

BM7

Introduction to the Critical and Scholarly Discussion of Literature

List of Poetry Reading

1. Sir Philip Sidney. "Loving in Truth." *Astrophel and Stella*. London: Thomas Newman, 1591.
2. Sir Philip Sidney. "Not at first sight." *Astrophel and Stella*. London: Thomas Newman, 1591.
3. William Percy. "Sonnet II." *Sonnets to the Fairest Coelia*. London: Adam Islip for W. P., 1594.
4. William Shakespeare. "130." *Shakespeares Sonnets*. London: G. Eld for T.T, 1609.
5. George Herbert. "The Deniall." *The Temple. Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations*. University of Cambridge, T. Buck and R. Daniel, 1633,
6. William Wordsworth. "Scorn Not the Sonnet." 1827. *Last Poems 1821-1850*. Ed. Jared Curtis. Ithaca, London: Cornell UP, 1999. 82.
7. Walt Whitman. "One's Self I Sing." 1867. *The Heath Anthology of American Literature*. Vol. B. Fifth Edition. Ed. Paul Lauter. Boston, New York: Houghton. Mifflin Company, 2006. 2990.
8. Christina Rossetti. "Monna Innominata, Sonnet 2." 1881. *Complete Poems. A Variorum Edition*. Vol. 2. Ed. R.W. Crump. Baton Rouge, London: Louisiana State UP, 1986. 86 f.
9. Langston Hughes. "I, Too." 1925. *The Heath Anthology of American Literature*. Vol. D. Fifth Edition. Ed. Paul Lauter. Boston, New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 2006.1525.
10. e.e. cummings. "pity this busy monster, manunkind." 1944. *Poems 1923-1954. First Complete Edition*. New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, 1968. 397.

SIR P. S. HIS
ASTROPHEL AND
STELLA.

Wherein the excellence of sweet
Poësie is concluded.



At London,
Printed for Thomas Newman,
Anno Domini. 1591.



SIR P. S. HIS
ASTROPHEL AND
STELLA.

Loving in truth, and sayne my louc in verse to show,
That the deere *Shee*, might take some pleasure of my paine:
Pleasure might cause her read, reading might make her know,
Knowledge might pittie winne, and pittie grace obtaine.
I fought fit wordes, to paint the blackest face of woe,
Studying inuentions fine, her wittes to entertaine,
Of turning of hers leaues, to see if thence would flowe,
Some fresh and fruitfull shew, ypon my Sunne-burnt braine,
But wordes came halting out, wanting inuentions say,
Inuention Natures childe, fiedde Stepdame studies blowes:
And others feete, still seem'de but strangers in my way,
Thus great with Childe to speake, and helpelesse in my throwes,
Byrting my trowand penne, beating my selfe for spite:
Foolle faide my Muse to mee, looke in thy heart and write.

NOt at first sight, nor with a dribbing shot,
Loue gaue the wound, which while I breath will bleed:
But knowne, worth did in mine of time proceede,
Till by degrees it had full conquest got.
I haue and lik'd, I lik'd but loued not,
I lou'd, but did not straight what Loue decreed:
At length to Loues decrees, I forst agree,
Yet with repining at so partiall lot.
Now euen that foot-steppe of lost libertie
Is gone, and now like slaue borne Muscouite:
I call it praise to suffer tyrannie,

A. 2.

And

2. Sir P. S. his

And now employ the remnant of my wit
To make my life beleue that all is well,
While with a feeling skill I paint my hell.

3



SONNETS
TO THE FAIREST

COELIA.

*Tu me, nec insideo, sine me liber istis ad illam,
Hic mihi quod domino non licet ire tuo. T. 1611.*



Chink

LONDON,
Printed by Adam Fflip,
for W. P.

1594.

Sonnet II.

Oh happie houre, and yet vnhappie houre,
When first by chaunce I had my goddesse viewved,
Then first I tasted of the sweetest soure,
Where with the cup of *Cypris* is embrewed.

For gazing ferme without suspition,
Loue coopt behind the charret, of her eye,
Iustly to schoole my bold presumption,
Against my hart did let an arrow flie:
Faire sir, quoth he, to practise haue you nought
But to be gazing on deuinitie?
Before you part, your leate you shall be tought,
With that at once he made his arrowes hie:
Imperious God, I did it not to loue her,
Ah, stay thy hand, I did it but to proue her.





