

## G.C.E..Ordinary Level

# Appreciation of English Literary Texts

### Important Notice

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### Preface –

This new ‘Appreciation of English Literary Texts’ will be implemented from year 2007 onwards, and the students who offer this subject are expected to sit for the examination for the first time in year 2008.

The need for a revision of the current syllabus was felt as an urgent need for the improvement of the subject in the school system, and at the same time there was a need for a syllabus revision since the present syllabus has been used for more than ten years. It was established from feedback received from the school system that both the teachers and the students were waiting eagerly for some new experience with regard to literature. With the revised syllabus, it is expected that they will be exposed to a whole new world of creative writing and literary exploration.

The syllabus consists of works of English as well as non-English writers who write in English, providing the students as opportunity to get themselves exposed to the world of literature in English. The Macmillan edition of the prescribed novels should be used in the classroom.

Students will be tested on ‘The Village by the Sea’ or ‘Jane Eyre’ at the G.C.E. O/L Examination. School Based Assessment must be done by the teachers on one of the following novels suggested for reading for enjoyment.

Les Miserables - Victor Hugo (Macmillan abridged version)  
Great Expectations - Charles Dickens (Macmillan abridged version)  
Huckleberry Finn - Mark Twain (Macmillan abridged version)

It is our hope that it would help the teachers and students to explore Literature in English with interest and subsequently to improve their language.

## **Syllabus for ‘Appreciation of English Literary Texts’**

### **G.C.E. – Ordinary Level**

From Year 2007

#### **Poems -**

##### **Theme: Nature**

The Sea – J. Reeves  
The Lake Isle of Innisfree – W.B. Yeats  
She dwelt among the untrodden ways – William Wordsworth  
A Minor Bird – Robert Frost

##### **War and violence**

Charge of the Light Brigade – Lord Tennyson  
Anthem for Doomed Youth – Wilfred Owen  
Where have all the flowers gone – Pete Seeger  
Anne Frank huis – Andrew Motion

##### **Life**

Leave Taking – Cecil Rajendra  
The Seven Ages of Man – Shakespeare  
Paying Calls – Thomas Hardy  
Mid Term Break – Seamus Heaney

##### **Society**

Wedding Photographs – Jean Arasanayagam  
The Garden of Love – William Blake  
A Worker Reads History – Bertolt Brecht  
Night Mail – W.H. Auden

##### **Humour**

Parrot – Alan Brownjohn  
The Pigtail – William Makepeace Thackeray  
Matilda – Hilaire Belloc  
Father William – Lewis Carroll

#### ***Poems for Extra Reading – (not to be tested on)***

An extract from ‘Michael’ - William Wordsworth  
The Lamb – William Blake  
She Walks in Beauty – Lord Byron  
Bury Me In a Free Land – Frances Ellen Watkins Harper  
Those Winter Sundays – Robert Hayden

#### ***Novels -***

Village by the Sea – Anita Desai (Penguin edition)  
OR  
Jane Eyre – Charlotte Bronte (Macmillan abridged version)

- *Students will be tested on “The Village by the Sea” or “Jane Eyre” at the G.C.E. (O/L) Examination.*
- *School Based Assessment must be done by the teachers on one of the following novels suggested for reading for enjoyment.*

Les Miserables – Victor Hugo (Macmillan abridged version)  
Great Expectations – Charles Dickens (Macmillan abridged version)  
Huckleberry Finn – Mark Twain (Macmillan abridged version)

#### **Short Stories and Non- Fiction**

Monkeys – Punyakante Wijenaike  
Gift of the Magi – O. Henry  
Life and Death of Cholondeley (edited) Gerald Durrell  
The Dark Years an extract from Nelson Mandela’s auto biography “Long Walk to Freedom”

#### **Drama**

Villa for Sale – Sacha Guitry  
Every man - A morality play

## *Nature*

### **THE SEA – J.Reeves**

The sea is a hungry dog,  
Giant and grey.  
He rolls on the beach all day.  
With clashing teeth and shaggy jaws  
Hour upon hour he gnaws  
The rumbling, tumbling stones,  
And “Bones, bones, bones, bones!”  
The giant sea-dog moans,  
Licking his greasy paws.

And when the night wind roars  
And the moon rocks in the stormy cloud,  
He bounds to his feet and snuffs and sniffs,  
Shaking his wet side over the cliffs,  
And howls and hollos long and loud.

