

INTRODUCTION TO POETRY

CLASS ONE

iamb

re**volve**

be**hind**

be**fore**

a**loud**

trochee

forward

backward

before

orange

anapaest
reposs**ess**
under**stand**

dactyl
pulverize
agitate

iambic dimeter

The passive heart

the **pa** / ssive **heart**

Your book affords
The peace of art
Within whose boards
The passive heart

Impassive sleeps
And like pressed flowers
Though scentless, keeps
The scented hours.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

iambic pentameter

shall **I** / com**pare** / thee **to** / a **sum** / mer's **day**

shall I compare thee to a summer's day

If we had a lot of time, we would...

But time...

So we'd better...

To his coy mistress

Andrew Marvell - 1681

Had we but world enough and time,
This coyness, lady, were no crime.
We would sit down, and think which way
To walk, and pass our long love's day.
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side
Shouldst rubies find; I by the tide
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the flood,
And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews.
My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires and more slow;
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze;
Two hundred to adore each breast,
But thirty thousand to the rest;
An age at least to every part,
And the last age should show your heart.
For, lady, you deserve this state,
Nor would I love at lower rate.

But at my back I always hear
Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near;
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.
Thy beauty shall no more be found;
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound
My echoing song; then worms shall try
That long-preserved virginity,
And your quaint honour turn to dust,
And into ashes all my lust;
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.

Now therefore, while the youthful hue
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
And while thy willing soul transpires
At every pore with instant fires,
Now let us sport us while we may,
And now, like amorous birds of prey,
Rather at once our time devour
Than languish in his slow-chapped power.
Let us roll all our strength and all
Our sweetness up into one ball,
And tear our pleasures with rough strife
Through the iron gates of life:
Thus, though we cannot make our sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

Had **we** | but **world** | **enough** | and **time**,
This **coy-** | **ness**, **lad-** | **y**, **were** | no **crime**.
We **would** | sit **down**, | and **think** | which **way**
To **walk**, | and **pass** | our **long** | love's **day**.

Love you ten years before the flood

Two hundred to adore each breast

But thirty thousand to the rest

An age at least to every part

But none, I think, do there embrace

But at my back I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity

Had we but world enough and time,
This coyness, lady, were no crime.
We would sit down, and think which way >
To walk, and pass our long love's day.
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side
Shouldst rubies find. I by the tide
Of Humber would complain // I would >
Love you ten years before the flood,
And you should / if you please / refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews //
My vegetable love should grow >
Vaster than empires and more slow

This boy was taken from his mates, and died
In childhood, ere he was ten years old.
Fair are the woods, and beauteous is the spot,
The vale where he was born; the churchyard hangs
Upon a slope above the village school,
And there, along that bank, when I have passed
At evening, I believe that oftentimes
A full half-hour I have stood
Mute, looking at the grave in which he lies.