Metrical Theory and English Verse

by

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ABSTRACT

I propose a generative linguistic theory of rhythmic structure in English verse based on principles of metrical phonology, in which metrical grids are built up by natural metrical rules on the basis of a phonological representation, and are then subject to various constraints, including important constraints on phonological phrasing. I use this theory to analyze poems by Yeats, Hopkins, Longfellow, Swinburne, and Shakespeare. I show that the theory can account for a great variety of verse rhythms in natural way, including some which have not previously been analyzed, and I show that it allows an analysis of Hopkins’ verse in Sprung Rhythm which is more accurate than, and theoretically preferable to, earlier analyses in the tradition of generative metrics. Finally, I discuss some hypotheses about the parameters of variation in English verse rhythm.

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Thanks first of all to my immediate family, especially Mom, Dad, and Doug. Jay Keyser and Morris Halle showed me how to do it and then showed me how to do it better. Cheryl Zoll was an advising prodigy. Michael Kenstowicz, Fleur Veraart, David Pesetsky, and the members of the Spring 1996 Phonology Workshop also gave valuable advice. Bruce Hayes, Kristin Hanson, and Gilbert Youmans were helpful over e- and snail mail. Donna-Jo Napoli taught me that “you can do anything if you’re crazy!” Bill Reynolds introduced me to foot boundaries. Nederlanders too numerous to mention made life more gezellig, and stalwart companions at the Leiden International Center, especially Megan and Adrian, helped me survive prescriptive grammar. José gave Mexico a good name, and Alex and Andrew showed me how architects see the world. Mike S. and Dana, Jen and Nathaniel, Dan and Emily, and Emmie, served as benevolent reminders of my sordid past. The Cholbis stopped by, and a visiting Gibbon helped out in phonology class. Orin Percus walked long distances with me, and brought me to a place of many poppyseeds. Chris Bader, Marie-Claude Boivin, Gaurav Mathur, Taylor Roberts, Hooi-Ling Soh, Luciana Storto, Fleur Veraart and Susi Wurmbrand were always there, individually or collectively, to provide company, commiseration, or Chronic Pleasure. This thesis is dedicated to Fleur Veraart, instigator of the FFF and gaaf meisje, who brings ever greater laughter, order, and long red hairs into my life. Bedankt, hoor!
Hic. Why should you leave the lamp
Burning alone beside an open book,
And trace these characters upon the sands?
A style is found by sedentary toil
And by the imitation of great masters.

Ille. Because I seek an image, not a book.
Those men that in their writings are most wise
Own nothing but their blind, stupefied hearts.

from “Ego Dominus Tuus”, W.B. Yeats
Section I. Introduction

I'm going to talk about the rhythm of English poetry and its relation to the universal rhythm of human language, using examples from a variety of poems. First I'll show how the unusual rhythms of some poems by Yeats, Longfellow, and Swinburne, which have never been described in detail, can be accounted for in a linguistically natural way. Then I'll show how the theoretical innovations that account for these meters also make it possible to give a simpler analysis of Gerard Manley Hopkins' Sprung Rhythm than those currently in the literature. Finally, I'll turn to the familiar rhythms of Shakespeare's sonnets, and demonstrate that they can be accounted for by the same kind of system used to account for the more "exotic" meters. Based on these investigations, I'll make some speculations about the general structure of English verse systems.

In most poetic traditions, both oral and written, including most of the English tradition, poetry is distinguished from other sorts of verbal art not only through its content or presentation, but also through its linguistic form. Poetry has, in effect, its own dialect -- we call this dialect "verse". Thus the study of verse is, properly, a part of the study of general linguistics.

Verse in the English tradition and many others -- for instance, those of Continental Europe, the Middle East, Northern Africa, and Tibet -- is commonly recognized as being partly a **rhythmic** phenomenon. This is especially clear in sung or chanted verse, in which the rhythmic structure manifests concretely, in real time. You can tap your foot or clap your hands to the rhythm as you recite:

Baa baa, black sheep,
have you any wool
Yes sir, yes sir,
three bags full

One for my mas-ter,
and one for my dame
And one for the little boy
who lives down the lane

In art verse, the rhythmic structure is not realized so concretely in performance, at least not in a skilled performance. While we can imagine somebody simply droning out one of Shakespeare's speeches rhythmically:

To be or not to be, that is the question
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer

---

* A National Science Foundation fellowship for graduate study supported this research.
a performance of the same speech by a more sensitive reader or actor will put emphasis in more natural places, or perhaps use emphasis to bring out a shade of meaning:

To be or not to be, that is the question
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer

Still, one has the sense of a special, poetic, rhythm in Shakespeare’s language, no matter how it is performed. Even just reading the poems on the printed page, we can sense the difference. All of Shakespeare’s work displays this sort of rhythmic pattern. This means that by looking at the work of Shakespeare -- or, for that matter, the work of anybody else writing verse -- and trying to discover what sorts of lines occur, and what sort of lines do not occur, we can get a sense of what the nature of verse rhythm is.

Since verse is a kind of language, it is not surprising that verse rhythm, when studied this way, turns out to be very similar to other kinds of linguistic rhythm. The branch of linguistics called metrical phonology studies patterns of stress in language. Much important work in metrical phonology over about the past twenty years has been based on the notion that stress is a rhythmic phenomenon. There is consensus among many linguists that our production and perception of stress phenomena involve mental structures that have five key features (partly based on Hayes 1994, p.24):

1. They are **abstract computational structures** which may be related to actual sound or muscular movement in an indirect way.
2. They are **hierarchical**, involving stronger and weaker beats
3. They tend to be **evenly spaced**, with stronger beats occurring at more-or-less regular intervals among weaker beats.
4. They obey a law of **downward implication**; every stronger beat also serves as a weaker beat.
5. They involve **grouping** of adjacent beats into larger units called “feet”, each of which has one strongest element, the head.
All these features, especially the fourth, may be easier to understand given a method of representing stress. There are several sorts of representations currently in use which satisfy these criteria; most of them are various sorts of bracketed grids. Here, I will adopt William Idsardi’s “Simplified Bracketed Grid” theory of metrical phonology. This theory seems best suited to account for the verse rhythms which I studied in an elegant way. Here’s an example of its application to an English phrase:

```
x  Line 3
x  x)  Line 2
x  x)  x)  Line 1
x x) x x) x)  Line 0
Mississippi mud
```

As you can see, the bracketed grid is an abstract structure which represents stress. It is computed on the basis of syllables and syllable weight -- we'll consider this in more detail below. The grid is hierarchical; e.g., the beat corresponding to "mud" is strongest. This is clear, because it has the highest column of "x"s over it. Likewise, the initial beat is second-strongest, the beat over the third syllable of Mississippi is third-strongest, and the other two beats are weakest. The grid is evenly spaced; stronger beats are separated from each other by weaker beats. The grid obeys the law of downward implication; "x"s on higher levels of the grid rest on a continuous column of "x"s on lower levels. Finally, the grid involves grouping of beats into binary (two-beat) or unary (one-beat) feet each of which has one head, which projects an “x” onto the next level.

It is an established result that either this kind of grid, or some representation with similar properties, must be used in accounting for the properties of stress in natural language, and is also useful in accounting for other phenomena in, for example, the domain of prosodic morphology. I'll argue that bracketed grids of exactly this kind are responsible for the rhythm of verse, as well as for stress. In verse, each line of poetry has not only a grid representation for stress, but also a distinct grid representation for verse rhythm. I'll refer to the bracketed grid for stress as the stress grid, and the bracketed grid for verse rhythm as the verse grid. (A representation of verse rhythm is traditionally known as a scansion; verse grids are scansion, and I'll use the two terms interchangeably.)
Let's get a little more familiar with the grids we'll be using. According to Idsardi, stress grids are formed on the basis of a few simple rules. I'll demonstrate with some examples from his dissertation (Idsardi 1992). First of all, the bottom row of the grid is formed on the basis of a phonological representation. This row consists of one grid-mark per syllable. For instance, in Tubatulabal, Idsardi claims, the four-syllable word taahawilaap has a bottom grid row with four grid-marks, which I'll call beats.

\[
\begin{array}{cccc}
    x & x & x & x \\
taahawilaap
\end{array}
\]

Next, the boundaries of certain syllables which have special perceptual salience, such as heavy syllables, are marked on the grid. These boundaries begin to divide the line up into feet. For example, in Tubatulabal, the left boundary of each heavy syllable is marked on the grid.

\[
\begin{array}{cccc}
    (x & x & x & (x \\
taahawilaap
\end{array}
\]

Other boundaries are then inserted. Generally, a boundary is placed next to one of the peripheral syllables (either the leftmost or the rightmost). In Tubatulabal, the left boundary is placed to the left of the rightmost syllable. In this case, this operation creates a series of two parentheses. Such a series is identical in function to a single parenthesis. Thus, in this particular case, the rule is vacuous, and we can delete the extra parenthesis that it creates.

\[
\begin{array}{cccc}
    (x & x & x & ((x \\
taahawilaap
\end{array}
\]

Then, starting from the edge that we marked (in this case, the right edge), we form binary or ternary feet, moving towards the other edge, and respecting the boundaries that have already been placed. (In some languages, neither binary or ternary feet are created, and this step is skipped entirely.) In Tubatulatal binary feet are formed. So in this case we can from one additional foot.

\[
\begin{array}{cccc}
    (x & x & x & (x \\
taahawilaap
\end{array}
\]

Now the line is broken up into feet; since the boundaries marked on the line are

---

1 This is not always true; Idsardi recognizes other sorts of systems with, e.g., one grid-mark per mora. We won't need to get into this here.
left boundaries, they make a foot out of every element to their right, which is not separated from them by another boundary. Thus, the boundary to the left of the whole word makes taa into a foot, the boundary to the left of ha makes hawi into a foot, and the boundary to the left of laap makes laap into a foot.

The final step in forming this simple grid is to create a second grid row, of stronger beats. Either the leftmost or rightmost element of each foot will be designated the head of that foot. A beat will be created on the second grid row above each head. In Tubatulabal, the leftmost element of a foot is designated the head. Thus, a beat is projected on the second level above the leftmost element of each foot.

```
x x x
x x x x
```

We have now formed a simple, two-level grid. The syllables with grid-columns extending to the higher grid-row are stressed.

To sum up: grid-formation involves creating a bottom row of grid-marks, marking boundaries of prominent syllables, marking an edge, making binary or ternary feet, and making a new grid row based on the heads of the feet on the first row, which may be on the left or right.

In addition, I need to use one piece of machinery that Idasrdi dispenses with. I will discuss the reasons for this difference when they come up. It is quite common in metrical phonology to assume that syllables at the edge of a word are extrametrical, not considered by the metrical rules. For example, in many languages stress typically falls on the third syllable from the end, the antepenultimate syllable. I would capture this fact by making the rightmost syllable extrametrical, then marking the right edge and constructing feet from right to left, and designating the leftmost syllable of each foot as the head, as below:

```
x
x x) <x>
```

baba ba
The verse grids we'll be looking at will all be simple, two-level grids of the type we've just seen. Let's look at the second stanza of "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep" as an example. We'll make a separate grid over each line. The bottom row will have one beat per syllable.

\[
\begin{array}{cccc}
 x & x & x & x & x \\
	ext{One for my master,} \\
 x & x & x & x & x \\
	ext{And one for my dame,} \\
 x & x & x & x & x & x \\
	ext{And one for the little boy} \\
 x & x & x & x & x \\
	ext{Who lives down the lane.} \\
\end{array}
\]

Now we'll mark prominent syllables - in this case, major stresses.²

\[
\begin{array}{cccc}
 x) & x & x & x) & x \\
	ext{One for my master,} \\
 x & x) & x & x & x) \\
	ext{And one for my dame,} \\
 x & x) & x & x & x) & x & x) \\
	ext{And one for the little boy} \\
 x & x) & x & x & x) \\
	ext{Who lives down the lane.} \\
\end{array}
\]

² I'll discuss the notion of a major stress in more detail below.
We mark the right edge next. This makes a difference only in the first line.

\[
x) \ x \ x \ x) \ x)
\]
One for my master,

\[
x \ x) \ x \ x \ x)
\]
And one for my dame,

\[
x \ x) \ x \ x \ x)\ x \ x)
\]
And one for the little boy

\[
x \ x) \ x \ x \ x)
\]
Who lives down the lane.