But one quiet day in May or June,  
When even the grass on the dune  
Play no more their reedy tune,  
With his head between his paws  
He lies on the sandy shores,  
So quiet, so quiet, he scarcely snores

### **The Lake Isle of Innisfree –W.B.Yeats**

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree  
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;  
Nine bean-rows I will have there, a hive for the honey-bee,  
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,  
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;  
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,  
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day  
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore:  
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,  
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

**She dwelt among the untrodden ways**  
**-William Wordsworth**

She dwelt among the untrodden ways  
Besides the springs of Dove,  
A maid whom there were none to praise  
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone  
Half hidden from the eye!  
-Fair as a star, when only one  
is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know  
When Lucy ceased to be;  
But she is in her grave, and, oh,  
The difference to me!

**A Minor Bird – Robert Frost**

I have wished a bird would fly away,  
And not sing by my house all day;

Have clapped my hands at him from the door  
When it seemed as if I could bear no more.

The fault must partly have been in me.  
The bird was not to blame for his key.

And of course there must be something wrong  
In wanting to silence any song.

## ***War and violence***

### **Charge of the Light Brigade - Tennyson**

Half a league, half a league,  
Half a league onward,  
All in the valley of death  
Rode the six hundred.  
'Forward, the Light Brigade!  
Charge for the guns!' he said.  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

'Forward, the Light Brigade!'  
Was there a man dismayed?  
.Not though the soldier knew  
Someone had blundered.  
Their's not to make reply  
Their's not to reason why,  
Their's but to do and die:  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon in front of them  
Volleyed and thundered;  
Stormed at with shot and shell,  
Boldly they rode and well,  
Into the jaws of Death,  
Into mouth of Hell  
Rode the six hundred

Flashed all their sabres bare,  
Flashed as they turned in air  
Sabring the gunners there  
Charging an army, while  
All the world wondered:  
Plunged in the battery smoke  
Right through the line they broke;  
Cossack and Russian  
Reeled from the sabre- stroke  
Shattered and sundered.  
Then they rode back, but not  
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
Canon to left of them  
Cannon behind them  
    Volleyed and thundered;  
Stormed at with shot and shell,  
While horse and hero fell,  
They that had fought so well  
Came through the jaws of Death,  
Back from the mouth of hell  
All that was left of them,  
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?  
O the wild charge they made!  
    All the world wondered.  
Honour the charge they made!  
Honour the light Brigade,  
    Noble six hundred!

### **Anthem for Doomed Youth – Wilfred Owen**

What passing-bells for these who die as cattle?  
-Only the monstrous anger of the guns.  
Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle  
Can patter out their hasty orisons.  
No mockeries now for them; no prayers nor bells;  
Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs,-  
The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells;  
And bugles calling for them from sad shires.  
What candles may be held to speed them all?  
Not in the hands of boys but in their eyes  
Shall shine the holy glimmers of good-byes.  
The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall;  
Their flowers the tenderness of patient minds,  
And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds.

## WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE

*Words and music by Pete Seeger*

*Performed by Pete Seeger and Tao Rodriguez-Seeger*

Where have all the flowers gone?  
Long time passing  
Where have all the flowers gone?  
Long time ago  
Where have all the flowers gone?  
Girls have picked them every one  
When will they ever learn?  
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the young girls gone?  
Long time passing  
Where have all the young girls gone?  
Long time ago  
Where have all the young girls gone?  
Taken husbands every one  
When will they ever learn?  
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the young men gone?  
Long time passing  
Where have all the young men gone?  
Long time ago  
Where have all the young men gone?

Gone for soldiers every one  
When will they ever learn?  
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the soldiers gone?  
Long time passing  
Where have all the soldiers gone?  
Long time ago  
Where have all the soldiers gone?  
Gone to graveyards every one  
When will they ever learn?  
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the graveyards gone?  
Long time passing  
Where have all the graveyards gone?  
Long time ago  
Where have all the graveyards gone?  
Covered with flowers every one  
When will they ever learn?  
When will they ever learn?

