

## Mutability

By Percy Bysshe Shelley

We are as clouds that veil the midnight moon;  
How restlessly they speed, and gleam, and  
quiver,  
Streaking the darkness radiantly!—yet soon  
Night closes round, and they are lost for ever:

Or like forgotten lyres, whose dissonant strings  
Give various response to each varying blast,  
To whose frail frame no second motion brings  
One mood or modulation like the last.

We rest.—A dream has power to poison sleep;  
We rise.—One wandering thought pollutes the  
day;  
We feel, conceive or reason, laugh or weep;  
Embrace fond woe, or cast our cares away:

It is the same!—For, be it joy or sorrow,  
The path of its departure still is free:  
Man's yesterday may ne'er be like his morrow;  
Nought may endure but Mutability

## Composed upon Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1802

By William Wordsworth

Earth has not any thing to show more fair:  
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
A sight so touching in its majesty:  
This City now doth, like a garment, wear  
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,  
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;  
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
Never did sun more beautifully steep  
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;  
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!  
The river glideth at his own sweet will:  
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;  
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

## When I Have Fears That I May Cease to Be

By John Keats

When I have fears that I may cease to be  
Before my pen has gleaned my teeming  
brain,  
Before high-pilèd books, in character,  
Hold like rich garner the full ripened grain;  
When I behold, upon the night's starred face,  
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,  
And think that I may never live to trace  
Their shadows with the magic hand of  
chance;  
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour,  
That I shall never look upon thee more,  
Never have relish in the faery power  
Of unreflecting love—then on the shore  
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think  
Till love and fame to nothingness do sink.

## Revenge

By Letitia Elizabeth Landon

Ay, gaze upon her rose-wreathed hair,  
And gaze upon her smile;  
Seem as you drank the very air  
Her breath perfumed the while:

And wake for her the gifted line,  
That wild and witching lay,  
And swear your heart is as a shrine,  
That only owns her sway.

'Tis well: I am revenged at last,—  
Mark you that scornful cheek,—  
The eye averted as you pass'd,  
Spoke more than words could speak.

Ay, now by all the bitter tears  
That I have shed for thee,—

The racking doubts, the burning fears,—  
 Avenged they well may be—

By the nights pass'd in sleepless care,  
 The days of endless woe;  
 All that you taught my heart to bear,  
 All that yourself will know.

I would not wish to see you laid  
 Within an early tomb;  
 I should forget how you betray'd,  
 And only weep your doom:

But this is fitting punishment,  
 To live and love in vain,—  
 Oh my wrung heart, be thou content,  
 And feed upon his pain.

Go thou and watch her lightest sigh,—  
 Thine own it will not be;  
 And bask beneath her sunny eye,—  
 It will not turn on thee.

'Tis well: the rack, the chain, the wheel,  
 Far better hadst thou proved;  
 Ev'n I could almost pity feel,  
 For thou art not beloved.

### **The Pains of Sleep**

By Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Ere on my bed my limbs I lay,  
 It hath not been my use to pray  
 With moving lips or bended knees;  
 But silently, by slow degrees,  
 My spirit I to Love compose,  
 In humble trust mine eye-lids close,  
 With reverential resignation  
 No wish conceived, no thought exprest,  
 Only a sense of supplication;  
 A sense o'er all my soul imprest  
 That I am weak, yet not unblest,

Since in me, round me, every where  
 Eternal strength and Wisdom are.

But yester-night I prayed aloud  
 In anguish and in agony,  
 Up-starting from the fiendish crowd  
 Of shapes and thoughts that tortured me:  
 A lurid light, a trampling throng,  
 Sense of intolerable wrong,  
 And whom I scorned, those only strong!  
 Thirst of revenge, the powerless will  
 Still baffled, and yet burning still!  
 Desire with loathing strangely mixed  
 On wild or hateful objects fixed.  
 Fantastic passions! maddening brawl!  
 And shame and terror over all!  
 Deeds to be hid which were not hid,  
 Which all confused I could not know  
 Whether I suffered, or I did:  
 For all seemed guilt, remorse or woe,  
 My own or others still the same  
 Life-stifling fear, soul-stifling shame.

So two nights passed: the night's dismay  
 Saddened and stunned the coming day.  
 Sleep, the wide blessing, seemed to me  
 Distemper's worst calamity.  
 The third night, when my own loud scream  
 Had waked me from the fiendish dream,  
 O'ercome with sufferings strange and wild,  
 I wept as I had been a child;  
 And having thus by tears subdued  
 My anguish to a milder mood,  
 Such punishments, I said, were due  
 To natures deepliest stained with sin,—  
 For aye entempesting anew  
 The unfathomable hell within,  
 The horror of their deeds to view,  
 To know and loathe, yet wish and do!  
 Such griefs with such men well agree,  
 But wherefore, wherefore fall on me?  
 To be loved is all I need,  
 And whom I love, I love indeed.