

## The Woodspurge

### Related Poem Content Details

BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

The wind flapp'd loose, the wind was still,  
Shaken out dead from tree and hill:  
I had walk'd on at the wind's will,—  
I sat now, for the wind was still.

Between my knees my forehead was,—  
My lips, drawn in, said not Alas!  
My hair was over in the grass,  
My naked ears heard the day pass.

My eyes, wide open, had the run  
Of some ten weeds to fix upon;  
Among those few, out of the sun,  
The woodspurge flower'd, three cups in one.

From perfect grief there need not be  
Wisdom or even memory:  
One thing then learnt remains to me,—  
The woodspurge has a cup of three.

**Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat  
Drowned in a Tub of Goldfishes**

**Related Poem Content Details**

BY [THOMAS GRAY](#)

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,  
Where China's gayest art had dyed  
The azure flowers that blow;  
Demurest of the tabby kind,  
The pensive Selima, reclined,  
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared;  
The fair round face, the snowy beard,  
The velvet of her paws,  
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,  
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,  
She saw; and purred applause.

Still had she gazed; but 'midst the tide  
Two angel forms were seen to glide,  
The genii of the stream;  
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue  
Through richest purple to the view  
Betrayed a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw;  
A whisker first and then a claw,

With many an ardent wish,  
She stretched in vain to reach the prize.  
What female heart can gold despise?  
What cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent  
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,  
Nor knew the gulf between.  
(Malignant Fate sat by, and smiled)  
The slippery verge her feet beguiled,  
She tumbled headlong in.  
Eight times emerging from the flood  
She mewed to every watery god,  
Some speedy aid to send.  
No dolphin came, no Nereid stirred;  
Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard;  
A Favourite has no friend!

From hence, ye beauties, undeceived,  
Know, one false step is ne'er retrieved,  
And be with caution bold.  
Not all that tempts your wandering eyes  
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize;  
Nor all that glisters, gold.

## Goblin Market

### Related Poem Content Details

BY CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

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.

Lizzie met her at the gate  
Full of wise upbraidings:  
"Dear, you should not stay so late,  
Twilight is not good for maidens;  
Should not loiter in the glen  
In the haunts of goblin men.  
Do you not remember Jeanie,  
How she met them in the moonlight,  
Took their gifts both choice and many,  
Ate their fruits and wore their flowers  
Pluck'd from bowers  
Where summer ripens at all hours?  
But ever in the noonlight  
She pined and pined away;  
Sought them by night and day,

Found them no more, but dwindled and grew grey;  
Then fell with the first snow,  
While to this day no grass will grow  
Where she lies low:  
I planted daisies there a year ago  
That never blow.  
You should not loiter so."  
"Nay, hush," said Laura:  
"Nay, hush, my sister:  
I ate and ate my fill,  
Yet my mouth waters still;  
To-morrow night I will  
Buy more;" and kiss'd her:  
"Have done with sorrow;  
I'll bring you plums to-morrow  
Fresh on their mother twigs,  
Cherries worth getting;  
You cannot think what figs  
My teeth have met in,  
What melons icy-cold  
Piled on a dish of gold  
Too huge for me to hold,  
What peaches with a velvet nap,  
Pellucid grapes without one seed:  
Odorous indeed must be the mead  
Whereon they grow, and pure the wave they drink  
With lilies at the brink,  
And sugar-sweet their sap."

Golden head by golden head,  
Like two pigeons in one nest  
Folded in each other's wings,  
They lay down in their curtain'd bed:  
Like two blossoms on one stem,  
Like two flakes of new-fall'n snow,  
Like two wands of ivory  
Tipp'd with gold for awful kings.  
Moon and stars gaz'd in at them,  
Wind sang to them lullaby,  
Lumbering owls forbore to fly,  
Not a bat flapp'd to and fro  
Round their rest:  
Cheek to cheek and breast to breast  
Lock'd together in one nest.

