

# Workshop:

## Reading the Bible in Public

### Handout 2

#### Lewis Carroll (1832–1898): Jabberwocky

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.

“Beware the Jabberwock, my son!  
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!  
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun  
The frumious Bandersnatch!”

He took his vorpal sword in hand;  
Long time the manxome foe he sought—  
So rested he by the Tumtum tree  
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,  
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,  
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,  
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through  
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!  
He left it dead, and with its head  
He went galumphing back.

“And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?  
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!  
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!”  
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.

**Emily Brontë (1818-1848): The night is darkening round me**

The night is darkening round me,  
The wild winds coldly blow;  
But a tyrant spell has bound me,  
And I cannot, cannot go.

The giant trees are bending  
Their bare boughs weighed with snow;  
The storm is fast descending,  
And yet I cannot go.

Clouds beyond clouds above me,  
Wastes beyond wastes below;  
But nothing drear can move me;  
I will not, cannot go.

**Sara Coleridge 1802-1852: The Nightingale**

In April comes the Nightingale,  
That sings when day's departed;  
The poets call her Philomel,  
And vow she's broken-hearted.

To them her soft, sweet, ling'ring note  
Is like the sound of sorrow;  
But some aver, no need hath she  
The voice of grief to borrow.

No, 'tis the merry Nightingale,  
Her pipe is clear and thrilling;  
No anxious care, no keen regret,  
Her little breast is filling.

She grieves when boys have robb'd her nest,  
But so would Stork or Starling;  
What mother would not weep and cry  
To lose her precious darling?

**Gerard Manley Hopkins (1844–1889): Pied Beauty**

Glory be to God for dappled things –

For skies of couple-colour as a brindled cow;

For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim;

Fresh-firecoal chestnut-falls; finches' wings;

Landscape plotted and pieced – fold, fallow, and plough;

And áll trádes, their gear and tackle and trim.

All things counter, original, spare, strange;

Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)

With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;

He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change:

Praise him.

**Christina Rossetti (1830–1894): A Better Resurrection**

I have no wit, no words, no tears;

My heart within me like a stone

Is numb'd too much for hopes or fears;

Look right, look left, I dwell alone;

I lift mine eyes, but dimm'd with grief

No everlasting hills I see;

My life is in the falling leaf:

O Jesus, quicken me.

My life is like a faded leaf,

My harvest dwindled to a husk:

Truly my life is void and brief

And tedious in the barren dusk;

My life is like a frozen thing,

No bud nor greenness can I see:

Yet rise it shall—the sap of Spring;

O Jesus, rise in me.

My life is like a broken bowl,

A broken bowl that cannot hold

One drop of water for my soul

Or cordial in the searching cold;

Cast in the fire the perish'd thing;

Melt and remould it, till it be

A royal cup for Him, my King:

O Jesus, drink of me.

**William Wordsworth (1730-1850): To the Skylark**

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!

Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?

Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye

Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?

Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,

Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;

A privacy of glorious light is thine;

Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood

Of harmony, with instinct more divine;

Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;

True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!