

THE NORTON ANTHOLOGY OF  
**POETRY**

SIXTH EDITION

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## Come In

As I came to the edge of the woods,  
 Thrush music—hark!  
 Now if it was dusk outside,  
 Inside it was dark.

5 Too dark in the woods for a bird  
 By sleight of wing  
 To better its perch for the night,  
 Though it still could sing.

The last of the light of the sun  
 10 That had died in the west  
 Still lived for one song more  
 In a thrush's breast.

Far in the pillared dark  
 Thrush music went—  
 15 Almost like a call to come in  
 To the dark and lament.

But no, I was out for stars:  
 I would not come in.  
 I meant not even if asked,  
 20 And I hadn't been.

1942

Never Again Would Birds' Song Be the Same<sup>6</sup>

He would declare and could himself believe  
 That the birds there in all the garden round  
 From having heard the daylong voice of Eve  
 Had added to their own an oversound,  
 5 Her tone of meaning but without the words.  
 Admittedly an eloquence so soft  
 Could only have had an influence on birds  
 When call or laughter carried it aloft.  
 Be that as may be, she was in their song.  
 10 Moreover her voice upon their voices crossed  
 Had now persisted in the woods so long  
 That probably it never would be lost.  
 Never again would birds' song be the same.  
 And to do that to birds was why she came.

1942

6. Cf. Genesis 2.18 ff., God's creation of Eve for Adam.