Now we construct binary feet from right to left:

\[
x) \ x) \ x \ x) \ x)
\]
One for my master,

\[
x \ x) \ x) \ x \ x)
\]
And one for my dame,

\[
x \ x) \ x) \ x) \ x)\ x \ x)
\]
And one for the little boy

\[
x \ x) \ x) \ x) \ x)
\]
Who lives down the lane.
Finally, we create a new grid row, with beats for the head of each foot. We assume that heads are on the right in this case.

\[
\begin{array}{cccc}
  x & x & x & x \\
  x) & x) & x & x) \\
\end{array}
\]
One for my master,

\[
\begin{array}{cccc}
  x & x & x & x \\
  x & x) & x) & x \\
\end{array}
\]
And one for my dame,

\[
\begin{array}{cccc}
  x & x & x & x \\
  x & x) & x) & x) & x) \\
\end{array}
\]
And one for the little boy

\[
\begin{array}{cccc}
  x & x & x & x \\
  x & x) & x) & x) \\
\end{array}
\]
Who lives down the lane.

Now we can see that the stanza has a particular pattern of beats: 4-3-4-3. Scanning the first stanza of the song in a similar way confirms this pattern:

\[
\begin{array}{cccc}
  x & x & x & x \\
  x) & x) & x) & x) \\
\end{array}
\]
Baa, Baa, black sheep,

\[
\begin{array}{cccc}
  x & x & x & x \\
  x) & x) & x) & x) \\
\end{array}
\]
Have you any wool?

\[
\begin{array}{cccc}
  x & x & x & x \\
  x) & x) & x) & x) \\
\end{array}
\]
Yes sir, Yes sir,

\[
\begin{array}{cccc}
  x & x & x & x \\
  x) & x) & x) \\
\end{array}
\]
Three bags full.
Mostly for my own convenience, I'll represent verse grids in an abbreviated fashion. All the verse grids I'll be discussing have only two rows, and they are all right-headed. So it will be possible simply to mark the foot boundaries on the line itself:

Baa,) Baa,) black,) sheep,) 
Have) you a)ny wool?) 
Yes) sir,) Yes) sir,) 
Three) bags) full.)

Furthermore, I will use different kinds of boundary symbols to represent boundaries created by different operations. Boundaries created by marking prominent syllables will be represented by “}”. Boundaries created by marking an edge will be represented by “[”. Boundaries created by a binary or ternary footing rule will be represented by “)”. However, when I want to discuss boundaries in general, I may sometimes use the “)” symbol to stand for all the kinds of boundaries, as I do above.

One) for) my ma)ster,) 
And one) for) my dame,) 
And one) for) the lit)tle boy) 
Who lives) down) the lane.)

A good scansion system (that is to say, a system which generates verse grids, or scansion) for a particular meter has to account for the facts about the meter, of course, and thereby be descriptively adequate. But we also want a scansion system that fits well into our overall current picture of language, and is thus theoretically adequate.
One current picture of the language faculty, held by proponents of the Minimalist Program, and others, holds that there is one main line of syntactic derivation, leading to Logical Form, the interface with conceptual systems. The phonological, and possibly the morphological, component of the grammar branches off from this main line, leading to Phonetic Form, the interface with the articulatory and perceptual systems. The branching-off of the (morpho)phonological system is known as Spell-Out. Syntactic operations taking place before Spell-Out are overt; they are reflected in the phonology. Syntactic operations taking place after Spell-Out are covert; they aren't reflected in the phonology, because they happen too late for that. The fixing of quantifier scope is one example of such an operation; covert wh-movement is another.
I propose that the creation of a line of verse involves another branching of the same type. When a line of verse is created, the morphophonological system which branches off at Spell-Out continues directly to the level of Verse Form, the interface with the poetic system. The phonetic derivation, leading to Phonetic Form, branches off from the morphophonological system, in a kind of secondary Spell-Out. (Call it Speak-Out.)

Phonological operations happening before Speak-Out will belong to the overt, ordinary phonology of the language. Phonological operations happening after Speak-Out will be covert, and affect only Verse Form, not Phonetic Form. (See diagram below.) These covert phonological operations are the basic elements of a scansion system. Note in particular that these operations, because they form are of the phonological derivation, must be phonologically natural, even though they are covert. Just as LF-movement in syntax is supposed to involve the same basic principles as overt movement, the rules of a scansion system should have the same character as the rules of phonology. This is why rhythm in poetry is so similar to rhythm in natural language; the same system is responsible for creating both of them.
I assume that there are two distinct kinds of covert phonological rules involved in poetry. The first kind corresponds to the overt rules of segmental phonology, and the second kind corresponds to the overt rules of metrical phonology. Following Kiparsky, I will refer to the first kind of rule as prosodic and the second kind as pattern-generating.

Scansions generated by these rules are subject to constraints at the level of Verse Form, most of which deal with the alignment between verse grids and phonological phrasing.

SECTION II. The Wanderings of Oisin

Part III of The Wanderings of Oisin (= Oisin), an early narrative poem by Yeats, has a complex and unusual rhythmic pattern, which can, however, be accounted for by positing the formation of a bracketed grid.³ The scansion system which I present below distinguishes between types of rhythm which are found in Oisin, and types of rhythm which are not. It also places the six strongest beats of each line in the intuitively correct places.

Here is the first stanza of Oisin:

Fled foam underneath us and round us, a wandering and milky smoke
High as the saddle-girth, covering away from our glances the tide;
And those that fled, and that followed, from the foam-pale distance broke;
The immortal desire of Immortals we saw in their faces, and sighed.

Note that each line is divided into two half-lines, and that there is some sort of phrase boundary at the half-line.

Fled foam underneath us and round us, # a wandering and milky smoke
High as the saddle-girth, covering # away from our glances the tide;
And those that fled, and that followed, # from the foam-pale distance broke;
The immortal desire of Immortals # we saw in their faces, and sighed.

³ The complete text of the poem, with scansions marked, is found in Appendix 1.
My scansion system assigns it the following scansion:

Fled foam) underneath) us and round] <us,> # a wandering and milky smoke]
High) as the saddle-girth, covering) # away) from our glances the tide;]
And those) that fled,) and that followed,) # from the foam)-pale distance broke;]
The immortal desire) of immortals) # we saw) in their faces, and sighed.]

Note the following facts about the meter:

1. Feet have two or three syllables, in general.
2. A foot at the left edge of the line can have one syllable, as in the second line.
3. A foot can have more than three syllables, as in the foot -dering and mil-
in the first line.
4. There is an extrametrical syllable in the middle of the line.

These are some of the facts that our system must account for, within the theoretical framework described above.
SCANSION SYSTEM FOR The Wanderings of Oisin, Section III

The input to the system consists of a phonological representation, including information about phonemes, syllable structure, word boundaries, stress, and phonological phrasing. This follows naturally from our assumption that the derivation leading to Verse Form is simply a continuation of the phonological derivation. Prosodic rules are the first to operate, followed by pattern-building rules.

PROSODIC RULES

Prosodic rules are, in general, optional. There are three of them in Oisin. In my scansions, from this point on an in the appendices, I will boldface environments in which prosodic rules apply. Keep in mind that these are covert phonological rules, and that their effects are not normally seen at the level of phonetic form, being instead only relevant to verse form.

1. Two adjacent syllables whose nuclei are separated at most by an [h] may be treated as a single syllable. (This is clearly related to phonological processes of glide formation and vowel coalescence.)

This rule applies only three times in Oisin, in the following three contexts: unglorious, sayeth, the whole. We will see similar rules applying much more frequently in the meters of Swinburne and Hopkins.

2. A schwa may be ignored medially before a sonorant followed by an unstressed vowel. This is the covert analogue of a deletion rule. In fact this particular rule may reflect an overt phonological rule of Yeats' dialect, rather than a part of the verse system; it is not clear.

This rule applies quite often in Oisin, to all of the following words: wandering, covering, slumberers, memories, wakening, remembering, flowering, reverie, fattening, staggering, innumerable, populace

---

4 Populace falls under this rule only awkwardly, because of the extra glide in the middle of the word; Oscar Wilde pointed out to Yeats that this word seemed unsuitable in its place in the poem.
We can see two applications of Prosodic Rule 2 in the first stanza:

Fled foam) underneath) us and round] <us,> # a wan)dering and mil)ky smoke]
High) as the sad)le-girth, co]vering> # away} from our glan)ces the tide;

Thus, we can explain away the foot which appears to have more than three syllables in the first line. In general, the prosodic rules provide explanations for cases in which feet apparently contain four syllables or more. Thus, we can confidently say that no foot in Oisin contains more than three syllables.

3. An unstressed vowel may be ignored word-finally after a stressed syllable and before a sonorant, and the sonorant and any following material treated as part of the previous syllable

This is another example of a rule that applies only in a few cases in Oisin, but which we will see is used more frequently by other poets, in this case mainly by Hopkins. It applies to three words: pillar, spittle, withered. Each of these words is reduced to one syllable.
PATTERN-BUILDING RULES

1. DESTRESSING

A primary stress becomes unstressed when it has a line/half-line boundary or a primary stress on its left, and a primary stress within the same phrase on its right. This rule operates from left to right. This is a kind of Destressing in Clash, which is also found in the stress systems of natural language. In Oisin, Destressing is obligatory.

Whether a particular syllable is a primary stress or not is a phonological given, and the rules which determine which words are stressed, and where primary stress falls, are part of the ordinary, overt phonology and separate from the scansion system. By “primary stress”, I mean the main stress of any stress-bearing word. Nouns, verbs, adjectives, names, numerals, and all polysyllabic words, as well as words bearing special semantic stress, fall into this category.

The behavior of heavy monosyllabic adverbs, prepositions, quantifiers, th-words, and not varies; sometimes these words are stress-bearing, and sometimes not.

Light monosyllables in these categories, and words in other categories (e.g., complementizers, wh-words, modals, forms of the copula, forms of have, pronouns, coordinating elements, determiners, and interjections like ah or O) do not normally bear stress.

Compounds are treated just like two or more independent words for the purpose of finding primary stresses.

In the first stanza, Destressing applies twice. In scansion from now on, destressed words will be italicized, and other primary stresses will be underlined:

_Fled foam_ underneath us and _round_ <us,> # a _wan_dering and _mil_ky smoke

_High_ as the sad_dle-girth, _cov_ering_ # away from our glan_ces the tide;

And _those_ that _fled_, and that _fol_lowed,> # from the _foam_-pale _dis_tance broke;

The _immor_tal desire_ of _Immor_tals_ # _we saw_ in their _fa_ces, and _sighed._
In the first case, the word *fled* stands between a phrase boundary on its left, and a primary stress in the same phrase on its right. In the second case, the word *pale* stands between two stressed syllables.

