

Name: _____ Date: _____ Period: _____

Poetry
Mr. Hart

Stressed Syllable Exercise

For each of the following words, mark the syllables with a “U” for unstressed or “/” for stressed.

Infamous	banana	calendar	statement
Dinosaur	imply	cluster	kingdom
Enjoyment	Bellingham	eternal	understand
Amuse	passage	before	defeated
Performer	arrive	enormous	history

For each of the following excerpts, mark the stressed and unstressed syllables and then if there is a set pattern, write what it is underneath.

1. Oh England is a pleasant place for them that’s rich and high;

But England is a cruel place for such poor folks as I.
- from “The Last Buccaneer” by Charles Kingsley

2. This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it

Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman?
- from “Evangeline” by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

3. Draw a crazy picture,

Write a nutty poem,
- from “Put Something In” by Shel Silverstein

4. How happy is the little stone

That rambles in the road alone
- from “How Happy is the Little Stone” by Emily Dickinson

5. This little pig went to market;

This little pig stayed at home;
- Mother Goose rhyme

6. Belinda lived in a little white house,

With a little black kitten and a little gray mouse,
- from “The Tale of Custard the Dragon” by Ogden Nash

For the following poems, determine what creates the rhythm in the poem – whether it is a form of meter, or some other poetic device. Describe what it is, and then analyze for meaning and tone.

Love Song

by Dorothy Parker (1893–1967)

My own dear love, he is strong and bold
And he cares not what comes after.
His words ring sweet as a chime of gold,
And his eyes are lit with laughter.
He is jubilant as a flag unfurled—
Oh, a girl, she'd not forget him.
My own dear love, he is all my world,—
And I wish I'd never met him.

My love, he's mad, and my love, he's fleet,
And a wild young wood-thing bore him!
The ways are fair to his roaming feet,
And the skies are sunlit for him.
As sharply sweet to my heart he seems
As the fragrance of acacia.
My own dear love, he is all my dreams,—
And I wish he were in Asia.

My love runs by like a day in June,
And he makes no friends of sorrows.
He'll tread his galloping rigadoon
In the pathway of the morrows.
He'll live his days where the sunbeams start,
Nor could storm or wind uproot him.
My own dear love, he is all my heart,—
And I wish somebody'd shoot him.

To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time

by Robert Herrick (1591–1674)

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles today
Tomorrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry.

Rhythm and Meter

For the following poems, determine what creates the rhythm in the poem – whether it is a form of meter, or some other poetic device. Describe what it is, and then analyze for meaning and tone.

Beat! Beat! Drums! By Walt Whitman (1819-1892) 1861

Beat! Beat! Drums! – blow! Bugles! Blow!
Through the windows—through doors—burst like a ruthless force,
Into the solemn church, and scatter the congregation,
Into the school where the scholar is studying;
Leave not the bridegroom quiet—no happiness must he have now
 With his bride,
Nor the peaceful farmer any peace, ploughing his field or gathering
 His grain,
So fierce you whirr and pound you drums—so shrill you bugles
 Blow.

Beat! Beat! Drums!—blow! Bugles! Blow!
Over the traffic of cities—over the rumble of wheels in the streets;
Are beds prepared for sleepers at night in the houses? No sleepers
 Must sleep in those beds,
No bargainers' bargains by day—no brokers or speculators—would they continue?
Would the talkers be talking? Would the singer attempt to sing?
Would the lawyer rise in the court to state his case before the judge?
Then rattle quicker, heavier drums—you bugles wilder blow.

Beat! Beat! Drums!—blow! Bugles! Blow!
Make no parley—stop for no expostulation,
Mind not the timid—mind not the weeper or prayer,
Mind not the old man beseeching the young man,
Let not the child's voice be heard, nor the mother's entreaties,
Make even the trestles to shake the dead where they lie awaiting the hearses,
So strong you thump O terrible drums—so loud you bugles blow.

The Idle Life I Lead by Robert Bridges (1844 – 1930)

The idle life I lead
Is like a pleasant sleep,
Wherein I rest and heed
The dreams that by me sweep.

And still of all my dreams
In turn so swiftly past,
Each in its fancy seems
A nobler than the last.

And every eve I say,
Noting my step in bliss,
That I have known no day
In all my life like this.