Almost the highest bliss of human-kind,

When to thy haunts two kindred spirits flee.

**Do not stand by my grave and weep**

Do not stand at my grave and weep

I am not there; I do not sleep.

I am a thousand winds that blow,

I am the diamond glints on snow,

I am the sun on ripened grain,

I am the gentle autumn rain.

When you awaken in the morning's hush

I am the swift uplifting rush

Of quiet birds in circled flight.

I am the soft stars that shine at night.

Do not stand at my grave and cry,

I am not there; I did not die.

**Song**

When I am dead, my dearest,

 Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,

 Nor shady cypress tree:

Be the green grass above me

 With showers and dewdrops wet;

And if thou wilt, remember,

 And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,

 I shall not feel the rain;

I shall not hear the nightingale

 Sing on, as if in pain:

And dreaming through the twilight

 That doth not rise nor set,

Haply I may remember,

 And haply may forget.