

# The Tiger

By William Blake

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies  
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?  
In the furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil? what dead grasp  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,  
And water'd heaven with their tears,  
Did he smile his work to see?  
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye,  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

# Break, Break, Break

By Alfred Lord Tennyson

Break, break, break,  
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.  
O, well for the fisherman's boy,  
That he shouts with his sister at play!  
O, well for the sailor lad,  
That he sings in his boat on the bay!  
And the stately ships go on  
To their haven under the hill;  
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still!  
Break, break, break  
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!  
But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me

# Weekend Glory

By Maya Angelou

Some clichty folks  
don't know the facts,  
posin' and preenin'  
and puttin' on acts,  
stretchin' their backs.

They move into condos  
up over the ranks,  
pawn their souls  
to the local banks.  
Buying big cars  
they can't afford,  
ridin' around town  
actin' bored.

If they want to learn how to live  
life right  
they ought to study me on  
Saturday night.

My job at the plant  
ain't the biggest bet,  
but I pay my bills  
and stay out of debt.  
I get my hair done  
for my own self's sake,  
so I don't have to pick  
and I don't have to rake.

Take the church money out  
and head cross town  
to my friend girl's house

where we plan our round.  
We meet our men and go to a  
joint  
where the music is blue  
and to the point.

Folks write about me.  
They just can't see  
how I work all week  
at the factory.  
Then get spruced up  
and laugh and dance  
And turn away from worry  
with sassy glance.

They accuse me of livin'  
from day to day,  
but who are they kiddin'?  
So are they.

My life ain't heaven  
but it sure ain't hell.  
I'm not on top  
but I call it swell  
if I'm able to work  
and get paid right  
and have the luck to be Black  
on a Saturday night.

# IF

By Rudyard Kipling

If you can keep your head when  
    all about you  
Are losing theirs and blaming it  
    on you;  
If you can trust yourself when all  
    men doubt you,  
    But make allowance for their  
    doubting too:  
If you can wait and not be tired by  
    waiting,  
Or, being lied about, don't deal in  
    lies,  
Or being hated don't give way to  
    hating,  
And yet don't look too good, nor  
    talk too wise;

If you can dream---and not make  
    dreams your master;  
If you can think---and not make  
    thoughts your aim,  
If you can meet with Triumph and  
    Disaster  
And treat those two impostors just  
    the same:.  
If you can bear to hear the truth  
    you've spoken  
Twisted by knaves to make a trap  
    for fools,  
Or watch the things you gave your  
    life to, broken,  
And stoop and build'em up with  
    worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all  
    your winnings  
And risk it on one turn of pitch-  
    and-toss,  
And lose, and start again at your  
    beginnings,  
And never breathe a word about  
    your loss:  
If you can force your heart and  
    nerve and sinew  
To serve your turn long after they  
    are gone,  
And so hold on when there is  
    nothing in you  
Except the Will which says to  
    them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and  
    keep your virtue,  
Or walk with Kings---nor lose the  
    common touch,  
If neither foes nor loving friends  
    can hurt you,  
If all men count with you, but  
    none too much:  
If you can fill the unforgiving  
    minute  
With sixty seconds' worth of  
    distance run,  
Yours is the Earth and everything  
    that's in it,  
And---which is more---you'll be a  
    Man, my son!

Attention please!  
Attention please!

By Roald Dahl

'Attention please! Attention please!  
Don't dare to talk! Don't dare to sneeze!  
Don't doze or daydream! Stay awake!  
Your health, your very life's at stake!  
Ho-ho, you say, they can't mean me.  
Ha-ha, we answer, wait and see.

Did any of you ever meet  
A child called Goldie Pinklesweet?  
Who on her seventh birthday went  
To stay with Granny down in Kent.  
At lunchtime on the second day  
Of dearest little Goldie's stay,  
Granny announced, 'I'm going down  
To do some shopping in the town.'  
(D'you know why Granny didn't tell  
The child to come along as well?  
She's going to the nearest inn  
To buy herself a double gin.)

