

**"The Weary Blues" Langston Hughes (1923)**

1 Droning a [drowsy syncopated](#) tune,  
2 Rocking back and forth to a mellow [croon](#),  
3 I heard a Negro play.  
4 [Down](#) on Lenox Avenue the other [night](#)  
5 By the pale dull pallor of an old gas [light](#)  
6 He did a lazy sway ....  
7 He did a lazy sway ....  
8 To the tune o' those Weary Blues.  
9 With his ebony hands on each ivory key  
10 He made that poor piano moan with melody.  
11 O Blues!  
12 [Swaying to and fro](#) on his rickety stool  
13 He played that sad raggy tune like a musical fool.  
14 Sweet Blues!  
15 Coming from a black man's soul.  
16 O Blues!  
17 In a [deep song](#) voice with a melancholy tone  
18 I heard that Negro sing, that old piano moan--  
19 "Ain't got nobody in all this world,  
20 [Ain't got nobody but ma self](#).  
21 I's gwine to quit ma frownin'  
22 And put ma troubles on the shelf."  
23 Thump, thump, thump, went his foot on the floor.  
24 He played a few chords then he sang some more--  
25 "I got the Weary Blues  
26 And I can't be satisfied.  
27 Got the Weary Blues  
28 And can't be satisfied--  
29 I ain't happy no mo'  
30 And I wish that I had died."  
31 And far into the night he crooned that tune.  
32 The stars went out and so did the moon.  
33 The singer stopped playing and went to bed  
34 While the Weary Blues echoed through his head.  
35 He slept like a rock or a man that's dead.

“Jazz Fantasia” Carl Sandburg

Drum on your drums, batter on your banjos,  
sob on the long cool winding saxophones.  
Go to it, O jazzmen.

Sling your knuckles on the bottoms of the happy  
tin pans, let your trombones ooze, and go husha-  
husha-hush with the slippery sand-paper.

Moan like an autumn wind high in the lonesome  
treetops,  
moan soft like you wanted somebody terrible, cry  
like a  
racing car slipping away from a motorcycle cop,  
bang-bang!  
you jazzmen, bang altogether drums, traps,  
banjos, horns,  
tin cans — make two people fight on the top of a  
stairway  
and scratch each other's eyes in a clinch tumbling  
down  
the stairs.

Can the rough stuff . . . now a Mississippi  
steamboat pushes  
up the night river with a hoo-hoo-hoo-oo . . . and  
the green  
lanterns calling to the high soft stars . . . a red moon  
rides  
on the humps of the low river hills . . . go to it, O  
jazzmen.

- See more at: <http://allpoetry.com/Jazz-Fantasia#sthash.k6vOdj8q.dpuf>

Meeting at Night BY ROBERT BROWNING

**I**

The grey sea and the long black land;  
And the yellow half-moon large and low;  
And the startled little waves that leap  
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,  
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,  
And quench its speed i' the slushy sand.

**II**

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach;  
Three fields to cross till a farm appears;  
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch  
And blue spurt of a lighted match,  
And a voice less loud, thro' its joys and fears,  
Than the two hearts beating each to each!

Reapers BY JEAN TOOMER

Black reapers with the sound of steel on stones  
Are sharpening scythes. I see them place the  
hones  
In their hip-pockets as a thing that's done,  
And start their silent swinging, one by one.  
Black horses drive a mower through the weeds,  
And there, a field rat, startled, squealing bleeds.  
His belly close to ground. I see the blade,  
Blood-stained, continue cutting weeds and shade.

**In Flanders Fields** by John McCrae, May 1915

In Flanders fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place; and in the sky  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:  
To you from failing hands we throw  
The torch; be yours to hold it high.  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders fields.

**“The Kraken” by Alfred Lord Tennyson**

Below the thunders of the upper deep;  
Far, far beneath in the abysmal sea,  
His ancient, dreamless, uninvaded sleep  
The Kraken sleepeth: faintest sunlights flee  
About his shadowy sides: above him swell  
Huge sponges of millennial growth and  
height;  
And far away into the sickly light,  
From many a wondrous grot and secret cell  
Unnumbered and enormous polypi  
Winnow with giant arms the slumbering  
green.  
There hath he lain for ages and will lie  
Battening upon huge sea-worms in his sleep,  
Until the latter fire shall heat the deep;  
Then once by man and angels to be seen,  
In roaring he shall rise and on the surface  
die.