

## Appendix 1

### Poems by Wheeler Wilcox, Thomas Hardy and John Donne

#### “Solitude” by Wheeler Wilcox

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;  
Weep, and you weep alone;  
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,  
But has trouble enough of its own.  
Sing, and the hills will answer;  
Sigh, it is lost on the air;  
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,  
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;  
Grieve, and they turn and go;  
They want full measure of all your pleasure,  
But they do not need your woe.  
Be glad, and your friends are many;  
Be sad, and you lose them all,—  
There are none to decline your nectared wine,  
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;  
Fast, and the world goes by.  
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,  
But no man can help you die.  
There is room in the halls of pleasure  
For a large and lordly train,  
But one by one we must all file on  
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

#### “I Love You” by Wheeler Wilcox

I love your lips when they're wet with wine  
And red with a wild desire;

I love your eyes when the lovelight lies  
Lit with a passionate fire.  
I love your arms when the warm white flesh  
Touches mine in a fond embrace;  
I love your hair when the strands enmesh  
Your kisses against my face.

Not for me the cold, calm kiss  
Of a virgin's bloodless love;  
Not for me the saint's white bliss,  
Nor the heart of a spotless dove.  
But give me the love that so freely gives  
And laughs at the whole world's blame,  
With your body so young and warm in my arms,  
It sets my poor heart aflame.

So kiss me sweet with your warm wet mouth,  
Still fragrant with ruby wine,  
And say with a fervor born of the South  
That your body and soul are mine.  
Clasp me close in your warm young arms,  
While the pale stars shine above,  
And we'll live our whole young lives away  
In the joys of a living love.

**“As You Go Through Life” by Wheeler Wilcox**

Don't look for the flaws as you go through life;  
And even when you find them,  
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind  
And look for the virtue behind them.  
For the cloudiest night has a hint of light  
Somewhere in its shadows hiding;  
It is better by far to hunt for a star,  
Than the spots on the sun abiding.

The current of life runs ever away  
To the bosom of God's great ocean.  
Don't set your force 'gainst the river's course

And think to alter its motion.  
Don't waste a curse on the universe--  
Remember it lived before you.  
Don't butt at the storm with your puny form,  
But bend and let it go o'er you.

The world will never adjust itself  
To suit your whims to the letter.  
Some things must go wrong your whole life long,  
And the sooner you know it the better.  
It is folly to fight with the Infinite,  
And go under at last in the wrestle;  
The wiser man shapes into God's plan  
As water shapes into a vessel.

**“Life Scars” by Wheeler Wilcox**

They say the world is round, and yet  
I often think it square.  
So many little hurts we get  
From corners here and there.  
But one great truth in life I've found,  
While journeying to the West-  
The only folks who really wound  
Are those we love the best.

The man you thoroughly despise  
Can rouse your wrath, 'tis true;  
Annoyance in your heart will rise  
At things mere strangers do;  
But those are only passing ills;  
This rule all lives will prove;  
The rankling wound which aches and thrills  
Is dealt by hands we love.

The choicest garb, the sweetest grace,  
Are oft to strangers shown;  
The careless mien, the frowning face,  
Are given to our own.

We flatter those we scarcely know,  
We please the fleeting guest,  
And deal full many a thoughtless blow  
To those who love us best.

Love does not grow on every tree,  
Nor true hearts yearly bloom.  
Alas for those who only see  
This cut across a tomb!  
But, soon or late, the fact grows plain  
To all through sorrow's test  
The only folks who give us pain  
Are those we love the best.

**“The Fish” by Wheeler Wilcox**

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I often think it square.  
So many little hurts we get  
From corners here and there.  
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**"Ah Are You Digging On My Grave" by Thomas Hardy**

"Ah, are you digging on my grave,  
My loved one? -- planting rue?"  
"No: yesterday he went to wed  
One of the brightest wealth has bred.  
'It cannot hurt her now,' he said,  
'That I should not be true.'"

"Then who is digging on my grave,  
My nearest dearest kin?"  
"Ah, no: they sit and think, 'What use!  
What good will planting flowers produce?  
No tendance of her mound can loose  
Her spirit from Death's gin.'"

"But someone digs upon my grave?  
My enemy? -- prodding sly?"  
"Nay: when she heard you had passed the Gate  
That shuts on all flesh soon or late,  
She thought you no more worth her hate,  
And cares not where you lie.

"Then, who is digging on my grave?  
Say -- since I have not guessed!"  
"O it is I, my mistress dear,  
Your little dog, who still lives near,  
And much I hope my movements here  
Have not disturbed your rest?"

