

QUIZ ON TRADITIONAL POETRY

Identify the title and poet for the following lines:

They flee from me, that sometime did me seek
With naked foot, stalking in my chamber

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies!
How silently, and with how wan a face!

'As you came from the holy land
Of Walsingham,
Met you not with my true love
By the way as you came?'

Fra bank to bank, fra wod to wod, I rin
Ourhailit with my feble fantasie

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part.
Nay, I have done; you get no more of me

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow

Follow your saint, follow with accents sweet;
Haste you, sad notes, fall at her flying feet

Death, be not proud, though some have callèd thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powdered, still perfumed,
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness

I struck the board, and cried, 'No more!
I will abroad

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more

Had we but world enough and time,
This coyness, Lady, were no crime

They are all gone into the world of light!
And I alone sit lingering here

