**Poems of the Fall…**

Matthew Arnold

# DOVER BEACH

The sea is calm to-night.

The tide is full, the moon lies fair

Upon the straits;--on the French coast the light

Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,

5 Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.

Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!

Only, from the long line of spray

Where the sea meets the moon-blanch’d land,

Listen! you hear the grating roar

10 Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,

At their return, up the high strand,

Begin, and cease, and then again begin,

With tremulous cadence slow, and bring

The eternal note of sadness in.

15   Sophocles long ago

Heard it on the Ægean, and it brought

Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow

Of human misery; we

Find also in the sound a thought,

20 Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The Sea of Faith

Was once, too, at the full, and round earth’s shore

Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl’d.

But now I only hear

25 Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,

Retreating, to the breath

Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear

And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true

30 To one another! for the world, which seems

To lie before us like a land of dreams,

So various, so beautiful, so new,

Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,

Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;

35 And we are here as on a darkling plain

Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,

Where ignorant armies clash by night.Gerard Manley Hopkins

# Spring and Fall to a young child

MÁRGARÉT, áre you grieving

Over Goldengrove unleaving?

Leáves, líke the things of man, you

With your fresh thoughts care for, can you?

5 Áh! ás the heart grows older

It will come to such sights colder

By and by, nor spare a sigh

Though worlds of wanwood leafmeal lie;

And yet you wíll weep and know why.

10 Now no matter, child, the name:

Sórrow’s spríngs áre the same.

Nor mouth had, no nor mind, expressed

What heart heard of, ghost guessed:

It ís the blight man was born for,

15 It is Margaret you mourn for.

John Keats

Ode to a Nightingale

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
|  | 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: |
| *5* | ‘Tis not through envy of thy happy lot, |
|  | But being too happy in thine happiness, |
|  | That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees, |
|  | In some melodious plot |
|  | Of beechen green, and shadows numberless, |
| *10* | Singest of summer in full-throated ease. |
|  |  |
|  | O for a draught of vintage! that hath been |
|  | Cool’d a long age in the deep-delvèd earth, |
|  | Tasting of Flora and the country-green, |
|  | Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth! |
| *15* | 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-stainèd mouth; |
|  | That I might drink, and leave the world unseen, |
| *20* | And with thee fade away into the forest dim: |
|  |  |
|  | 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; |
| *25* | Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey 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, |
| *30* | Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow. |
|  |  |
|  | 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: |
| *35* | 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 |
| *40* | Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways. |
|  |  |
|  | I cannot see what flowers are at my feet, |
|  | Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs, |
|  | But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet |
|  | Wherewith the seasonable month endows |
| *45* | 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, |
| *50* | The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves. |
|  |  |
|  | 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 musèd rhyme, |
|  | To take into the air my quiet breath; |
| *55* | 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— |
| *60* | To thy high requiem become a sod. |
|  |  |
|  | 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: |
| *65* | 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 ofttimes hath |
|  | Charm’d magic casements, opening on the foam |
| *70* | Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn. |
|  |  |
|  | 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 famed to do, deceiving elf. |
| *75* | 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? |
| *80* | Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep? |