

ENGLISH LITERATURE

The term **English literature** refers to literature written in the English language, including literature composed in English by writers not necessarily from England; Joseph Conrad was Polish, Robert Burns was Scottish, James Joyce was Irish, Dylan Thomas was Welsh, Edgar Allan Poe was American, Salman Rushdie is Indian, V.S. Naipaul is Trinidadian. In other words, **English literature** is as diverse as the varieties and dialects of English spoken around the world.

The first works in English, written in the Anglo-Saxon dialect now called Old English, appeared in the early Middle Ages. In the late medieval period (1200-1500), the ideals of courtly love entered England and authors began to write romances, either in verse or prose. Especially popular were tales of King Arthur and his court. England's first great author, Geoffrey Chaucer (1340 -1400), wrote in Middle English. His most famous work is *The Canterbury Tales*, a collection of stories in a variety of genres.

The poetry, drama, and prose produced under both Queen Elizabeth I and King James I constitute what is today labelled as Early modern (or Renaissance). The Elizabethan era saw a great flourishing of literature, especially in the field of drama. The Italian Renaissance had rediscovered the ancient Greek and Roman theatre, which was then beginning to evolve apart from the old mystery and miracle plays of the Middle Ages.

The Elizabethan era saw a great flourishing of literature, especially in the field of drama. The Italian Renaissance had rediscovered the ancient Greek and Roman theatre, which was then beginning to evolve apart from the old mystery and miracle plays of the Middle Ages. William Shakespeare stands out in this period as a poet and playwright as yet unsurpassed. The sonnet was introduced into English by Thomas Wyatt in the early 16th century. Poems intended to be set to music as songs, such as by Thomas Campion, became popular as printed literature was disseminated more widely in households.

After Shakespeare's death, the poet and dramatist Ben Jonson was the leading literary figure of the Jacobean era. Others who followed Jonson's style include Beaumont and Fletcher, who wrote the brilliant comedy, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*. Another popular style of theatre during Jacobean times was the revenge play, popularized by John Webster and Thomas Kyd.

Restoration literature includes both *Paradise Lost* and the Earl of Rochester's *Sodom*, the high spirited sexual comedy of *The Country Wife* and the moral wisdom of *Pilgrim's Progress*. The largest and most important poetic form of the era was satire. In general, publication of satire was done anonymously.

In Romanticism, poets rediscover the beauty and value of nature. Mother earth is seen as the only source of wisdom, the only solution to the ugliness caused by machines of industrialism. The Romantic poets include Lord Byron, Percy Bysshe Shelley, Mary Shelley and John Keats. The most popular novelist of the era was Sir Walter Scott, whose grand historical romances inspired a generation of painters, composers, and writers throughout Europe. By contrast, Jane Austen wrote novels about the life of the landed gentry, seen from a woman's point of view, and wryly focused on practical social issues, especially marriage and money.

The movement known as **English literary modernism** grew out of a general sense of disillusionment with Victorian era attitudes of certainty, conservatism, and objective truth. Although literary modernism reached its peak between the First and Second World Wars, the earliest examples of the movement's attitudes appeared in the mid to late nineteenth century. Important novelists between the World Wars included Virginia Woolf, E. M. Forster, Evelyn Waugh, P.G. Wodehouse, D. H. Lawrence and T. S. Eliot. Perhaps the most contentiously important figure in the development of the modernist movement was the American poet Ezra Pound. Other notable writers of the period included W. H. Auden, Vladimir Nabokov, William Carlos Williams, Ralph Ellison, Dylan Thomas, R.S. Thomas and Graham Greene.

The history of English poetry dating from the early 7th century, where were writing some of the most famous and beautiful poems, to the present day. Due to its importance, English poetry has contributed greatly to the spread of the English language in the world. An interesting aspect of English poetry is that, this not only includes poetry written in England, but also it includes poetry composed in English language by writers not necessary from England.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

(26 April 1564 - 23 April 1616)

William Shakespeare was an English poet and playwright widely regarded as the greatest writer of the English language, and as the world's preeminent dramatist. He wrote approximately 38 plays and 154 sonnets, as well as a variety of other poems. Already popular in his own lifetime, Shakespeare became more famous after his death and his work was adulated by many prominent cultural figures through the centuries. He is often considered to be England's national poet and is sometimes referred to as the "Bard of Avon" (or simply "The Bard") or the "Swan of Avon".



Shakespeare's works have been translated into every major living language, and his plays are continually performed all around the world. Shakespeare is the most quoted writer in the literature and history of the English-speaking world, and many of his quotations and neologisms have passed into everyday usage in English and other languages. Many have speculated about Shakespeare's life, including his sexuality and religious affiliation.

Many of Shakespeare's plays have the reputation of being among the greatest in the English language and in Western literature. Shakespeare wrote tragedies, histories, comedies and romances, all of which have been translated into every major living language.

As was common in the period, Shakespeare based many of his plays on the works of other playwrights and reworked earlier stories and historical material. For instance, Hamlet is probably a reworking of an older, lost play (the so-called Ur-Hamlet), and King Lear is an adaptation of an earlier play, also called King Lear.

Shakespeare wrote a collection of poems that deal with such themes as love, beauty, and mortality. In addition to his sonnets, Shakespeare also wrote three known longer poems: Venus and Adonis, The Rape of Lucrece and A Lover's Complaint. Shakespeare's works have been a major influence on subsequent theatre.

Shakespeare's plays are traditionally organised into three groups: Tragedies, Comedies, and Histories.

Tragedies

- Romeo and Juliet
- Coriolanus
- Titus Andronicus
- Timon of Athens
- Julius Caesar
- Macbeth
- Hamlet
- Troilus and Cressida
- King Lear
- Othello
- Antony and Cleopatra

Histories

- King John
- Richard II
- Henry IV, part 1
- Henry IV, part 2
- Henry V
- Henry VI, part 1
- Henry VI, part 2
- Henry VI, part 3
- Richard III
- Henry VIII

Comedies

- The Tempest
- The Two Gentlemen of Verona
- The Merry Wives of Windsor
- Measure for Measure
- The Comedy of Errors
- Much Ado About Nothing
- Love's Labour's Lost
- A Midsummer Night's Dream
- The Merchant of Venice
- As You Like It

ROMEO AND JULIET

Act 1. Scene I

SCENE I. Verona. A public place.

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, of the house of Capulet, armed with swords and bucklers

SAMPSON

Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.

GREGORY

No, for then we should be colliers.

SAMPSON

I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

GREGORY

Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' the collar.

SAMPSON

I strike quickly, being moved.

GREGORY

But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

SAMPSON

A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

GREGORY

To move is to stir; and to be valiant is to stand: therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

SAMPSON

A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

GREGORY

That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

SAMPSON

True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

GREGORY

The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

SAMPSON

'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids, and cut off their heads.

GREGORY
The heads of the maids?

SAMPSON
Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

GREGORY
They must take it in sense that feel it.

SAMPSON
Me they shall feel while I am able to stand: and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

GREGORY
'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool! here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

SAMPSON
My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I will back thee.

GREGORY
How! turn thy back and run?

SAMPSON
Fear me not.

GREGORY
No, marry; I fear thee!

SAMPSON
Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

GREGORY
I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

SAMPSON
Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Enter ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR

ABRAHAM
Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON
I do bite my thumb, sir.

ABRAHAM
Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON
[Aside to GREGORY] Is the law of our side, if I say ay?

GREGORY
No.

SAMPSON
No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir, but I bite my thumb, sir.

