**Group Poetry Analysis**

***Read through each poem aloud with your group. Copy and paste the questions below into a new document. Answer each question in full sentences, directly after the question. Once you finish, email me your group’s document. Make sure to include the names of your group members!***

***You will be presenting these to the class.***

1. What type of poem is it?
2. What is the main theme of this poem?
3. What poetic devices are used in this poem? What is the rhyme scheme?
4. Who is the speaker/narrator in the poem?
5. What do you think the author of the poem is like(before you research)?
6. Research the poet and give a short summary of their life.
7. Find a picture of the poet.

**1. SONNET 18 (William Shakespeare)**

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?   
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:   
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;   
And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;  
But thy eternal summer shall not fade  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;  
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:   
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,  
So long lives this and this gives life to thee.

**2. Emily Dickinson:**

Hope is the thing with feathers

That perches in the soul,

And sings the tune--without the words,

And never stops at all,

And sweetest in the gale is heard;

And sore must be the storm

That could abash the little bird

 That kept so many warm.

I've heard it in the chillest land,

And on the strangest sea;

Yet, never, in extremity,

It asked a crumb of me.

**Emily Dickinson**

Success is counted sweetest   
By those who ne'er succeed.   
To comprehend a nectar   
Requires sorest need.

Not one of all the purple host   
Who took the flag to-day   
Can tell the definition,   
So clear, of victory!

As he, defeated, dying,  
On whose forbidden ear  
The distant strains of triumph  
Burst agonized and clear!

**3. Girl Disappointed in Love- Karol Wojytla**

With mercury we measure pain

as we measure the heat of bodies and air;

but this is not how to discover our limits--

you think you are the center of things.

If you could only grasp that you are not:

the center is He,

and He, too, finds no love---

why don't you see?

The human heart--what is it for?

Cosmic temperature. Heart. Mercury.

**4. I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings (Maya Angelou)**

The free bird leaps  
on the back of the wind  
and floats downstream  
till the current ends  
and dips his wings  
in the orange sun rays  
and dares to claim the sky.  
  
But a bird that stalks  
down his narrow cage  
can seldom see through  
his bars of rage  
his wings are clipped and  
his feet are tied  
so he opens his throat to sing.  
  
The caged bird sings  
with fearful trill  
of the things unknown  
but longed for still  
and is tune is heard  
on the distant hill for the caged bird  
sings of freedom  
  
The free bird thinks of another breeze  
an the trade winds soft through the sighing trees  
and the fat worms waiting on a dawn-bright lawn  
and he names the sky his own.  
  
But a caged bird stands on the grave of dreams  
his shadow shouts on a nightmare scream  
his wings are clipped and his feet are tied  
so he opens his throat to sing  
  
The caged bird sings  
with a fearful trill  
of things unknown  
but longed for still  
and his tune is heard  
on the distant hill  
for the caged bird  
sings of freedom.

**5. Lochinvar (Sir Walter Scott)**

O young Lochinvar is come out of the west,  
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;  
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,  
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.  
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,

There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.  
He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,  
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;  
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,  
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:  
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,  
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.  
  
So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,  
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers and all:   
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,   
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)   
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,  
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"  
  
"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied; --   
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide --   
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,  
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.  
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,  
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."  
  
The bride kiss'd the goblet: the knight took it up,  
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.  
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,  
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.  
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar, --   
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.  
  
So stately his form, and so lovely her face,  
That never a hall such a gailiard did grace;  
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume  
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;  
And the bride-maidens whisper'd, "'twere better by far  
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."  
  
One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,  
When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger stood near;  
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,  
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!  
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;  
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.  
  
There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan;  
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:  
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,  
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.  
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,  
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

**6. If (Rudyard Kipling)**

If you can keep your head when all about you

Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;

If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,

But make allowance for their doubting too;

If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,

Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,

Or, being hated, don't give way to hating,

And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream - and not make dreams your master;

If you can think - and not make thoughts your aim;

If you can meet with triumph and disaster

And treat those two imposters just the same;

If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken

Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,

Or watch the things you gave your life to broken,

And stoop and build 'em up with wornout tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings

And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,

And lose, and start again at your beginnings

And never breath a word about your loss;

 If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew

To serve your turn long after they are gone,

And so hold on when there is nothing in you

Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on";

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,

Or walk with kings - nor lose the common touch;

If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;

If all men count with you, but none too much;

If you can fill the unforgiving minute

With sixty seconds' worth of distance run -

Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,

And - which is more - you'll be a Man my son!

**7. Ecclesiastes 3:1-8**

1There is an appointed time for everything,

and a time for every affair under the heavens.

2A time to give birth, and a time to die;

a time to plant, and a time to uproot the plant.

3A time to kill, and a time to heal;

a time to tear down, and a time to build.

4A time to weep, and a time to laugh;

a time to mourn, and a time to dance.

5A time to scatter stones, and a time to gather them;

a time to embrace, and a time to be far from embraces.

6A time to seek, and a time to lose;

a time to keep, and a time to cast away.

7A time to rend, and a time to sew;

a time to be silent, and a time to speak.

8A time to love, and a time to hate;

a time of war, and a time of peace.