**Chapter Nine**

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**Little Jack Horner  
Anonymous**

Little Jack Homer

Sat in a corner

Eating a Christmas pie.

He stuck in his thumb

And pulled out a plum

And said, “What a good boy am I!”

**Loveliest of Tree  
 A.E. Housman  
1859-1936**

LOVELIEST of trees, the cherry now

Is hung with bloom along the bough,

And stands about the woodland ride

Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,

Twenty will not come again,

And take from seventy springs a score,

It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom

Fifty springs are little room,

About the woodlands I will go

To see the cherry hung with snow.

**Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening  
Robert Frost  
1874-1963**

Whose woods these are I think I know.

His house is in the village though;

He will not see me stopping here

To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer

To stop without a farmhouse near

Between the woods and frozen lake

The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake

To ask if there is some mistake.

The only other sound’s the sweep

Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,

But I have promises to keep,

And miles to go before I sleep,

And miles to go before I sleep.

**To a Waterfowl**

**William Cullen Bryant  
1794-1878**

Whither, 'midst falling dew,

While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,

Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue

Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler’s eye

Might mark thy distant flight, to do thee wrong,

As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,

Thy figure floats along.

Seek’st thou the plashy brink

Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,

Or where the rocking billows rise and sink

On the chaféd ocean side?

There is a Power, whose care

Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—

The desert and illimitable air

Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,

At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere;

Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,

Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end,

Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,

And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,

Soon, o’er thy sheltered nest.

Thou’rt gone, the abyss of heaven

Hath swallowed up thy form, yet, on my heart

Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,

And shall not soon depart.

He, who, from zone to zone,

Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,

In the long way that I must trace alone,

Will lead my steps aright.

**Design**

**Robert Frost**

**1874-1963**

I found a dimpled spider, fat and white,

On a white heal-all, holding up a moth

Like a white piece of rigid satin cloth—

Assorted characters of death and blight

Mixed ready to begin the morning right,

Like the ingredients of a witches’ broth—

A snow-drop spider, a flower like a froth,

And dead wings carried like a paper kite.

What had that flower to do with being white,

The wayside blue and innocent heal-all?

What brought the kindred spider to that height,

Then steered the white moth thither in the night?

What but design of darkness to appall?--

If design govern in a thing so small.

**I never saw a Moor  
Emily Dickinson  
1830-1886**

I never saw a moor;

I never saw the sea,

Yet know I how the heather looks

And what a billow be.

I never spoke with God,

Nor visited in heaven.

Yet certain am I of the spot

As if the checks were given.

**“Faith” is a fine invention  
Emily Dickinson   
1830-1886**

“Faith” is a fine invention

For Gentlemen who see!

But Microscopes are prudent

In an Emergency!

**The Indifferent  
John Donne  
1572-1631**

I can love both fair and brown,

Her whom abundance melts, and her whom want betrays,

Her who loves loneness best, and her who masks and plays,

Her whom the country formed, and whom the town,

Her who believes, and her who tries,

Her who still weeps with spongy eyes,

And her who is dry cork, and never cries;

I can love her, and her, and you, and you,

I can love any, so she be not true.

Will no other vice content you?

Will it not serve your turn to do as did your mothers?

Or have you all old vices spent, and now would find out others?

Or doth a fear that men are true torment you?

O we are not, be not you so;

Let me, and do you, twenty know.

Rob me, but bind me not, and let me go.

Must I, who came to travail thorough you,

Grow your fixed subject, because you are true?

Venus heard me sigh this song,

And by love's sweetest part, variety, she swore,

She heard not this till now; and that it should be so no more.

She went, examined, and returned ere long,

And said, Alas! some two or three

Poor heretics in love there be,

Which think to ’stablish dangerous constancy.

But I have told them, Since you will be true,

You shall be true to them who are false to you.

**Love’s Deity  
John Donne  
1572-1631**

I long to talk with some old lover's ghost,

Who died before the god of love was born.

I cannot think that he, who then lov'd most,

Sunk so low as to love one which did scorn.

But since this god produc'd a destiny,

And that vice-nature, custom, lets it be,

I must love her, that loves not me.

Sure, they which made him god, meant not so much,

Nor he in his young godhead practis'd it.

But when an even flame two hearts did touch,

His office was indulgently to fit

Actives to passives. Correspondency

Only his subject was; it cannot be

Love, till I love her, that loves me.

But every modern god will now extend

His vast prerogative as far as Jove.

To rage, to lust, to write to, to commend,

All is the purlieu of the god of love.

O! were we waken'd by this tyranny

To ungod this child again, it could not be

I should love her, who loves not me.

Rebel and atheist too, why murmur I,

As though I felt the worst that love could do?

Love might make me leave loving, or might try

A deeper plague, to make her love me too;

Which, since she loves before, I'am loth to see.

Falsehood is worse than hate; and that must be,

If she whom I love, should love me.

**To the Mercy Killers  
Dudley Randall  
b.1914**

If ever mercy move you murder me,

I pray you, kindly killers, let me live.

Never conspire with death to set me free,

but let me know such life as pain can give.

Even though I be a clot, an aching clench,

a stub, a stump, a butt, a scap, a knob,

a screaming pain, a putrefying stench,

still let me live, so long as life shall throb.

Even though I seem not human, a mute shelf

of glucose, bottled blood, machinery

to swell the lung and pump the heart—even so,

do not put out my life. Let me still glow.

**How Annandale Went Out   
Edwin Arlington Robinson   
1869-1935**

“They called it Annandale—and I was there

To flourish, to find words, and to attend:

Liar, physician, hypocrite, and friend,

I watched him; and the sight was not so fair

As one or two that I have seen elsewhere:

An apparatus not for me to mend—

A wreck, with hell between him and the end,

Remained of Annandale; and I was there.

“I knew the ruin as I knew the man;

So put the two together, if you can,

Remembering the worst you know of me.

Now view yourself as I was, on the spot—

With a slight kind of engine. Do you see?

Like this … You wouldn’t hang me? I thought not.”

**The Caged Skylark  
Gerard Manley Hopkins  
1844-1889**

As a dare-gale skylark scanted in a dull cage,

Man's mounting spirit in his bone-house, mean house, dwells —

That bird beyond the remembering his free fells;

This in drudgery, day-labouring-out life's age.

Though aloft on turf or perch or poor low stage

Both sing sometímes the sweetest, sweetest spells,

Yet both droop deadly sómetimes in their cells

Or wring their barriers in bursts of fear or rage.

Not that the sweet-fowl, song-fowl, needs no rest —

Why, hear him, hear him babble & drop down to his nest,

But his own nest, wild nest, no prison.

Man's spirit will be flesh-bound, when found at best,

But uncumberèd: meadow-down is not distressed

For a rainbow footing it nor he for his bónes rísen.

**No worst, there is none  
Gerard Manley Hopkins  
1844-1889**

No worst, there is none. Pitched past pitch of grief,

More pangs will, schooled at forepangs, wilder wring.

Comforter, where, where is your comforting?

Mary, mother of us, where is your relief?

My cries heave, herds-long; huddle in a main, a chief

Woe, wórld-sorrow; on an áge-old anvil wince and sing —

Then lull, then leave off. Fury had shrieked 'No ling-

ering! Let me be fell: force I must be brief."'

O the mind, mind has mountains; cliffs of fall

Frightful, sheer, no-man-fathomed. Hold them cheap

May who ne'er hung there. Nor does long our small

Durance deal with that steep or deep. Here! creep,

Wretch, under a comfort serves in a whirlwind: all

Life death does end and each day dies with sleep.