GREGORY

Do you quarrel, sir?

ABRAHAM
Quarrel sir! no, sir.

SAMPSON
If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.

ABRAHAM
No better.

SAMPSON
Well, sir.

GREGORY
Say 'better:' here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

SAMPSON
Yes, better, sir.

ABRAHAM
You lie.

SAMPSON
Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.

They fight

Enter BENVOLIO

BENVOLIO
Part, fools!
Put up your swords; you know not what you do.

Beats down their swords

Enter TYBALT

TYBALT
What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds? Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

BENVOLIO
I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword, Or manage it to part these men with me.

TYBALT
What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word, As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee: Have at thee, coward!

They fight

Enter, several of both houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens, with clubs

First Citizen
Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down! Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET in his gown, and LADY CAPULET

CAPULET
What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!

LADY CAPULET

A crutch, a crutch! why call you for a sword?

CAPULET

My sword, I say! Old Montague is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE

MONTAGUE

Thou villain Capulet,--Hold me not, let me go.

LADY MONTAGUE

Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

Enter PRINCE, with Attendants

PRINCE

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace, Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel, Will they not hear? What, ho! you men, you beasts, That quench the fire of your pernicious rage With purple fountains issuing from your veins, On pain of torture, from those bloody hands Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground, And hear the sentence of your moved prince. Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word, By thee, old Capulet, and Montague, Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets, And made Verona's ancient citizens Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments, To wield old partisans, in hands as old, Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate: If ever you disturb our streets again, Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace. For this time, all the rest depart away: You Capulet; shall go along with me: And, Montague, come you this afternoon, To know our further pleasure in this case, To old Free-town, our common judgment-place. Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

Exeunt all but MONTAGUE, LADY MONTAGUE, and BENVOLIO

MONTAGUE

Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad? Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

BENVOLIO

Here were the servants of your adversary, And yours, close fighting ere I did approach: I drew to part them: in the instant came The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared, Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears, He swung about his head and cut the winds, Who nothing hurt withal hiss'd him in scorn: While we were interchanging thrusts and blows, Came more and more and fought on part and part, Till the prince came, who parted either part.

LADY MONTAGUE

O, where is Romeo? saw you him to-day? Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

BENVOLIO

Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun Peer'd forth the golden window of the east, A troubled mind drove me to walk abroad; Where, underneath the grove of sycamore That westward rooteth from the city's side, So early walking did I see your son: Towards him I made, but he was ware of me And stole into the covert of the wood: I, measuring his affections by my own, That most are busied when they're most alone, Pursued my humour not pursuing his, And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

MONTAGUE

Many a morning hath he there been seen, With tears augmenting the fresh morning dew. Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs; But all so soon as the all-cheering sun Should in the furthest east begin to draw The shady curtains from Aurora's bed, Away from the light steals home my heavy son, And private in his chamber pens himself, Shuts up his windows, locks far daylight out And makes himself an artificial night: Black and portentous must this humour prove, Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

BENVOLIO

My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

MONTAGUE

I neither know it nor can learn of him.

BENVOLIO

Have you importuned him by any means?

MONTAGUE

Both by myself and many other friends: But he, his own affections' counsellor, Is to himself--I will not say how true-- But to himself so secret and so close, So far from sounding and discovery, As is the bud bit with an envious worm, Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air, Or dedicate his beauty to the sun. Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow. We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter ROMEO

BENVOLIO

See, where he comes: so please you, step aside; I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

MONTAGUE

I would thou wert so happy by thy stay, To hear true shrift. Come, madam, let's away.

Exeunt MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE

BENVOLIO

Good-morrow, cousin.

ROMEO

Is the day so young?

BENVOLIO

But new struck nine.

ROMEO

Ay me! sad hours seem long. Was that my father that went hence so fast?

BENVOLIO

It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

ROMEO

Not having that, which, having, makes them short.

BENVOLIO

In love?

ROMEO

Out--

BENVOLIO

Of love?

ROMEO

Out of her favour, where I am in love.

BENVOLIO

Alas, that love, so gentle in his view, Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

ROMEO

Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still, Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will! Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here? Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all. Here's much to do with hate, but more with love. Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate! O any thing, of nothing first create! O heavy lightness! serious vanity! Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms! Feather of lead,

bright smoke, cold fire, sick health! Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is! This love feel I, that feel no love in this. Dost thou not laugh?

BENVOLIO

No, coz, I rather weep.

ROMEO

Good heart, at what?

BENVOLIO

At thy good heart's oppression.

ROMEO

Why, such is love's transgression. Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast, Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest With more of thine: this love that thou hast shown Doth add more grief to too much of mine own. Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs; Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes; Being vex'd a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears: What is it else? a madness most discreet, A choking gall and a preserving sweet. Farewell, my coz.

BENVOLIO

Soft! I will go along; An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

ROMEO

Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here; This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

BENVOLIO

Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.

ROMEO

What, shall I groan and tell thee?

BENVOLIO

Groan! why, no.

But sadly tell me who.

ROMEO

Bid a sick man in sadness make his will: Ah, word ill urged to one that is so ill! In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

BENVOLIO

I aim'd so near, when I supposed you loved.

ROMEO

A right good mark-man! And she's fair I love.

BENVOLIO

A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

ROMEO

Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not be hit With Cupid's arrow; she hath Dian's wit; And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd, From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd. She will not stay the siege of loving terms, Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes, Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold: O, she is rich in beauty, only poor, That when she dies with beauty dies her store.

BENVOLIO

Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?

ROMEO

She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste, For beauty starved with her severity Cuts beauty off from all posterity. She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair, To merit bliss by making me despair: She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow Do I live dead that live to tell it now.

BENVOLIO

Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.

ROMEO

O, teach me how I should forget to think.

BENVOLIO

By giving liberty unto thine eyes; Examine other beauties.

ROMEO

'Tis the way

To call hers exquisite, in question more: These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows Being black put us in mind they hide the fair; He that is stricken blind cannot forget The precious treasure of his eyesight lost: Show me a mistress that is passing fair, What doth her beauty serve, but as a note Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair? Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

BENVOLIO

I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

VENUS AND ADONIS - WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

"Venus and Adonis" is a William Shakespeare's masterpiece that was written in 1539 and published and printed by Richard Field. Shakespeare referred to this as "the first heir of my invention" that suggest that it was his first work. Shakespeare dedicated Venus and Adonis to Henry Wriothesley, count of Southampton.

The history tells that Venus is in love with Adonis, she tries to convince him to not go to hunting, but the young man wants to go to hunting the boar. When the morning came Venus hears the barking of the dogs and full of terror goes in search of her lover, who is killed by the boar. Besides being entertaining, reading Venus and Adonis can be a fascinating and enriching experience.

Venus And Adonis - William Shakespeare

Venus And Adonis

Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow;
"O thou clear god, and patron of all light,
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
There lives a son that suck'd an earthly mother, May
lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other."

O, how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow
Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye;
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow
Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to dry
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
As striving who should best become her grievance
All entertain'd, each passion labours so,
That every present sorrow seemeth chief,
But none is best: then join they all together,
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather

By this, far off she hears some huntsman holla
A nurse's song ne'er pleased her babe so well

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,
And yet she hears no tidings of her love
She hearkens for his hounds and for his horn
Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,
Hasting to feed her fawn, hid in some brake.

