

Name: _____ Date: _____ Period: _____

Poetry
Mr. Hart

Turn the Beat Around (Yet More Work with Meter)

Find the stressed and unstressed syllables in the following words.

Writer	Ahead	Together	Working
Context	Report	Assessment	Conference
Improvement	Announce	Recess	Interrupt
Poetry	History	Idea	Annoy

Read the following poems, and for each, at the bottom of the page, describe the *rhythm* and *meter* (if there is any), and the possible *meaning*. Identify any *sound devices* or *figurative language* that is used.

What Lips My Lips Have Kissed, and Where, and Why

By Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892-1950) 1923

What lips my lips have kissed, and where, and why,
I have forgotten, and what arms have lain
Under my head till morning; but the rain
Is full of ghosts tonight, that tap and sigh
Upon the glass and listen for reply;
And in my heart there stirs a quiet pain
For unremembered lads that not again
Will turn to me at midnight with a cry.
Thus in the winter stands a lonely tree,
Nor knows what birds have vanished one by one,
Yet know its boughs more silent than before:
I cannot say what loves have come and gone;
I only know that summer sang in me
A little while, that in me sings no more.

A Visit from St. Nicholas (excerpt) by Clement Clarke Moore (1779-1863)

1823

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care...
While visions of sugar plums danced in their heads...
had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap....
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
when they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky...
with the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.

THE TYGER

by William Blake (1757-1827)

1794

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

Remember By Christina Rossetti (1830-1894)

1849

Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go, yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more day by day
You tell me of our future that you plann'd:
Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.