

From ‘Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister’ (1842)

Gr-rr – there go, my heart’s abhorrence!
 Water your damned flower-pots, do!
If hate killed men, Brother Lawrence,
 God’s blood, would not mine kill you!

(Trilling and Bloom, 1973, p.500)

From ‘My Last Duchess’ (1842)

That’s my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive...

(Trilling and Bloom, 1973, p.502)

From ‘Porphyria’s Lover’ (1842)

The sun set early in to-night,
 The sullen wind was soon awake,
It tore the elm-tops down for spite,
 And did its worst to vex the lake:
 I listened with heart fit to break.

(Jack and Fowler, 1988, p.250)