

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Poetry

***“The Poet’s Song”* by Alfred Lord Tennyson**

The rain had fallen, the Poet arose,
He passed by the town, and out of the street,
A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
And waves of shadow went over the wheat,
And he sat him down in a lonely place,
And chanted a melody loud and sweet,
That made the wild-swan pause in her cloud
And the lark drop down at his feet.

The swallow stopt as he hunted the fly,
The snake slipt under a spray,
The hawk stood with the down on his beak,
And stared, with his foot on the prey,
And the nightingale thought, “I have sung many songs,
But never a one so gay,
For he sings of what the world will be
When the years have died away.”