2. EXTRAMETRICALLY

There may be, and usually is, an extrametrical syllable following the first half-line. In each line of the first stanza, there is such an extrametrical syllable. However, there are a significant number of lines with no such syllable:

7  
*Came now* the *sliding of tears* # and *sweep*ping of *mist*-cold hair.]

8  
*And now* the *warmth* of *sighs*, # and *after the quiver* of *lips*.

92  
*Help*less, *men lift*ing the *lids* # of his *weary* and *death*-making *eye*.

We know for sure that extrametricality is a real phenomenon, because there are sequences of three unstressed syllables in the middle of the line, in some lines:

24  
*And the* *stars* were *blotted above* <us,> # and the *whole* of the *world* was *one*.

35  
*And, shak*ing the *plumes* of the *grasses>* and the *leaves* of the *mu*ral *glen*.

Interestingly, there are no lines in which one finds back-to-back stresses in the middle of the line, even though feet of one syllable are possible at the beginning of the second half-line:

48  
*Sidled their bo*dy against <him,> # fill*ling the *shade* with their *eyes*.

60  
*Watched* me with *mourn*ful won*der* > out) of the *wells* of his *eyes*.
This rule breaks up the line into two very autonomous half-lines. Calculations normally made over the line, such as those involved in boundary placement, are, in Oisin, made over the half-line instead. I view this as a direct consequence of Yeats’ peculiar placement of extrametrical syllables. This idiosyncrasy extends to Yeats’ verse in more conventional meter as well, as in the well-known poem The Lake Isle of Innisfree, the first three lines of which are given below, with extrametrical syllables and half-line boundaries marked:

I will arise and go <now,> # and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build <there,> # of clay and wattles made:
Nine bean-rows will I have <there,> # a hive for the honey-bee,

This verse pattern resembles a pattern found in English folk song in which three-beat lines ending with extrametrical syllables alternate with lines lacking such syllables:

My bonnie lies over the ocean.
My bonnie lies over the sea.
My bonnie lies over the ocean.
O bring back my bonnie to me.

Recent work by Hayes and MacEachern, building on insights of Derek Attridge, suggests that folk verse of this type is based on a four-beat pattern, with beats having equal temporal duration when the verses are sung or recited in a regular way. Not all of these temporal beats are filled with linguistic material, however. In the verse immediately above, for example, there would be a “missing beat” at the end of each line, creating a sense of four very separate lines.

This view may explain the strong separation between half-lines in Oisin. Each line could be seen as two four-beat measures, each with a rest in the fourth beat. These rests would serve to define the boundaries of the autonomous half-line units.\(^7\)

\(^7\)David Pesetsky (p.c.) has suggested that this musical metaphor should perhaps be carried even further. Since the normal foot has three syllables, and each foot corresponds to a single temporal beat, we could look at the poem as being in a four-beat triple meter, in other words, 12/8. Each verse would then correspond to an eight-measure musical bar. As far as I can see, this is an intriguing and reasonable suggestion, and wholly compatible with the theory I present here. However, it does not seem, in and of itself, to account for those elements of the poem on which I focus my attention here: prosodic rules, extrametricality, placement of foot boundaries, and the constraints governing the alignment of foot boundaries with prominent syllables.
3. MARK STRESS MAXIMA

Not all stressed syllables are marked with boundaries by the scansion system of *Oisin*, not even after we take the Destressing Rule into account.

57
*(Sn*a)*\{ching the horn\} of *Nia*\{mh*, > # I *blew*\} a *long*\{lin\}gering note.*

170
*came af*\{ter the hard\} \{gaze of youth,\} # or an *old*\{man lifted his head.*

The rule which marks prominent elements is more selective than the rule of "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep", which marked all stressed syllables. It marks only those primary stresses which are made especially salient because they are flanked on each side by a syllable (in the same half-line) which is not a primary stress. A primary stress which meets this condition is called a stress maximum.\(^8\)

Stress maxima are marked with a right boundary.

The notion that stress maxima are always heads, in some forms of English verse, was first proposed in Halle and Keyser’s seminal works in generative metrics, as part of a theory of Chaucer's iambic pentameter. However, it has always been thought that stress maxima in non-head positions were ruled out by a constraint on metrical structures. What I am suggesting is that foot boundaries are placed, and metrical structures created, on the basis of stress maxima.

Note how this rule interacts with Destressing; *foam* in the first line and *foam* and *dis-* in the third line count as stress maxima only because syllables next to them are destressed.

Most of the foot boundaries in the first stanza are placed by this rule, 11 out of 18. (These boundaries are represented by "\}" below.) This is typical; marking stress maxima is the primary way of creating feet. Note that the final metrical syllable of any half-line is never marked by this rule. This is because the rightmost syllable in the half-line, by definition, never has a syllable to its right, so it can’t be flanked on both sides by syllables which are not primary stresses. (Extrametrical syllables don't count for the calculation of stress maxima.)

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\(^8\) In Halle and Keyser’s various articles on metrics, the stress maximum principle undergoes a number of changes in detail, and the definition I give here is not exactly the same as any one of Halle and Keyser’s definitions, but my notion is identical in spirit and nearly identical in substance.
Fled {foam} underneath us and round {us,} # a {wan}dering and mil{ky smoke} 

High {as the sad{dle-girth, cov}ering} # away {from our gl{ances the tide;] 

And those {that fled,} and that fol{lowed,} # from the {foam}-pale dis{tance broke;} 

The immortal desire {of Immor{tals} # we saw} in their fa{ces, and sighed.} 

4. MARK THE RIGHT EDGE 

The final metrical syllable in each half-line is marked with a right boundary by this rule. Thus, this rule is responsible for one-third of the foot boundaries placed in the poem. It is a fairly straightforward rule. In the scansion of the first stanza above, foot boundaries marked with “]” are placed by this rule. 

5. CREATE TERNARY FEET, RIGHT TO LEFT 

This rule creates feet of three syllables each, starting at boundaries that have already been placed and moving left. It respects existing boundaries, in the sense that it only creates feet where there is a stretch of four or more syllables in the same half-line with no boundary dividing them. This rule is bounded by the phrase. About ten percent of the boundaries in the poem are placed by this rule. These fall into two categories; boundaries placed after a syllable at the beginning of a half-line, and boundaries placed in the region of two adjacent stresses in the middle of a line. 

AT THE BEGINNING OF A HALF-LINE 

2 High {as the sad{dle-girth, cov}ering} # away {from our gl{ances the tide;] 

85 But in dreams,} mild man{of the cro{izers,} # dri{ving the dust} with their throngs.} 

199 Watch{ing the bles{sed ones} # far-off,} and the smile{ on God's face.}
MID-LINE, NEAR TWO ADJACENT STRESSES

82  That the spear}-shaft is made) out of ash]\<wood,> # the shield} out of o}sier and hide,\]

146  As my mind} made the names]\ of the Fil<nians. > # Far} from the haz}el and oak,\]

149  *Long fled]} the foam}\-flakes around]} <me,> # the winds]\ flew out}\ of the vast.\]

The effects of this rule are easiest to see in the first case, at the beginning of a half-line. A stressed syllable which begins a half-line can never be a stress maximum, because it is not flanked by two syllables in the same half-line. So there are two possibilities for it; either it will be marked with a boundary by the rule creating ternary feet, or it won't be marked at all. In the first set of examples above (lines 2, 85, 199), a stress at the beginning of the line is marked by the ternary footing rule, creating a cadence in which a unary foot is followed by a ternary foot.

The point is that a unary foot is always followed by a ternary foot; there is no way to create a unary foot, other than as a side-effect, so to speak, of creating a ternary foot. In the example below, an half-line-initial stressed syllable is not made into a unary foot, because it cannot be marked by any of the three marking rules I have just discussed.

168  Went the laugh}{ter of scorn]} from my mouth]\ # like the roaring of wind]} in a wood.\]

In the middle of a line, this rule generally places a parenthesis next to one or the other of two adjacent primary stresses, neither one of which is a stress maximum, as in the second set of examples above (lines 82, 146, 149).
CONSTRAINTS

After a verse grid is constructed by the rules given above, it is evaluated by constraints which determine whether it is well-formed. When a line of poetry seems to be unrhythmic or to have the wrong rhythm, it is because no verse grid can be constructed over that line which passes the constraints at the level of Verse Form. The most familiar kind of constraint simple states how many feet a line may have. But most of the constraints enforce a particular alignment between the verse grid and the stress grid. As is usual in generative studies of poetic rhythm, I assume that all these constraints are absolute and apply simultaneously.

CONSTRAINT 1
EACH LINE MUST CONTAIN EXACTLY SIX FEET

This constraint simply requires that there be six feet in each line. It rules out lines like the construct below, which are simply too long.

CONSTRUCTS - IMPOSSIBLE LINES

168’ Escaped} the laugh}ter of scorn} from my mouth] # like the roar}ing of wind} in a wood.]

8 And now} the warmth} of sighs.] # and af}ter came} the quij}ver of lips.]}
CONSTRAINT 2
THE HEAD OF A POLYSYLLABIC CLITIC GROUP MUST BE THE HEAD OF A FOOT

This is a typical example of a constraint dealing with the alignment of verse grids and phonological phrases. I assume a theory of phonological phrasing similar to the one presented in Hayes 1984; the most important feature of that theory for now deals with the formation of Clitic Groups. Clitic Groups are the level of phonological phrasing immediately above the Word and Compound. The head of a Clitic Group is the most highly stressed syllable in the Clitic Group. The key point about Clitic Groups is that non-stress-bearing “clitic” words² form a single Clitic Group with a nearby stress-bearing word. If there are nearby stress-bearing words on each side, then the clitic word groups with the one that is syntactically more closely related. For example:

(The cat) (is sick.)

(They came over) (and we started) (to talk.)

Hayes points out that the grouping together of clitics with adjacent words is optional in some contexts, particularly in the sequence [Clitic Adj Noun]. In this sequence, though at least closely related clitics like the determiners a and the, and the possessive pronouns, still tend to group together with the adjective, it is not obligatory.

So the following kinds of sequences have two possible phrasings:

[the] [hot] [soup]
[the hot] [soup]

[in] [deep] [water]
[in deep] [water]

[if] [dry] [skin]
[if dry] [skin]

²such as determiners, modals, conjunctions, complementizers, pronouns, wh-words, most prepositions, some adverbs, forms of do, be and have, and sometimes quantifiers, not, the word how, and th-words. Note that disyllabic prepositions and adverbs often behave like clitics even though they are stress-bearing.
I need to extend Hayes' theory in one fairly natural way; I assume that when a clitic word is not adjacent to any stressed syllables, in that situation too it may escape cliticization and head a Clitic Group of its own. This generally happens when there is a long sequence of clitic words, and in these cases there are often several options as to which clitic becomes a head.

(and if [you were] [in the store])

[and if you] [were in] [the store]

Finally, Hayes' notes that there are other situations in which clitics receive special phrasal stress; one of the most common situations of this type occurs when, in the environment [Preposition Pronoun], either the preposition or the pronoun gets phrasal stress. There are three options for phrasing in such an environment, assuming no special focus stress:

[everything] [I've managed] [for you]
[everything] [I've managed] [for you]
[everything] [I've managed for you]

The constraint on rhythm in Oisin which we're looking at doesn't require that the head of every Clitic Group be the head of a foot. If it did, every monosyllabic noun, adjective, and verb would head a foot, and this is certainly not the case. The rule applies only to Clitic Groups with more than one syllable.