By this she hears the hounds are at a bay;
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder
Wreath'd up in fatal folds just in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder;
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
Appals her senses and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud
Finding their enemy to be so curst,
They all strain court'sy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprise her heart;
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
They basely fly and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy;
Till, cheering up her senses all dismay'd,
She tells them 'tis a causeless fantasy,
And childish error, that they are afraid;
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more
And with that word she spied the hunted boar;

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back retires to rate the boar for murder.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways;
She treads the path that she untreads again;
Her more than haste is mated with delays,

The dire imagination she did follow
This sound of hope doth labour to expel;
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye like pearls in glass
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should part
To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes
Despair and hope make thee ridiculous
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely
In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame;
It was not she that call'd him all to naught
Now she adds honours to his hateful name;
She clepes him king of graves and grave for king
Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

"No, no," quoth she, "sweet Death, I did but grieve
Yet pardon me I felt a kind of fear
When as I met the boar, that bloody beast,
Which knows no pity, but is still severe;
Then, gentle shadow,--truth I must confess,
I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

"Tis not my fault: the boar provok'd my tongue
Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander;
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong
I did but act, he's author of thy slander
Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet
Could rule them both without ten women's wit

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate;
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With Death she humbly doth insinuate;
Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories
His victories, his triumphs and his glories.

"O Jove," quoth she, "how much a fool was I
To be of such a weak and silly mind
To wail his death who lives and must not die
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind;
For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,

Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,
Full of respects, yet nought at all respecting;
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennell'd in a brake she finds a hound,
And asks the weary caitiff for his master,
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster;
And here she meets another sadly scowling,
To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

When he hath ceas'd his ill-resounding noise,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
Against the welkin volleys out his voice;
Another, and another, answer him,
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amazed
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gazed,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies;
So she at these sad signs draws up her breath
And sighing it again, exclaims on Death.

"Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce of love,"--thus chides she Death,
"Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou
mean

To stifle beauty and to steal his breath,
Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty set
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?

"If he be dead,--O no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it
O yes, it may; thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit.
Thy mark is feeble age, but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim and cleaves an infant's heart.

"Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
And, hearing him, thy power had lost his power.
The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke;
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower
Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
And not Death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.

"Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such
weeping?

What may a heavy groan advantage thee?
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?

And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

"Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear
As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves
Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear,
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves
Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcon to the lure, away she flies;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight;
Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view
Like stars asham'd of day, themselves withdrew

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain
And there, all smother'd up, in shade doth sit
Long after fearing to creep forth again;
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
Into the deep dark cabins of her head

Where they resign their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain;
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes;
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes
Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound
This mutiny each part doth so surprise
That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd
No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed
But stole his blood and seem'd with him to bleed

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;
Dumbly she passions, frantically she doteth;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead
Her voice is stopt, her joints forget to bow;
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now

William S

Now nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour."

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
She vail'd her eyelids, who, like sluices, stopt
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropt;
But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,
And with his strong course opens them again.

LORD BYRON

(22 January 1788 – 19 April 1824)

George Gordon Byron, 6th Baron Byron was a British poet and a leading figure in Romanticism. Among Lord Byron's best-known works are the narrative poems *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* and *Don Juan*. The latter remained incomplete on his death. He was regarded as one of the greatest European poets and remains widely read.



Lord Byron was born in London on January 22, 1788. His father, John Byron, died in 1791, and Byron spent most of his youth with his mother, Catherine Gordon Byron, in Scotland. He was educated primarily at Harrow School, and later attended Cambridge. When he was ten, he inherited his title and estates, most notably Newstead. In 1806, he published his first book of poetry, but suppressed the edition and destroyed most of the copies. The book was revised and published in 1807. The critical response was mixed, and in response he published the satirical poem, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, in 1809. That year, he also took his seat in the House of Lords, and attended a few sessions. However, Byron did not speak in Parliament until 1812, after he returned from nearly two years abroad and recovered from his mother's death in the summer of 1811.

In the summer of 1809, he went abroad and toured the Middle East with his friend John Cam Hobhouse. While in Greece, Byron wrote *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, which was published in 1812 and propelled him into London society. Over the next two years, he published the popular *Turkish Tales*, including *The Giaour*, *The Bride of Abydos*, *The Corsair*, and *Lara*. In 1812, he began an intense affair with Lady Caroline Lamb, who later wrote of their affair and London society in her roman à clef, *Glenarvon*. Their affair led to his correspondence with her mother-in-law, Lady Elizabeth Melbourne. Through her, Byron proposed to Annabella Milbanke, Lady Melbourne's serious and prim niece. Although she refused in 1812, she accepted his second proposal in the fall of 1814 and they were married January 2, 1815. The two were not suited to one another, and after the birth of their daughter, Augusta Ada, on December 19, 1815, Annabella surprised Byron by requesting a separation. Although she refused to specify her reasons, it is likely that she learned of his suspected affair, in 1814, with his half-sister Augusta. In 1816, he once again went abroad and never returned to England.

Byron traveled to Switzerland, where he continued writing *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, and began *The Prisoner of Chillon*. After he left Switzerland, he continued traveling, including extended stays in Milan, Venice, Rome, and Ravenna over the course of the following years. His poetry written during this period includes *Manfred*, *Cain*, *Sardanapalus*, and the final canto of *Childe Harold*. In 1819, he began to write *Don Juan*, which he continued until 1823. In Switzerland, Byron met with Percy Bysshe Shelley, Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin (later Mary Shelley), and her stepsister Clair Clairmont, with whom he had a brief affair in London. In spite of his dislike of overly attached Clairmont, Byron developed a friendship with the Shelleys and provided for his daughter, Allegra, by Clairmont, until the young child's tragic illness and death in 1822. In 1819 he began an affair with Teresa, Countess Guiccioli, which lasted until his death. While in Italy, he assisted the Italian freedom fighters working for democracy, but was disappointed by the lack of results. He went to Greece in 1823, where he assisted in the Greek war for independence from Turkey. He joined the Greek prince Mavrocordatos, and was soon in control, both because of his ability to finance the men and discord amongst the Greeks. In February 1824, Byron had what seems to have been an epileptic seizure, and became ill two months later. He died on April 19, 1824 after an extended illness and fever. After his death in Missolonghi, his remains were returned to England, and his friends decided to destroy rather than publish his Memoirs.

EPISTLE TO AUGUSTA - LORD BYRON

EPISTLE TO AUGUSTA

My sister! my sweet sister! if a name Dearer and purer were, it should be thine; Mountains and seas divide us, but I claim No tears, but tenderness to answer mine: Go where I will, to me thou art the same - A loved regret which I would not resign. There yet are two things in my destiny, - A world to roam through, and a home with thee.

The first were nothing -had I still the last, It were the haven of my happiness; But other claims and other ties thou hast, And mine is not the wish to make them less. A strange doom is thy father's sons's, and past Recalling, as it lies beyond redress; Reversed for him our grandsire's fate of yore, - He had no rest at sea, nor I on shore.

If my inheritance of storms hath been In other elements, and on the rocks Of perils, overlooked or unforeseen, I have sustained my share of worldly shocks, The fault was mine; nor do I seek to screen My errors with defensive paradox; I have been cunning in mine overthrow, The careful pilot of my proper woe.

Mine were my faults, and mine be their reward, My whole life was a contest, since the day That gave me being, gave me that which marred The gift, -a fate, or will, that walked astray; And I at times have found the struggle hard, And thought of shaking off my bonds of clay: But now I fain would for a time survive, If but to see what next can well arrive.

