

TOOLE, J. K.

102 B
MAY 18

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I. Honor Pledge.

II. Contrast and compare themes of these two poems:

1. Tiger! Tiger! 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, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? and 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?

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

2. The force that through the green fuse drives the flower
Drives my green age; that blasts the roots of trees
Is my destroyer.
And I am dumb to tell the crooked rose
My youth is bent by the same wintry fever.

The force that drives the water through the rocks
Drives my red blood; that dries the mouthing streams
Turns mine to wax.
And I am dumb to mouth unto my veins
How at the mountain spring the same mouth sucks.

The hand that whirls the water in the pool
Stirs the quicksand; that ropes the blowing wind
Hauls my shroud sail.
And I am dumb to tell the hanging man
How of my clay is made the hangman's lime.

The lips of time leech to the fountain head;
Love drips and gathers, but the fallen blood
Shall calm her sores.
And I am dumb to tell a weather's wind
How time has ticked a heaven round the stars.
And I am dumb to tell the lover's tomb
How at my sheet goes the same crooked worm.

III. Identify poet and poem (Use this sheet for your answers):

The sea of faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.

Matthew Arnold - Dover Beach

"The curse of hell free me sall ye beir,
Sic counseils ye gave to me O."

Anonymous - Edward

A

Highest in
2 classes

Excellent!

Two graves must hide thine and my corse;
If one might, death were no divorce.

John Donne - Anniversary

Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!

John Milton - Lycidas

Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy!

Percy Shelley - Ode to The West Wind

If thou be'st born to strange sights,
Things invisible to see,
Ride ten thousand days and nights
Till age snow white hairs on thee,
Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me
All strange wonders that befell thee,
And swear
No where

Lives a woman true and fair.

John Donne - Song

" . . . make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wald lie down."

Anonymous - Ford Randaal

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.

Samuel J. Coleridge - Kubla Khan

But, oh! the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone and never must return!
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes, mourn.

John Milton - Lycidas

And would it have been worth it, after all,
Would it have been worth while,
After the sunsets and the dooryards and the sprinkled streets,
After the novels, after the teacups, after the skirts that
trail along the floor--
And this, and so much more?
It is impossible to say just what I mean!

J. S. Eliot - The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock

The person in the Spanish cape

J. S. Eliot - Sweeney Among the Nightingales

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific . . .

John Keats - On First Looking into Chapman's Homer

Brute beauty and valor and act, oh, air, pride, plume, here
Buckle! AND the fire that breaks from thee then, a billion
Times told lovelier, more dangerous, O my chevalier!

Gerald Manley Hopkins - The Windhover

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

Percy Bysshe Shelley - Ode to The West Wind

Professor Twist could not but smile.
"You mean," he said, "a crocodile."

Ogden Nash - The Purist

Ah, like a comet through flame she moves entranced
Wrapt in her music no bird song, no, nor bough
Breaking with honey buds, shall ever equal.

Stephen Spender - The Cypress | ~~John Keats Ode to a Grecian Urn~~

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh hear!

Percy Shelley - Ode to The West Wind

Alone, as if enduring to the end
A valiant armor of scarred hopes outworn,
He stood there in the middle of the road
Like Roland's ghost winding a silent horn.

E. A. Robinson - Mr. Flood's Party

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

Andrew Marvell - To His Coy Mistress

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on . . .

John Keats - Ode to a Grecian Urn

I grow old I grow old
I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled.

J. S. Eliot - The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock

But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

Robert Frost - Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

William Wordsworth -

Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

William Blake - The Tiger

Had we but world enough, and time,
This coyness, Lady, were no crime.

Andrew Marvell - To His Coy Mistress

For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of paradise.

Samuel J. Coleridge - Kubla Khan

. . . "Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert"

Percy Shelley - Ozymandias

And I am dumb to tell the lover's tomb
How at my sheet goes the same crooked worm.

Dylan Thomas - The Force That Through the
Green Fuse Drives the Flower

Next, when I cast mine eyes and see
That brave vibration each way free,
O how that glittering taketh me!

Robert Herrick - On Julia's Clothes

So sinks the day-star to the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:

John Milton - Lycidas