

# A Nature Poem for Every Day of the Year

Edited by Jane McMorland Hunter



# JANUARY

*Chill Airs and Wintry Winds*

9 JANUARY

*The Fallow Deer at the Lonely House*

One without looks in to-night  
Through the curtain-chink  
From the sheet of glistening white;  
One without looks in to-night  
As we sit and think  
By the fender-brink.

We do not discern those eyes  
Watching in the snow;  
Lit by lamps of rosy dyes  
We do not discern those eyes  
Wondering, aglow  
Four-footed, tiptoe.

Thomas Hardy (1840–1928)

10 JANUARY

*The Sky is low – the Clouds are mean*

The Sky is low – the Clouds are mean.  
A Travelling Flake of Snow  
Across a Barn or through a Rut  
Debates if it will go –

A Narrow Wind complains all Day  
How some one treated him  
Nature, like Us, is sometimes caught  
Without her Diadem.

Emily Dickinson (1830–1886)

# A Nature Poem for Every Night of the Year

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# JANUARY

*The Stars were Sparkling Clear*

13 JULY

## *Flower in the Crannied Wall*

Flower in the crannied wall,  
I pluck you out of the crannies,  
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,  
Little flower – but if I could understand  
What you are, root and all, all in all,  
I should know what God and man is.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809–1892)

14 JULY

## *You Spotted Snakes with Double Tongue*

FROM A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, ACT II, SCENE II

You spotted snakes with double tongue,  
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;  
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong;  
Come not near our Fairy Queen.

Philomel, with melody,  
Sing in our sweet lullaby;  
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby!  
Never harm  
Nor spell nor charm  
Come our lovely lady nigh  
So good night, with lullaby.

Weaving spiders, come not here;  
Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence;  
Beetles black, approach not near;  
Worm nor snail do no offence.

Philomel, with melody,  
Sing in our sweet lullaby;  
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby!  
Never harm  
Nor spell nor charm  
Come our lovely lady nigh  
So good night, with lullaby.

William Shakespeare (1564–1616)

*November*FROM *THE EARTHLY PARADISE*

Are thine eyes weary? is thy heart too sick  
 To struggle any more with doubt and thought,  
 Whose formless veil draws darkening now and thick  
 Across thee, e'en as smoke-tinged mist-wreaths brought  
 Down a fair dale to make it blind and nought?  
 Art thou so weary that no world there seems  
 Beyond these four walls, hung with pain and dreams?

Look out upon the real world, where the moon,  
 Half-way 'twixt root and crown of these high trees,  
 Turns the dead midnight into dreamy noon,  
 Silent and full of wonders, for the breeze  
 Died at the sunset, and no images,  
 No hopes of day, are left in sky or earth –  
 Is it not fair, and of most wondrous worth?

Yea, I have looked, and seen November there;  
 The changeless seal of change it seemed to be,  
 Fair death of things that, living once, were fair;  
 Bright sign of loneliness too great for me,  
 Strange image of the dread eternity,  
 In whose void patience how can these have part,  
 These outstretched feverish hands, this restless heart?

William Morris (1834–1896)

*Stars*

Alone in the night  
 On a dark hill  
 With pines around me  
 Spicy and still,

And a heaven full of stars  
 Over my head  
 White and topaz  
 And misty red;

Myriads with beating  
 Hearts of fire  
 That acons  
 Cannot vex or tire;

Up the dome of heaven  
 Like a great hill  
 I watch them marching  
 Stately and still.

And I know that I  
 Am honored to be  
 Witness  
 Of so much majesty.

Sara Teasdale (1884–1933)