Załącznik nr

Poem 1

*O Captain! My Captain!*

by Walt Whitman

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,  
The ship has weather’d every rack, the prize we sought is won,  
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,  
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;  
       But O heart! heart! heart!  
         O the bleeding drops of red,  
           Where on the deck my Captain lies,  
             Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;  
Rise up- for you the flag is flung- for you the bugle trills,  
For you bouquets and ribbon’d wreaths- for you the shores a-crowding,  
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;  
       Here Captain! dear father!  
         This arm beneath your head!  
           It is some dream that on the deck,  
             You’ve fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,  
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,  
The ship is anchor’d safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,  
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;  
       Exult O shores, and ring O bells!  
         But I with mournful tread,  
           Walk the deck my Captain lies,  
             Fallen cold and dead.

Poem 2

*Do not go gentle into that good night*

by Dylan Thomas

Do not go gentle into that good night,  
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.  
  
Though wise men at their end know dark is right,  
Because their words had forked no lightning they  
Do not go gentle into that good night.  
  
Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright  
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.  
  
Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,  
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,  
Do not go gentle into that good night.  
  
Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight  
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.  
  
And you, my father, there on the sad height,  
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.  
Do not go gentle into that good night.  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Poem 3

*I cannot live with You*

by Emily Dickinson

I cannot live with You –   
It would be Life –   
And Life is over there –   
Behind the Shelf

The Sexton keeps the Key to –   
Putting up  
Our Life – His Porcelain –   
Like a Cup –

Discarded of the Housewife –   
Quaint – or Broke –   
A newer Sevres pleases –   
Old Ones crack –

I could not die – with You –   
For One must wait  
To shut the Other's Gaze down –   
You – could not –

And I – could I stand by  
And see You – freeze –   
Without my Right of Frost –   
Death's privilege?

Nor could I rise – with You –   
Because Your Face  
Would put out Jesus' –   
That New Grace

Glow plain – and foreign  
On my homesick Eye –   
Except that You than He  
Shone closer by –

They'd judge Us – How –   
For You – served Heaven – You know,  
Or sought to –   
I could not –

Because You saturated Sight –   
And I had no more Eyes  
For sordid excellence  
As Paradise

And were You lost, I would be –   
Though My Name  
Rang loudest  
On the Heavenly fame –

And were You – saved –   
And I – condemned to be  
Where You were not –   
That self – were Hell to Me –

So We must meet apart –   
You there – I – here –   
With just the Door ajar  
That Oceans are – and Prayer –   
And that White Sustenance –   
Despair –

Poem 4

*The Tyger*

by William Blake

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies  
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand, dare sieze the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil? what dread grasp  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,  
And water'd heaven with their tears,  
Did he smile his work to see?  
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

Poem 5

*The Second Coming*

by W.B. Yeats

Turning and turning in the widening gyre  
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;  
Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;  
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,  
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere  
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;  
The best lack all conviction, while the worst  
Are full of passionate intensity.

Surely some revelation is at hand;  
Surely the Second Coming is at hand.  
The Second Coming! Hardly are those words out  
When a vast image out of *Spiritus Mundi*  
Troubles my sight: somewhere in sands of the desert  
A shape with lion body and the head of a man,  
A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun,  
Is moving its slow thighs, while all about it  
Reel shadows of the indignant desert birds.  
The darkness drops again; but now I know  
That twenty centuries of stony sleep  
Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,  
And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,  
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?

Poem 6

# *I tie my Hat—I crease my Shawl*

by Emily Dickinson

I tie my Hat—I crease my Shawl—

Life's little duties do—precisely—

As the very least

Were infinite—to me—

I put new Blossoms in the Glass—

And throw the old—away—

I push a petal from my gown

That anchored there—I weigh

The time 'twill be till six o'clock

I have so much to do—

And yet—Existence—some way back—

Stopped—struck—my ticking—through—

We cannot put Ourself away

As a completed Man

Or Woman—When the Errand's done

We came to Flesh—upon—

There may be—Miles on Miles of Nought—

Of Action—sicker far—

To simulate—is stinging work—

To cover what we are

From Science—and from Surgery—

Too Telescopic Eyes

To bear on us unshaded—

For their—sake—not for Ours—

Twould start them—

We—could tremble—

But since we got a Bomb—

And held it in our Bosom—

Nay—Hold it—it is calm—

Therefore—we do life's labor—

Though life's Reward—be done—

With scrupulous exactness—

To hold our Senses—on—

Poem 7

# *Dover Beach*

by Mathew Arnolds

The sea is calm tonight.  
The tide is full, the moon lies fair  
Upon the straits; on the French coast, the light  
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,  
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.  
Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!  
Only, from the long line of spray  
Where the sea meets the moon-blanched land,