SHAKE-SPEARES

SONNETS.

Neuer before Imprinted.

AT LONDON
By G. Eld for T. T. and are
to be sold by *William Aspley.*

1609.

SONNETS.

130

MY Mistres eyes are nothing like the Sunne,
 Currall is farre more red, then her lips red,
 If snow be white why then her brefts are dun:
 If haire be wiers, black wiers grow on her head:
 I haue scene Roses damask, red and white,
 But no such Roses see I in her cheekes,
 And in some perfumes is there more delight,
 Then in the breath that from my Mistres reekes.
 I loue to heare her speake, yet well I know,
 That Musicke hath a farre more pleasing sound:
 I gtaunt I neuer saw a goddesse goe,
 My Mistres when shee walkes treads on the ground,
 And yet by heauen I thinke my loue as rare,
 As any she belid with false compare.

131

THou art as tiranous, so as thou art,
 As those whose beauties proudly make them cruell;
 For well thou know'st to my deare doting hart
 Thou art the fairest and most precious Iewell.
 Yet in good faith some say that thee behold,
 Thy face hath not the power to make loue grone;
 To say they erre, I dare not be so bold,
 Although I sweare it to my selfe alone.
 And to be sure that is not false I sweare
 A thousand grones but thinking on thy face,
 One on anothers necke do witnesse beare
 Thy blacke is fairest in my iudgements place.
 In nothing art thou blacke save in thy deede,
 And thence this flauder as I thinke proceeds.

132

THine eyes I loue, and they as pitying me,
 Knowing thy heart torment me with disdain,
 Haue put on black, and louing mourners be,
 Looking with pretty ruth vpon my paine.

And

¶ Deniall.

When my devotions could not pierce
 Thy silent eares;
 Then was my heart broken, as was my verse:
 My breast was full of fears
 And disorder:

My

My bent thoughts, like a brittle bow;
 Did flie asunder:
 Each took his way, some would to pleasures go,
 Some to the warres and thunder
 Of alarms.

As good go any where, they say,
 As to benumme
 Both knees and heart, in crying night and day,
Come, come, my God, O come!
 But no hearing.

O that thou shouldst give dust a tongue
 To crie to thee,
 And then not heare it crying! all day long
 My heart was in my knee,
 But no hearing.

Therefore my soul lay out of fight,
 Unrun'd, unstrung;
 My feeble spirit, unable to look right,
 Like a ripe blossome, hung
 Discontented.

O cheer and tune my heartlesse breast,

That so thy favour granting my request,
 They and my minde may chime,
 And mend my ryme.

THE
TEMPLE.
 SACRED POEMS
 AND
 PRIVATE EJACU-
 LATIONS.

By Mr. GEORGE HERBERT,
 late Oratour of the Universitie
 of Cambridge.

The second Edition.

PSAL. 29.

*In his Temple doth every man
 Speak of his honour.*



Printed by T. Bauldwin and R. Daniel,
 printers to the Universitie
 of Cambridge, 1633.

¶ And are to be sold by F. A. Green.

Last Poems, 1821-1850

by William Wordsworth

Edited by

Jared Curtis

with Associate Editors

Apryl Lea Denny-Ferris

Jillian Heydt-Stevenson

1999

CORNELL UNIVERSITY PRESS

ITHACA AND LONDON

82

6

Last Poems, 1821-1850

"Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned"

SCORN not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honours;—with this Key
Shakspeare unlocked his heart; the melody
Of this small Lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
A thousand times this Pipe did Tasso sound;
Camòens soothed with it an Exile's grief;
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle Leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow: a glow-worm Lamp,
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-land
To struggle through dark ways; and when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The Thing became a Trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!

5

10

composed probably around January but certainly by April 1827
found in Montague MS.
published in 1827, 1831, 1838
classified Miscellaneous Sonnets 1827-, 1831, 1831
reading text 1827
6 Camòens soothed with it] With it Camòens soothed with it inserted Montague MS., so 1836-,
1838, but Camòens

*from Inscriptions*¹

7

One's-Self I Sing

One's-Self I sing, a simple separate person,
Yet utter the word Democratic, the word En-Masse.