## **Anne Frank huis – Andrew Motion**

Even now, after twice her lifetime of grief  
and anger in the very place, whoever comes  
to climb these narrow stairs, discovers how  
the bookcase slides aside, then walks through  
shadow into sunlit rooms, can never help

but break her secrecy again. Just listening  
is a kind of guilt: the Westerkirk repeats  
itself outside, as if all time worked round  
towards her fear, and made each stroke  
die down on guarded streets. Imagine it-

three years of whispering and loneliness  
and plotting, day by day, the Allied line  
in Europe with a yellow chalk. What hope  
she had for ordinary love and interest  
survives her here, displayed above the bed

as pictures of her family; some actors;  
fashions chosen by Princes Elizabeth.  
And those who stoop to see them find  
Not only patience missing its reward,  
But one enduring wish for chances

Like my own: to leave as simply  
As I do, and walk at ease  
Up dusty tree-lined avenues, or watch  
A silent barge come clear of bridges  
Settling their reflections in the blue canal.

## ***Life***

### **Leave- taking – Cecil Rajendra**

The only joy  
of his old age  
he often said  
was his grandson

Their friendship  
straddled  
eight decades  
three generations

They laughed, played quarreled, embraced  
watched television together  
and while the rest had  
little to say to the old man  
the little fellow was  
a fountain of endless chatter.

When death rattled  
the gate at five  
one Sunday morning  
took the old man away  
others trumpeted their  
grief in loud sobs  
and lachrymose blubber

He never shed a tear  
Just waved one of his  
small inimitable goodbyes  
to his grand father  
and was sad the old man  
could not return his gesture

## **The Seven Ages of Man –William Shakespeare**

All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players:  
They have their exits and their entrances;  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.  
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover  
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,  
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,  
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,  
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances;  
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,  
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,  
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,  
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness and mere oblivion  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

### **Paying Calls- Thomas Hardy**

I went by footpath and by stile  
    Beyond where bustle ends,  
Strayed here a mile and there a mile  
    And called upon some friends.

On certain ones I had not seen  
    For years past did I call,  
And on others who had been  
    The oldest friends of all.

It was the time of midsummer  
    When they had used to roam;  
But now, though tempting was the air,  
    I found them all at home.

I spoke to one and other of them  
    By mound and stone and tree  
Of things we had done ere days were dim,  
    But they spoke not to me

### **Mid- Term Break – Seamus Heaney**

I sat all morning in the college sick bay.  
Counting bells knelling classes to a close.  
At two o' clock our neighbours drove me home.

In the porch I met my father crying-  
He had always taken funerals in his stride –  
And big Jim Evans saying it was a hard blow.

The baby cooed and laughed and rocked the pram  
When I came in, and I was embarrassed  
By old men standing up to shake my hand

And tell me they were 'sorry for my trouble';  
Whispers informed strangers I was the eldest,  
Away at school, as my mother held my hand

In hers and coughed out angry tearless sighs.  
At ten o'clock the ambulance arrived  
With the corpse, stanced and bandaged by the  
nurses.

Next morning I went up to the room. Snowdrops  
And candles soothed the bedside; I saw him  
For the first time in six weeks. Paler now

Wearing a poppy bruise on his left temple,  
He lay in the four foot box as in his cot.  
No gaudy scares, the bumper knocked him clear.

A four foot box, a foot for every year

## *Society*

### **Wedding Photographs (an extract)- Jean Arasanayagam**

“Have you any wedding photographs,” I ask achchi,  
“No nothing,” answers my mother-in-law,

It all happened well over a half century ago,  
No, there are no reminders of traditional poses  
Framed behind glass but I see them both,  
Pata, achchi seated on that velvet-covered divan  
Beneath the flower decked manaverai,  
Achchi’s slender neck, she was only sixteen and small,  
So fragile, weighed down by that thali of twenty  
Gold sovereigns.

That marriage bed, once strewn with flowers  
Vacated by Pata’s death, the bed dismantled,  
Cast aside, its purpose over.

In that dawn, so distant now,  
Childbride my mother-in-law woke from sleep  
Still swathed in folds of vermilion marriage silk  
Her jewels warmed against her body,  
That heirloomed heritage adorning flower-fragrant  
Flesh, her loosened hair with its crushed jasmines  
Flowing over her shoulders, wandering alone in the garden  
Dew glistening on her white feet  
Silver toe-rings misted over,  
Whispering below her breath  
“Now I am a woman  
I will carry on the sacred traditions  
Worship the gods and goddesses at my shrine  
Bring forth sons and daughters.”

Did she regret that her playtime was now over?  
We sit face to face, musing over each other’s  
Lives, thinking of gnarled feet stepping over the shambles  
Of a ruined house, of our spent lives, of age and passing  
time.