Early in the morning  
When the first cock crow'd his warning,  
Neat like bees, as sweet and busy,  
Laura rose with Lizzie:  
Fetch'd in honey, milk'd the cows,  
Air'd and set to rights the house,  
Kneaded cakes of whitest wheat,  
Cakes for dainty mouths to eat,  
Next churn'd butter, whipp'd up cream,  
Fed their poultry, sat and sew'd;

Talk'd as modest maidens should:  
Lizzie with an open heart,  
Laura in an absent dream,  
One content, one sick in part;  
One warbling for the mere bright day's delight,  
One longing for the night.

At length slow evening came:  
They went with pitchers to the reedy brook;  
Lizzie most placid in her look,  
Laura most like a leaping flame.  
They drew the gurgling water from its deep;  
Lizzie pluck'd purple and rich golden flags,  
Then turning homeward said: "The sunset flushes  
Those furthest loftiest crags;  
Come, Laura, not another maiden lags.  
No wilful squirrel wags,  
The beasts and birds are fast asleep."  
But Laura loiter'd still among the rushes  
And said the bank was steep.

And said the hour was early still  
The dew not fall'n, the wind not chill;  
Listening ever, but not catching  
The customary cry,  
"Come buy, come buy,"  
With its iterated jingle  
Of sugar-baited words:  
Not for all her watching  
Once discerning even one goblin  
Racing, whisking, tumbling, hobbling;  
Let alone the herds  
That used to tramp along the glen,  
In groups or single,  
Of brisk fruit-merchant men.

Till Lizzie urged, "O Laura, come;  
I hear the fruit-call but I dare not look:  
You should not loiter longer at this brook:  
Come with me home.  
The stars rise, the moon bends her arc,  
Each glowworm winks her spark,  
Let us get home before the night grows dark:  
For clouds may gather  
Though this is summer weather,  
Put out the lights and drench us through;  
Then if we lost our way what should we do?"

Laura turn'd cold as stone  
To find her sister heard that cry alone,  
That goblin cry,  
"Come buy our fruits, come buy."  
Must she then buy no more such dainty fruit?  
Must she no more such succous pasture find,  
Gone deaf and blind?

Her tree of life droop'd from the root:  
She said not one word in her heart's sore ache;  
But peering thro' the dimness, nought discerning,  
Trudg'd home, her pitcher dripping all the way;  
So crept to bed, and lay  
Silent till Lizzie slept;  
Then sat up in a passionate yearning,  
And gnash'd her teeth for baulk'd desire, and wept  
As if her heart would break.

Day after day, night after night,  
Laura kept watch in vain  
In sullen silence of exceeding pain.  
She never caught again the goblin cry:  
"Come buy, come buy;"—  
She never spied the goblin men  
Hawking their fruits along the glen:  
But when the noon wax'd bright  
Her hair grew thin and grey;  
She dwindled, as the fair full moon doth turn  
To swift decay and burn  
Her fire away.

One day remembering her kernel-stone  
She set it by a wall that faced the south;  
Dew'd it with tears, hoped for a root,  
Watch'd for a waxing shoot,  
But there came none;  
It never saw the sun,  
It never felt the trickling moisture run:  
While with sunk eyes and faded mouth  
She dream'd of melons, as a traveller sees  
False waves in desert drouth  
With shade of leaf-crown'd trees,  
And burns the thirstier in the sandful breeze.

She no more swept the house,  
Tended the fowls or cows,  
Fetch'd honey, kneaded cakes of wheat,  
Brought water from the brook:  
But sat down listless in the chimney-nook  
And would not eat.

Tender Lizzie could not bear  
To watch her sister's cankerous care  
Yet not to share.  
She night and morning  
Caught the goblins' cry:  
"Come buy our orchard fruits,  
Come buy, come buy;"—  
Beside the brook, along the glen,  
She heard the tramp of goblin men,  
The yoke and stir  
Poor Laura could not hear;  
Long'd to buy fruit to comfort her,

But fear'd to pay too dear.  
She thought of Jeanie in her grave,  
Who should have been a bride;  
But who for joys brides hope to have  
Fell sick and died  
In her gay prime,  
In earliest winter time  
With the first glazing rime,  
With the first snow-fall of crisp winter time.