Of physiology from top to toe I sing,
Not physiognomy alone nor brain alone is worthy for the Muse, I
say the Form complete is worthier far,
5 The Female equally with the Male I sing.

Of Life immense in passion, pulse, and power,
Cheerful, for freest action form'd under the laws divine,
The Modern Man I sing.

1867

*from Children of Adam*¹

To the Garden the World

To the garden the world anew ascending,
Potent mates, daughters, sons, preluding,
The love, the life of their bodies, meaning and being,
Curious here behold my resurrection after slumber,
5 The revolving cycles in their wide sweep having brought me again,
Amorous, mature, all beautiful to me, all wondrous,
My limbs and the quivering fire that ever plays through them, for
reasons, most wondrous,
Existing I peer and penetrate still,
Content with the present, content with the past,
10 By my side or back of me Eve following,
Or in front, and I following her just the same.

1860

¹*Inscriptions* first appeared as the opening grouping in the 1871 edition of *Leaves of Grass*. Beginning in 1867, "One's-Self I Sing" appeared as the opening poem of all future editions of *Leaves of Grass*.

¹*Children of Adam* and its companion cluster *Calamus*, which first appeared in the 1860

edition of *Leaves of Grass*, are Whitman's most controversial poetic sequences. In *Children of Adam* he focuses on what he calls "amative love," the phrenological term for the love between men and women. In *Calamus* he focuses on "adhesive love," the phrenological term for the love between men.

8

2.

"Era già l'ora che volge il desio."—DANTE.
"Ricorro al tempo ch'io vidi prima."—PETRARCA.

I wish I could remember, that first day,
First hour, first moment of your meeting me,
If bright or dim the season, it might be
Summer or Winter for aught I can say;
5 So unrecorded did it slip away,
So blind was I to see and to foresee,
So dull to mark the budding of my tree
That would not blossom yet for many a May.
If only I could recollect it, such

10

A day of days! I let it come and go
As traceless as a thaw of bygone snow;
It seemed to mean so little, meant so much;
If only now I could recall that touch,
First touch of hand in hand—Did one but know!

Rossetti, Christina, *A Pageant and Other Poems* [1881], in: *Complete Poems. A Variorum Edition*, ed. R. W. Crump, vol. 2, Baton Rouge / London: Louisiana State University Press, 1986, p. 86 f.

Bad Luck Card

Cause you don't love me
Is awful, awful hard.
Gypsy done showed me
My bad luck card.

5 There ain't no good left
In this world for me.
Gypsy done tole me—
Unlucky as can be.

I don't know what
10 Po' weary me can do.
Gypsy says I'd kill my self
If I was you.

1927

9

I, Too

I, too, sing America.

I am the darker brother.
They send me to eat in the kitchen
When company comes,
5 But I laugh,
And eat well,
And grow strong.

Tomorrow,
I'll be at the table
10 When company comes.
Nobody'll dare
Say to me,
"Eat in the kitchen,"
Then.

15 Besides,
They'll see how beautiful I am
And be ashamed—

I, too, am America.

1925

(10)

XIV

pity this busy monster,manunkind,

not. Progress is a comfortable disease:
your victim(death and life safely beyond)

plays with the bigness of his littleness
—electrons deify one razorblade
into a mountainrange;lenses extend

unwish through curving wherewhen till unwish
returns on its unself.

A world of made
is not a world of born—pity poor flesh

and trees,poor stars and stones,but never this
fine specimen of hypermagical

ultraomnipotence. We doctors know

a hopeless case if—listen:there's a hell
of a good universe next door;let's go

XV

(“fire stop thief help murder save the world”

what world?

is it themselves these insects mean?
when microscopic shriekings shall have snarled
threads of celestial silence huger than
eternity,men will be saviours

—flop

grasshopper,exactly nothing's soon;
scream,all ye screamers,till your if is up
and vanish under prodigies of un)

“have you” the mountain,while his maples wept
air to blood,asked “something a little child
who's just as small as me can do or be?”
god whispered him a snowflake “yes:you may
sleep now,my mountain” and this mountain slept

while his pines lifted their green lives and smiled