

MATTHEW ARNOLD

*'Dover Beach'*  
*(1/2)*

*The sea is calm tonight.*

*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,  
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-blanchèd land,*

*Listen! you hear the grating roar*

*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.*

*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,*

*Hearing it by this distant northern sea.*

MATTHEW ARNOLD

*'Dover Beach'*  
*(2/2)*

*The Sea of Faith*

*Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore  
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.*

*But now I only hear  
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  
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;  
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

*'I wake and feel the fell of dark,  
not day'*

*I wake and feel the fell of dark, not day.  
What hours, O what black hours we have spent  
This night! what sights you, heart, saw; ways you went!  
And more must, in yet longer light's delay.  
With witness I speak this. But where I say  
Hours I mean years, mean life. And my lament  
Is cries countless, cries like dead letters sent  
To dearest him that lives alas! away.*

*I am gall, I am heartburn. God's most deep decree  
Bitter would have me taste: my taste was me;  
Bones built in me, flesh filled, blood brimmed the curse.  
Selfyeast of spirit a dull dough sours. I see  
The lost are like this, and their scourge to be  
As I am mine, their sweating selves; but worse.*

EDWARD THOMAS

*Lights Out*  
*(1/2)*

*I have come to the borders of sleep,  
The unfathomable deep  
Forest where all must lose  
Their way, however straight,  
Or winding, soon or late;  
They cannot choose.*

*Many a road and track  
That, since the dawn's first crack,  
Up to the forest brink,  
Deceived the travellers,  
Suddenly now blurs,  
And in they sink.*

*Here love ends,  
Despair, ambition ends;  
All pleasure and all trouble,  
Although most sweet or bitter,  
Here ends in sleep that is sweeter  
Than tasks most noble.*

EDWARD THOMAS

*Lights Out*  
*(1/2)*

*There is not any book  
Or face of dearest look  
That I would not turn from now  
To go into the unknown  
I must enter, and leave, alone,  
I know not how.*

*The tall forest towers;  
Its cloudy foliage lowers  
Ahead, shelf above shelf;  
Its silence I hear and obey  
That I may lose my way  
And myself.*

Rudyard Kipling  
*'The Way through the Woods'*

*They shut the road through the woods  
Seventy years ago.  
Weather and rain have undone it again,  
And now you would never know  
There was once a road through the woods  
Before they planted the trees.  
It is underneath the coppice and heath,  
And the thin anemones.  
Only the keeper sees  
That, where the ring-dove broods,  
And the badgers roll at ease,  
There was once a road through the woods.  
Yet, if you enter the woods  
Of a summer evening late,  
When the night-air cools on the trout-ringed pools  
Where the otter whistles his mate,  
(They fear not men in the woods,  
Because they see so few.)  
You will hear the beat of a horse's feet,  
And the swish of a skirt in the dew,  
Steadily cantering through  
The misty solitudes,  
As though they perfectly knew  
The old lost road through the woods.  
But there is no road through the woods.*