Listen! you hear the grating roar  
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,  
At their return, up the high strand,  
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,  
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring  
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago  
Heard it on the Aegean, and it brought  
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow  
Of human misery; we  
Find also in the sound a thought,  
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The Sea of Faith  
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore  
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.  
But now I only hear  
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,  
Retreating, to the breath  
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear  
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true  
To one another! for the world, which seems  
To lie before us like a land of dreams,  
So various, so beautiful, so new,  
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,  
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;  
And we are here as on a darkling plain  
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,  
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

Poem 8

# The Wild Swans at Coole

by [William Butler Yeats](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/william-butler-yeats)

The trees are in their autumn beauty,

The woodland paths are dry,

Under the October twilight the water

Mirrors a still sky;

Upon the brimming water among the stones

Are nine-and-fifty swans.

The nineteenth autumn has come upon me

Since I first made my count;

I saw, before I had well finished,

All suddenly mount

And scatter wheeling in great broken rings

Upon their clamorous wings.

I have looked upon those brilliant creatures,

And now my heart is sore.

All's changed since I, hearing at twilight,

The first time on this shore,

The bell-beat of their wings above my head,

Trod with a lighter tread.

Unwearied still, lover by lover,

They paddle in the cold

Companionable streams or climb the air;

Their hearts have not grown old;

Passion or conquest, wander where they will,

Attend upon them still.

But now they drift on the still water,

Mysterious, beautiful;

Among what rushes will they build,

By what lake's edge or pool

Delight men's eyes when I awake some day

To find they have flown away?

Poem 9

# I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud

by [William Wordsworth](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/william-wordsworth)

I wandered lonely as a cloud

That floats on high o'er vales and hills,

When all at once I saw a crowd,

A host, of golden daffodils;

Beside the lake, beneath the trees,

Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine

And twinkle on the milky way,

They stretched in never-ending line

Along the margin of a bay:

Ten thousand saw I at a glance,

Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they

Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:

A poet could not but be gay,

In such a jocund company:

I gazed—and gazed—but little thought

What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie

In vacant or in pensive mood,

They flash upon that inward eye

Which is the bliss of solitude;

And then my heart with pleasure fills,

And dances with the daffodils.

Poem 10

# THEIR LONELY BETTERS

# by W.H. Auden

As I listened from a beach-chair in the shade  
To all the noises that my garden made,  
It seemed to me only proper that words  
Should be withheld from vegetables and birds.

A robin with no Christian name ran through  
The Robin-Anthem which was all it knew,  
And rustling flowers for some third party waited  
To say which pairs, if any, should get mated.

Not one of them was capable of lying,  
There was not one which knew that it was dying  
Or could have with a rhythm or a rhyme  
Assumed responsibility for time.

Let them leave language to their lonely betters  
Who count some days and long for certain letters;  
We, too, make noises when we laugh or weep:  
Words are for those with promises to keep.

Poem 11

# DIGGING

# by Seamus Heaney

Between my finger and my thumb  
The squat pin rest; snug as a gun.

Under my window, a clean rasping sound  
When the spade sinks into gravelly ground:  
My father, digging. I look down

Till his straining rump among the flowerbeds  
Bends low, comes up twenty years away  
Stooping in rhythm through potato drills  
Where he was digging.

The coarse boot nestled on the lug, the shaft  
Against the inside knee was levered firmly.  
He rooted out tall tops, buried the bright edge deep  
To scatter new potatoes that we picked,  
Loving their cool hardness in our hands.

By God, the old man could handle a spade.  
Just like his old man.