“I was an orphan,” achchi said,  
Who then gave her that ritual bath of milk and honey,  
Who braided her hair with fresh white jasmines,  
Who painted henna patterns on her hands and  
On the soles of her feet?

“Jewels I had,” she continued,  
Attiyal with rubies, emeralds, brilliants,  
Gold bangles, earrings, mukutti with pearls,  
With rubies and diamonds, houses, I had properties, so  
much land,

I lacked nothing, I followed the sacred rituals,  
Walked round the yaham with its everlasting  
Flame, I remained faithful unto death to Pata,  
He was handsome with his milk white skin  
And slender limbs, I was so young,  
He was twenty years older.

## **The Garden of Love – William Blake**

I went to the Garden of Love,  
And saw what I never had seen:  
A Chapel was built in the midst,  
Where I used to play on the green.

And the gates of this Chapel were shut,  
And “Thou shalt not” writ over the door;  
So I turned to the Garden of Love  
That so many sweet flowers bore;

And I saw it was filled with graves,  
And tombstones where flowers should be;  
And priests in black gowns were walking their rounds,  
And binding with briars my joys and desires.

## **A Worker Reads History-Bertolt Brecht**

Who built the seven gates of Thebes?  
The books are filled with names of kings.  
Was it kings who hauled the craggy blocks of stone?  
And Babylon, so many times destroyed,  
Who built the city up each time? In which of Lima’s houses  
That city glittering with gold, lived those who built it?  
In the evening when the Chinese wall was finished  
Where did the masons go? Imperial Rome  
If full of arcs of triumph. Who reared them up? Over whom  
Did the Caesar triumph? Byzantium lives in song,  
Were all her dwellings palaces? And even in Atlantis of the legend  
The night the sea rushed in,  
The drowning men still bellowed for their slaves.

Young Alexander conquered India.  
He alone?  
Caesar beat the Gauls.  
Was there not even a cook in his army?  
Philip of Spain wept as his fleet  
Was sunk and destroyed. Were there no other tears?  
Frederick the Great triumphed in the Seven Years War. Who  
Triumphed with him?

Each page a victory,  
At whose expense the victory ball?  
Every ten years a great man,  
Who paid the piper?

So many particulars.  
So many questions

## Night Mail – W.H.Auden

This is the Night Mail crossing the Border  
Bringing the cheque and postal order  
Letters for the rich, letters for the poor,  
The shop at the corner, the girl next door.  
Pulling up Beattock, a steady climb:  
The gradient's against her, but she's on time  
Past cotton-grass and moorland boulder,  
Shovelling white steam over her shoulder,  
Snorting noisily, as she passes  
Silent miles of wind-bent grasses.

Birds turn their heads as she approaches,  
Stare from bushes at her blank-faced coaches.  
Sheep-dogs can not turn her course;  
They slumber on with paws across.  
In the farm she passes no one wakes,  
But a jug in a bedroom gently shakes.

Dawn freshens, the climb is done.  
Down towards Glasgow she descends  
Towards the steam tugs yelping down the glade of cranes,  
Towards the fields of apparatus, the furnaces  
Set on the dark plain like gigantic chessmen.  
All Scotland waits for her:  
In the dark glens, beside the pale-green sea lochs  
Men long for news.

Letters of thanks letters from banks,  
Letters of joy from the girl and the boy,  
Receipted bills and invitations  
To inspect new stock or visit relations,  
And applications for situations  
And timid lovers' declarations  
And gossip, gossip from all the nations,

News circumstantial, news financial,  
Letters with holiday snaps to enlarge in,  
Letters with faces scrawled in the margin,  
Letters from uncles, cousins, and aunts,  
Letters to Scotland from the South of France,  
Letters of condolence to Highlands and Lowlands  
Notes from overseas to Hebrides.  
Written on paper of every hue,  
The pink, the violet, the white and the blue,  
The chatty, the catty, the boring, adoring,  
The cold and official and the heart's outpouring  
Clever, stupid, short and long,  
The typed and the printed and the spelt all wrong

Thousands are still asleep  
Dreaming of terrifying monsters,  
Or of friendly tea beside the band at Cranston's or Crawford's:  
Asleep in working Glasgow, asleep in well-set Edinburgh  
Asleep in granite Aberdeen,  
They continue their dreams  
And shall wake soon and long for letters,  
And none will hear the postman's knock  
Without a quickening of the heart,  
For who can bear to feel himself forgotten

## ***Humour***

### **Parrot – Alan Brownjohn**

Sometimes I sit with both eyes closed,  
But all the same, I've heard;  
They're saying' "He won't talk because  
He is a thinking bird."