"Ah yes! You dig upon my grave...  
Why flashed it not to me  
That one true heart was left behind!  
What feeling do we ever find  
To equal among human kind  
A dog's fidelity!"

"Mistress, I dug upon your grave  
To bury a bone, in case  
I should be hungry near this spot  
When passing on my daily trot.  
I am sorry, but I quite forgot  
It was your resting place."

**"The Man He Killed" by Thomas Hardy**

Had he and I but met  
By some old ancient inn,  
We should have sat us down to wet  
Right many a nipperkin!

But ranged as infantry,  
And staring face to face,  
I shot at him as he at me,  
And killed him in his place.

I shot him dead because  
Because he was my foe,  
Just so: my foe of course he was;  
That's clear enough; although

He thought he'd 'list, perhaps,  
Off-hand like just as I  
Was out of work had sold his traps  
No other reason why.

Yes quaint and curious war is!  
You shoot a fellow down  
You'd treat if met where any bar is,  
Or help to half-a-crown.

**“I Look Into My Glass” by Thomas Hardy**

I look into my glass,  
And view my wasting skin,  
And say, "Would God it came to pass  
My heart had shrunk as thin!"

For then I, undistrest  
By hearts grown cold to me,  
Could lonely wait my endless rest  
With equanimity.

But Time, to make me grieve,  
Part steals, lets part abide;  
And shakes this fragile frame at eve  
With throbbings of noontide.

**“The Workbox” by Thomas Hardy**

See, here's the workbox, little wife,  
That I made of polished oak.'  
He was a joiner, of village life;

She came of borough folk.

He holds the present up to her  
As with a smile she nears  
And answers to the profferer,  
'Twill last all my sewing years!'

'I warrant it will. And longer too.  
'Tis a scantling that I got  
Off poor John Wayward's coffin, who  
Died of they knew not what.

'The shingled pattern that seems to cease  
Against your box's rim  
Continues right on in the piece  
That's underground with him.

'And while I worked it made me think  
Of timber's varied doom;  
One inch where people eat and drink,  
The next inch in a tomb.

'But why do you look so white, my dear,  
And turn aside your face?  
You knew not that good lad, I fear,  
Though he came from your native place?'

'How could I know that good young man,  
Though he came from my native town,  
When he must have left there earlier than  
I was a woman grown?'

'Ah, no. I should have understood!  
It shocked you that I gave  
To you one end of a piece of wood  
Whose other is in a grave?'

'Don't, dear, despise my intellect,  
Mere accidental things  
Of that sort never have effect  
On my imaginings.'

Yet still her lips were limp and wan,



Her face still held aside,  
As if she had known not only John,  
But known of what he died.

**“The Voice” by Thomas Hardy**

Woman much missed, how you call to me, call to me,  
Saying that now you are not as you were  
When you had changed from the one who was all to me,  
But as at first, when our day was fair.

Can it be you that I hear? Let me view you, then,  
Standing as when I drew near to the town  
Where you would wait for me: yes, as I knew you then,  
Even to the original air-blue gown!

Or is it only the breeze, in its listlessness  
Travelling across the wet mead to me here,  
You being ever dissolved to wan wistlessness,  
Heard no more again far or near?

Thus I; faltering forward,  
Leaves around me falling,  
Wind oozing thin through the thorn from norward,  
And the woman calling.

**“The Sun Rising” by Thomas Hardy**

Busy old fool, unruly  
Why dost thou thus,  
Through windows, and through curtains call on us?  
Must to thy motions lovers' seasons run?  
Saucy pedantic wretch, go chide  
Late school boys and sour prentices,  
Go tell court huntsmen that the king will ride,

Call country ants to harvest offices,  
Love, all alike, no season knows nor clime,  
Nor hours, days, months, which are the rags of time.  
Thy beams, so reverend and strong  
Why shouldst thou think?  
I could eclipse and cloud them with a wink,  
But that I would not lose her sight so long;  
If her eyes have not blinded thine,  
Look, and tomorrow late, tell me,  
Whether both th' Indias of spice and mine  
Be where thou leftst them, or lie here with me.  
Ask for those kings whom thou saw'st yesterday,  
And thou shalt hear, All here in one bed lay.  
She's all states, and all princes, I,  
Nothing else is.  
Princes do but play us; compared to this,  
All honor's mimic, all wealth alchemy.  
Thou, sun, art half as happy as we,  
In that the world's contracted thus.  
Thine age asks ease, and since thy duties be  
To warm the world, that's done in warming us.  
Shine here to us, and thou art everywhere;  
This bed thy center is, these walls, thy sphere

**“The Flea” by John Donne**

Mark but this flea, and mark in this,  
How little that which thou deniest me is;  
It sucked me first, and now sucks thee,  
And in this flea our two bloods mingled be;  
Thou know'st that this cannot be said  
A sin, nor shame, nor loss of maidenhead,  
Yet this enjoys before it woo,  
And pampered swells with one blood made of two,  
And this, alas, is more than we would do.

