

## No, Thank You, John

By Christina Rossetti

I never said I loved you, John:  
    Why will you tease me, day by day,  
And wax a weariness to think upon  
    With always "do" and "pray"?

You know I never loved you, John;  
    No fault of mine made me your toast:  
Why will you haunt me with a face as wan  
    As shows an hour-old ghost?

I dare say Meg or Moll would take  
    Pity upon you, if you'd ask:  
And pray don't remain single for my sake  
    Who can't perform that task.

I have no heart?—Perhaps I have not;  
    But then you're mad to take offence  
That I don't give you what I have not got:  
    Use your common sense.

Let bygones be bygones:  
    Don't call me false, who owed not to be true:  
I'd rather answer "No" to fifty Johns  
    Than answer "Yes" to you.

Let's mar our pleasant days no more,  
    Song-birds of passage, days of youth:  
Catch at to-day, forget the days before:  
    I'll wink at your untruth.

Let us strike hands as hearty friends;  
    No more, no less: and friendship's good:  
Only don't keep in view ulterior ends,  
    And points not understood

In open treaty. Rise above  
    Quibbles and shuffling off and on:  
Here's friendship for you if you like; but love,—  
    No, thank you, John.

## Crossing the Bar

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Sunset and evening star,  
    And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
    When I put out to sea,

    But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
    Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
    Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,  
    And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
    When I embark;

    For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place  
    The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
    When I have crost the bar.

## The Brook

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson

I come from haunts of coot and hern,  
    I make a sudden sally  
And sparkle out among the fern,  
    To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,  
    Or slip between the ridges,  
By twenty thorpes, a little town,  
    And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow  
    To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
    But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,  
In little sharps and trebles,  
I bubble into eddying bays,  
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret  
By many a field and fallow,  
And many a fairy foreland set  
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,  
With here a blossom sailing,  
And here and there a lusty trout,  
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake  
Upon me, as I travel  
With many a silvery waterbreak  
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow  
To join the brimming river  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,  
I slide by hazel covers;  
I move the sweet forget-me-nots  
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,  
Among my skimming swallows;  
I make the netted sunbeam dance  
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars  
In brambly wildernesses;  
I linger by my shingly bars;  
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever.

## Tears, Idle Tears

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,  
Tears from the depth of some divine despair  
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,  
In looking on the happy autumn-fields,  
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,  
That brings our friends up from the underworld,  
Sad as the last which reddens over one  
That sinks with all we love below the verge;  
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer  
dawns  
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds  
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes  
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;  
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,  
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned  
On lips that are for others; deep as love,  
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;  
O Death in Life, the days that are no more!