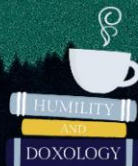


# Star Poems

selected by Amy Sloan from  
[HumilityandDoxology.com](http://HumilityandDoxology.com)





# Psalm 19:1-4

The heavens declare the glory of God;  
And the firmament shows His handiwork.  
Day unto day utters speech,  
And night unto night reveals knowledge.  
There is no speech nor language  
Where their voice is not heard.  
Their line has gone out through all the earth,  
And their words to the end of the world.

# Bright Star

John Keats

Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou art—  
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,  
And watching, with eternal lids apart,  
Like Nature's patient sleepless Eremite,  
The moving waters at their priestlike task  
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,  
Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask  
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—  
No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,  
Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,  
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,  
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,  
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,  
And so live ever—or else swoon to death.



# Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck (Sonnet 14)

William Shakespeare

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck,  
And yet methinks I have astronomy;  
But not to tell of good or evil luck,  
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality;  
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,  
Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind,  
Or say with princes if it shall go well  
By oft predict that I in heaven find.  
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,  
And, constant stars, in them I read such art  
As truth and beauty shall together thrive  
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert:  
Or else of thee this I prognosticate,  
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

# Evening Star

Edgar Allan Poe

'Twas noontide of summer,  
And mid-time of night;  
And stars, in their orbits,  
Shone pale, thro' the light  
Of the brighter, cold moon,  
'Mid planets her slaves,  
Herself in the Heavens,  
Her beam on the waves.  
I gazed awhile  
On her cold smile;  
Too cold- too cold for me-  
There pass'd, as a shroud,  
A fleecy cloud,  
And I turned away to thee,  
Proud Evening Star,  
In thy glory afar,  
And dearer thy beam shall be;  
For joy to my heart  
Is the proud part  
Thou bearest in Heaven at night,  
And more I admire  
Thy distant fire,  
Than that colder, lowly light.



# Star Light, Star Bright

Dorothy Parker

Star, that gives a gracious dole,  
What am I to choose?  
Oh, will it be a shriven soul,  
Or little buckled shoes?

Shall I wish a wedding-ring,  
Bright and thin and round,  
Or plead you send me covering-  
A newly spaded mound?

Gentle beam, shall I implore  
Gold, or sailing-ships,  
Or beg I hate forevermore  
A pair of lying lips?

Swing you low or high away,  
Burn you hot or dim;  
My only wish I dare not say-  
Lest you should grant me him.



# To the Evening Star

William Blake

THOU fair-hair'd angel of the evening,  
Now, whilst the sun rests on the mountains, light  
Thy bright torch of love; thy radiant crown  
Put on, and smile upon our evening bed!  
Smile on our loves, and while thou drawest the  
Blue curtains of the sky, scatter thy silver dew  
On every flower that shuts its sweet eyes  
In timely sleep. Let thy west wind sleep on  
The lake; speak silence with thy glimmering eyes,  
And wash the dusk with silver. Soon, full soon,  
Dost thou withdraw; then the wolf rages wide,  
And then the lion glares through the dun forest:  
The fleeces of our flocks are cover'd with  
Thy sacred dew: protect them with thine influence!



# Ah, Moon — and Star!

Emily Dickinson

Ah, Moon — and Star!  
You are very far —  
But were no one  
Farther than you —  
Do you think I'd stop  
For a Firmament —  
Or a Cubit — or so?

I could borrow a Bonnet  
Of the Lark —  
And a Chamois' Silver Boot —  
And a stirrup of an Antelope —  
And be with you — Tonight!

But, Moon, and Star,  
Though you're very far —  
There is one — farther than you —  
He — is more than a firmament — from Me —  
So I can never go!



# My Star

Robert Browning

All that I know  
Of a certain star,  
Is, it can throw  
(Like the angled spar)  
Now a dart of red,  
Now a dart of blue,  
Till my friends have said  
They would fain see, too,  
My star that dartles the red and the blue!

Then it stops like a bird; like a flower, hangs furled:  
They must solace themselves with the Saturn above it.  
What matter to me if their star is a world?  
Mine has opened its soul to me; therefore I love it.

# Star of the East

Eugene Field

Star of the East, that long ago  
Brought wise men on their way  
Where, angels singing to and fro,  
The Child of Bethlehem lay --  
Above that Syrian hill afar  
Thou shinest out to-night, O Star!  
Star of the East, the night were drear  
But for the tender grace  
That with thy glory comes to cheer  
Earth's loneliest, darkest place;  
For by that charity we see  
Where there is hope for all and me.  
Star of the East! show us the way  
In wisdom undefiled  
To seek that manger out and lay  
Our gifts before the child  
To bring our hearts and offer them  
Unto our King in Bethlehem!

# Stars

Sara Teasdale

Stars

Alone in the night  
On a dark hill  
With pines around me  
Spicy and still,

And a heaven full of stars  
Over my head  
White and topaz  
And misty red;

Myriads with beating  
Hearts of fire  
The aeons  
Cannot vex or tire;

Up the dome of heaven  
Like a great hill  
I watch them marching  
Stately and still.

And I know that I  
Am honored to be  
Witness  
Of so much majesty.



# Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star

Jane Taylor

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
How I wonder what you are!  
Up above the world so high,  
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,  
When he nothing shines upon,  
Then you show your little light,  
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the traveler in the dark  
Thanks you for your tiny spark,  
How could he see where to go,  
If you did not twinkle so?

In the dark blue sky you keep,  
Often through my curtains peep  
For you never shut your eye,  
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark  
Lights the traveler in the dark,  
Though I know not what you are,  
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

# The Stars Are Mansions Built by Nature's Hand

William Wordsworth

The stars are mansions built by Nature's hand,  
And, haply, there the spirits of the blest  
Dwell, clothed in radiance, their immortal vest;  
Huge Ocean shows, within his yellow strand,  
A habitation marvellously planned,  
For life to occupy in love and rest;  
All that we see--is dome, or vault, or nest,  
Or fortress, reared at Nature's sage command.  
Glad thought for every season! but the Spring  
Gave it while cares were weighing on my heart,  
'Mid song of birds, and insects murmuring;  
And while the youthful year's prolific art--  
Of bud, leaf, blade, and flower--was fashioning  
Abodes where self-disturbance hath no part.



# The Starlight Night

Gerard Manley Hopkins

Look at the stars! look, look up at the skies!  
O look at all the fire-folk sitting in the air!  
The bright boroughs, the circle-citadels there!  
Down in dim woods the diamond delves! the elves'-eyes!  
The grey lawns cold where gold, where quickgold lies!  
Wind-beat whitebeam! airy abeles set on a flare!  
Flake-doves sent floating forth at a farmyard scare!  
Ah well! it is all a purchase, all is a prize.

Buy then! bid then! — What? — Prayer, patience, alms, vows.  
Look, look: a May-mess, like on orchard boughs!  
Look! March-bloom, like on mealed-with-yellow shallows!  
These are indeed the barn; withindoors house  
The shocks. This piece-bright paling shuts the spouse  
Christ home, Christ and his mother and all his hallows.

# When I Heard the Learn'd Astronomer

Walt Whitman

When I heard the learn'd astronomer,  
When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns before me,  
When I was shown the charts and diagrams, to add, divide, and measure them,  
When I sitting heard the astronomer where he lectured with much applause in  
the lecture-room,  
How soon unaccountable I became tired and sick,  
Till rising and gliding out I wander'd off by myself,  
In the mystical moist night-air, and from time to time,  
Look'd up in perfect silence at the stars.