However, it still has major effects. First of all, the stressed syllable of a polysyllabic noun, adjective, verb, or name is always the head of a Clitic Group. Thus it must always be the head of a foot. This effect is equivalent to the effect of Kiparsky's Monosyllable Principle (Kiparsky 1973, 1977.) And the sequences [Determiner Noun], [Conjunction Noun], [Complementizer Noun] or [Preposition Noun] always form a single clitic group, so nouns in these contexts always head feet. Other such sequences are the sequence [Subject-Pronoun Verb]; the sequence [Verb Object-Pronoun]; the sequence [Conjunction Verb]; and the sequence [Complementizer/wh=word Verb], and there are yet others. Thus this constraint rules out many different kinds of conceivable lines:

CONSTRUCT - IMPOSSIBLE

15'
Drip[ping and dou]bling [land]<ward,> # as though} FAIRIES has]tened away,]
CONSTRUCT - IMPOSSIBLE

22'
For, as drift from a man\WHO DROWNS slow\# the gleams\# of the world\# and the sun.\\]

CONSTRUCT - IMPOSSIBLE

25'
Till the horse GAVE me money; for, cum\# with stems\# of the hazel and oak.\\]

The fact that these kinds of line don’t occur shows us that intuition can only take us so far when examining poetic rhythm, or at least when examining the rhythm of poems written by others. For the constructs given above as examples of impossible lines seem very plausible (to me, at least) as lines of Oisin, and yet careful examination of the corpus reveals that they are disallowed.

There are some apparent exceptions to this constraint. One sort of exception shows the reality of the Destressing Rule:

43
And the chief\# of the huge\# white creatures\# # his knees\# in the soft\# STAR-FLAME\#]

84
How the slow\# BLUE-EYED ox\#en of Finn\# # sad\#ly at evening tide.\\]

88
Or moved\# as they moved\# once, love-making\# # or piercing the tempest with sails\#]

156
From the great\# GRASS-BAR\nacle calling\# # and later the shore\#-weeds brown.\\]

207
Hearing the shaking of shields\# # and the quiver of stretched\# BOWSTRINGS\#]
In the lines above, compounds are misaligned; their left-hand member, which should be the phonological head of the compound, is not the head of a foot. In general, compounds fall under the constraint we've been discussing, and they are correctly aligned, with their left-hand member serving as the head of a foot, as in the following cases:

3
And *those* that *fled,* and that *fol[lowed,* > # from the *foam*-pale distance broke]

86
*Moved round* me, of *sea*men or *lands*<men,* > # all) who are win)ter tales;]

147
I *rode* away) on the sur<ges,* > # where, *high* as the sad)le-bow,]

However, in 43, 84, 88, 156, and 204, the rule of Destressing applies to the strong member of a compound, so that when the line is judged by the constraints at Verse Form, the strong member actually appears to be stressless. Because it is stressless, it cannot be the head of a Clitic Group, and because it is not the head of a Clitic Group, it is not subject to the constraint in question. This phenomenon is a striking demonstration of the reality of the Destressing Rule as I have formulated it here.

There is another coherent set of exceptions which I have no easy explanation for. Progressive participles, which end in -*ing,* consistently evade the constraint under discussion, appearing readily as the first two syllables of a trisyllabic foot:

103
A *star*ling like *them* that forgath]<ered* > ‘neath a *moon* WAKING white) as a shell]

158
COMING out} of the sea] as the dawn] <comes,* > # a chaunt} of love] on my lips.]

202
The *war*-songs that roused] them of old;] > # they will rise,) MAKING clouds} with their breath.]

This class of exceptions is a minor mystery.
Finally, there are a few cases which require special assumptions about the properties of certain words and constructions. In one example, the word *men* acts like a clitic rather than a stress-bearing word:

188
With a *sob* for men *wax*ing so *weak*<ly,>) *# a sob* for the *Fenians’ old strength.*

Semantically weak nouns like *thing* and *man* tend to act like unstressed words, more so than other nouns (Tarlinskaja 1984). This seems to be an example of that phenomenon.

In another case, a preposition fails to cliticize to a following genitive noun; this is similar to the optional non-cliticization to adjectives which I mentioned above (discussed in greater detail in Hayes 1984).

199
*Watch*ing the *blessed* ones *move*<ly,>) *# far-off,) and the *smile* on *God’s face.*

Finally, there is one line in which the word *old* appears to be treated as stressless in the idiomatic expression *of old*. In general, weakening of stress is often found in idioms as well (Tarlinskaja 1988).

221
*It were sad*<ly,>) *to gaze*<ed>) *# and no) man I loved*<ly,>) *of old there.*

This constraint on the alignment of phonological phrasing and verse grids proves to be one of the most interesting and distinctive elements of the rhythm of *Oisin*. 
We may ask: why should this phenomenon be treated as the consequence of a constraint and not as part of the effect of the rule marking prominent elements? We might think that in the interests of a simpler theory, we could alter the rules slightly so that the heads of polysyllabic clitic groups counted as equivalent to stress maxima, and therefore would have foot boundaries placed by them automatically. However, this system would generate types of lines which are ruled out by my current system, and are in fact not found in Oisin:

CONSTRUCT -- IMPOSSIBLE

1' FAIR|IES fled} underneath] <us,> # a wan}dering and mil|ky smoke.]

CONSTRUCT -- IMPOSSIBLE

3' And those} that AGREED,) foll<owed,> # and the foam}-pale dis)tance broke;]

In 1’, the line begins with a trochaic word, fairies, followed immediately by a stress maximum, fled. No lines of Oisin actually display this pattern, for good reason; there is no rule that would mark the first syllable of fairies with a foot boundary, and if that syllable is not so marked, then it causes a violation of Constraint 2, because it is the head of a polysyllabic Clitic Group but not the head of a foot.

In 3’, the heads of two adjacent polysyllabic words are marked, even though neither one is a stress maximum. This creates a unary foot (foll-) in the middle of the line. This pattern is also not found, because syllables which are not stress maxima cannot in fact be marked with a foot boundary.
CONSTRAINT 3
THE HEAD OF EACH FOOT MUST BE STRESSED

In some cases, either the edge marking rule or the ternary footing rule picks out a syllable which is not a primary stress of a lexically stressed major category word. In all these cases, the syllable picked out still conceivably has some sort of stress.

53
As I gazed] on the bell]-branch, sleep's fore]<bear,> # far-sung} by the
Sen]naCHIES,]

109
O, HAD) you seen beau)iful Nia]<mh> # grow white} as the wa]ters are white,]

157
If I WERE) as I once] was, the strong] <hoofs> # crush]ing the sand} and the shells,]

The constraint requiring that the head of each foot be stressed allows for the possibility that the stress in question might be phrasal stress, or secondary stress. It distinguishes these cases from non-occurring cases such as the construct below:

CONSTRUCT - IMPOSSIBLE

A] large sub OR) a cold piz]<za> # would be ab]solute hea}ven right now!]

It may be that the correct generalization in these cases is even weaker; perhaps the only syllables that cannot occupy strong positions are unstressed syllables which are immediately adjacent to a stressed syllable. The application of this constraint would then be similar to the calculation of stress maxima, in which relative stress is the crucial factor.
CONSTRAINT 4
EACH HALF-LINE MUST CORRESPOND TO A PHONOLOGICAL PHRASE

The Phonological Phrase is the next level of structure above the Clitic Group. I won’t go into the details of how phonological phrases are formed here, since there is in any case a great deal of debate on the subject; see Hayes 1984 for one approach. It is typical in all kinds of verse for the relation between lines and phonological phrases to be constrained.

This constraint rules out, for example, cases like the following, in which a half-line boundary intervenes between an adjective and the noun it modifies:

CONSTRUCT - IMPOSSIBLE

157’
If I were) as I once) was, the migh]ty # hoofs) on the sand} and the shells.]

It should be noted that when I referred to certain rules, such as the rule of Destressing, applying within a phrase, I referred not to Phonological Phrases but to a higher level of phonological phrasing, the Intonational Phrase. Intonational Phrases can be identifies because each intonational melody aligns with one intonational phrase. Also, punctuation often marks the boundaries between Intonational Phrases.
We have now seen all the constraints that apply at Verse Form to the lines of Oisin. Let’s take a look at the system as a whole:

I. RULES

A. PROSODIC RULES

1. vowel coalition/ glide formation
2. medial schwa- “deletion”
3. sonorant resyllabification

B. METRICAL RULES

1. Destressing (within a phrase)
2. Extrametricality (medial)
3. Mark Stress Maxima (within a half-line) (with a right parenthesis)
4. Mark Right Edge (within a half-line) (with a right parenthesis)
5. Construct Ternary Feet (right to left) (within a half-line) (with a rt parenthesis)

II. CONSTRAINTS

1. Six feet per line
2. Head of a Polysyllabic Clitic Group --> Head of a Foot
3. Head of a Foot --> Stressed
4. Half-line boundary --> Phonological Phrase Boundary

We’ve seen that the unusual rhythm of Oisin can be accounted for in a straightforward way by a system which generates scansion based on grids of the same kind used in metrical phonology and prosodic morphology. We also saw that the domain over which a verse grid is formed is not a prosodic unit like a word or phrase, but a verse unit, in this case a half-line. Not only does this system provide plausible scansion for the lines of the poem, it rules out other lines which are not possible in the poem.

This framework can account for more than just the rhythm of Oisin, however. In the next section we will see how scansion systems only slightly different in detail from the one I have just presented account for two other meters similar to that of Oisin: the rhythm of Longfellow’s Evangeline, and a verse rhythm found in Swinburne’s The Altar of Righteousness. Then we’ll consider how these three meters relate to each other, and what parameters of variation seem to exist.
SECTION III. Longfellow and Swinburne

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow composed poems with a rhythm very similar to that of Oisin: the long narrative works Evangeline and The Courtship of Miles Standish. Here are the first four lines of Evangeline scanned.¹⁰

1 This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks
2 Beardèd with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
3 Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
4 Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.

A slight modification of the Oisin scansion system will provide the correct analysis of the rhythm of Evangeline. There are four major differences:

1. There are no prosodic rules in the scansion system of Evangeline.

2. Extrametricality is line-final, rather than line-medial, and as a result the half-line boundary is not significant; rules and constraints which refer to half-lines in Oisin refer to lines in Evangeline.

3. There is a change in direction of footing; the left edge is marked (still with a right boundary) and ternary footing proceeds from left to right (once again, using right boundaries).

This means that the first foot is always unary. It also means that the final foot must be ternary, since the final syllable can’t be a stress maximum, and the right edge isn’t automatically marked. The only way to place the rightmost foot boundary is by the ternary footing rule.

This is a neat way to explain why every line in Evangeline ends with a ternary foot, but to take this explanation seriously, we have to take extrametricality seriously. In Idsardi’s Simplified Bracketed Grid system of metrical phonology, the effects of extrametricality are achieved simply by the placement of boundaries. For example, to achieve the effect of final extrametricality, Idsardi would place a right bracket to the left

Appendix II contains scansions of the lines of the first two books of Evangeline.

¹⁰
of the rightmost syllable. This has the effect of excluding the rightmost syllable from bring footed.