So out she creeps. She shuts the door.  
And Goldie, after making sure  
That she is really by herself,  
Goes quickly to the medicine shelf,  
And there, her little greedy eyes  
See pills of every shape and size,  
Such fascinating colours too —  
Some green, some pink, some brown,  
some blue.  
'All right,' she says, 'let's try the brown,'  
She takes one pill and gulps it down.  
'Yum-yum!' she cries. 'Hooray! What fun!  
They're chocolate-coated, every one!'  
She gobbles five, she gobbles ten,  
She stops her gobbling only when  
The last pill's gone. There are no more.  
Slowly she rises from the floor.  
She stops. She hiccups. Dear, oh dear,  
She starts to feel a trifle queer.

You see, how could young Goldie know,  
For nobody had told her so,  
That Grandmama, her old relation  
Suffered from frightful constipation.  
This meant that every night she'd give  
Herself a powerful laxative,  
And all the medicines that she'd bought  
Were naturally of this sort.  
The pink and red and blue and green  
Were all extremely strong and mean.  
But far more fierce and meaner still,  
Was Granny's little chocolate pill.  
Its blast effect was quite uncanny.  
It used to shake up even Granny.  
In point of fact she did not dare  
To use them more than twice a year.  
So can you wonder little Goldie  
Began to feel a wee bit moldy?

Inside her tummy, something stirred.  
A funny gurgling sound was heard,  
And then, oh dear, from deep within,  
The ghastly rumbling sounds begin!  
They rumbilate and roar and boom!  
They bounce and echo round the room!  
The floorboards shake and from the wall  
Some bits of paint and plaster fall.  
Explosions, whistles, awful bangs  
Were followed by the loudest clangs.  
(A man next door was heard to say,  
'A thunderstorm is on the way.')

But on and on the rumbling goes.  
A window cracks, a lamp-bulb blows.  
Young Goldie clutched herself and cried,  
'There's something wrong with my inside!'  
This was, we very greatly fear,  
The understatement of the year.  
For wouldn't any child feel crummy,  
With loud explosions in her tummy?

Granny, at half past two, came in,  
Weaving a little from the gin,  
But even so she quickly saw  
The empty bottle on the floor.  
'My precious laxatives!' she cried.  
'I don't feel well,' the girl replied.  
Angrily Grandma shook her head.  
'I'm really not surprised,' she said.  
'Why can't you leave my pills alone?'  
With that, she grabbed the telephone  
And shouted, 'Listen, send us quick  
An ambulance! A child is sick!  
It's number fifty, Fontwell Road!  
Come fast! I think she might explode!'

We're sure you do not wish to hear  
About the hospital and where  
They did a lot of horrid things  
With stomach-pumps and rubber rings.  
Let's answer what you want to know;  
Did Goldie live or did she go?  
The doctors gathered round her bed,  
'There's really not much hope,' they said.  
'She's going, going, gone!' they cried.  
'She's had her chips! She's dead! She's  
died!'  
'I'm not so sure,' the child replied.  
And all at once she opened wide  
Her great big bluish eyes and sighed,  
And gave the anxious docs a wink,  
And said, 'I'll be okay, I think.'

So Goldie lived and back she went  
At first to Granny's place in Kent.  
Her father came the second day  
And fetched her in a Chevrolet,  
And drove her to their home in Dover.  
But Goldie's troubles were not over.  
You see, if someone takes enough  
Of any highly dangerous stuff,

One will invariably find  
Some traces of it left behind.  
It pains us greatly to relate  
That Goldie suffered from this fate.  
She'd taken such a massive fill  
Of this unpleasant kind of pill,  
It got into her blood and bones,  
It messed up all her chromosomes,  
It made her constantly upset,  
And she could never really get  
The beastly stuff to go away.  
And so the girl was forced to stay  
For seven hours every day  
Within the everlasting gloom  
Of what we call The Ladies Room.  
And after all, the W.C.  
Is not the gayest place to be.  
So now, before it is too late.  
Take heed of Goldie's dreadful fate.  
And seriously, all jokes apart,  
Do promise us across your heart  
That you will never help yourself  
To medicine from the medicine shelf.'

