

## HIGH FLIGHT

*John Gillespie Magee, Jr.*

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of Earth  
 And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;  
 Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth  
 Of sun-split clouds—and done a hundred things  
 You have not dreamed of—wheeled and soared and swung  
 High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,  
 I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung  
 My eager craft through footless halls of air. . . .

Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue  
 I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace,  
 Where never lark, or even eagle, flew;  
 And, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod  
 The high untrespassed sanctity of space,  
 Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.

(Written by a 19-year-old American volunteer with  
 the Royal Canadian Air Force, who was killed in  
 training December 11, 1941)

## THE CELESTIAL SURGEON

*Robert Louis Stevenson*

If I have faltered more or less  
 In my great task of happiness;  
 If I have moved among my race  
 And shown no glorious morning face;  
 If beams from happy human eyes  
 Have moved me not; if morning skies,  
 Books, and my food, and summer rain  
 Knocked on my sullen heart in vain:—  
 Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take  
 And stab my spirit broad awake;  
 Or, Lord, if too obdurate I,  
 Choose thou, before that spirit die,  
 A piercing pain, a killing sin,  
 And to my dead heart run them in!