Till Laura dwindling  
Seem'd knocking at Death's door:  
Then Lizzie weigh'd no more  
Better and worse;  
But put a silver penny in her purse,  
Kiss'd Laura, cross'd the heath with clumps of furze  
At twilight, halted by the brook:  
And for the first time in her life  
Began to listen and look.

Laugh'd every goblin  
When they spied her peeping:  
Came towards her hobbling,  
Flying, running, leaping,  
Puffing and blowing,  
Chuckling, clapping, crowing,  
Clucking and gobbling,  
Mopping and mowing,  
Full of airs and graces,  
Pulling wry faces,  
Demure grimaces,  
Cat-like and rat-like,  
Ratel- and wombat-like,  
Snail-paced in a hurry,  
Parrot-voiced and whistler,  
Helter skelter, hurry skurry,  
Chattering like magpies,  
Fluttering like pigeons,  
Gliding like fishes,—  
Hugg'd her and kiss'd her:  
Squeez'd and caress'd her:  
Stretch'd up their dishes,  
Panniers, and plates:  
"Look at our apples  
Russet and dun,  
Bob at our cherries,  
Bite at our peaches,  
Citrons and dates,  
Grapes for the asking,  
Pears red with basking  
Out in the sun,  
Plums on their twigs;  
Pluck them and suck them,  
Pomegranates, figs."—

"Good folk," said Lizzie,  
Mindful of Jeanie:  
"Give me much and many: —  
Held out her apron,  
Toss'd them her penny.  
"Nay, take a seat with us,  
Honour and eat with us,"  
They answer'd grinning:  
"Our feast is but beginning.  
Night yet is early,  
Warm and dew-pearly,  
Wakeful and starry:  
Such fruits as these  
No man can carry:  
Half their bloom would fly,  
Half their dew would dry,  
Half their flavour would pass by.  
Sit down and feast with us,  
Be welcome guest with us,  
Cheer you and rest with us."—  
"Thank you," said Lizzie: "But one waits  
At home alone for me:  
So without further parleying,  
If you will not sell me any  
Of your fruits though much and many,  
Give me back my silver penny  
I toss'd you for a fee."—  
They began to scratch their pates,  
No longer wagging, purring,  
But visibly demurring,  
Grunting and snarling.  
One call'd her proud,  
Cross-grain'd, uncivil;  
Their tones wax'd loud,  
Their looks were evil.  
Lashing their tails  
They trod and hustled her,  
Elbow'd and jostled her,  
Claw'd with their nails,  
Barking, mewling, hissing, mocking,  
Tore her gown and soil'd her stocking,  
Twitch'd her hair out by the roots,  
Stamp'd upon her tender feet,  
Held her hands and squeez'd their fruits  
Against her mouth to make her eat.

White and golden Lizzie stood,  
Like a lily in a flood,—  
Like a rock of blue-vein'd stone  
Lash'd by tides obstreperously,—  
Like a beacon left alone  
In a hoary roaring sea,  
Sending up a golden fire,—  
Like a fruit-crown'd orange-tree  
White with blossoms honey-sweet

Sore beset by wasp and bee,—  
Like a royal virgin town  
Topp'd with gilded dome and spire  
Close beleaguer'd by a fleet  
Mad to tug her standard down.

One may lead a horse to water,  
Twenty cannot make him drink.  
Though the goblins cuff'd and caught her,  
Coax'd and fought her,  
Bullied and besought her,  
Scratch'd her, pinch'd her black as ink,  
Kick'd and knock'd her,  
Maul'd and mock'd her,  
Lizzie utter'd not a word;  
Would not open lip from lip  
Lest they should cram a mouthful in:  
But laugh'd in heart to feel the drip  
Of juice that syrapp'd all her face,  
And lodg'd in dimples of her chin,  
And streak'd her neck which quaked like curd.  
At last the evil people,  
Worn out by her resistance,  
Flung back her penny, kick'd their fruit  
Along whichever road they took,  
Not leaving root or stone or shoot;  
Some writh'd into the ground,  
Some div'd into the brook  
With ring and ripple,  
Some scudded on the gale without a sound,  
Some vanish'd in the distance.

