## Contents

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Anne Bradstreet</td>
<td>To My Dear and Loving Husband</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Phillis Wheatley</td>
<td>From To the Right Honourable William, Earl of Dartmouth</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William Cullen Bryant</td>
<td>Thanatopsis</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ralph Waldo Emerson</td>
<td>Concord Hymn</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Snow-storm</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</td>
<td>The Arrow and the Song</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Builders</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Children’s Hour</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Day Is Done</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Paul Revere’s Ride</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edgar Allan Poe</td>
<td>Alone</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Annabel Lee</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Conqueror Worm</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Contents</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>The Raven</strong></td>
<td>16</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>To Helen</strong></td>
<td>19</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Abraham Lincoln</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Childhood's Home I See Again</td>
<td>20</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr.</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Ironsides</td>
<td>21</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Herman Melville</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Misgivings</td>
<td>22</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Walt Whitman</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Hear America Singing</td>
<td>22</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Sit and Look Out</td>
<td>23</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miracles</td>
<td>23</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Noiseless Patient Spider</td>
<td>24</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Captain! My Captain!</td>
<td>25</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From Song of Myself</td>
<td>25</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When I Heard the Learn'd Astronomer</td>
<td>26</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Frances E. W. Harper</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bury Me in a Free Land</td>
<td>27</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Songs for the People</td>
<td>28</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Emily Dickinson</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'Because I could not stop for Death'</td>
<td>29</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'Death sets a thing significant'</td>
<td>29</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'Hope is the thing with feathers'</td>
<td>30</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'I died for beauty'</td>
<td>30</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'If I can stop one heart from breaking'</td>
<td>31</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'I'm nobody! Who are you?'</td>
<td>31</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'My life closed twice before its close'</td>
<td>31</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'Success is counted sweetest'</td>
<td>32</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'There is no frigate like a book'</td>
<td>32</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'This is my letter to the world'</td>
<td>32</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Emma Lazarus</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The New Colossus</td>
<td>33</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Contents</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----------</td>
<td>---</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| **Ella Wheeler Wilcox**  
Solitude | 33 |
| **Ernest Lawrence Thayer**  
Casey at the Bat | 34 |
| **Edgar Lee Masters**  
The Unknown | 36 |
| **Edwin Arlington Robinson**  
Miniver Cheevy | 36 |
| Mr. Flood's Party | 37 |
| Richard Cory | 39 |
| **Stephen Crane**  
'I saw a man pursuing the horizon' | 39 |
| War Is Kind | 40 |
| **James Weldon Johnson**  
Sense You Went Away | 41 |
| **Paul Laurence Dunbar**  
The Lesson | 41 |
| Sympathy | 42 |
| We Wear the Mask | 43 |
| **Gertrude Stein**  
Susie Asado | 43 |
| **Robert Frost**  
Acquainted with the Night | 44 |
| After Apple-Picking | 44 |
| Birches | 46 |
| Design | 47 |
| Fire and Ice | 48 |
| Mending Wall | 48 |
| Nothing Gold Can Stay | 49 |
| The Road Not Taken | 49 |
| Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening | 50 |

*Used by Permission*
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Carl Sandburg</td>
<td>Two Tramps in Mud Time</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vachel Lindsay</td>
<td>Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Euclid</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Leaden-Eyed</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wallace Stevens</td>
<td>The Emperor of Ice-Cream</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Gubbinal</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Reader</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William Carlos Williams</td>
<td>The Great Figure</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Red Wheelbarrow</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>This Is Just to Say</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Widow’s Lament in Springtime</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sara Teasdale</td>
<td>Peace</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ezra Pound</td>
<td>In a Station of the Metro</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The River-Merchant’s Wife: A Letter</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robinson Jeffers</td>
<td>Shine, Perishing Republic</td>
<td>63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Shine, Republic</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marianne Moore</td>
<td>Poetry</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T. S. Eliot</td>
<td>The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Used by Permission
Contents

Claude McKay
   After the Winter 70
   If We Must Die 70
   The Tropics in New York 71

Edna St. Vincent Millay
   First Fig 71
   Recuerdo 72

Archibald MacLeish
   Ars Poetica 72
   The End of the World 73

E. E. Cummings
   since feeling is first 74

Jean Toomer
   Her Lips Are Copper Wire 74
   Reapers 75

Langston Hughes
   Dream Deferred (Harlem) 75
   I, Too 76
   Little Old Letter 76
   Mother to Son 77
   The Negro Speaks of Rivers 77
   Still Here 78

Countee Cullen
   For Paul Laurence Dunbar 78
   Incident 78

W. H. Auden
   The Unknown Citizen 79

Used by Permission
ANNE BRADSTREET (1612?–1672)
An early colonist in Massachusetts, Bradstreet was also America's first published poet, the wife and daughter of governors of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, and a mother of eight.

To My Dear and Loving Husband
If ever two were one, then surely we.
If ever man were loved by wife, then thee.
If ever wife was happy in a man,
Compare with me, ye women, if you can.
I prize thy love more than whole mines of gold,
Or all the riches that the East doth hold.
My love is such that rivers cannot quench,
Nor ought but love from thee give recompense.
Thy love is such I can no way repay;
The heavens reward thee manifold I pray.
Then while we live, in love let's so persevere
That when we live no more, we may live ever.

PHILLIS WHEATLEY (1753?–1784)
Wheatley was a literary phenomenon: a young female slave (later freed) who wrote poetry—styled after Milton and Pope—in an adopted tongue. Her poems brought her fame both in America and abroad.

From To the Right Honourable William, Earl of Dartmouth
Should you, my lord, while you peruse my song,
Wonder from whence my love of Freedom sprung,
Whence flow these wishes for the common good,
By feeling hearts alone best understood,
I, young in life, by seeming cruel fate

Used by Permission
Was snatch'd from Afric's fancy'd happy seat:
What pangs excruciating must molest,
What sorrows labour in my parent's breast?
Steel'd was that soul and by no misery mov'd
That from a father seiz'd his babe belov'd:
Such, such my case. And can I then but pray
Others may never feel tyrannic sway?

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (1794–1878)
An editor, translator, and abolitionist, Bryant was so revered in his time that flags in New York were lowered to half-mast at his death. "Thanatopsis" ("Meditation on Death") was first published when the poet was seventeen.

Thanatopsis
To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go

Used by Permission
Thanatopsis

To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thy eternal resting place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre.—The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and poured round all,
Old ocean’s gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning—and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregan, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there,
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest—and what if thou shalt fall
Unheeded by the living—and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come,
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man,—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.
So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803–1882)
The central figure among the Transcendentalist group of philosophers, Emerson considered himself to be first and foremost a poet, albeit one whose best work was done “for the most part in prose.” His essays on nature and art have influenced writers from Whitman and Thoreau to Frost and Stevens.

**Concord Hymn**
*Sung at the completion of*
*the Concord Monument, April 19, 1836*

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept,
Alike the Conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone,
That memory may their deed redeem,
When like our sires our sons are gone.

Used by Permission
The Snow-storm

Spirit! who made those freemen dare
To die, or leave their children free,
Bid time and nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and Thee.

The Snow-storm

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come see the north wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, nought cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly,
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre the farmer's sighs; and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

Used by Permission
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807–1882)
The most popular American poet of the 19th century, Longfellow is best re­membered for his long narrative poems, such as “Hiawatha” and “Evangeline.” His fluid meter and his faculty for storytelling have provided an introduction to poetry for generations of readers.

The Arrow and the Song
I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

The Builders
All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our todays and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between,