1. **She walks in beauty by Lord Byron**  
   She walks in beauty, like the night  
        Of cloudless climes and starry skies;  
   And all that 's best of dark and bright  
        Meet in her aspect and her eyes:  
   Thus mellow'd to that tender light  
        Which heaven to gaudy day denies.  
     
   One shade the more, one ray the less,  
        Had half impair'd the nameless grace  
   Which waves in every raven tress,  
        Or softly lightens o'er her face;  
   Where thoughts serenely sweet express  
        How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.  
     
   And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,  
        So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
   The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
        But tell of days in goodness spent,  
   A mind at peace with all below,  
        A heart whose love is innocent!
2. **Stopping By Woods on a Snowy Evening by Robert Frost**

Whose woods these are I think I know.

His house is in the village though;

He will not see me stopping here

To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer

To stop without a farmhouse near

Between the woods and, frozen lake

The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake

To ask if there is some mistake.

The only other sound's the sweep

Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep.

But I have promises to keep,

And miles to go before I sleep,

And miles to go before I sleep.

### The Road Not Taken by Robert Frost

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,And sorry I could not travel bothAnd be one traveler, long I stoodAnd looked down one as far as I couldTo 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 sighSomewhere ages and ages hence:Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—I took the one less traveled by,And that has made all the difference.

1. If by Rudyard Kipling

If you can keep your head when all about youAre losing theirs and blaming it on you,If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,But make allowance for their doubting too;If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,Or being lied about, don’t deal in lies,Or being hated don’t give way to hating,And yet don’t look too good, nor talk too wise:If you can dream-and not make dreams your master;If you can think-and not make thoughts your aim,If you can meet with Triumph and DisasterAnd treat those two impostors just the same;If you can bear to hear the truth you’ve spokenTwisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,And stoop and build ’em up with worn-out tools:If you can make one heap of all your winningsAnd risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,And lose, and start again at your beginningsAnd never breathe a word about your loss;If you can force your heart and nerve and sinewTo serve your turn long after they are gone,And so hold on when there is nothing in youExcept the Will which says to them: ‘Hold on!’If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,Or walk with Kings-nor lose the common touch,If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,If all men count with you, but none too much;If you can fill the unforgiving minuteWith sixty seconds’ worth of distance run,Yours is the Earth and everything that’s in it,And-which is more-you’ll be a Man, my son!