

## **A Sonnet Sampler**

### **Never Again Would Bird's Song Be The Same**

by Robert Frost

He would declare and could himself believe  
That the birds there in all the garden round  
From having heard the daylong voice of Eve  
Had added to their own an oversound,  
Her tone of meaning but without the words.  
Admittedly an eloquence so soft  
Could only have had an influence on birds  
When call or laughter carried it aloft.

Be that as may be, she was in their song.  
Moreover her voice upon their voices crossed  
Had now persisted in the woods so long  
That probably it would never be lost.  
Never again would birds' song be the same.  
And to do that to birds was why she came.

-- Robert Frost

### **Love is Not All (Sonnet XXX)**

by Edna St. Vincent Millay

Love is not all: it is not meat nor drink  
Nor slumber nor a roof against the rain;  
Nor yet a floating spar to men that sink  
And rise and sink and rise and sink again;  
Love can not fill the thickened lung with breath,  
Nor clean the blood, nor set the fractured bone;  
Yet many a man is making friends with death  
Even as I speak for lack of love alone.

It well may be that in a difficult hour,  
Pinned down by pain and moaning for release,  
Or nagged by want past resolution's power,  
I might be driven to sell your love for peace,  
Or trade the memory of this night for food.  
It well may be. I do not think I would.

## **Pied Beauty**

By Gerard Manley Hopkins

Glory be to God for dappled things –  
For skies of couple-colour as a brinded cow;  
For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim;  
Fresh-firecoal chestnut-falls; finches' wings;  
Landscape plotted and pieced – fold, fallow, and plough;  
And áll trádes, their gear and tackle and trim.

All things counter, original, spare, strange;  
Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)  
With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;  
He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change: Praise him.

## **Nuns Fret Not at Their Convent's Narrow Room**

By William Wordsworth

Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room,  
And hermits are contented with their cells;  
And students with their pensive citadels;  
Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom,  
Sit blithe and happy; bees that soar for bloom,  
High as the highest Peak of Furness-fells,  
Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells:  
In truth the prison, into which we doom

Ourselves, no prison is: and hence for me,  
In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound  
Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground;  
Pleased if some Souls (for such there needs must be)  
Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,  
Should find brief solace there, as I have found.