**The Starlight Night (1877)**

              Look at the stars! look, look up at the skies!

                  O look at all the fire-folk sitting in the air!

                  The bright boroughs, the circle-citadels there!

              Down in dim woods the diamond delves! the elves'-eyes!

              The grey lawns cold where gold, where quickgold lies!

                  Wind-beat whitebeam! airy abeles set on a flare!

                  Flake-doves sent floating forth at a farmyard scare! --

              Ah well! it is all a purchase, all is a prize.

              Buy then! bid then! -- What? -- Prayer, patience, alms, vows.

                Look, look: a May-mess, like on orchard boughs!

            Look! March-bloom, like on mealed-with-yellow sallows!

                These are indeed the barn; withindoors house

                The shocks. This piece-bright paling shuts the spouse

            Christ home, Christ and his mother and all his hallows.

**Binsey Poplars felled/79 (1879)**

              My aspens dear, whose airy cages quelled ,

                Quelled or quenched in leaves the leaping sun,

              Áll félled, félled, are áll félled;

                  Of a fresh & following folded rank

                Not spared, not one

              That dandled a sandalled

                  Shadow that swam or sank

                  On meadow & river & wind-wandering weed-winding bank.

                    O if we but knew what we do

                  When we delve or hew --

                    Hack & rack the growing green!

                      Since country is so tender

                      To tóuch, her béing só slénder,

                        That, like this sleek & seeing ball

                        But a prick will make no eye at all,

                    Where we, even where we mean

                      To mend her we end her,

                          When we hew or delve:

                    After-comers cannot guess the beauty been.

                          Ten or twelve, only ten or twelve

                          Strokes of havoc unselve

                    The sweet especial scene,

                    Rural scene, a rural scene,

                    Sweet especial rural scene.

**That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire (1888)**

              Cloud-puffball, torn tufts, tossed pillows | flaunt forth, then chevy on an air-

Built thoroughfare: heaven-roysterers, in gay-gangs | they throng; they glitter in marches.

              Down roughcast, down dazzling whitewash, | wherever an elm arches,

              Shivelights and shadowtackle ín long | lashes lace, lance, and pair.

              Delightfully the bright wind boisterous | ropes, wrestles, beats earth bare

              Of yestertempest's creases; in pool and rutpeel parches

              Squandering ooze to squeezed | dough, crúst, dust; stánches, stárches

              Squadroned masks and manmarks | treadmire toil there

              Foótfretted in it. Million-fuelèd, | nature's bonfire burns on.

            But quench her bonniest, dearest | to her, her clearest-selvèd spark

            Mán, how fást his fíredint, | his mark on mind, is gone!

            Bóth are in an únfáthomable, áll is in an enórmous dárk

            Drowned. O pity and indig | nation! Manshape, that shone

            Sheer off, disséveral, a stár, | death blots black out; nor mark

            Is ány of him at áll so stárk

            But vastness blurs and time | beats level. Enough! the Resurrection,

            A héart's-clarion! Awáy grief's gásping, | joyless days, dejection.

            Across my foundering deck shone

            A beacon, an eternal beam. | Flesh fade, and mortal trash

            Fáll to the resíduary worm; | world's wildfire, leave but ash:

            In a flash, at a trumpet crash,

            I am all at once what Christ is |, since he was what I am, and

            Thís Jack, jóke, poor pótsherd, | patch, matchwood, immortal diamond,

            Is immortal diamond.