

**Sonnet I by William Shakespeare**

From fairest creatures we desire increase,  
 That thereby beauty's rose might never die.  
 But as the ripener should by time decease,  
 His tender heir might bear his memory:  
 But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,  
 Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,  
 Making a famine where abundance lies,  
 Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.  
 Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament  
 And only herald to the gaudy spring,  
 Within thine own bud buriest thy content  
 And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.  
 Pity the world, or else this glutton be,  
 To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee

**To Cyriack Skinner Sonnet XXII by John Milton**

Cyriack, this three years' day these eyes, though clear  
 To outward view of blemish or of spot,  
 Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;  
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear  
 Of sun or moon or star throughout the year,  
 Or man or woman. Yet I argue not  
 Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot  
 Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer  
 Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?  
 The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied  
 In liberty's defense, my noble task,  
 Of which all Europe talks from side to side.  
 This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask  
 Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

**Ode to the West Wind Percy Bysshe Shelley**

**First Movement**

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,  
 Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead  
 Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing.  
 Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,  
 Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,  
 Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed  
 The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,  
 Each like a corpse within its grave, until  
 Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow  
 Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill  
 (Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)  
 With living hues and odours plain and hill:  
 Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;  
 Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh hear!

**From Visions Francesco Petrarca (1304-1374)**

Being one day at my window all alone,  
 So manie strange things happened me to see,  
 As much as it grieveth me to thinke thereon.  
 At my right hand a hynde appear'd to mee,  
 So faire as mote the greatest god delite;  
 Two eager dogs did her pursue in chace.  
 Of which the one was blacke, the other white:  
 With deadly force so in their cruell race  
 They pincht the haunches of that gentle beast,  
 That at the last, and in short time, I spide,  
 Under a rocke, where she alas, opprest,  
 Fell to the ground, and there untimely dide.  
 Cruell death vanquishing so noble beautie  
 Oft makes me wayle so hard a desire