Kingdoms and empires in my little day I have outlived, and yet I am not old; And when I look on this, the petty spray Of my own years of trouble, which have rolled Like a wild bay of breakers, melts away: Something -I know not what -does still uphold A spirit of slight patience; -not in vain, Even for its own sake, do we purchase pain.

Perhaps the workings of defiance stir Within me, -or perhaps of cold despair, Brought on when ills habitually recur, - Perhaps a kinder clime, or purer air, (For even to this may change of soul refer, And with light armour we may learn to bear,) Have taught me a strange quiet, which was not The chief companion of a calmer lot.

I feel almost at times as I have felt In happy childhood; trees, and flowers, and brooks, Which do remember me of where I dwelt, Ere my young mind was sacrificed to books, Come as of yore upon me, and can melt My heart with recognition of their looks; And even at moments I could think I see Some living thing to love -but none like thee.

Here are the Alpine landscapes which create A fund for contemplation; -to admire Is a brief feeling of a trivial date; But something worthier do such scenes inspire. Here to be lonely is not desolate, For much I view which I could most desire, And, above all, a lake I can behold Lovelier, not dearer, than our own of old.

Oh that thou wert but with me! -but I grow The fool of my own wishes, and forget The solitude which I have vaunted so Has lost its praise is this but one regret; There may be others which I less may show, - I am not of the plaintive mood, and yet I feel an ebb in my philosophy, And the tide rising in my altered eye.

I did remind thee of our own dear Lake, By the old Hall which may be mine no more. Leman's is fair; but think not I forsake The sweet remembrance of a dearer shore; Sad havoc Time must with my memory make, Ere that or thou can fade these eyes before; Though, like all things which I have loved, they are Resigned for ever, or divided far.

The world is all before me; I but ask Of Nature that with which she will comply - It is but in her summer's sun to bask, To mingle with the quiet of her sky, To see her gentle face without a mask And never gaze on it with apathy. She was my early friend, and now shall be My sister -till I look again on thee.

I can reduce all feelings but this one; And that I would not; -for at length I see Such scenes as those wherein my life begun. The earliest -even the only paths for me - Had I but sooner learnt the crowd to shun, I had been better than I now can be; The passions which have torn me would have slept: I had not suffered, and thou hadst not wept.

With false Ambition what had I to do? Little with Love, and least of all with Fame! And yet they came unsought, and with me grew, And made me all which they can make -a name. Yet this was not the end I did pursue; Surely I once beheld a nobler aim. But all is over -I am one the more To baffled millions which have gone before.

And for the future, this world's future may From me demand but little of my care; I have outlived myself by many a day: Having survived so many things that were; My years have been no slumber, but the prey Of ceaseless vigils; for I had the share Of life which might have filled a century, Before its fourth in time had passed me by.

And for the remnant which may be to come, I am content; and for the past I feel Not thankless, -for within the crowded sum Of struggles, happiness at times would steal, And for the present, I would not benumb My feelings farther. -Nor shall I conceal That with all this I still can look around, And worship Nature with a thought profound.

For thee, my own sweet sister, in thy heart I know myself secure, as thou in mine; We were and are - I am, even as thou art - Beings who ne'er each other can resign; It is the same, together or apart, From life's commencement to its slow decline We are entwined -let death come slow or fast, The tie which bound the first endures the last!

JAMES JOYCE

(2 February 1882 - 13 January 1941)

James Augustine Aloysius Joyce was an Irish writer, widely considered to be one of the most influential writers of the 20th century. Along with Marcel Proust and Virginia Woolf, he is considered a key figure in the development of the modernist novel. James Joyce was born in Dublin as the son of John Stanislaus Joyce, impoverished gentleman, who had failed in a distillery business and tried all kinds of professions, including politics and tax collecting. Joyce's mother, Mary Jane Murray, was ten years younger than her husband. She was an accomplished pianist, whose life was dominated by the Roman Catholic Church and her husband. In spite of the poverty, the family struggled to maintain solid middle-class facade.



James Joyce was to modern literature what Picasso was to modern art: he scrambled up the old formulas and set the table for the 20th century. Joyce's books *Ulysses* (1921) and *Finnegan's Wake* (1939) ignored traditional plot and sentence structure in favor of sprawling, witty, complex mixtures of wordplay, streams of consciousness, and snatches of sights and aromas woven in with the rambling reveries of the characters. Joyce grew up in Dublin, set all his major stories there, and is intricately associated with the city; *Ulysses* tells the story of one day in the life of Leopold Bloom as he travels the city's streets. (Bloom's wanderings are compared to those of mythical hero Ulysses -- hence the book's title.) *Finnegan's Wake* went even further with dreamy wordplay and inventive genius, but also cemented Joyce's reputation as a challenging, even difficult author to read. Joyce moved from Dublin in 1904 with his girlfriend Nora Barnacle; they had a son (Giorgio) in 1905 and a daughter (Lucia) in 1907, but were not married until 1931. They lived in Paris from 1920 until World War II forced a move to Zurich, where Joyce died in 1941. His other works include *The Dubliners* (1914) and *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (1916).

Joyce worked on *Finnegan's Wake* for 17 years before its publication in 1939... Joyce suffered from weak eyesight throughout his life and wore thick, owlsh glasses... The day described in *Ulysses* is 16 June 1904, and in some cities 16 June is whimsically celebrated as "Bloomsday"... Though Joyce is closely tied to Dublin, he never returned to the city after a visit in 1912... Joyce's birthday also happens to be Groundhog Day... The main character of *Finnegan's Wake* is named Humphrey Chimpden Earwicker... The famous first line of *Finnegan's Wake* is: "riverrun, past Eve and Adam's, from swerve of shore to bend of bay, brings us by a commodius vicus of recirculation back to Howth Castle and Environs."

ULYSSES - JAMES JOYCE

ULYSSES: EPISODE 1

(Fragment)

Stately, plump buck mulligan came from the stairhear, bearing a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed. A yellow dressing gown, ungirdled, was sustained gently-behind him by the mild morning air. He held the bowl aloft and intoned:

-- Introibo ad altare Dei.

Halted, he peered down the dark winding stairs and called up coarsely:

-- Come up, Kinch. Come up, you fearful jesuit.

Solemnly he came forward and mounted the round gunrest. He faced about and blessed gravely thrice the tower and the surrounding country and the awaking mountains. Then, catching sight of Stephen Dedalus, he bent towards him and made rapid crosses in the air, gurgling in his throat and shaking his head. Stephen Dedalus, displeased and sleepy, leaned his arms on the top of the staircase and looked coldly at the shaking gurgling face that blessed him, equidistant length, and at the light untousured hair, grained and hued like pale oak.

Buck Mulligan peeped an instant under the mirror and then covered the bowl smartly.

-- Back to barracks, he said sternly.

He added in a preacher's tone:

-- For this, O dearly beloved, is the genuine Christine: body and soul and blood and ouns. Slow music, please. Slow your eyes, gents. One moment. A little trouble about those white corpuscles. Silence, all.

He peered sideways up and gave a long low whistle of call, then paused awhile in rapt attention, his even white teeth glistening here and there with gold points. Chrysostomos. Two strong shrill whistles answered through the calm.

-- Thanks, old chap, he cried briskly. That will do nicely. Switch off the current, will you?

He skipped off the gunrest and looked gravely at his watcher, gathering about his legs the loose folds of his gown. His plump shadowed face and sullen oval jowl recalled a prelate, patron of arts in the middle ages. A pleasant smile came over his lips quietly.

-- The mockery of it, he said gaily. Your absurd name, an ancient Greek.

