

## PDF File

## RHYME, METER, RHYME, SCHEME, FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE REVIEW



### POETRY OF HOLMES, HUGHES, BRYANT

Poetry is literature that is filled with beauty and imagination. The poet uses language, imagery, rhythm, rhyme, sound effects, and various figures of speech to convey his/her meaning. Poems are written to express the poet's inner feelings about a subject as well as to enlighten and entertain the reader.

Poetry like prose and drama can tell stories, express ideas, convey emotions, or examine situations. Poetry, however, differs from prose and drama not only in its use of highly charged, emotional language, but also in the manner in which it is written. Traditionally most poems are divided into lines. The lines then are grouped into units called **stanzas**. The stanzas will have a regular **rhythmical pattern or meter**. The meter of a poem is determined by counting the number of stressed and unstressed syllables in a line. The most commonly used meter is **iambic**. Iambic meter is an unaccented syllable followed by an accented syllable such as in the word ***begin***. Because most two-syllable words are unaccented/accented, English speech has a natural iambic beat which makes the rhythm move smoothly.

	TYPES OF METER	
<b>Iambic</b>	<b>unaccented syllable followed by accented syllable as in</b>	<b>be/gin</b>
<b>Trochaic</b>	<b>accented syllable followed by unaccented syllable as in</b>	<b>mer/cy</b>
<b>Anapestic</b>	<b>unaccented, unaccented followed by accented as in</b>	<b>in/ter/rupt</b>
<b>Dactylic</b>	<b>accented followed by unaccented, unaccented as in</b>	<b>beau/ti/ful</b>

After the meter has been determined, one must count the number of units within the line. The number of units are called **feet**. If a line has one unit or foot, it is said to be monometer; two is dimeter; three

is trimeter, four is tetrameter; five is pentameter. The meter plus the number of feet in the line is called the **scansion pattern**.

\*It is important to remember that poets will often adjust the motion or flow of their poems by changing meter in a line.

Most poetry also relies on rhyme. **Rhyme** is the repetition of the same stressed vowel in two or more words. Rhyme may be divided into different types. **Internal rhyme** occurs within a line of poetry. **End rhyme** occurs at the end of the lines. The **rhyme scheme** of a poem is determined by examining the end rhymes of the lines. The pattern is indicated by assigning a different letter of the alphabet to each new rhyme.

<b>EXAMPLE:</b>	
Tell me not in mournful numbers,	A
Life is but an empty dream!	B
For the soul is dead that slumbers,	A
And things are not what they seem.	B

From “A Psalm of Life” by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (The rhyme scheme for this stanza is ABAB)

**Read the following poem:**

### *Dreams*

*Hold fast to dreams  
For if dreams die  
Life is a broken-winged bird  
That cannot fly.*

*Hold fast to dreams  
For when dreams go  
Life is a barren field  
Frozen with snow.*

*By Langston Hughes*



**Now answer questions 1 - 5**

## FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE

One of the most important elements in poetry is figurative language. **Figurative language** is language that is used to create vivid impressions by setting up comparisons between dissimilar things. Figurative language is not intended to be interpreted literally (interpreted by the actual meaning).

Four frequently used figures of speech are **simile, metaphor, personification, and symbol**.

A **simile** is a comparison using like or as.

**EXAMPLE:**

Her eyes were as bright as diamonds. In this comparison, the eyes were compared to diamonds.

A **metaphor** is an implied (does not use like or as) comparison between two dissimilar objects. The qualities of one are attributed or assigned to the other.

**EXAMPLE:**

The tunnel was a well of dark, blue water. In this metaphor, the tunnel is being compared to a well.

The hurricane is a furious beast. In this metaphor, the hurricane is being compared to a beast.

The waves are monsters rising from the depths of the sea. The waves are compared to monsters in this metaphor.

**Personification** is a figure of speech that gives human qualities to nonhuman objects.

**EXAMPLE:**

The cold weather *stalked* the skiers. The weather is given the human quality or capability of stalking.

### *The Chambered Nautilus*

**This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,  
Sail the unshadowed main,--  
The venturous bark that flings  
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings  
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,  
And coral reefs lie bare,  
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.**

**Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;  
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!**

And every chambered cell,  
 Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,  
 As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,  
 Before thee lies revealed,--  
 Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil That spread his lustrous coil;  
 Still, as the spiral grew,  
 He left the past year's dwelling for the new,  
 Stole with soft step its shining archway through,  
 Built up its idle door,  
 Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,  
 Child of the wandering sea,  
 Cast from her lap, forlorn!  
 From thy dead lips a clearer note is born  
 Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn;  
 While on mine ear it rings,  
 Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:--

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
 As the swift seasons roll!  
 Leave thy low-vaulted past!  
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
 Till thou at length art free,  
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

By **Oliver Wendall Holmes** (1809-94).



Now answer questions 6 - 12

The next poem you will be reading is entitled “**Thanotopsis**” by William Cullen Bryant.

***THANOTOPSIS***  
 by William Cullen Bryant

To him who in the love of Nature holds  
 Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
 A various language; for his gayer hours  
 She has a voice of gladness, and a smile  
 And an eloquence of beauty, and she glides  
 Into his darker musings with a mild  
 And healing sympathy that steals away

Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts  
 Of the last bitter hour come like a blight  
 Over thy spirit, and sad images  
 Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,  
 And breathless darkness, and the narrow house  
 Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart--

Go forth, under the open sky, and list  
 To Nature's teachings, while from all around--  
 Earth and her waters, and the depths of air--  
 Comes a still voice--Yet a few days, and thee  
 The all-beholding sun shall see no more  
 In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,  
 Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,  
 Nor in the embrace of ocean shall exist  
 Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim  
 Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,  
 And, lost each human trace, surrendering up  
 Thine individual being, shalt thou go  
 To mix forever with the elements,  
 To be a brother to the insensible rock  
 And to the sluggish clod which the rude swain  
 Turns with his share and treads upon. The oak  
 Shall send his roots abroad and pierce thy mold.

Yet not to thine eternal resting place  
 Shalt thou retire alone; nor couldst thou wish  
 Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down  
 with patriarchs of the infant world-- with kings,  
 The powerful of the earth- the wise, the good,  
 Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,  
 All in one mighty sepulcher. The hills  
 Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales  
 Stretching in pensive quietness between;  
 The venerable woods; rivers that move  
 In majesty; and the complaining brooks  
 That make the meadows green; and, poured round all  
 Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste--  
 Are but the solemn decorations all  
 Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,  
 The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,  
 Are shining on the sad abodes of death  
 Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread  
 The globe are but a handful to the tribes  
 That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings  
 Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,  
 Or lose thyself in the continuous woods  
 Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound

Save his own dashings-- yet the dead are there;  
 And millions in those solitudes, since first  
 The flight of years began, have laid them down  
 In their last sleep-- the dead reign there alone.  
 So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw.

In silence from the living, and no friend  
 Take note of thy departure? All that breathe  
 Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh  
 When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care  
 Plod on, and each one as before will chase  
 His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave  
 Their mirth and their employments, and shall come  
 And make their bed with thee. As the long train  
 Of ages glides away, the sons of men,  
 The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes  
 In the full strength of years, matron and maid,  
 The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man--  
 Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,  
 By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
 The innumerable caravan which moves  
 To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
 Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,  
 Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed  
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.



Now answer questions 13-17