I'm olive green and sulky, and  
The family say, "Oh yes,  
He's silent but he is listening  
He thinks more than he says".

"He ponders on the things he hears,  
Preferring not to chatter!"  
And this is true, but why it's true  
Is quite another matter.

I'm working on some shocking things  
In order to surprise them,  
And when my thoughts are ready I'll  
Certainly not disguise them!

I'll wait and see and choose a time  
When everyone is present,  
And clear my throat and raise my beak  
And give a squawk and start to speak  
And go on for about a week  
And it will not be pleasant

## THE PIGTAIL- William Makepeace Thackeray

THERE lived a sage in days of yore,  
And he a handsome pigtail wore:  
But wondered much and sorrowed more  
Because it hung behind him.

He mused upon this curious case,  
And swore he'd change the pigtail's place,  
And have it hanging at his face.  
Not dangling there behind him.

Says he, 'The mystery I've found-  
I'll turn me round' – he turned him round;  
But still it hung behind him.

Then round, and round, and out and in,  
All day the puzzled sage did spin;  
In vain – it mattered not a pin –  
The pigtail hung behind him.

And right, and left, and round about,  
And up, and down, and in, and out,  
He turned; but still the pigtail stout  
Hung steadily behind him.

And though his efforts never slack,  
And though he twist, and twirl, and tack,  
Alas! Still faithful to his back  
The pigtail hangs behind him.

## MATILDA – Hillaire Belloc

Matilda told such dreadful lies,  
It made one gasp and stretch one's eyes;  
Her aunt, who, from her earliest youth,  
Had kept strict regard for truth,  
Attempted to believe Matilda;  
The effort very nearly killed her  
And would have done so, had not she  
Discovered this infirmity.  
For, once towards the close of day,  
Matilda, growing tired of play  
And finding she was left alone,  
Went tiptoe to the telephone  
And summoned the immediate aid  
Of London's Noble Fire Brigade  
Within an hour the gallant band  
Were pouring in on every hand,  
From Putney, Hackney Downs and Bow,  
With courage high and hearts a-glow  
They galloped, roaring through the town,  
"Matilda's house is burning down"  
Inspired by British cheers and loud  
Proceeding from the frenzied crowd,  
They ran their ladders through a score  
Of windows on the ball-room floor;  
And took peculiar pains to souse  
The pictures up and down the house,  
Until Matilda's aunt succeeded  
In showing them they were not needed  
An even then she had to pay  
To get the men to go away!

It happened that a few weeks later  
 Here aunt was off to the Theatre  
 To see that interesting play  
 The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.  
 She had refused to take her niece  
 To hear this entertaining piece:  
 A deprivation just and wise  
 To punish her for telling lies.  
 That night a fire did break out-  
 You should have heard Matilda shout!  
 You should have seen her screen and bawl,  
 And throw the widow up and call  
 To people passing in the street-  
 (The rapidly increasing heat  
 Encouraging her to obtain  
 Their confidence)- but it was all in vain!  
 For every time she shouted "Fire!"  
 They only answered "Little Liar!"  
 And therefore when her aunt returned,  
 Matilda and the house were burned.

## **You are Old, Father William** **Lewis Carroll**

"Repeat You are old, Father William," said the  
 Alice folded her hand and began:--  
 "You are old, father William," the young man said  
 "And your hair has become very white:  
 And yet you incessantly stand on your head –  
 Do you think at your age, it is right?"

"In my mouth," father William replied to his son,  
 "I feared it would injure the brain;  
 But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,  
 Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,  
 And have grown most uncommonly fat;  
 Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—  
 Pray, what is the reason of that?"

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his grey locks,  
 "I kept all my limbs very supple  
 By the use of this ointment – one shilling the box –  
 Allow me to sell you a couple."

You are old," said the youth, and your jaws are too weak  
For anything tougher than suet;  
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak -  
Pray, how did you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,  
And argued each case with my wife;  
And the muscular strength, which it gave to my jaw,  
Has lasted the rest of my life."

"You are old," said the youth; one would hardly suppose  
That your eye was as steady as ever;  
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose -  
What made you so awfully clever?"

I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"  
Said his father; "don't give yourself airs!  
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?  
Be off, or I'll kick you down stairs!"

