

### First Year Poems

Poem	Analysis
<p><b>“A Slumber did my Spirit Seal” by William Wordsworth</b></p> <p>A slumber did my spirit seal; I had no human fears: She seemed a thing that could not feel The touch of earthly years.</p> <p>No motion has she now, no force; She neither hears nor sees; Rolled round in earth's diurnal course, With rocks, and stones, and trees.</p>	

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<p><b>«Funeral Blues » by W.H. Auden</b></p> <p>Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone, Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone, Silence the pianos and with muffled drum Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.</p> <p>Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead Scribbling on the sky the message 'He is Dead'. Put crepe bows round the white necks of the public doves, Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.</p> <p>He was my North, my South, my East and West, My working week and my Sunday rest, My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song; I thought that love would last forever: I was wrong.</p> <p>The stars are not wanted now; put out every one, Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun, Pour away the ocean and sweep up the wood; For nothing now can ever come to any good.</p>	

Poem by Thomas Hardy	Analysis
<p>'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."</p> <p>'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."</p> <p>'But some one 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.'</p> <p>'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?'</p> <p>'Ah, yes! You dig upon my grave . . . Why flashed it not on me That one true heart was left behind! What feeling do we ever find To equal among human kind A dog's fidelity !'</p> <p>'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.'</p>	

Annabel Lee by Edgar Alan Poe	Analysis
<p>It was many and many a year ago,  In a kingdom by the sea,  That a maiden there lived whom you may know  By the name of Annabel Lee;  And this maiden she lived with no other thought  Than to love and be loved by me.</p> <p><i>I</i> was a child and <i>she</i> was a child,  In this kingdom by the sea,  But we loved with a love that was more than love—  I and my Annabel Lee—  With a love that the wingèd seraphs of Heaven  Coveted her and me.</p> <p>And this was the reason that, long ago,  In this kingdom by the sea,  A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling  My beautiful Annabel Lee;  So that her highborn kinsmen came  And bore her away from me,  To shut her up in a sepulchre  In this kingdom by the sea.</p> <p>The angels, not half so happy in Heaven,  Went envying her and me—  Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,  In this kingdom by the sea)  That the wind came out of the cloud by night,  Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.</p> <p>But our love it was stronger by far than the love  Of those who were older than we—  Of many far wiser than we—  And neither the angels in Heaven above  Nor the demons down under the sea  Can ever dissever my soul from the soul  Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;</p>	

<p>For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams Of the beautiful Annabel Lee; And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes Of the beautiful Annabel Lee; And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride, In her sepulchre there by the sea— In her tomb by the sounding sea.</p>	
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