The Sick Rose

By William Blake

O Rose, thou art sick.

The invisible worm,

That flies in the night

In the howling storm

Has found out thy bed

Of crimson joy,

And his dark secret love

Does thy life destroy.

Haiku

By. Basho

Autumn—

even the birds

and clouds look old.

Wintry day,

On my horse

A frozen shadow.

Haiku

By. Issa

What a world,

Where lotus flowers

Are ploughed into a field.

Nightingale’s song

this morning,

soaked with rain.

I Wandered Lonely As A Cloud

By: William Wordsworth

I wandered lonely as a cloud

That floats on high o’er vales and hills,

When all at once I saw a cloud,

A host, of golden daffodils;

Beside the lake, beneath the trees,

Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine

And twinkle on the milky way,

They stretched in never-ending line

Along the margin of a bay:

Ten thousand saw I at a glance,

Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they

Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;

A poet could not but be gay,

In such a jocund company;

I gazed-and gazed-but little thought

What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie

In vacant or in pensive mood,

They flash upon that inward eye

Which is bliss of solitude;

And then my heart with pleasure fills,

And dances with the daffodils.

She Walks in Beauty

George Gordon, Lord Byron

She walks in beauty, like the night

 Of cloudless climes and starry skies;

And all that’s best of dark and bright

 Meet in her aspect and her eyes:

Thus mellowed to that tender light

 Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,

 Had half impaired the nameless grace

Which waves in every raven trees,

 Or softly lightens o’er her face;

Where thoughts serenely sweet express

 How pure, how dear their dwelling place.

And on that check, and o’er that brow,

 So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,

The smiles that win, the tints that glow,

 But tell of days in goodness spent,

A mind at peace with all below,

 A heart whose love is innocent!

The Lotus-Blossom Cowers

By: Heinrich Heine

The lotus-blossom cowers

 Under the sun’s bright beams;

Her forehead drooping for hours,

 She waits for the night among dreams.

The Moon, he is her lover,

 He wakes her with his gaze;

To him alone she uncovers

 The fair flower of her face.

She glows and grows more radiant,

 And gazes mutely above;

Breathing and weeping and trembling

 With love-and the pain of love.

When I Have Fears That I May Cease To Be

By: John Keats

When I have fears that I may cease to be

 Before my pen has glean’d my teeming brain,

Before high piled books, in character,

 Hold like rich garners the full ripen’d grain;

When I behold, upon the night’s starr’d face,

 Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,

And think that I may never live to trace

 Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance,

And when I feel, fair creature of an hour,

 That I shall never look upon thee more,

Never have relish in the fairy power

 Of unreflecting love;-then on the shore

Of the wide world I stand alone, and think

Till love and fame to nothingness do sink.

Ballad of Jane By: L. A. Guns

She was always something special

A diamond shining bright in the rain

Everybody dreams of angels

No one will ever know, how much I loved you so

Now it all seems funny, Kinda like a dream

Things ain't always what they seem

What a shame, what happened to Jane

You were always on my mind

A childlike summer days in the sun

Slowly wishes turn to sadness

Time don't heal a broken gun

I wish I'd never let you go

Hear me now, 'cause I want ya to know

Now it all seems funny, Kinda like a dream

Things ain't always what they seem

What a shame, what happened to Jane

Now she's breakin' hearts in heaven

Shining bright in the sky

I still hear her voice in the wind

I still think of you in the night

Well, I guess she'll never know

How much I need her so

Now it all seems funny, Kinda like a dream

Things ain't always what they seem

What a shame, what happened to Jane

The Ballad of Mona Lisa By: Panic At The Disco

She paints her fingers with a close precision

He starts to notice empty bottles of gin

And takes a moment to assess the sins she's paid for

A lonely speaker in a conversation

Her words are swimming through his ears again

There's nothing wrong with just a taste of what you paid for

Say what you mean, tell me I'm right

And let the sun rain down on me

Give me a sign, I wanna believe

Whoa, Mona Lisa

You're guaranteed to run this town

Whoa, Mona Lisa

I'd pay to see you frown

He senses something, call it desperation

Another dollar, another day

And if she had the proper words to say

She would tell him

But she'd have nothing left to sell him

Say what you mean, tell me I'm right

And let the sun rain down on me

Give me a sign, I wanna believe

Whoa, Mona Lisa

You're guaranteed to run this town

Whoa, Mona Lisa

I'd pay to see you frown

Mona Lisa, wear me out

Pleased to please ya

Mona Lisa, wear me out

Say what you mean, tell me I'm right

And let the sun rain down on me

Give me a sign, I wanna believe

Whoa, Mona Lisa

You're guaranteed to run this town

Whoa, Mona Lisa

I'd pay to you frown

Say what you mean, tell me I'm right

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Give me a sign, I wanna believe

There's nothing wrong with just a taste of what you paid for.