I wandered  
lonely as a cloud

By William Wordsworth

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of golden daffodils;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they  
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:  
A poet could not but be gay,  
In such a jocund company:  
I gazed---and gazed---but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

# "The Pretender"

By Taylor Hawkins, David Eric Grohl, Nate Mendel, Christopher A. Shiflett

Keep you in the dark	It's never-ending, never-ending
You know they all pretend	Same old story
Keep you in the dark	
And so it all began	[Chorus (x2):]
	What if I say I'm not like the others?
Send in your skeletons	What if I say I'm not just another one of your plays?
Sing as their bones go marching in... again	You're the pretender
The need you buried deep	What if I say I will never surrender?
The secrets that you keep are ever ready	
Are you ready?	In time or so I'm told
I'm finished making sense	I'm just another soul for sale... oh, well
Done pleading ignorance	The page is out of print
That whole defense	We are not permanent
	We're temporary, temporary
Spinning infinity, boy	Same old story
The wheel is spinning me	

[Chorus x2]

You know they all pretend

I'm the voice inside your head

[Chorus x2]

You refuse to hear

I'm the face that you have to face

[x2]

Mirrored in your stare

What if I say I'm not like the others?

I'm what's left, I'm what's right

(Keep you in the dark)

I'm the enemy

What if I say I'm not just another  
one of your plays?

I'm the hand that will take you down

(You know they all... pretend)

Bring you to your knees

You're the pretender

What if I say I will never surrender?

So who are you?

Yeah, who are you?

So who are you?

Yeah, who are you?

Yeah, who are you?

Yeah, who are you?

Yeah, who are you?

Keep you in the dark

# Café Comedy

By Robert William Service

## She

I'm waiting for the man I hope to wed.  
I've never seen him - that's the funny part.  
I promised I would wear a rose of red,  
Pinned on my coat above my fluttered heart,  
So that he'd know me - a precaution wise,  
Because I wrote him I was twenty-three,  
And Oh such heaps and heaps of silly lies. . .  
So when we meet what will he think of me?

It's funny, but it has its sorry side;  
I put an advert. in the evening Press:  
"A lonely maiden fain would be a bride."  
Oh it was shameless of me, I confess.  
But I am thirty-nine and in despair,  
Wanting a home and children ere too late,  
And I forget I'm no more young and fair -  
I'll hide my rose and run...No, no, I'll wait.

An hour has passed and I am waiting still.  
I ought to feel relieved, but I'm so sad.  
I would have liked to see him, just to thrill,  
And sigh and say: "There goes my lovely lad!  
My one romance!" Ah, Life's malign mishap!  
"Garcon, a café creme." I'll stay till nine. . .  
The café's empty, just an oldish chap  
Who's sitting at the table next to mine. . .

## He

I'm waiting for the girl I mean to wed.  
She was to come at eight and now it's nine.  
She'd pin upon her coat a rose of red,  
And I would wear a marguerite in mine.

No sign of her I see...It's true my eyes  
Need stronger glasses than the ones I wear,  
But Oh I feel my heart would recognize  
Her face without the rose - she is so fair.

Ah! what deceivers are we aging men!  
What vanity keeps youthful hope aglow!  
Poor girl! I sent a photo taken when  
I was a student, twenty years ago.  
(Hers is so Springlike, Oh so blossom sweet!)  
How she will shudder when she sees me now!  
I think I'd better hide that marguerite -  
How can I age and ugliness avow?

She does not come. It's after nine o'clock.  
What fools we fogeys are! I'll try to laugh;  
(Garcon, you might bring me another bock)  
Falling in love, just from a photograph.  
Well, that's the end. I'll go home and forget,  
Then realizing I am over ripe  
I'll throw away this silly cigarette  
And philosophically light my pipe.

\* \* \* \* \*

The waiter brought the coffee and the beer,  
And there they sat, so woe-begone a pair,  
And seemed to think: "Why do we linger here?"  
When suddenly they turned, to start and stare.  
She spied a marguerite, he glimpsed a rose;  
Their eyes were joined and in a flash they knew. . .  
The sleepy waiter saw, when time to close,  
The sweet romance of those deceiving two,  
Whose lips were joined, their hearts, their future too.

Do not go gentle  
into that good  
night

By Dylan Thomas

Do not go gentle into that good night,  
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,  
Because their words had forked no lightning they  
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright  
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,  
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,  
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight  
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,  
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.  
Do not go gentle into that good night.  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

# Dulce et decorum est...

By Wilfred Owen

Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,

Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we  
cursed through sludge,

Till on the haunting flares we turned our  
backs

And towards our distant rest began to  
trudge.