He pointed his finger in friendly jest and went over to the parapet, laughing to himself. Stephen Dedalus stepped forward and followed him wearily half way and sat down on the edge of the gunrest, watching him still as he propped his mirror on the parapet, dipped the brush in the bowl and lathered cheeks and neck.

Buck Mulligan's gay voice went on.

-- My name is absurd too: Malachi Mulligan, two dactyls. But it has a Hellenic ring, hasn't it? Tripping and sunny as the buck himself. We must go to Athens. Will you come if I can get the aunt to fork out twenty quid?

He laid the brush aside and, laughing with delight, cried:

-- Will he come? The jejune jesuit.

Ceasing, he began to shave with care.

-- Tell me, Mulligan, Stephen said quietly.

-- Yes, my love?

-- How long is Haines going to stay in this tower?

Buck Mulligan showed a shaven cheek over his right shoulder.

-- God, isn't he dreadful? he said frankly. A ponderous Saxon. He thinks you're not a gentleman. God, these blooming English. Bursting with money and indigestion. Because he comes from Oxford. You know, Dedalus; you have the Oxford manner. He can't make you out. O, my name for you is the best: Kinch, the knife-blade.

EMILY DICKINSON

Emily Elizabeth Dickinson was an important American poet, who was born in Amherst, Massachusetts, 10 December 1830. Emily Dickinson lived an introverted and reclusive life due to She was educated in as strict and puritan environment, spending most of her time in her house.

In her youth Emily studied in Amherst Academy, under the tutelage of scientist and theologian Edward Hitchcock, during Seven years, after that she spends a short time in at Mount Holyoke Female Seminary. During her life she made very few friends, but one of them was the reverend Charles Wadsworth, who influenced much in her poems and thinking.

The first person to realize that she was a talent for poetry was Thomas Higginson, who was a clergyman and writer close to her, who advised her not to publish her works because it went against the literacy conventions of the time. Helen Jackson tried to convince Emily to publish her poems but she refused due to the advices of many people.

Emily died on May 15, 1886 and she now rests in the West Cemetery of Amherst, Hampshire County, Massachusetts. During her life she wrote a large number of poems, which most of them were discovered after her death. Some of the most important are: Success is counted sweetest, A wounded deer leaps highest, Some things that fly there be, When night is almost done and I never hear the word 'escape'.

Emily Dickinson wrote more than 500 poems during her life, which most of them were known many years after her death. Due to her shy and reserved personality, Emily wrote many poems where loneliness and death were the main theme.

"Because I could not stop for death" is definitely one of the most famous. This poem contains six stanzas, each with four lines, where she reveals her calm acceptance of death due to she was a Christian and Bible reader. This poem was first published and edited by two of her friends Mabel Loomis Todd and Thomas Wentworth Higginson, many years after she died, in 1890.



Because I Could Not Stop For Death

Because I could not stop for Death,
He kindly stopped for me;
The carriage held but just ourselves
And Immortality.

We slowly drove, he knew no haste,
And I had put away
My labor, and my leisure too,
For his civility.

We passed the school where children played,
Their lessons scarcely done;
We passed the fields of gazing grain,
We passed the setting sun.

We paused before a house that seemed
A swelling of the ground;
The roof was scarcely visible.
The cornice but a mound.

Since then 'tis centuries but each

Feels shorter than the day
I first surmised the horses' heads
Were toward eternity.

Emily Dickinson

ROBERT FROST

On March 26, 1874, Robert Frost was born in San Francisco; Frost's father was a journalist, and his mother a teacher. Frost eventually tried his hand at both professions. He spent his childhood in San Francisco, after the death of his father, Frost moved to Lawrence, Massachusetts, with his mother and sister. He graduated from Lawrence High School with his coaledictorian and his future wife, Elinor White. He attended Dartmouth College for a few months. Frost took his first teaching job in Methuen, Massachusetts. He worked in the Arlington in Lawrence in 1893.



"My Butterfly" which was Frost's first published poem appeared in The Independent in 1894. In 1895, Elinor White came into teach with him, and soon afterward, in December, she and Frost were married. Frost attended Harvard as an undergraduate from 1897 to 1899. There seemed no reason to stay at Harvard. Frost left without finishing, which meant he could not teach college. The family moved to a farm in Derry, New Hampshire in 1900.

Frost spent 10 years of farming and teaching at the Pinkerton Academy in Derry from 1900 to 1910. In 1911, Frost began teaching psychology at New Hampshire State Normal School in Plymouth. During the day, he did all the chores to keep the farm going; at night, when the house was completely, he wrote poetry. Those were the years when he wrote such poems as "Mending Wall" and "October".

The family had to find a new place where they could live on little money and where Frost would be free to write his poetry. Perhaps thinking in British poets he had read at Dartmouth, Frost decided to go to England. Frost became the country's most beloved poet. He received the formal congratulations of the United States Senate when he turned seventy-five, and again a decade later. The next year, he read this poem "The Gift Outright" at the inauguration of President John F. Kennedy. When he died three years later, people around the world mourned, many remembering him to for what he was: a great poet.

The Road Not Taken was written by Robert Frost and published in 1915 in Mountain Interval collection. This narrative poem has four stanzas of iambic tetrameter but it doesn't follow all the rules for it because it has nine syllables instead the eight necessities for the tetrameter.

There are many interpretations about this poem but all of them talk about inspiration to individualism and non-conformism. They also talk about the decisions that we take daily and after we think that we took a wrong decision and the other option would be better; but in the last lines Frost talks about taking a road because it was less traveled because it was more difficult or the correct way.

Robert Frost - The Road Not Taken

The Road Not Taken

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay

In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence
Two roads diverged in a wood, and
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

Robert Frost

LANGSTON HUGHES

Hughes James Mercer Langston Hughes or simply Langston Hughes was a poet and social activist who was born in Joplin, Missouri on February 1st, 1902. His mother was a school teacher and his father was a storekeeper. Langston Hughes was the great-great-grandson of Charles Henry Langston who was the brother of John Mercer Langston the first American black to be elected to public office.

Langston Hughes worked and traveled to many African and European countries in which he spread his thinks. Langton Hughes died on 22 May, 1967 due to complications after an abdominal surgery related to prostate cancer. During his life he wrote many interesting works among we can mention "the Negro speak of rivers", "Freedom's Plow", "The Panther and the Lash: Poems of Our Times", "Laughing to Keep from Crying", "Simple Takes a Wife" and "The Best of Simple".

The Negro Speak of River is definitely one of the most important Langton Hughes' works. This poem was written while he was traveling in a train to Mexico, where he lived by many years, when he was only 18 years old. He was inspired by the beauty of the Mississippi and by the discrimination that his people suffered in those years. The Negro Speak of River was first published by The Crisis Magazine in 1921.

The Negro speak of River celebrate the courage of the community in a time of great racial intolerance, injustice, and inequality in America. Langton Hughes dedicated this work to WEB DuBois who was one of the most renowned educators and civil rights activists.



Langston Hughes - The Negro Speak of River

The Negro Speak of River

I've known rivers
I've known rivers ancient as the world and older than the
flow of human blood in human veins.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

I bathed in the Euphrates when dawns were young.
I built my hut near the Congo and it lulled me to sleep.
I looked upon the Nile and raised the pyramids above it.
I heard the singing of the Mississippi when Abe Lincoln
went down to New Orleans, and I've seen its muddy
bosom turn all golden in the sunset.

I've known rivers
Ancient, dusky rivers.