This approach won't work in the scansion system of *Evangeline*, however. If we assume that there is always a right boundary placed on the left side of the rightmost syllable of the line, then we have two problems. The first is a theoretical problem, in that we have two edge-marking rules. The second problem is more serious; there is no longer any need to mark the final foot boundary with the ternary footing rule. This means that there is no longer any explanation for why the final foot of the line is always ternary. For this reason, I cannot implement Idsardi's approach to extrametricality phenomena.

Another issue arises with respect to the right edge of the line; what happens to one or more unfooted but metrical syllables at the right edge, as in the following construct?

CONSTRUCT - IMPOSSIBLE

73'
Sprin[les the con)grega{tion, and scat{ters bles}sings upon) some of <them,>

In fact there are no lines like this; they seem to be ruled out. I propose a licensing condition on syllables which states that each syllable must be either extrametrical or part of a foot. This condition could be universal; however, in all the other meters I will discuss it would be vacuous, so I won't consider it any further in this paper.

4. The relationship between phonological phrasing and verse grids is not as tightly constrained in *Evangeline* as it is in *Oisin*. There are two specific differences:

A. While the head of a polysyllabic word must be the head of a foot, the head of a clitic group composed of two or more monosyllabic words is not always the head of a foot. This can be seen in the following examples:

10
Men) whose lives gli)ded on} like ri}vers that wa}ter the wood)<lands,>

43
So]lemnly down} the street came) the pa}rish priest,) and the chil)<dren>

233
Gloo])my forebo}dings of ill,) and see on)ly ru}jin before) <them.>

B. A line boundary must correspond to a word boundary, nor may it intervene between the two parts of a compound, but it may occur in the middle of a Phonological Phrase, and perhaps even in the middle of a Clitic Group, as in the following examples:

226
Never so much) thyself) as when through) the cur)<ling>

227
Smoke) of the pipe) or the forge) thy friend)'y and jo)vial face) <gleams>

232
Ever) in the cheer)fullest mood) art thou,) when o)thers are filled) <with>

233
Gloomy forebodings of ill,) and see on)ly ruin before) <them.>

Here's a summary of the scansion system and constraints of Evangeline:

I. RULES

A. PROSODIC RULES

NONE

B. METRICAL RULES

1. Destressing (within a phrase)
2. Extrametricality (final)
3. Mark Stress Maxima (within a line) (with a right parenthesis)
4. Mark Left Edge (within a line) (with a right parenthesis)
5. Construct Ternary Feet (left to right) (within a line) (with a rt parenthesis)

II. CONSTRAINTS

1. Six feet per line
2. Head of a Major Category Word --> Head of a Foot
3. Head of a Foot --> Stressed
4. Line boundary --> Phonological Phrase Boundary
5. Licensing Condition
The work of Algernon Charles Swinburne was probably the major inspiration for the verse form of Oisin. Swinburne wrote poems with a nearly identical rhythm. I've investigated the rhythm of one longer poem, The Altar of Righteousness, henceforth, Altar. Here are the first four lines of section II of Altar scanned:

1
In the days) when time) was not,) in the time) when days) were none,]

2
Ere sor{row had life{ to lot,) ere earth{ gave thanks{ for the sun{]

3
Ere man{ in his dark{ness wa}king adored{ what the soul{ in him could{]

4
And the ma}nifold God{ of his ma}king was ma}nifest e}vil and good{]

There are five differences between Altar's system and Oisin's, most of them very minor:

1. There is no extrametricality, and there are the same changes in the domains of rules that we saw in Evangeline, with the line instead of the half-line being the relevant metrical domain for rules and constraints. This is true even though the half-line is significant for Swinburne; as you can see in the scansions above, the half-lines as well as the lines rhyme.

2. Destressing seems to apply in the domain of the line, rather than being bounded by Intonational Phrases, as you can see in the following examples:

IV, 27
Not Her{mes, guar{dian and guide{,) God, he{rald, and com{forter, shed{]

VI, 20
Till man,) soul-sick{ of dissem{bling, bade fear{) and her Lauds{) begone{]

VI, 34
Men, lo{vers of man,) whose pangs{ bore wit{ness if truth{ were true{]

---In fact the rhythm in question is found only in certain sections of the poem: II, III, IV, and VI. Thus my analysis is based solely on these sections. Scansions of these sections are to be found in Appendix III.
3. The number of feet per line varies between three, five, and six.

4. There is one line in which the head of a trisyllabic compound is not also the head of a foot:

Il 31
"Bring now) for BLOOD-OFF)ERING thy son) to mine al]tar, and bind) him and slay,]

This is perhaps because the requirement that the head of a polysyllabic Clitic Group be the head of a foot conflicts with the usually complementary requirement that the head of a polysyllabic stress-bearing word be the head of a foot. Swinburne cannot decide what to do - in this case he chooses the word over the compound, but in a nearly identical situation he chooses the compound over the word:

IV 3
From the BLOOD)-SODDEN soil) that was bla)sted with fires] of the Church) and her creed]

5. The prosodic rules are somewhat more strict. Rule 1 only applies within single words, and Rule 3 only applies in a few fixed expressions: heaven, even, ever.

Here's a summary of Swinburne's system:

A. PROSODIC RULES

1. vowel coalition/ glide formation (only within a single word)
2. ignore medial schwa
3. sonorant resyllabification (only in heaven, even, ever)

B. METRICAL RULES

1. Destressing (within a line)
2. Mark Stress Maxima (within a line) (with a right parenthesis)
3. Mark Right Edge (within a line) (with a right parenthesis)
4. Construct Ternary Feet (right to left) (within a line) (with a right parenthesis)
II. CONSTRAINTS

1. Six / five / three feet per line, depending on section
2. Head of a Clitic Group --> Head of a Foot (except in one compound)
3. Head of a Foot --> Stressed
4. Half-line boundary --> Phonological Phrase Boundary

Swinburne thought of himself as recreating classical meters in English; he wanted his feet to behave the way anapests do in some Greek and Latin poetry. But he was frustrated, because he could not recreate the Greek and Latin feet exactly; he noted that "lax English laws" allow "the iambic substitute" to creep into these meters. In classical anapestic meters, a foot consisting of two syllables must always consist of two long syllables, except under certain special conditions. Swinburne thought of stress in English as analogous to length in these classical meters, and he was frustrated that in English, a sequence of an unstressed syllable followed by a stressed syllable was acceptable as a foot. In this excerpt from a critical essay, Swinburne comments on this fact:

Now if there is a small and simple thing in the technical line of metre it is the scheme of English anapaests. That you shall not count anything but a foot of two long syllables equivalent to a foot of two short and a long, is surely no rigorous, no perverse, no perplexing rule. That you shall not allow the iambic substitute, which the facility of our lax English laws admits on sufferance as tolerable if illegal, to overcharge your verse, is as obvious and as requisite a law of common harmony as can well be conceived. Yet versifiers do continually violate these rules...¹²

In fact, Swinburne himself violates these rules in Altar, which allows a series of an unstressed syllable followed by a stressed syllable to count as a valid foot. However, compared with Yeats, Swinburne makes greater use of the Destressing Rule, and has less binary feet with overtly unstressed syllables, suggesting that he was really trying to use "spondees" rather than "iambics". What he didn't understand was the meter that he was using actually tolerated binary feet with an unstressed syllable, which he thought of as "iambics", but not binary feet consisting of two stressed syllables, which he thought of as "spondees". Apparent spondees were only acceptable because of the Destressing Rule.

What kind of a general system of metrical principles and parameters do these three meters suggest? Obviously, they represent only a small and fairly homogeneous subset of the set of possible English meters. However, it is worth thinking about what main kinds of variation we have seen among them, and what remained constant.

¹²From "The Chaotic School", in Swinburne 1964, p.50.
WHAT VARIED?

1. Extrametricality could be present or absent, and when there could be final or medial. Medial extrametricality led to a strong, rhythmically significant division between lines and half-lines. It was always bounded by a verse domain, either the line or half-line. In other forms of meter, extrametricality is sometimes initial, sometimes bounded by the phrase instead of the line, and sometimes optional. There are thus at least three parameters related to extrametricality:

   A. Forbidden, optional, or obligatory?
   B. Bounded by a verse domain or by a phonological domain?
   C. Final, medial, or initial?

2. DOMAINS OF RULES AND CONSTRAINTS

   In general, it seemed that rules and constraints linked to a particular could vary in terms of their domains, in two ways.

   A. A verse domain, or a phonological domain?
   B. What level? (Word, Compound, Clitic Group, Phonological Phrase, or Intonational Phrase? Line, or half-line?)

3. ON OR OFF

   Prosodic rules could be either optional, or not used at all.

4. DIRECTIONALITY

   In Altar and Oisin, the right edge was marked and footing proceeded to the left. In Evangeline, the left edge was marked and footing proceeded to the right. This suggests a simple parameter: does footing go from left to right, or from right to left.

5. NUMBER OF FEET

   Clearly, the number of feet in a line can vary from poem to poem.

   All these kinds of variations are not unique to the somewhat unusual meters we’ve been examining. The various varieties of conventional iambic and trochaic meter show all these sorts of variation. There doesn’t seem to be any sort of internal variation specific to the meters we’ve looked at.
WHAT STAYED THE SAME?

RULES

1. TERNARY FOOTING

   This is, of course, the "macro-parameter" separating all the meters we've looked at from many other forms of English verse.

2. UNARY FEET TOLERATED AT THE EDGE OF THE FOOTING DOMAIN

   Not all meters tolerate unary feet at the edge of line, but all the meters we looked at did. This might be accidental, or it might somehow be related to the ternary footing parameter.

3. MARK STRESS MAXIMA

   This rule is known not to be universal; Milton, Wyatt, and Donne are three examples of poets who certainly don't require stress maxima to be heads in their iambic pentameter. Whether or not it applies in any sort of iambic pentameter is more controversial. We'll look at Shakespeare's meter with this question in mind, later in the paper.

   It is also possible that "pure" ternary meters, in which every foot (except possibly feet at the edges of metrical units) has three syllables, are good examples of a kind of meter with no rule marking stress maxima.

4. DESTRESSING

   One might conceivably find an iambic meter in which Destressing, exactly as I have stated it here, is at work.

5. EDGE-MARKING

   This is widespread in English meter.

6. RIGHT BOUNDARIES

   All the boundaries used were right boundaries. I assume that this is a universal property of English verse forms.
CONSTRAINTS

1. VERSE BOUNDARY --> PHONOLOGICAL BOUNDARY

2. HEAD OF POLYSYLLABIC PHONOLOGICAL UNIT --> HEAD OF FOOT

These two kinds of constraint are typical of most English verse. The crucial relation between phonological phrasing and verse was first made clear within the literature on generative poetics by Paul Kiparsky (see Kiparsky 1973, 1977).

3. HEAD OF FOOT --> STRESSED

This is another feature typical of the class of meters we've looked at, which are sometimes classed as “strong-stress meters”; it may well be connected with the ternary footing parameter in some way. Perhaps a ternary meter without this constraint is simply too difficult to parse.

The main innovation of the system I've presented here is that it delves more deeply into the rules which generate a rhythmic structure in poetry, and assumes that just like the rhythmic structures involved in stress systems, the rhythmic structures involved in verse are generated on the basis of pre-existing linguistic material, and not independently from that material. In Yeats and Longfellow in particular we saw a strong need to distinguish between the rule marking stress maxima and the constraint forcing heads of polysyllabic words to be the heads of feet. We saw that the data required this mixed approach, rather than one phrased purely in terms of either rules or constraints. Most previous generative approaches to meter assumed that the metrical system could be stated entirely in terms of constraints aligning texts with abstract rhythmic patterns, and did not recognize the need for rules which build up grids on the basis of the text of the poem.

