

# Poems presented in Class 10

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## ***Love's Philosophy, by Pery Bysshe Shelley***

The fountains mingle with the river  
And the rivers with the ocean,  
The winds of heaven mix for ever  
With a sweet emotion;  
Nothing in the world is single;  
All things by a law divine  
In one spirit meet and mingle.  
Why not I with thine?—

See the mountains kiss high heaven  
And the waves clasp one another;  
No sister-flower would be forgiven  
If it disdained its brother;  
And the sunlight clasps the earth  
And the moonbeams kiss the sea:  
What is all this sweet work worth  
If thou kiss not me?

## ***In an Artist's Studio, by Christina Rossetti***

One face looks out from all his canvases,  
One selfsame figure sits or walks or leans:  
We found her hidden just behind those screens,  
That mirror gave back all her loveliness.  
A queen in opal or in ruby dress,  
A nameless girl in freshest summer-greens,  
A saint, an angel — every canvas means  
The same one meaning, neither more or less.  
He feeds upon her face by day and night,  
And she with true kind eyes looks back on him,  
Fair as the moon and joyful as the light:  
Not wan with waiting, not with sorrow dim;  
Not as she is, but was when hope shone bright;  
Not as she is, but as she fills his dream.

### ***The Lust of the Eyes, by Elizabeth Siddal***

I care not for my Lady's soul  
Though I worship before her smile;  
I care not where be my Lady's goal  
When her beauty shall lose its wile.

Low sit I down at my Lady's feet  
Gazing through her wild eyes  
Smiling to think how my love will fleet  
When their starlike beauty dies.

I care not if my Lady pray  
To our Father which is in Heaven  
But for joy my heart's quick pulses play  
For to me her love is given.

Then who shall close my Lady's eyes  
And who shall fold her hands?  
Will any hearken if she cries  
Up to the unknown lands?

### ***The Angel in the House, by Coventry Patmore (excerpts)***

#### *The Paragon*

But when I look on her and hope  
    To tell with joy what I admire,  
My thoughts lie cramp'd in narrow scope,  
    Or in the feeble birth expire;  
No skill'd complexity of speech,  
    No simple phrase of tenderest fall,  
No liken'd excellence can reach  
    Her, the most excellent of all,  
The best half of creation's best,  
    Its heart to feel, its eye to see,  
The crown and complex of the rest,  
    Its aim and its epitome.  
Nay, might I utter my conceit,  
    'Twere after all a vulgar song,  
For she's so simply, subtly sweet,  
    My deepest rapture does her wrong.

Yet is it now my chosen task  
To sing her worth as Maid and Wife;  
Nor happier post than this I ask,  
To live her laureate all my life.

*The Wife's Tragedy*

Man must be pleased; but him to please  
Is woman's pleasure; down the gulf  
Of his condoled necessities  
She casts her best, she flings herself.  
How often flings for nought! and yokes  
Her heart to an icicle or whim,  
Whose each impatient word provokes  
Another, not from her, but him;  
While she, too gentle even to force  
His penitence by kind replies,  
Waits by, expecting his remorse,  
With pardon in her pitying eyes;  
And if he once, by shame oppress'd,  
A comfortable word confers,  
She leans and weeps against his breast,  
And seems to think the sin was hers;  
And whilst his love has any life,  
Or any eye to see her charms,  
At any time, she's still his wife,  
Dearly devoted to his arms;  
She loves with love that cannot tire;  
And when, ah woe, she loves alone,  
Through passionate duty love springs higher,  
As grass grows taller round a stone..

***Goblin Market by Christina Rossetti (first portion)***

Morning and evening  
Maids heard the goblins cry:  
"Come buy our orchard fruits,  
Come buy, come buy:  
Apples and quinces,  
Lemons and oranges,  
Plump unpeck'd cherries,  
Melons and raspberries,  
Bloom-down-cheek'd peaches,

Swart-headed mulberries,  
Wild free-born cranberries,  
Crab-apples, dewberries,  
Pine-apples, blackberries,  
Apricots, strawberries;—  
All ripe together  
In summer weather,—  
Morns that pass by,  
Fair eves that fly;  
Come buy, come buy:  
Our grapes fresh from the vine,  
Pomegranates full and fine,  
Dates and sharp bullaces,  
Rare pears and greengages,  
Damsons and bilberries,  
Taste them and try:  
Currants and gooseberries,  
Bright-fire-like barberries,  
Figs to fill your mouth,  
Citrons from the South,  
Sweet to tongue and sound to eye;  
Come buy, come buy."