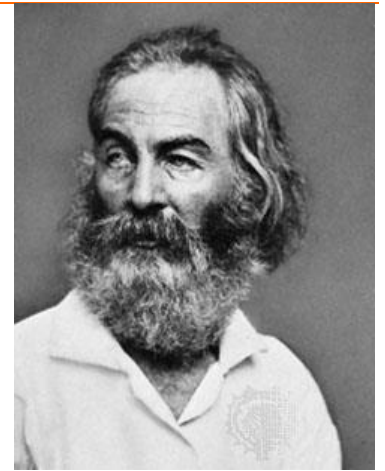
My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

Langston Hughes

WALT WHITMAN

Walter "Walt" Whitman was a poet and journalist who was born in Long Island on May 31, 1819. Walt Whitman is also known as the father of free verse due to his controversial works that were widely criticized at that time. Walter Whitman belonged to a low income family, he was the second of nine children, his father was a British citizen called Walter Whitman and his mother was a Dutch housewife called Louisa Van Velsor.

During his life he worked as a journalist in New York, in 1836, at the age of 17, he began his career as teacher in the one-room school houses of Long Island. Whitman funded the weekly newspaper called "Long- Islander" and in 1855 he published the first of many editions of "Leaves of Grass", which is considered his most famous work. During the war he assisted spiritually wounded soldiers in Washington and he continued working for the state until 1873 when he suffered a severe attack. Whitman died on March 1892 due to bronchitis.



Walt Whitman wrote this beautiful poem in 1865 for the death of Abraham Lincoln. This was first published in New York, where it became an instant success. As most of his poems, **O Captain! My Captain!**, is characterized by the use of rhymed, rhythmically regular verse, which serves to create a somber yet exalted effect.

Over time, this poem was used in many movies and TV series, for example Death Poets Society, the Truth Machine, Full House, and in Dharma & Greg. In 1996 the famous poet Naomi Shemer translated this poem to Hebrew and composed music for it.

Walt Whitman - O Captain! My Captain!

O Captain! My Captain!

O Captain my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

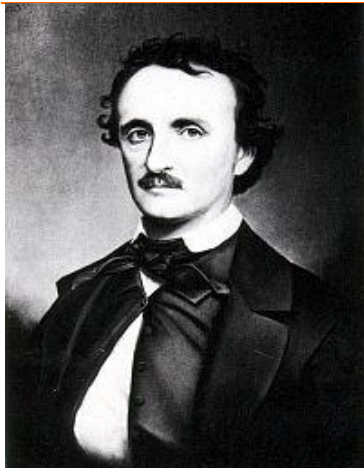
O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up--for you the flag is flung for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

Walt Whitman

EDGAR ALLAN POE



Edgar Allan Poe was born in Boston on January 19, 1809. Shortly after his birth, his father disappeared, and in 1811 his mother died. He was taken into the home of John Allan (from where Edgar derived his middle name), a wealthy merchant living in Richmond, Virginia. In 1815 the family moved to England where Poe was sent to private schools. Five years later he had finished school and went back to New York with Allan family.

When Poe was 17 years old he visited the University of Virginia and studies Spanish, French and Latin. Although he was an excellent student, Edgar Allan Poe got right away into difficulties because of excessive card game playing. In 1827, he enlisted in the army under the name Edgar A. Perry and quickly rose to the rank of sergeant major. In the same year his first book **Tamerlane and other Poems** was released.

In 1829 Poe published his second book **Al Aaraf** but this was also the year in which French Allan, his foster mother, died. Edgar Allan Poe had to stand his own feet and although he succeeded in publishing a new edition of his poem, he had several problems finding enough jobs to survive. In 1835, his story **Ms. Found in a bottle** won a contest and finally Edgar did not only get attention for his work but he also received money as a reward. In 1836, Poe married his 13 year-old cousin but soon Virginia started to cough blood, a sign of Tuberculosis. Poe drank more and more alcohol to ease the pain, dropped out his commitments with the newspaper and rapidly changed to new ones from there on. Nevertheless one of his most famous poems **the Raven** was written at the time and was published in the Evening mirror 1845.

Edgar Allan Poe tried to build up new relationships after two years his wife dies, but they all failed sooner or later probably because of his drinking habit and his addiction to Opium and other drugs. On October 3, 1849, Edgar Allan Poe was taken to the Washington College Hospital, after he was found unconsciously on the street. Four days later he died. There are many stories and theories about his death, but none of them could be confirmed. Edgar Allan Poe's life is filled with tragic circumstances, the loss of many beloved ones and steady fight to survive. Nevertheless, he became one of the best and most important writers in the American literature and a key figure in world literature. Even today, Edgar Allan Poe is one of the most widely read authors. All over the world universities and schools deal with his short stories and poetry.

THE RAVEN - EDGAR ALLAN POE

The Raven is probably Poe's most famous poem. "The Raven" is a great poem to read out loud. It's a bit long, but with some practice one can read it with the kind of expression that will give one's friends. This poem in particular, is marked by deep sadness over the loss of a loved one. It's sadness that began Poe's childhood with his father's desertion and the death of his mother.

The Raven, which appeared in 1845, was an immediate sensation both in the United States and abroad, and today it stands as one of the most popular poems of all times. It added considerably Poe's fame but brought him a little money, for it was reprinted widely without permission. The Raven is quintessential Poe; it takes up his favorite themes loss remembrance, mixes horror with whimsy, and relies heavily on astonishing, spellbinding rhythm and rhyme. The poem also typifies Poe in tracing the physiological breakdown of its narrator. A good way to write about the poem is to examine how it dramatizes his breakdown in terms of the speaker's changing behavior and statements and through the poem's diction, meter and rhyme.

The Raven - Edgar Allan Poe

The Raven

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,

As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
Tis some visitor, I muttered, tapping at my chamber door
Only this, and nothing more.'

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; - vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow - sorrow for the lost Lenore
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels named Lenore
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me - filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;
This it is, and nothing more,'

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
Sir, said I, `or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you - here I opened wide the door;
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, Lenore!
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, Lenore!
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.
Surely, said I, surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see then, what thence is, and this mystery explore
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore;
This the wind and nothing more!

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou, I said, art sure no craven.
Ghastly grim and ancient raven wandering from the nightly shore
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!
Quoth the raven, `Nevermore.'

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning - little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door
Bird or beast above the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as Nevermore.

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only,
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered - not a feather then he fluttered
Till I scarcely more than muttered `Other friends have flown before
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before.'
Then the bird said, Nevermore.

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
`Doubtless, said I, `what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore
Of "Never-nevermore."

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking `Nevermore.'

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
Wretch, I cried, thy God hath lent thee - by these angels he has sent thee
Respite - respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!
Quoth the raven, Nevermore.

Prophet! said I, thing of evil! - prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted
On this home by horror haunted - tell me truly, I implore
Is there - is there balm in Gilead? - tell me - tell me, I implore!
Quoth the raven, `Nevermore.'

Prophet! said I, thing of evil! - prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us - by that God we both adore

Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn, It shall clasp a sainted maiden
whom the angels named Lenore
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels named Lenore?
Quoth the raven, `Nevermore.'

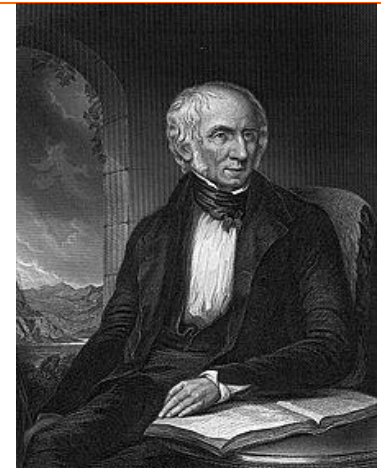
Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend! I shrieked upstarting
Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! - quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!
Quoth the raven, `Nevermore.'

