

Ernest Hemingway. A Farewell to Arms (Some sources).

"A Farewell to Arms"

By

George Peele

His golden looks Time hath to silver turned;

O Time too swift, o swiftness never ceasing!

His youth 'gainst time and age hath never spurned,

But spurned in vain; youth waneth by increasing.

Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen;

Duty, faith, love are roots, ever green.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,

And, lovers' sonnets turned to holy psalms,

A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,

And feed on prayers, which are Age his alms.

But though from court to cottage he depart,

His saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,

He'll teach his swains this carol for a song--

"Blest be the hearts that wish my sovereign well,

curst be the souls that think her any wrong."

Goddess, allow this aged man his right

To be your bealsman now that was your knight.

(1597)

"Western Wind"

Anonymous

Western wind, when wilt thou blow,

The small rain down can rain?

Christ, if my love were in my arms

And I in my bed again!

(c. 1500)

Nobel Prize Acceptance Speech (1954)

--Ernest Hemingway

No writer who knows the great writers who did not receive the prize can accept it other than with humility. There is no need to list these writers. Everyone here may make his own list according to his knowledge and his conscience.

It would be impossible for me to ask the ambassador of my country to read a speech in which a writer said all the things which are in his heart. Things may not be immediately discernible in what a man writes and in this sometimes he is fortunate. But eventually they are quite clear, and by these and the degree of alchemy he possesses he will endure or be forgiven.

Writing at its best is a lonely life. Organizations for writers palliate the writers' loneliness, but I doubt if they improve his writing. He grows in public stature as he sheds his loneliness and often his work deteriorates. He does his work alone, and if he is good enough writer, he must face eternity--or the lack of it--each day.

For a true writer each book should be a new beginning, where he tries again for something that is beyond attainment. He should always try for something that has never been done or that others have tried and failed. Then sometimes, with good luck, he will succeed.

How simple the writing of literature would be if it were only necessary to write in another way what has been well written. It is because we have had such great writers in the past that a writer is driven far out past where he can go, out to where no one can help him.

I have spoken too long for a writer. A writer should write what he has to say and not speak it. Again I thank you.