Evening by evening  
Among the brookside rushes,  
Laura bow'd her head to hear,  
Lizzie veil'd her blushes:  
Crouching close together  
In the cooling weather,  
With clasping arms and cautioning lips,  
With tingling cheeks and finger tips.  
"Lie close," Laura said,  
Pricking up her golden head:  
"We must not look at goblin men,  
We must not buy their fruits:  
Who knows upon what soil they fed  
Their hungry thirsty roots?"  
"Come buy," call the goblins  
Hobbling down the glen.  
"Oh," cried Lizzie, "Laura, Laura,  
You should not peep at goblin men."  
Lizzie cover'd up her eyes,

Cover'd close lest they should look;  
Laura rear'd her glossy head,  
And whisper'd like the restless brook:  
"Look, Lizzie, look, Lizzie,  
Down the glen tramp little men.  
One hauls a basket,  
One bears a plate,  
One lugs a golden dish  
Of many pounds weight.  
How fair the vine must grow  
Whose grapes are so luscious;  
How warm the wind must blow  
Through those fruit bushes."  
"No," said Lizzie, "No, no, no;  
Their offers should not charm us,  
Their evil gifts would harm us."  
She thrust a dimpled finger  
In each ear, shut eyes and ran.

Curious Laura chose to linger  
Wondering at each merchant man.  
One had a cat's face,  
One whisk'd a tail,  
One tramp'd at a rat's pace,  
One crawl'd like a snail,  
One like a wombat prowl'd obtuse and furry,  
One like a ratel tumbled hurry skurry.  
She heard a voice like voice of doves  
Cooing all together:  
They sounded kind and full of loves  
In the pleasant weather.  
Laura stretch'd her gleaming neck  
Like a rush-imbedded swan,  
Like a lily from the beck,  
Like a moonlit poplar branch,  
Like a vessel at the launch  
When its last restraint is gone.

Backwards up the mossy glen  
Turn'd and troop'd the goblin men,  
With their shrill repeated cry,  
"Come buy, come buy."

When they reach'd where Laura was  
They stood stock still upon the moss,  
Leering at each other,  
Brother with queer brother;  
Signalling each other,  
Brother with sly brother.  
One set his basket down,  
One rear'd his plate;  
One began to weave a crown  
Of tendrils, leaves, and rough nuts brown  
(Men sell not such in any town);  
One heav'd the golden weight  
Of dish and fruit to offer her:  
"Come buy, come buy," was still their cry.  
Laura stared but did not stir,  
Long'd but had no money:  
The whisk-tail'd merchant bade her taste  
In tones as smooth as honey,  
The cat-faced purr'd,  
The rat-faced spoke a word  
Of welcome, and the snail-paced even was heard;  
One parrot-voiced and jolly  
Cried "Pretty Goblin" still for "Pretty Polly;"—  
One whistled like a bird.

But sweet-tooth Laura spoke in haste:  
"Good folk, I have no coin;  
To take were to purloin:  
I have no copper in my purse,  
I have no silver either,  
And all my gold is on the furze  
That shakes in windy weather  
Above the rusty heather."  
"You have much gold upon your head,"  
They answer'd all together:  
"Buy from us with a golden curl."  
She clipp'd a precious golden lock,  
She dropp'd a tear more rare than pearl,  
Then suck'd their fruit globes fair or red:  
Sweeter than honey from the rock,  
Stronger than man-rejoicing wine,  
Clearer than water flow'd that juice;

She never tasted such before,  
How should it cloy with length of use?  
She suck'd and suck'd and suck'd the more  
Fruits which that unknown orchard bore;  
She suck'd until her lips were sore;  
Then flung the emptied rinds away  
But gather'd up one kernel stone,  
And knew not was it night or day  
As she turn'd home alone.

The complete poem can be found at: <https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/44996/goblin-market>

### **[A rejected proposal] from *Work*, Chapter IV, by Louisa May Alcott**

A quick change passed over Mr. Fletcher's face; his cold eyes kindled with an angry spark, his lips were pale with anger, and his voice was very bitter, as he slowly said:

"I've made many blunders in my life, and this is one of the greatest; for I believed in a woman, was fool enough to care for her with the sincerest love I ever knew, and fancied that she would be grateful for the sacrifice I made."

He got no further, for Christie rose straight up and answered him with all the indignation she felt burning in her face and stirring the voice she tried in vain to keep as steady as his own.

"The sacrifice would not have been all yours, for it is what we are, not what we have, that makes one human being superior to another. I am as well-born as you in spite of my poverty; my life, I think, has been a better one than yours; my heart, I know, is fresher, and my memory has fewer faults and follies to reproach me with. What can you give me but money and position in return for the youth and freedom I should sacrifice in marrying you? Not love, for you count the cost of your bargain, as no true lover could, and you reproach me for deceit when in your heart you know you only cared for me because I can amuse and serve you. I too deceived myself, I too see my mistake, and I decline the honor you would do me, since it is so great in your eyes that you must remind me of it as you offer it."