My grandfather cut more turf in a day  
Than any other man on Toner’s bog.  
Once I carried him milk in a bottle  
Corked sloppily with paper. He straightened up  
To drink it, then fell to right away  
Nicking and slicing neatly, heaving sods  
Over his shoulder, going down and down  
For the good turf. Digging.

The cold smell of potato mould, the squelch and slap  
Of soggy peat, the curt cuts of an edge  
Through living roots awaken in my head.  
But I’ve no spade to follow men like them.

Between my finger and my thumb  
The squat pen rests.  
I’ll dig with it.

Poem 12

# Lines Written in Early Spring

by [William Wordsworth](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/william-wordsworth)

I heard a thousand blended notes,

While in a grove I sate reclined,

In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts

Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link

The human soul that through me ran;

And much it grieved my heart to think

What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,

The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;

And ’tis my faith that every flower

Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played,

Their thoughts I cannot measure:—

But the least motion which they made

It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,

To catch the breezy air;

And I must think, do all I can,

That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven be sent,

If such be Nature’s holy plan,

Have I not reason to lament

What man has made of man?

Poem 13

# The Little Black Boy

by [William Blake](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/william-blake)

My mother bore me in the southern wild,

And I am black, but O! my soul is white;

White as an angel is the English child:

But I am black as if bereav'd of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree

And sitting down before the heat of day,

She took me on her lap and kissed me,

And pointing to the east began to say.

Look on the rising sun: there God does live

And gives his light, and gives his heat away.

And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive

Comfort in morning joy in the noonday.

And we are put on earth a little space,

That we may learn to bear the beams of love,

And these black bodies and this sun-burnt face

Is but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

For when our souls have learn'd the heat to bear

The cloud will vanish we shall hear his voice.

Saying: come out from the grove my love & care,

And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice.

Thus did my mother say and kissed me,

And thus I say to little English boy.

When I from black and he from white cloud free,

And round the tent of God like lambs we joy:

Ill shade him from the heat till he can bear,

To lean in joy upon our fathers knee.

And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,

And be like him and he will then love me.

Poem 14

# To Night

by [Percy Bysshe Shelley](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/percy-bysshe-shelley)

Swiftly walk o'er the western wave,

Spirit of Night!

Out of the misty eastern cave,

Where, all the long and lone daylight,

Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,

Which make thee terrible and dear,—

Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,

Star-inwrought!

Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day;

Kiss her until she be wearied out,

Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,

Touching all with thine opiate wand—

Come, long-sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,

I sighed for thee;

When light rode high, and the dew was gone,

And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,

And the weary Day turned to his rest,

Lingering like an unloved guest.

I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,

Wouldst thou me?

Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,

Murmured like a noontide bee,

Shall I nestle near thy side?

Wouldst thou me?—And I replied,

No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead,

Soon, too soon—

Sleep will come when thou art fled;

Of neither would I ask the boon

I ask of thee, belovèd Night—

Swift be thine approaching flight,

Come soon, soon!

Poem 15

# The Collar

by [George Herbert](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/george-herbert)

I struck the board, and cried, "No more;

                         I will abroad!

What? shall I ever sigh and pine?

My lines and life are free, free as the road,

Loose as the wind, as large as store.

          Shall I be still in suit?

Have I no harvest but a thorn

To let me blood, and not restore

What I have lost with cordial fruit?

          Sure there was wine

Before my sighs did dry it; there was corn

    Before my tears did drown it.

      Is the year only lost to me?

          Have I no bays to crown it,

No flowers, no garlands gay? All blasted?

                  All wasted?

Not so, my heart; but there is fruit,

            And thou hast hands.

Recover all thy sigh-blown age

On double pleasures: leave thy cold dispute

Of what is fit and not. Forsake thy cage,

             Thy rope of sands,

Which petty thoughts have made, and made to thee

Good cable, to enforce and draw,

          And be thy law,

While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.

          Away! take heed;

          I will abroad.

Call in thy death's-head there; tie up thy fears;

          He that forbears

         To suit and serve his need

          Deserves his load."

But as I raved and grew more fierce and wild

          At every word,

Methought I heard one calling, Child!

          And I replied My Lord.