Even recent generative work on verse rhythm has sometimes fallen prey to the prejudice that the rhythmic patterns of English verse are fixed abstract sequences of alternating weak and strong positions, never more than one weak position at a time, and never more than one strong. These approaches then assume that the rhythmic system of a poem can be stated purely in terms of constraints relating these sequences to actual texts. In Kiparsky and Hanson's recent work on the Sprung Rhythm of Gerard Manley Hopkins, this assumption leads them to complicate their theory unnecessarily. In the next section, I'll offer a simpler, better analysis of Sprung Rhythm.
SECTION IV. Sprung Rhythm

The exact nature of Hopkins' Sprung Rhythm has been a topic of much discussion. Many authors have questioned whether any system lies behind it at all, or whether it is simply well-crafted free verse written by a man with an ear for the rhythms of everyday speech. Recent work by Kiparsky & Hanson has shown beyond doubt, however, that Sprung Rhythm can be explicitly characterized in formal terms. Here's my scansion of a shorter poem in Sprung Rhythm:  

THE WINDHOVER

I caught) this morn)ning morn)ning's min)ion, king-

don of day)light's dau)<phin>, dapple-dawn)-drawn Fal)con, in his ri)ding

Of the rol)<ling un)derneath) <him> steady air,} and stri)ding

High) <there>, how he rung) upon the rein) of a wim)pling wing)

In his ec)stasy! then off,} off) forth} on swing,}

As a skate's) <heal> sweeps smooth} on a bow)-bend,> the hurl} and glid)ing

Rebuffed) the big) wind.) My heart) in hid)ding

Stirred) for a bird,} -- the achieve) of, the mas)tery of the thing!}

Brute beau)ty and va)lour and act,} oh, air, pride,} plume, here}

<Buckle>, AND) the fire) that breaks} from thee then,} a bill)lion

Times) told love)lier, more dan)gerous, O) my chevalier!}

No won)der of it: sheer) plod) makes plough} down silk)lion

Shine,) and blue)-bleak em)bers, ah) my dear)

Fall, gall) themselves,} and gash) gold)-vermil)lion.

---

13 Scansions of most of Hopkins’ poems in Sprung Rhythm can be found in Appendix IV. Note that I don’t underline primary stresses in these scansions, since all primary stresses are either targeted by the Destressing Rule or else marked with a boundary.
Certain major differences from the poems we have already looked at are evident in my scansion of this poem:

1. Not just stress maxima, but all primary stresses are marked with a boundary.

2. Destressing doesn’t apply as consistently in Sprung Rhythm as in the verse types we’ve already examined; it seems to be optional, as in the last line of The Windhover, in which Fall is subject to Destressing and gold is not.

3. There doesn’t seem to be any iterative binary or ternary footing rule; in the eighth line of The Windhover, the last foot of the line consists of five syllables:

   Stirred) for a bird,) -- the achieve) of, the mas)tery of the thing!

4. There is no edge-marking rule.

5. There is no constraint on the relation between lines and phonological phrases.

6. Extrametricality is linked to the phonological phrase and not the line.

7. Not only primary stresses are marked with a boundary; secondary stresses and words receiving phrasal stress are sometimes marked as well. However, secondary stresses are not marked consistently. For example, in the eleventh line of the poem the secondary stress of chevalier is not marked.

These are the main differences between Hopkins’ Sprung Rhythm and the verse types we have looked at so far. Since many of these are negative differences, or easy to state, it is not so difficult to determine the scansion system and constraints for Sprung Rhythm.
I. RULES

A. PROSODIC RULES

1. vowel coalition/ glide formation

This rule applies within words or phrases. I have collected the following examples of its application: steady air; oh, air; O alas; now on; cuckoo-echoing; how it; royal; bonny ash; O our; glory earth’s.

2. medial schwa-deletion

Examples: rapturous, azurous, strawberry, oracle

3. sonorant resyllabification

Examples: dapple, level, buckle, summer, over, Heaven, gravel, river, rural, fishers, oracle, little, tackle, wrestles

4. medial sonorant deletion

This rule is unique to Hopkins among the poets we have studied. We can phrase it as follows: “delete” (ignore) a sonorant immediately following a stressed vowel. If this rule is allowed to come before Rule 1 and feed it, we come close to the effect of the “synalepha” rule proposed by Halle and Keyser vis-a-vis Chaucer’s meter.

Examples of Rule 4 feeding Rule 1: pinions (=1 syllable), very, yellow, hollow, sorrow, fellow, pillows

5. Give a heavy syllable strong stress.

This is a covert rule similar to rules of post-lexical stress. Like other prosodic rules, it is optional. By strong stress, I mean stress equivalent in strength to the primary stress of a lexical word.

In addition to these five rules, we must recognize that Hopkins sometimes uses [m] as an allomorph of him, and that this form often syllabifies as part of the previous word.

Examples: for him, hear him, let him, of him
B. PATTERN-BUILDING RULES

1. Extrametricality (within the phrase) (optional) (final)
2. Destressing (within the poem) (optional)

It’s necessary to assume that the rule of Extrametricality precedes and feeds Destressing; sometimes the environment for Destressing is created in part by a stressed syllable that is separated from the destressed syllable by an extrametrical syllable, as in the following two lines of The Windhover:

Of the rol\langle ling\rangle level un\langle derne\rangleath\rangle \langle him\rangle steady air,\rangle and stri\langle ding Hi\langle gh\rangle \langle there\rangle, how he run\langle g\rangle upon the rein\rangle of a wim\langle pling wing\rangle

In the first of these two lines, one can also see that the environment for Destressing may be created in part by a syllable which is not overtly a primary stress, in this case, the first syllable of underneath. Prosodic Rule 5 is responsible for this effect.

3. Mark Primary Stresses (feet created within the poem)(with a right boundary)

A foot created by a boundary in one line may nevertheless include syllables at the end of the previous line; Hopkins called this overreaving.

The major complication is that, due to Prosodic Rule 5, not only primary stresses, but also heavy syllables, can be marked by this rule. Any syllable with a complex rime (any CV\langle ;\rangle, CVV or CVC syllable) can be optionally marked by this rule. Kiparsky has proposed that all heavy syllables are treated in the same way as stressed syllables, although he also assumed optional final consonant extrasyllabicity, and proposed certain prosodic rules which weakened this generalization. Hanson in her dissertation proposed other prosodic rules which further weaken the generalization, and noted that even given this further weakening, there are still heavy syllables that are not marked, nor in the environment for Destressing, as in the following examples:

His charge\langle through\rangle the champ\langle -white wa\rangle ter-in-a-wal\rangle low,

O the mind\langle ,\rangle mind\langle has moun\rangle tains; cliffs\langle of fall\rangle

Of now\langle done dark\rangle ness I wretch\langle sat wrest\rangle ling with (MY God!)\langle my God\rangle.
However, it really seems to be weight that is relevant, since sometimes heavy syllables are marked even when they bear no stress whatsoever, as in the following examples:

Mar\textit{garET}, are\{ you gri\textit{ving}

I say\{ more:\} the just\{ man jus\textit{tiCES};\}

Com\textit{forter, where,\} where\} is your com\textit{TING}?

The simplest thing to say is that a heavy syllable can optionally be considered equivalent to a primary stress; this correctly captures the role of heavy syllables in Destressing and in boundary placement. Prosodic Rule 5 has this effect.

II. CONSTRAINTS

1. Number of feet per line varies by poem

This system, involving only three metrical rules and one constraint, is in a way surprisingly simple. Its apparent complexity could be due to any or all of a number of factors:

1. The large number of optional prosodic and pattern-building rules, which are used often. First of all, the large number of such rules (7, including Extrametricality and Destressing) makes the representation over which the verse grid is formed quite different from the representation available to the reader or hearer of the poems. Secondly, because these rules are optional, there are many possibilities as to what the form of a particular line might be at the level of Verse Form. Attempting to deal with these possibilities might place too great a processing load on the reader.

Prosodic Rule 5 is particularly troublesome; many of Hopkins' readers have agreed with C.D. Lewis' comment that "The intended stress, indeed, is often difficult to find." (as quoted in Kiparsky 1984).

2. The unfamiliarity of the system.

3. The unnaturalness of the system. It could be that a system of this type violates general principles of English verse. For instance, combining the Destressing rule with the Mark Stress rule may constitute an unacceptable mixture of a pure stress-counting system like the system of Old English verse, and perhaps of some children's poetry in Modern English, with the "syllabo-tonic" alternating binary/ternary meter characteristic of Modern English art verse. Hopkins certainly incorporates other elements of Old English verse, most notably alliteration, into his Sprung Rhythm poems.
Kiparsky and Hanson’s most recent account of Sprung Rhythm, as presented in Hanson & Kiparsky 1996, can be summarized as follows:

1. A line consists of a fixed number of strong positions alternating with weak positions.

   The abstract pattern, for example, for The Windhover, would be:

   WWSWSWSWSWS

2. Resolution: A position contains either
   a. nothing at all
   b. a syllable
   c. a series of any number of light unstressed syllables, or
   d. a word (or part of a word) consisting of two syllables, the first of which is light and stressed.

3. A strong position must contain a heavy or stressed syllable.
4. Outrides: Before a pause, a strong position may be followed by an extra weak position.
5. various prosodic rules

K&H’s assumption of an invariable pattern of alternating weak and strong positions forces them to adopt what looks like a very complex disjunctive statement of the possible correspondences between positions and syllables. They argue, however, that this statement, Rule 2 above, is phonologically natural, because it is based on the "resolved moraic trochee", a type of metrical foot proposed to deal with certain facts about Old English stress. The idea that a type of foot, such as the “resolved moraic trochee”, has its own status as part of the linguistic system, and is not just a product of the rules that create it, is a hallmark of templatic metrical theories, which assume that each language selects one basic type of foot for use in its stress system and prosodic morphology. Thus the K&H account of Sprung Rhythm is tied to this sort of theory.

The resolved moraic trochee has initial stress, is either monosyllabic or disyllabic, and when it is disyllabic, the first syllable is always light. K&H argue that provisions 2a-2d can be collapsed into the following statement:

2'. A position contains a sequence of syllables less than or equal to one resolved moraic trochee.

Sequences satisfying 2a and 2b are clearly allowable under 2'. Sequences satisfying 2d are canonical resolved moraic trochees, and thus also allowable under 2'. Sequences satisfying 2c are allowable under 2', K&H argue, because any sequence

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14 The resolved moraic trochee is by no means, however, the only way of accounting for the facts of Old English stress; alternate accounts are available.
which doesn't contain a stressed syllable is less than a foot. The source of the restriction “light” in 2c isn't obvious in 2', and is unclear to me.

There are three major weaknesses in the K&H system. I have already discussed one, which has to do with provision 2c; K&H assume that heavy syllables must be treated like primary stresses, rather than admitting that they can also pattern with unstressed syllables, as the following examples show:

His charge THROUGH the champ]-white wa]ter-in-a-wa]low,

O the mind,] mind] has moun]tains; cliffs] of fall]


The second problem is relevant to provision 2a. K&H assume that each foot consists of a strong position alternating with a weak position. Thus they say that in a line like line 5 of The Windhover, which follows, there are ten positions, two of which are empty.