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted - nevermore!

Edgar Allan Poe

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

William Wordsworth was born in April, 1770, in the Lake District, a land in the northwest of England for its mountain and lake scenery, its small towns, and its simple way of life. William grew up in the Lake District and lost both his mother and his father early youth, 1778 and 1783 respectively. He was educated at Hawkshead Grammar School (1779-1783). William went on a European tour in 1790 and, after graduating from Cambridge, spent a year (1791-1792) in France. While in France, William became an enthusiastic republican, although later developments gradually turned him against the revolution.



He became friendly with some Girondists and he had an affair with Annette Vallon, the daughter of a French surgeon. Vallon gave birth to William's daughter, Caroline, in December 1792, but William returned alone to England when war broke out between his country and France in 1793. In that year William published two highly descriptive and relatively conventional poems, **An Evening Walk** and **Descriptive Sketches** both in heroic couplets. In 1794 he inherited 900, which temporarily freed him of financial worries and allowed him settle at Racedown in Dorset, where he was joined by her sister, Dorothy; she was to be his close companion and an influence on his poetry for the rest of his life.

In 1797 the two moved to Alforden, Somerset, to be near Samuel Taylor Coleridge, whom William has his first met in 1795 and with whom he now entered into an artistic partnership. Under Coleridge's influence William poetry became more metaphysical, and for both poets the next several years were to be a period of intense creativity. A selection of their poetry was published as **Lyrical Ballads**, which included William's **Tintern Abbey** and **The idiot Boy**; the first edition appeared in 1798, and a second, with the addition of new poems and the famous **Preface**, on January 1, 1801.

In 1802, William married Mary Hutchinson, by whom he had five children between in 1803 and 1810. **Poems in Two Volumes** containing many of his most celebrated lyrics, such as **Resolution and Independence** and **Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood**, was published in 1807 but received poor reviews. By this point the young radical of the 1790s had long since become a political conservative patriot and had received over the years a great deal of criticisms from Byron, Shelley, Keats, Hazlitt, and others. William Wordsworth lived his last years at Grasmere and died at Rydal Mount on April 23, 1850.

TINTERN ABBEY - WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

The principal theme of William Wordsworth's poetry is: the relation between humans and nature that emerges in "Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey on Revising the Banks of the Wye During a tour", which describes poet's reactions in this return to the place he had visited five years earlier. After describing the scene, he recalls the joy its memory has brought to mind the passage of time in his own life, and the importance that the beauty of nature has always had for him.

The last part of poem shows how his love of nature has illuminated his relationships with other human beings; in this case, his beloved sister. The complete thought processes are expressed in the simplest language. In contrast to such eighteenth-century poets as Alexander Pope, the words are straightforward with no learned biblical, classical, or even literary reference. "Tintern Abbey" was written in 1798 and it is one of the most representative poems of William Wordsworth.

Tintern Abbey - William Wordsworth

Tintern Abbey

Five years have past; five summers, with the length
Of five long winters! and again I hear

To me was all in all. -- I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,

These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
 With a soft inland murmur. Once again
 Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
 That on a wild secluded scene impress
 Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect
 The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
 The day is come when I again repose
 Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
 These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
 Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
 Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
 'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
 These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
 Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms,
 Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
 Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
 With some uncertain notice, as might seem
 Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
 Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire
 The Hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,
 Through a long absence, have not been to me
 As is a landscape to a blind man's eye
 But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
 Of towns and cities, I have owed to them
 In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
 Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
 And passing even into my purer mind,
 With tranquil restoration, feelings too
 Of unremembered pleasure, such, perhaps,
 As have no slight or trivial influence
 On that best portion of a good man's life,
 His little, nameless, unremembered, acts
 Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
 To them I may have owed another gift,
 Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,
 In which the burthen of the mystery,
 In which the heavy and the weary weight
 Of all this unintelligible world,
 Is lightened, that serene and blessed mood,
 In which the affections gently lead us on,
 Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
 And even the motion of our human blood
 Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
 In body, and become a living soul
 While with an eye made quiet by the power
 Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
 We see into the life of things.

If this
 Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how of
 In darkness and amid the many shapes
 Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
 Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
 Have hung upon the beatings of my heart
 How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
 O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer thro' the woods,
 How often has my spirit turned to thee!
 And now, with gleams of half-extinguished
 thought,
 With many recognitions dim and faint,
 And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
 The picture of the mind revives again
 While here I stand, not only with the sense
 Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts

That had no need of a remoter charm,
 By thought supplied, nor any interest
 Unborrowed from the eye. -- That time is past,
 And all its aching joys are now no more,
 And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
 Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur, other gifts
 Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
 Abundant recompence. For I have learned
 To look on nature, not as in the hour
 Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
 The still, sad music of humanity,
 Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
 To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
 A presence that disturbs me with the joy
 Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
 A motion and a spirit, that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
 And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
 A lover of the meadows and the woods,
 And mountains; and of all that we behold
 From this green earth; of all the mighty world
 Of eye, and ear, -- both what they half create,
 And what perceive; well pleased to recognise
 In nature and the language of the sense,
 The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
 The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
 Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,
 If I were not thus taught, should I the more
 Suffer my genial spirits to decay
 For thou art with me here upon the banks
 Of this fair river; thou my dearest Friend,
 My dear, dear Friend; and in thy voice I catch
 The language of my former heart, and read
 My former pleasures in the shooting lights
 Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
 May I behold in thee what I was once,
 My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I make,
 Knowing that Nature never did betray
 The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
 Through all the years of this our life, to lead
 From joy to joy: for she can so inform
 The mind that is within us, so impress
 With quietness and beauty, and so feed
 With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
 Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
 Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
 The dreary intercourse of daily life,
 Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
 Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
 Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
 Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
 And let the misty mountain-winds be free
 To blow against thee: and, in after years,
 When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
 Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind
 Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
 Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
 For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,
 If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
 Should be thy portion, with what healing

That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when
first

I came among these hills; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led: more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by)

thoughts

Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these
gleams

Of past existence -- wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I, so long
A worshipper of Nature, hither came
Unwearied in that service: rather say
With warmer love -- oh! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

William Wordsworth

SYLVIA PLATH



Sylvia Plath was born on October 27, 1932 in Boston, Massachusetts, the daughter of two German-speaking intellectuals: Otto Plath, professor of biology at Boston University and author of **Bumblebees and their Ways**; and Aurelia Schober, who had met Otto Plath while studying for master's degree in German. Sylvia spent an **ocean childhood** in the seashore of Winthrop, Massachusetts, and felt that **my vision of the sea is the clearest thing I own**.

In 1950 she went to Smith College a scholarship. As well as poetry prizes she won, first, a national fiction contest, and then, a guest editorship with **Mademoiselle** magazine. After four hectic weeks in New York, she returned home in deep depression and tried to kill herself. The circumstances of this episode form the substance of her autobiographical novel, **The Bell Jar**, published under the pseudonym Victoria Lucas in 1963. In 1954 she studied German at Harvard, took courses in creative writing, and worked at her Smith thesis on the double personality of Dostoevsky's novels. Simultaneously she was developing a poetic personality and earned \$750 from published pieces and prizes in the years 1954 and 1955.