## ***Poems for Extra Reading***

### **An extract from Michael by William Wordsworth**

There is a comfort in the strength of love;  
'Twill make a thing endurable, which else  
Would upset the brain, or break the heart;  
I have conversed with more than one who well  
Remember the old man, and what he was  
Years after he had heard this heavy news.  
His bodily frame had been from youth to age  
Of an unusual strength. Among the rocks  
He went, and still looked up to sun and cloud,  
And listened to the wind; and, as before,  
Performed all kind of labor for his sheep,  
And for the land, his small inheritance.  
And to that hollow dell from time to time  
Did he repair, to build the Fold of which  
His flock had need. 'Tis not forgotten yet  
The pity which was then in every heart  
For the old Man- and 'tis believed by all  
That many and many a day he thither went,  
And never lifted up a single stone.

There, by the Sheepfold, sometimes was he seen  
Sitting alone or with his faithful Dog,  
Then old, beside him, lying at his feet.  
The length of full seven years, from time to time,  
He at the building of his Sheepfold wrought,  
And left the work unfinished when he died.  
Three years, or little more, did Isabel  
Survive her husband: at her death the estate  
Was sold and went into a stranger's hand.

The Cottage which was named The Evening Str  
Is gone- the plowshare has been through the ground  
On which it stood; great changes have been wrought  
In all the neighborhood; yet the oak is left  
That grew beside their door; and the remains  
Of the unfinished Sheepfol may be seen  
Beside the boisterous brook of Greenhead Ghyll.

### **The Lamb – William Blake**

Little Lamb, who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee?  
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed  
By the stream and o'er the mead;  
Gave thee clothing of delight,  
Softest clothing, wooly, bright;  
Gave thee such a tender voice,  
Making all the vales rejoice?  
    Little Lamb, who made thee?  
    Dost thou know who made thee?

    Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,  
    Little Lamb, I'll tell thee;  
He is called by thy name,  
For he calls himself a Lamb.  
He is meek, and he is mild;  
He became a little child.  
I a child, and thou a lamb,  
We are called by his name.  
    Little Lamb, God bless thee!  
    Little Lamb, God bless thee!

### **She Walks in Beauty” – Lord Byron**

She walks in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:  
Thus mellow'd to that tender light  
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,  
Had half impair'd the nameless grace  
Which waves every raven tress,  
Of softly lightens o'er her face;  
Where thoughts serenely sweet express  
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,  
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
But tell of days in goodness spent,  
A mind at peace with all below,  
A heart whose love is innocent!

### **BURY ME IN A FREE LAND - Frances Ellen Watkins Harper**

Make me a grave where'er you will,  
In a lowly plain, or a lofty hills,  
Make it among earth's humblest graves  
But not in a land where men are slaves.

I could not rest if around my grave  
I heard the steps of a trembling slave:  
His shadow above my slent tomb  
Would make it a place of fearful gloom

I could not rest if I heard the tread  
Of a coffle gang to the shambles led,  
And the mother's shriek of wild despair  
Rise like a curse on the trembling air.

I could not sleep if I saw the lash  
Drinking her blood at each fearful gash,  
And I saw her babes torn from her breast,  
Like trembling doves from their parent nest.

I'd shudder and start if I heard the bay  
Of blood- hounds seizing their human prey,  
And I heard the captive plead in vain  
As they bound afresh his galling chain.

If I saw young girls from their mother's arms  
Bartered and sold for their youthful charms,  
My eyes would flash with a mournful flame,  
My death-paled cheek grow red with shame.

I would sleep, dear friends, where bloated might  
Can rob no man of his dearest right;  
My rest shall be calm in any grave  
Where none can call his brother a slave.

I ask no monument proud and high  
To arrest the gaze of the passers- by;  
All that my yearning spirit craves,  
Is bury me not in a land of slaves

### **Those Winter Sundays – Robert Hayden**

Sundays too my father go up early  
and put his clothes on in the blueblack cold,  
then with cracked hand that ached  
from labor in the weekday weather made  
banked fires blaze. Not one every thanked  
him

I'd wake and hear the cold splintering,  
breaking.  
When the rooms were warm, he'd call,  
and slowly would rise and dress,  
fearing the chronic angers of that house.

Speaking indifferently to him,  
who had driven out the cold  
and polished my good shoes as well.  
What did I know, what did I know  
of love austere and lonely offices?