In his ec]stasy! then off,] off] forth] on swing,]

However, we know that in natural language there are metrical systems which can assign unary feet, not only at the edge of a grid but also in the middle. I have assumed that sort of system in this case as well. This leads not only to a more straightforward theory, but also to the answer to an otherwise puzzling question: why is it always weak positions that are “empty”?

Kiparsky, in an earlier paper, gives two examples in which he claims that there are unfilled strong positions:

S W S W S W S W S W S W Earnest, earthless, equal, attuneable I vaulty, voluminous, . . . , stupendous (Spelt from Sibyl's Leaves)

W S W S W S W S W S W S W Back beauty, keep it, beauty, beauty, beauty, . . . , from vanishing away (The Leaden Echo and the Golden Echo)

Each of these examples involves, Kiparsky claims, an eight-foot line in which there are only seven filled strong positions (boldfaced here). Kiparsky goes on to say that the “...” marks the location of the empty strong position.
Three considerations are relevant here. The first is that it is not clear that these lines contain only seven beats. Both could be analyzed differently:

SW SW S W S W S W S W
Earnest, earthless, equal, attuneable I vaulty, voluminous, . . ., stupendous
("Spelt from Sibyl's Leaves")

WS WS WS WS WS WS WS WS WS
Back beauty, keep it, beauty, beauty, beauty, . . ., from vanishing away
("The Leaden Echo and the Golden Echo")

Even if some reason is found not to respond to Kiparsky's claim in this way, there should still be some explanation for the extreme unnaturalness of empty strong positions, which occur maximally twice in Hopkins' oeuvre, as opposed to empty weak positions, which occur quite commonly.

The third and final problem has to do with provision 2d. It seems to be unnecessary and over-general. The prosodic rules which I assume treat trochaic words like single syllables in all the crucial examples. There is no need for a metrical condition to account for these cases; the correct generalization have to do with segmental phonology. This is why the words dapple and pillows, which can be manipulated by the prosodic rules, are sometimes treated like a single syllable, while words like happy or widow, which are not subject to any prosodic rules, are never treated like single syllables.

Can K&H's theory survive these attacks? Suppose we revised their system:

1. A line consists of a fixed number of strong positions alternating with weak positions.
2. A strong position contains a stressed or heavy syllable.
3. A weak position contains either:
   a. nothing,
   b. a syllable,
   or  c. a series of unstressed syllables
4. Outrides: Before a pause, a strong position may be followed by an extra syllable.
5. Various prosodic rules, including the rule which says that heavy syllables may optionally be treated as stressed.
In descriptive terms, this account is identical with mine. However, it is not a theoretically desirable account. The asymmetry between strong and weak positions is postulated rather than explained, and the notion of a “resolved moraic trochee”, which was meant to demonstrate the phonological naturalness of the Kiparsky and Hanson account, is no longer applicable, because of the changes in the statement of Rule 2.

For these reasons, verse grids formed on the basis of the line are preferable to abstract metrical patterns in an account of Sprung Rhythm. Most significantly, if we assume abstract metrical patterns, we are mystified when we try to explain the asymmetry between strong and weak positions; if we assume that footing is based on the line, the empirical results we want fall out from the general principles that every foot has exactly one head, and that prominent elements become the heads of feet. Kiparsky and Hanson are misled by their assumption that verse rhythm must involve strict “tick-tock” alternation of strong and weak positions at some abstract level.
SECTION VI.

Can the general picture of verse rhythm which I employ in this paper accommodate more traditional meters, such as Shakespeare's iambic pentameter? In this section, I show that it is reasonable to think that it can, by devising a scansion system for Shakespeare's iambic pentameter.

Here is Shakespeare's Sonnet 29, scanned: ¹⁵

29

When, in disgrace with Fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet, in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

¹⁵ Scansions of the first thirty sonnets can be found in Appendix V.
Certain differences between this system and the systems of Oisin, Altar, and Evangeline are immediately apparent:

1. All feet are binary.
2. Unstressed syllables can be heads.
3. There is optional extrametricality at the end of the line.
4. There are five beats per line.

I generated this scansion using the following system:

I. RULES

A. PROSODIC RULES

1. vowel coalition/ glide formation
2. medial schwa-deletion
3. sonorant resyllabification

As in Altar, Rule 3 applies only in a few fixed forms: Heaven, even, ever

B. METRICAL RULES

1. Destressing (within a phrase)

Destressing, surprisingly, seems to work for Shakespeare's first thirty sonnets; whether this is merely chance I do not know.

2. Extrametricality (final) (optional)
3. Mark Stress Maxima (within a line) (with a right parenthesis)
   (secondary stresses count)

In Shakespeare's verse, secondary stresses which are stress maxima must always be heads of feet. Kiparsky has found some examples which call into question whether any stress maxima must be heads in Shakespeare's verse. However, the purported stress maxima in these examples always fall into one of two categories. Either they are adjacent to a word which is sometimes treated as stress-bearing, such as how, so, or not, or else they are adjacent to a personal pronoun which could plausibly have contrastive or focus stress.
4. Mark Right Edge (within a line) (with a right parenthesis)
5. Construct Binary Feet (right to left) (within a half-line) (with a rt parenthesis)

II. CONSTRAINTS

1. Five feet per line
2. Head of a Lexical Word --> Head of a Foot, except at the left edge of a phrase.
3. Head of a Clitic Group --> Head of a Foot, at the right edge of a phrase.

These two conditions, first noted by Paul Kiparsky, demonstrate an interesting feature of many rhythmic constraints, one pointed out most clearly by Bruce Hayes; a constraint may apply only at a particular phonological phrase edge, or everywhere but at a particular phonological phrase edge (Kiparsky 1975, 1977; Hayes 1981, 1984). Hayes further points out that left edges are usually more free and right edges more strict, but Schlerman has given reasons to believe that this generalization is not absolute.

4. Line boundary --> Phonological Phrase Boundary
5. No Unary Feet

Unary feet are allowed in some forms of iambic pentameter, including Shakespeare's dramatic verse; this restriction is particular to the Sonnets and other fairly rigid iambic meters.

Clearly, the main difference between Shakespeare's sonnets and the verse forms we examined previously is that the sonnets employ binary footing. However, it's worth thinking about what kind of toolkit we could put together for building an English verse form, based on what we've seen so far. Our data pool is still extremely limited, and somewhat eccentric, but our results can serve as a starting point for further research.
A TOOLKIT FOR BUILDING ENGLISH VERSE FORMS

I. RULES

A. PROSODIC RULES

Prosodic rules have the same character as the rules of segmental phonology, and generally involve the manipulation of sonorous segments. They are always optional, and may be constrained only to apply within a word, or may apply within a phrase.

We also saw a prosodic rule which stressed heavy syllables.

B. PATTERN-BUILDING RULES

Destressing actually seemed to exist in all the verse forms we looked at, though for Hopkins it was optional. It could be bounded by phonological units or verse units. If this is not a universal rule, it shouldn't be too hard to find counterexamples.

Extrametricality could be forbidden, optional, or obligatory. It could hold initially, medially, or finally, in a phonological domain or a verse domain.

All the verse forms we saw marked syllables with right parentheses.

All the verse forms we saw marked either stressed syllables or stress maxima. Secondary stresses could either count or not count for the purposes of these rules.

Most of the verse forms we saw had one edge-marking rule; either the left or right edge was marked.

The verse forms we saw either had binary footing, ternary footing, or no iterative footing of any kind. This sort of rule started at the edge marked by the edge-marking rule and worked towards the other edge.
II. CONSTRAINTS

Constraints may apply only at a particular phrase edge, or they may apply everywhere except at a particular phrase edge. They may also simply apply everywhere.

There is always a constraint on the number of feet per line.

There is usually a constraint requiring heads at some level or levels of phonological phrasing to be heads of feet.

There is usually a constraint requiring verse grids to align with phonological phrases.

Unary feet may be forbidden.

Clearly there are enough points of variation here to generate a very large number different verse forms. Just as clearly, verse is a linguistically natural system whose rules and constraints have the same character as the rules and constraints of phonology itself.
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APPENDIX I: The Wanderings of Oisin, Book III

1. Fled foam} underneath us, and round] <us,> # a wandering and milky smoke.

2. High) as the saddle-girth, covering away from our glances the tide;

3. And those} that fled, and that followed, # from the foam-pale distance broke

4. The immortal desire of immortals # we saw in their faces, and sighed.

5. I mused] on the chase with the Fionians, # and Bran, Sceolan, Lomair,

6. And never a song] sang Niall, # and over my finger-tips

7. Came now] the sliding of tears] # and sweeping of mist-cold hair.

8. And now] the warmth] of sighs, # and after the quiver of lips.

9. Were we days] long or hours] long in riding # when, rolled] in a grisly peace.

10. An isle] lay] vel before us, # with dripping hazel and oak?

11. And we stood] on a sea's edge we saw] not; # for whiter than new] washed fleece.


Dripping and dripping landward, # as though they would have ten away.]

Like an army of old men longing # for rest from the moan of the seas.]

But the trees grew taller and closer, # immense in their wrinkling bark;

Dripping, a murmurous dripping; # old silence and that one sound;

For no live creatures lived there, # no weasels moved in the dark;

Long sighs arose in our spirits, # beneath us bubbled the ground;

And the ears of the horse went sinking away in the hollow night,

For, as drift from a sailor slowly drowning the gleams of the world and the sun,

Came on our hands and faces, # on hazel and oak leaf, the light;

And the stars were blotted above us, # and the whole of the world was one.

Till the horse gave a whinny; for, cumbrous with stems of the hazel and oak,

A valley flowed down from his hoofs, # and there in the long grass lay,

Under the starlight and shadow, # a monstrous stumbling folk,

Their naked and gleaming bodies rolled out and heaped in the way.
And by them were arrow and war-axe, and arrow and shield and blade.

30 And dew-blanced horns, in whose hollow a child of three years old

31 Could sleep on a couch of rushes, and all inwrought and inlaid.

32 And more comely than man can make them with bronze and silver and gold.

33 And each of the huge white creatures was taller than four score men.

34 The tops of their ears were feathered, their hands were the claws of birds.

35 And, shaking the plumes of the grasses and the leaves of the mural glen,

36 The breathing came from those bolts, long warless, grown whiter than curds.

37 The wood was so spacious above them, that He who has stars for his flocks

38 Could fondle the leaves with his fingers, nor go from His dew-cumbered skies.

39 So long were they sleeping, the owls had built their nests in their locks.

40 Filling the fibrous dimness with long generations of eyes.

41 And over the limbs and the valley the slow owls wandered and came.

42 Now in a place of star-fire, and now in a shadow-place wide:
And the chief of the huge white creatures, his knees in the soft star-flame,
44
Lay loose in a place of shadow: we drew the reins by his side.

45
Golden the nails of his bird-claws: flung loosenly along the dim ground;

46
In one was a branch soft-shining with bells more many than sighs.

47
In midst of an old man's bosom; owls ruffling and pacing around.

48
Sided their boldies against him, filling the shade with their eyes.

49
And my gaze was thronged with the sleepers; no, not since the world began.

50
In realms where the handsome were many, nor in gla)mours by demons flung.

51
Have faces alive with such beauty been known to the salt eye of man.

52
Yet weary with passions that faded when the sevenfold seas were young.

53
As I gazed on the bell-branch, sleep's forebear, far-sung by the Sennachies.

54
I saw how those slumberers, grown weary, their camping in grasses deep.

55
Of wars with the wide world and pacing the shores of the wandering seas.

56
Laid hands on the bell-branch and swayed it, and fed of unhuman sleep.

57
Sna)ching the horn of Niamh, I blew a long lingering note.
66

Came sound from those monstrous sleepers, # a sound like the stirring of flies.]

