

Edwin Arlington Robinson (1869-1935)

Richard Cory

1 Whenever Richard Cory went down town,
2 We people on the pavement looked at him:
3 He was a gentleman from sole to crown,
4 Clean favored, and imperially slim.

5 And he was always quietly arrayed,
6 And he was always human when he talked;
7 But still he fluttered pulses when he said,
8 "Good-morning," and he glittered when he walked.

9 And he was rich—yes, richer than a king—
10 And admirably schooled in every grace:
11 In fine, we thought that he was everything
12 To make us wish that we were in his place.

13 So on we worked, and waited for the light,
14 And went without the meat, and cursed the bread;
15 And Richard Cory, one calm summer night,
16 Went home and put a bullet through his head.

Online text copyright © 2009, Ian Lancashire (the Department of English) and the University of Toronto.

Published by the Web Development Group, Information Technology Services, University of Toronto Libraries.

Original text: *Collected Poems*, with an introduction by John Drinkwater (London: Cecil Palmer, 1922): 82. PS 3535 O25A17 1922 Robarts Library.

First publication date: 1890 - 1897

Publication date note: *The Children of the Night* (1890-97), p. 35.

RPO poem editor: Ian Lancashire

RP edition: RPO 1998.

Recent editing: 2:2002/4/3

Rhyme: abab

Available at Representative Poetry Online.

URL: <http://rpo.library.utoronto.ca/poem/1735.html>