In a smart, ache, tingle,  
Lizzie went her way;  
Knew not was it night or day;  
Sprang up the bank, tore thro' the furze,  
Threaded copse and dingle,  
And heard her penny jingle  
Bouncing in her purse,—  
Its bounce was music to her ear.  
She ran and ran  
As if she fear'd some goblin man  
Dogg'd her with gibe or curse  
Or something worse:  
But not one goblin scurried after,  
Nor was she prick'd by fear;  
The kind heart made her windy-paced  
That urged her home quite out of breath with haste  
And inward laughter.

She cried, "Laura," up the garden,  
"Did you miss me?  
Come and kiss me.  
Never mind my bruises,  
Hug me, kiss me, suck my juices

Squeeze'd from goblin fruits for you,  
Goblin pulp and goblin dew.  
Eat me, drink me, love me;  
Laura, make much of me;  
For your sake I have braved the glen  
And had to do with goblin merchant men."

Laura started from her chair,  
Flung her arms up in the air,  
Clutch'd her hair:  
"Lizzie, Lizzie, have you tasted  
For my sake the fruit forbidden?  
Must your light like mine be hidden,  
Your young life like mine be wasted,  
Undone in mine undoing,  
And ruin'd in my ruin,  
Thirsty, canker'd, goblin-ridden?"—  
She clung about her sister,  
Kiss'd and kiss'd and kiss'd her:  
Tears once again  
Refresh'd her shrunken eyes,  
Dropping like rain  
After long sultry drouth;  
Shaking with aguish fear, and pain,  
She kiss'd and kiss'd her with a hungry mouth.

Her lips began to scorch,  
That juice was wormwood to her tongue,  
She loath'd the feast:  
Writhing as one possess'd she leap'd and sung,  
Rent all her robe, and wrung  
Her hands in lamentable haste,  
And beat her breast.  
Her locks stream'd like the torch  
Borne by a racer at full speed,  
Or like the mane of horses in their flight,  
Or like an eagle when she stems the light  
Straight toward the sun,  
Or like a caged thing freed,  
Or like a flying flag when armies run.

Swift fire spread through her veins, knock'd at her  
heart,  
Met the fire smouldering there  
And overbore its lesser flame;  
She gorged on bitterness without a name:  
Ah! fool, to choose such part  
Of soul-consuming care!  
Sense fail'd in the mortal strife:  
Like the watch-tower of a town  
Which an earthquake shatters down,  
Like a lightning-stricken mast,  
Like a wind-uprooted tree  
Spun about,  
Like a foam-topp'd waterspout

Cast down headlong in the sea,  
She fell at last;  
Pleasure past and anguish past,  
Is it death or is it life?

Life out of death.  
That night long Lizzie watch'd by her,  
Counted her pulse's flagging stir,  
Felt for her breath,  
Held water to her lips, and cool'd her face  
With tears and fanning leaves:  
But when the first birds chirp'd about their eaves,  
And early reapers plodded to the place  
Of golden sheaves,  
And dew-wet grass  
Bow'd in the morning winds so brisk to pass,  
And new buds with new day  
Open'd of cup-like lilies on the stream,  
Laura awoke as from a dream,  
Laugh'd in the innocent old way,  
Hugg'd Lizzie but not twice or thrice;  
Her gleaming locks show'd not one thread of grey,  
Her breath was sweet as May  
And light danced in her eyes.

Days, weeks, months, years  
Afterwards, when both were wives  
With children of their own;  
Their mother-hearts beset with fears,  
Their lives bound up in tender lives;  
Laura would call the little ones  
And tell them of her early prime,  
Those pleasant days long gone  
Of not-returning time:  
Would talk about the haunted glen,  
The wicked, quaint fruit-merchant men,  
Their fruits like honey to the throat  
But poison in the blood;  
(Men sell not such in any town):  
Would tell them how her sister stood  
In deadly peril to do her good,  
And win the fiery antidote:  
Then joining hands to little hands  
Would bid them cling together,  
"For there is no friend like a sister  
In calm or stormy weather;  
To cheer one on the tedious way,  
To fetch one if one goes astray,  
To lift one if one totters down,  
To strengthen whilst one stands."