Men marched asleep. Many had lost their  
boots

But limped on, blood-shod. All went  
lame; all blind;

Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots

Of tired, outstripped Five-Nines that  
dropped behind.

Gas! Gas! Quick, boys! – An ecstasy of  
fumbling,

Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time;

But someone still was yelling out and  
stumbling,

And flound'ring like a man in fire or  
lime . . .

Dim, through the misty panes and thick  
green light,

As under a green sea, I saw him  
drowning.

In all my dreams, before my helpless  
sight,

He plunges at me, guttering, choking,  
drowning.

If in some smothering dreams you too  
could pace

Behind the wagon that we flung him in,  
And watch the white eyes writhing in his  
face,

His hanging face, like a devil's sick of sin;

If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood

Come gargling from the froth-corrupted  
lungs,

Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud

Of vile, incurable sores on innocent  
tongues,

My friend, you would not tell with such  
high zest

To children ardent for some desperate  
glory,

The old Lie; Dulce et Decorum est

Pro patria mori.

Ah, Are You  
Digging on My  
Grave?

By Thomas Hardy

"AH, are you digging on my grave,  
My loved one? -- planting rue?"  
-- "No: yesterday he went to wed  
One of the brightest wealth has bred.  
'It cannot hurt her now,' he said,  
'That I should not be true.'"

"Then who is digging on my grave,  
My nearest dearest kin?"  
-- "Ah, no: they sit and think, 'What use!  
What good will planting flowers produce?  
No tendance of her mound can loose  
Her spirit from Death's gin.'"

"But someone digs upon my grave?  
My enemy? -- prodding sly?"  
-- "Nay: when she heard you had passed the Gate  
That shuts on all flesh soon or late,  
She thought you no more worth her hate,  
And cares not where you lie.

"Then, who is digging on my grave?  
Say -- since I have not guessed!"  
-- "O it is I, my mistress dear,  
Your little dog , who still lives near,  
And much I hope my movements here  
Have not disturbed your rest?"

"Ah yes! You dig upon my grave...  
Why flashed it not to me  
That one true heart was left behind!  
What feeling do we ever find  
To equal among human kind  
A dog's fidelity!"

"Mistress, I dug upon your grave  
To bury a bone, in case  
I should be hungry near this spot  
When passing on my daily trot.  
I am sorry, but I quite forgot  
It was your resting place."

# SONNET 130

By Shakespeare

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;  
Coral is far more red than her lips' red; If snow be white, why  
then her breasts are dun;  
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head. I have seen  
roses damask'd, red and white,  
But no such roses see I in her cheeks; And in some perfumes is  
there more delight  
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks. I love to hear her  
speak, yet well I know  
That music hath a far more pleasing sound; I grant I never saw a  
goddess go;  
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground: And yet, by  
heaven, I think my love as rare  
As any she belied with false compare.

# The Road Not Taken

By Robert Frost

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,  
And sorry I could not travel both  
And be one traveler, long I stood  
And looked down one as far as I could  
To where it bent in the undergrowth;  
Then took the other, as just as fair,  
And having perhaps the better claim,  
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;  
Though as for that the passing there  
Had worn them really about the same,  
And both that morning equally lay  
In leaves no step had trodden black.  
Oh, I kept the first for another day!  
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,  
I doubted if I should ever come back.  
I shall be telling this with a sigh  
Somewhere ages and ages hence:  
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I-  
I took the one less traveled by,  
And that has made all the difference.

# Daddy's Womb

By Carl H.

I asked my father if I could  
swim,  
and he said that I would drown.  
The Sea would imprison me - he  
said  
If my feet had left the ground.

So I walked out to the water,  
and cried out – how 'bout now!  
He said, a little bit further, Son,  
and then you'll leave the  
ground.

I stepped on sand then stone,  
from hollow ground to sturdy.  
The sky was at my level as I  
gazed at the birdie.

The Sea brought me a new idea,  
the urge to flee to the high.

I asked my Father if I could fly,  
and he said, sure, Son – go try.

I jumped as high as I could.  
Still, I landed on the ground.  
i saw my Father pull on a chain,  
then I knew that I was bound.