Oh stay, three lives in one flea spare,  
Where we almost, nay more than married are.  
This flea is you and I, and this  
Our marriage bed, and marriage temple is;  
Though parents grudge, and you, w'are met,  
And cloistered in these living walls of jet.  
Though use make you apt to kill me,  
Let not to that, self-murder added be,  
And sacrilege, three sins in killing three.

Cruel and sudden, hast thou since  
Purpled thy nail, in blood of innocence?  
Wherein could this flea guilty be,  
Except in that drop which it sucked from thee?  
Yet thou triumph'st, and say'st that thou  
Find'st not thy self, nor me the weaker now;  
Tis true; then learn how false, fears be:  
Just so much honor, when thou yield'st to me,  
Will waste, as this flea's death took life from thee.

### **“Death, Be Not Proud” by John Donne**

Death be not proud, though some have called thee  
Mighty and dreadful, for, thou art not soe,  
For, those, whom thou think'st, thou dost overthrow,  
Die not, poore death, nor yet canst thou kill mee.  
From rest and sleepe, which but thy pictures bee,  
Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow,  
And soonest our best men with thee doe goe,

Rest of their bones, and soules deliverie.  
Thou art slave to Fate, Chance, kings, and desperate men,  
And dost with poyson, warre, and sicknesse dwell,  
And poppie, or charmes can make us sleepe as well,  
And better then thy stroake; why swell'st thou then?

One short sleepe past, wee wake eternally,  
And death shall be no more; death, thou shalt die

**“The Canonization” by John Donne**

For God's sake hold your tongue, and let me love,  
Or chide my palsy, or my gout,  
My five gray hairs, or ruined fortune flout,  
With wealth your state, your mind with arts improve,  
Take you a course, get you a place,  
Observe his honor, or his grace,  
Or the king's real, or his stampèd face  
Contemplate; what you will, approve,  
So you will let me love.

Alas, alas, who's injured by my love?  
What merchant's ships have my sighs drowned?  
Who says my tears have overflowed his ground?  
When did my colds a forward spring remove?  
Soldiers find wars, and lawyers find out still  
Litigious men, which quarrels move,

Though she and I do love.

Call us what you will, we are made such by love;

Call her one, me another fly,

We're tapers too, and at our own cost die,

And we in us find the eagle and the dove.

The phoenix riddle hath more wit

By us; we two being one, are it.

So, to one neutral thing both sexes fit.

We die and rise the same, and prove

Mysterious by this love.

We can die by it, if not live by love,

And if unfit for tombs and hearse

Our legend be, it will be fit for verse;

And if no piece of chronicle we prove,

We'll build in sonnets pretty rooms;

As well a well-wrought urn becomes

The greatest ashes, as half-acre tombs,

And by these hymns, all shall approve

Us canonized for Love.

And thus invoke us: "You, whom reverend love

Made one another's hermitage;

You, to whom love was peace, that now is rage;

Who did the whole world's soul contract, and drove  
Into the glasses of your eyes  
(So made such mirrors, and such spies,  
That they did all to you epitomize)  
Countries, towns, courts: beg from above  
A pattern of your love!"

**“The Bait” by John Donne**

Come live with me, and be my love,  
And we will some new pleasures prove  
Of golden sands, and crystal brooks,  
With silken lines, and silver hooks.

There will the river whispering run  
Warm'd by thy eyes, more than the sun;  
And there the 'enamour'dfish will stay,  
Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swim in that live bath,  
Each fish, which every channel hath,  
Will amorously to thee swim,  
Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

If thou, to be so seen, be'st loth,

By sun or moon, thou dark'nest both,  
And if myself have leave to see,  
I need not their light having thee.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,  
And cut their legs with shells and weeds,  
Or treacherously poor fish beset,  
With strangling snare, or windowy net.

Let coarse bold hands from slimy nest  
The bedded fish in banks out-wrest;  
Or curious traitors, sleeve-silk flies,  
Bewitch poor fishes' wand'ring eyes.  
For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,  
For thou thyself art thine own bait:  
That fish, that is not catch'd thereby,  
Alas, is wiser far than I.