## The Landlord's Tale. Paul Revere's Ride Related Poem Content Details

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Listen, my children, and you shall hear  
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,  
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;  
Hardly a man is now alive  
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march  
By land or sea from the town to-night,  
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch  
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—  
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;  
And I on the opposite shore will be,  
Ready to ride and spread the alarm  
Through every Middlesex village and farm,  
For the country folk to be up and to arm."  
Then he said, "Good night!" and with muffled  
oar

Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,  
Just as the moon rose over the bay,  
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay  
The Somerset, British man-of-war;  
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar  
Across the moon like a prison bar,  
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified  
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and  
street,  
Wanders and watches with eager ears,  
Till in the silence around him he hears  
The muster of men at the barrack door,  
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,  
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,  
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North  
Church,  
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,  
To the belfry-chamber overhead,  
And startled the pigeons from their perch  
On the sombre rafters, that round him made  
Masses and moving shapes of shade, —  
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,

To the highest window in the wall,  
Where he paused to listen and look down  
A moment on the roofs of the town,  
And the moonlight flowing over all.  
Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,  
In their night-encampment on the hill,  
Wrapped in silence so deep and still  
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,  
The watchful night-wind, as it went  
Creeping along from tent to tent,  
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"  
A moment only he feels the spell  
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread  
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;  
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent  
On a shadowy something far away,  
Where the river widens to meet the bay, —  
A line of black that bends and floats  
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,  
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride  
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.  
Now he patted his horse's side,  
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,  
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,  
And turned and tightened his saddle girth;  
But mostly he watched with eager search  
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,  
As it rose above the graves on the hill,  
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.  
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height  
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!  
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,  
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight  
A second lamp in the belfry burns!  
A hurry of hoofs in a village street,  
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,  
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a  
spark  
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:  
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and  
the light,  
The fate of a nation was riding that night;  
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his  
flight,

Kindled the land into flame with its heat.  
He has left the village and mounted the steep,  
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and  
    deep,  
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;  
And under the alders, that skirt its edge,  
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,  
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,  
When he crossed the bridge into Medford  
    town.  
He heard the crowing of the cock,  
And the barking of the farmer's dog,  
And felt the damp of the river fog,  
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,  
When he galloped into Lexington.  
He saw the gilded weathercock  
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,  
And the meeting-house windows, blank and  
    bare,  
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,  
As if they already stood aghast  
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,  
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.  
He heard the bleating of the flock,

And the twitter of birds among the trees,  
And felt the breath of the morning breeze  
Blowing over the meadows brown.  
And one was safe and asleep in his bed  
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,  
Who that day would be lying dead,  
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have  
    read,  
How the British Regulars fired and fled, —  
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,  
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,  
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,  
Then crossing the fields to emerge again  
Under the trees at the turn of the road,  
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;  
And so through the night went his cry of alarm  
To every Middlesex village and farm, —  
A cry of defiance and not of fear,  
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,  
And a word that shall echo forevermore!  
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,  
Through all our history, to the last,  
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,  
The people will waken and listen to hear  
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,  
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too

Shel Silverstein

Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too,  
Went for a ride in a flying shoe,  
'Hooray!'  
'What fun!'  
'It's time we flew!'  
Said Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too.

Ickle was captain, Pickle was crew,  
And Tickle served coffee and mulligan stew  
As higher  
And higher  
And higher they flew,  
Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too.

Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too,  
Over the sun and beyond the blue. '  
Hold on!'  
'Stay in!'  
'I hope we do!'  
Cried Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too.

Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too  
Never returned to the world they knew,  
And nobody  
knows what's  
happened to  
Dear Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too.