**Daffodils**

*I WANDER'D 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 stretch'd 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.*

-- William Wordsworth

**Fire And Ice**

*Some say the world will end in fire;   
Some say in ice.   
From what I've tasted of desire   
I hold with those who favour fire.   
But if it had to perish twice,   
I think I know enough of hate   
To know that for destruction ice   
Is also great   
And would suffice.*

*-- Robert Frost*

**How Happy is the Little Stone**

How happy is the little Stone   
That rambles in the Road alone,   
And doesn't care about Careers   
And Exigencies never fears --   
Whose Coat of elemental Brown   
A passing Universe put on,   
And independent as the Sun   
Associates or glows alone   
Fulfilling absolute Decree   
In casual simplicity –

*-- Emily Dickinson*

**Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening**

*Whose woods these are I think I know,*

*His house is in the village though.*

*He will not see me stopping here,*

*To watch his woods fill up with snow.*

*My little horse must think it queer,*

*To stop without a farmhouse near,*

*Between the woods and frozen lake,*

*The darkest evening of the year.*

*He gives his harness bells a shake,*

*To ask if there is some mistake.*

*The only other sound's the sweep,*

*Of easy wind and downy flake.*

*The woods are lovely, dark and deep,*

*But I have promises to keep,*

*And miles to go before I sleep,*

*And miles to go before I sleep.*

-- Robert Frost

**Sonnet 130**

*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.*

-- William Shakespeare