



The Poems of Robert Lowell

By Robert Lowell

Theclassics.us, United States, 2013. Paperback. Book Condition: New. 246 x 189 mm. Language: English . Brand New Book ***** Print on Demand *****.This historic book may have numerous typos and missing text. Purchasers can usually download a free scanned copy of the original book (without typos) from the publisher. Not indexed. Not illustrated. 1864 edition. Excerpt: . And then it would all be done. There was one of us, a Corporal s wife, A fair, young, gentle thing, Wasted with fever in the siege, And her mind was wandering. She lay on the ground, in her Scottish plaid, And I took her head on my knee; When my father comes hame frae the pleugh, she said, Oh! please then waken me. She slept like a child on her father s floor, In the flecking of woodbine-shade, When the house-dog sprawls by the half-open door. And the mother s Avheel is stayed. It was smoke and roar and powder-stench, And hopeless waiting for death; But the soldier s wife, like a full-tired child, Seemed scarce to draw her breath. I sank to sleep, and I had my dream Of an English village-lane, And wall and garden;--a sudden scream Brought me back...



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