She graduated in 1955 and went to Newnham College, Cambridge, on a Fulbright Fellowship. At Cambridge she met Ted Hughes and the couple was married on 16 June 1956. They spent a summer in France and Spain before returning to Cambridge where she continued her studies while her husband worked as a schoolteacher. In 1960 she published her book **The Colossus**, showing her still very much American poet in manner and motivation. After she separated to his husband, she continued to write emotionally intense and formally bottle poems some of which, like **Edge**, dramatically anticipate her death. This finally came on 11 February 1963 after she had gassed herself.

It would be a mistake to regard her final work only was clinical of suicidal despair. To the end her work displayed universally valid insight with a consummate artistic integrity.

Sylvia Plath had all the prerequisites for happiness: she was brilliant, talented, and beautiful. An honor student in high school and college, she won awards for her writing. The intense agony she experimented also fueled some startlingly original poems. Though not the first to write about such volatile issues and mental illness, emotional distress, and suicide, Plath became the model by which all poets writing on these subjects were judged. In her case, self-revelation made for great art.

THE COLOSSUS - SYLVIA PLATH



Sylvia Plath constructed "The Colossus" out of everything she knew: literary tradition and her chosen poetic masters (Thomas and Lowell), visual art, heightened sights and sound of the natural world, the vast eerie world of her imagination and skilled craftsmanship. Which probably explains why, when an interviewer questions about The Colossus poems less than four months before her suicide, she responded: "They In fact, quite privately, bore me." In such classics as The Beekeeper's Daughter and the Disquieting Muses, she writes about sows and skeletons, fathers and suicides, about the noisy imperatives of life and the chilly hunger for death.

The Colossus, which appeared earlier in England to unusual acclaim was her first volume to be published in America. The forty poems in The Colossus are early artifacts of genius that still possess the power to move, delight, and shock. Plath has kept alive with deep emotion and intense language. One could spend years reading this collection over and over.

The Colossus - Sylvia Plath

The Colossus

I shall never get you put together entirely,
Pieced, glued, and properly jointed.
Mule-bray, pig-grunt and bawdy cackles
Proceed from your great lips.
It's worse than a barnyard.

Perhaps you consider yourself an oracle,
Mouthpiece of the dead, or of some god or other.
Thirty years now I have labored
To dredge the silt from your throat.
I am none the wiser.

Scaling little ladders with glue pots and pails of Lysol
I crawl like an ant in mourning
Over the weedy acres of your brow
To mend the immense skull-plates and clear
The bald, white tumuli of your eyes.

A blue sky out of the Oresteia
Arches above us. O father, all by yourself
You are pithy and historical as the Roman Forum.

I open my lunch on a hill of black cypress.
Your fluted bones and acanthine hair are littered

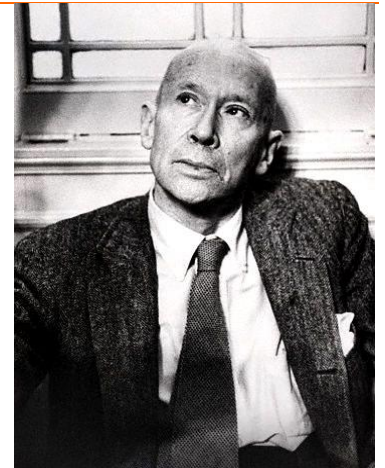
In their old anarchy to the horizon-line.
It would take more than a lightning-stroke
To create such a ruin.
Nights, I squat in the cornucopia
Of your left ear, out of the wind,

Counting the red stars and those of plum-color.
The sun rises under the pillar of your tongue.
My hours are married to shadow.
No longer do I listen for the scrape of a keel
On the blank stones of the landing.

Sylvia Plath

E. E. CUMMINGS

Edward Estlin Cummings was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on October 14, 1894, son of the Reverend Edward Cummings (lecturer at Harvard and Unitarian minister) and of Rebecca Haswell Clarke Cummings. Both encouraged Cummings's early interest in poetry and art, and continued to provide emotional and financial support whenever it was needed. In 1899, the family bought Joy Farm, an idyllic retreat in the White Mountains near Silver Lake, New Hampshire where Cummings would spend nearly every summer for the rest of his life. Cummings enrolled in Harvard in 1911 and focused his study on Classics and Literature, graduation magna cum laude four years later and staying on an extra year to earn his masters in English. He published his first poem in a 1912 issue of the Harvard Monthly and within a year was selected to serve on its editorial board with several like-minded peers.



Cummings poetry at the time was quite conventional in style and content, displaying a clear debt to Keats and Dante Gabriel Rossetti. The sea changed wrought by his exposure to modernist writers and painters is reflected in his 1915 commencement address, entitled "The New Art" as well as the four experimental pieces he selected for inclusion in "Eight Harvard Poets" (1917). These verses reveal Cumming's nascent fascination with the expressive potential of typographical arrangement and selective punctuation. They also contain his first use of the lowercase personal pronoun ("i"), a trademark of Cumming's work that symbolizes humility, his small physical stature, his poetic persona, and , most of all, the uniqueness of the individual.

After graduation Cumming moved to New York and obtained his first only job as a clerk for a mail-order bookseller. Three months later he quit and went work full-time on his poetry and painting. He publishes four poetry collections in quick succession: Tulips and Chimneys (1923), S (1925), XLI poems (1925), and Is 5 (1926). All received mixed reviews at best. His supporters at The Dial gave him an award for "distinguished service to American Letters". In 1927 Cummings tried his hand at playwriting with Him, an uneven but fascinating exploration of artistic self-discovering with early two dozen scenes and three times as many roles. The 1950s ushered in for Cummings a time of great popularity, public reading, exhibitions of his art, and overdue critical accolades.

E.E. Cummings died of a brain hemorrhage at Joy Farm, on September 1, 1962. By then, the notion had already begun to circulate that his name be written in all lowercase letters. The exact origin of this practice is unknown, but its entry into popular lore can be traced to the apocryphal assertion made by Harry T. Moore in the preface to Norman Friedman's *EE. Cummings: The Growth of a Writer* (1964) that Cummings has his name legally lowercased. Whatever the "case" may be, there is no doubt that Cummings has attained a place of honor in the pantheon of American poets.

This famous poem by E. E. Cummings is about deep, profound love. Dr. Clausens musical setting explores the very deepest emotions of the text in a lush and complex harmonic rendering. This poem paints a beautiful picture of the heart and its connection to the eternal love. E.E. Cumming s wrote this poem after he returned to his nation, when he enjoyed a great popularity among poetry lovers.

Thos beautiful poem expresses strong feelings, besides having a wonderful message. This poem is a little short but its lyrics have a great meaning of true love and other feelings. Experts consider this poem a masterpiece of E.E. Cummings; as soon as it was published many people enjoyed the lyrics of this poem. Nowadays, many people still read this wonderful poem. It is a pearl of American literature.

E. E. Cummings - I carry your heart with me

I carry your heart with me

i carry your heart with me(i carry it in
my heart)i am never without it(anywhere
i go you go,my dear; and whatever is done
by only me is your doing,my darling)

i fear

no fate(for you are my fate,my sweet)i want
no world(for beautiful you are my world,my true)
and it's you are whatever a moon has always meant
and whatever a sun will always sing is you

here is the deepest secret nobody knows
(here is the root of the root and the bud of the bud
and the sky of the sky of a tree called life;which grows
higher than the soul can hope or mind can hide)
and this is the wonder that's keeping the stars apart

i carry your heart(i carry it in my heart)

E. E. Cummings

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