58

He, shaking the fold of his lips, # and heaving the pillar of his throat.]

59

Watched me with mournful wonder # out of the wells of his eyes.]

60

I cried, "Come out of the shadow, king of the nails of gold!]

61

And tell of your goodly household # and the goodly works of your hands.]

62

That we may muse in the starlight # and talk of the battles of old;

63

Your questioner, Oisin, is worthy, # he comes from the Fenian lands."]

64

Half open his eyes were, and held me, # dull with the smoke of their dreams;

65

His lips moved slowly in answer, # no answer out of them came;

66

Then he swayed in his fingers the bell-branch, "slowly dropping a sound in faint streams."

67

Softer than snowflakes in April # and piercing the marrow like flame.

68

Wrapt in the wave of that music, # with weariness more than of earth.

69

The moil of my centuries filled me; # and gone like a sea-covered stone.

70

Were the memories of the whole of my sorrow # and the memories of the whole of my mirth.
And a softness came from the starlight filled me full to the bone.

In the roots of the grasses, the sorrels I laid my body as low.

And the pearl-pale Niamh lay by me, her brow on the midst of my breast.

And the horse was gone in the distance, and years after years' gan flow.

Square leaves of the ivy moved over us, binding us down to our rest.

And, man of the many white croziers, a century there I forgot.

How the fetlocks drip blood in the battle, when the fallen on fallen lie rolled.

How the falconer follows the falcon in the weeds of the heron's plot.

And the name of the demon whose hammer made Concubar's sword-blade of old.

And, man of the many white croziers, a century there I forgot.

That the spear-shaft is made out of ashwood, the shield out of osier and hide.

How the hammer springs on the anvil, on the spear-head's burning spot.

How the slow blue-eyed oxen of Finn low sadly at evening tide.

But in dreams, mild man of the croziers, driving the dust with their throngs.
Moved round me, of seamen or landsmen, all who are winter tales.

Came by me the kings of the Red Branch with roaring laughter and songs.

Or moved as they moved once, love-making or piercing the tempest with sails.

Came Blainid, Mac Nes sa, tall Fergus who feasted of old time slunk.

Cook Barach, the traitor; and ward, # the spittle on his beard never dry.

Dark Bajlor, as old as a forest, car-borne, his mighty head sunk.

Helpless, men lifting the lids of his weary and death-making eye.

And by me, in soft red raiment, the Feinians moved in loud streams.

And Grainia walking and smiling, # sewed with her needle of bone.

So lived I and lived not, so wrought and wrought not, with creatures of dreams.

In a long iron sleep, as a fish in the water goes dumb as a stone.

At times our slumber was lightened. When the sun was on silver or gold;

When brushed with the wings of the owls, in the stillness they love going by;

When a glow-worm was green on a grass-leaf, # lured from his lair in the mould;
Half-wakening, we lifted our eyelids, # and gazed on the grass with a sigh.

So watched I when, man of the croziers, # as the heel of a century fell.
Weak,) in the midst) of the meadow, # from his miles) in the midst) of the air,]

A starling like them) that forgathered) # 'neath a moon) waking white) as a shell)

When the Fenians made for)ay at morning # with Bran,) Sceolan,) Lomair,]

I awoke;) the strange horse) without summons) # out) of the distance ran,]

Thrusting his nose) to my shoulder;) # he knew) in his bosom deep,]

That once) more moved) in my bosom) # the ancient sadness of man,]

And that) I would leave;) the Immortals;) # their dimness, their dews) dropping sleep,]

O,) had) you seen beautiful Niamh) # grow white) as the waters are white,]

Lord) of the croziers,) you even) # had lifted your hands) and wept,]

But,) the bird) in my fingers,) I mused;) # remembering alone) that delight]

Of twilight and slumber were gone,) # that hooves) impatiently stept,]

I cried,) "O Niamh! O white one;) # if only a twelve)-houred day,]

I must gaze;) on the beard;) of Finn) # and move;) where the old) men and young)

In the Fenians' dwellings of battle;) # lean) on the chessboards and play,
Ah, sweet to me now, were even Conan's slanderous tongue!

"Like me were some gall}ey forsaken far-off in Merid\ian isle,"

Remem\bering its long-oared company, sails turning to threadbare rags;

No more to crawl on the seas with long-oars mile after mile.

But to be amid shoo\ting of flies and flow\ering of rushes and flags."

Their motionless eyes of spirits grown mild with myst\erious thought,

Watched her those seamless falls from the valley's glimmering girth;

As she mur\mured, "O wan\dering Oisin, the strength of the bell-branch is naught,"

For there moves alive in your fingers the fluttering sadness of earth.

"Then go through the lands in the dead and see what the mortals do."

And softly come to your Niamh over the tops of the tide.

But weep for your Niamh, O Oisin; weep; for if only your shoe

Brush lightly as haymouse earth's pebbles, you will come no more to my side.

"O flaming lion of the world, when will you turn to your rest?"
I saw from a distant saddle, she made her moan:

I would die like a small withered leaf, # in the autumn, for breast unto breast.

We shall mingle no more, nor our gazes empty their sweetness one.

"In the isles of the farthest seas # where only the spirits come."

Were the winds less soft than the breath # of a pigeon who sleeps on her nest.

Nor lost in the star-fires and sounds of the sea's vague drum?

O flaming lion of the world, # when will you turn to your rest?"

The wailing grew distant; I rode by the woods of the wrinkling bark.

Where ever is murmurous dropping, # old silence and that one sound;

For no live creatures live there, # no weals move in the dark;

In a reverie forgetful of all # over the bubbling ground.

And I rode by the plains of the sea's # the sea's edge barren and grey.

Grey sand on the green of the grasses # and over the dripping trees.

Dripping and doubling landward, # as though they would hasten away.

Like an army of old men longing for rest from the moan of the seas.
And the winds made the sands on the sea's edge turning and turning go.

As my mind made the names of the Fenians. Far from the hazel and oak.

I rode away on the sages where, high as the sable-bow.

Fled foam underneath me and round me. A wandering and my smoke.

Long fled the foam-flakes around me. The winds flew out of the vast.

Snatching the bird in secret. Nor knew I, embossed apart.

When they froze the cloth on my body like armor riveted fast.

For Remembrance, lifting her leanness. Keened in the gates of my heart.

Till, fatiguing the winds of the morning. An odor of new-mown hay.

Came, and my forehead fell low. And my tears like berries fell down.

Later a sound came, half lost in the sound of a shore far away.

From the great grass-barnacle calling. Later the shore-weeds brown.

If I were as I once was, the strong hoofs crushing the sand and the shells.

Coming out of the sea as the dawn comes. A chant of love on my lips.

Not coughing, my head on my knees. And praying, and wroth with the bells.
160 I would leave no saint's head on his body # from Rachlin to Beira of ships.]

161 Making way from the kindling surges, # I rode on a bridle-path]
162 Much wondering to see upon all hands, # of wattles and I woodwork made.

163 Your bell-mounted churches, and guardless # the sacred cairn and the rath.

164 And a small and feeble populace # stooping with mattock and spade.

165 Or weeding and ploughing with fates # a-shining with much-toil wet.

166 While in this place and that place, with boles # unglorious, their chiefs stood.

167 Awaunting in patience the straw-death, # crozired one, caught in your net.

168 Went the laughter of scorn from my mouth # like the roaring of wind in a wood.

169 And because I went by them so huge and so speedy with eyes so bright.

170 Came after the hard gaze of youth, # or an old man lifted his head.

171 And I rode and I rode, and I cried out. # “The Fenians hunt wolves in the night.”

172 So sleep thee by daytime.” A voice cried. # “The Fenians a long time are dead.”

173 A white beard stood hushed on the path. # the flesh of his face as dried grass.

174 And in folds round his eyes and his mouth. # he sad as a child without milk.

175 And the dreams of the islands were gone. # and I knew how men sorrow and
pass.

176
And their **hound**{2} and their **horse**{2} and their **love**{2} and their **eyes**{2} that **glimmer like silk.**

177
And **wrapping** my **face** in my **hair**{2} I **murmured**, "In **old** age they **ceased.**{2}"

178
And my **tears**{2} were **larger than berries**{2} and I **murmured**, "Where **white** **clouds lie spread**

179
On **Crevloe** or **broad Knockfin**{2} with **many of old** they **feast**

180
On the **floors** of the **gods.**{2} He **cried**, "No, the **gods** a **long** time are **dead.**{2}"

181
And **lonely and longing** for **Niamh**{2} I **shivered** and turned me about,

182
The **heart** in me **longing to leap** like a **grasshopper in** her **heart**;

183
I **turned** and **rode** to the westward and followed the **sea**'s **old shout**

184
Till I saw where **Maeve lies sleeping**{2} till starlight and midnight part.

185
And **there** at the **foot** of the **mountain** two **carried** a **sack** full of **sand**{2},

186
They **bore** it with **staggering** and **sweating** but fell with their **burden at length.**

187
**Leaning down** from the **gem-studded saddle**{2} I **flung** it five yards with my **hand**.

188
With a **sob** for men **waxing so weak**{2} a **sob** for the **Fenians' old strength**.
The rest you have heard of, O croizered man; how, when divided the girth.

I fell on the path, and the horse went away like a summer fly.

And my three hundred years fell on me, and I rose and walked on the earth.

A creeping old man full of sleep, with the spittle on his beard never dry.

How the men of the sand-sack showed me a church with its bellfry in air.

Sorry place, where for swing of the war-axe in my dim eyes the crozier gleams.

What place have Caoilte and Colnan, and Bran, Sceolan, Lomair?

Speak, you too are old with your memories, an old man surrounded by dreams.

St. Patrick

Where the flesh of the foot sole clingeth on the burning stones is their place.

Where the demons whip them with wires on the burning stones of wide Hell.

Watching the blessed ones move far-off, and the smile on God's face.

Between them a gateway of brass, and the howl of the angels who fell.
Oisin.

201
Put the staff in my hands; for I go to the Fe[nians, O cleri]c, to chaunt]

202
The war-songs that roused them of old; # they will rise, making clouds with their breath.]

203
Innumerable, singing, exultant; # the clay underneath them shall pant.]

204
And demons be broken in pieces, and trampled beneath them in death.]

205
And demons afraid in their darkness; # deep horror of eyes and of wings,]

206
Afraid, their ears on the earth laid, shall listen and rise up and weep;]

207
Hearing the shaking of shields # and the quiver of stretched bowstrings,]

208
Hearing Hell loud with a murmur, # as shouting and mocking we sweep.]

209
We will tear out the flaming stones, # and batter the gateway of brass.]

210
And enter, and none sayeth ‘No’; # when there enters the strongly armed guest;]

211
Make clean as a broom cleans, and march # as oxen move over young grass.]

212
Then feast, making converse of wars, # and of old wounds, and turn to our rest.]
St. Patrick

213
On the flaming stones, without refuge, the limbs of the Fenians are tossed.

214
None war on the masters of Hell, who could break up the world in their rage.

215
But kneel and wear out the flags and pray for your soul that is lost.

216
Through the demon love of its youth and its godless and passionate age.

Oisin

217
Ah me! To be shaken with coughing and broken with old age and pain.

218
Without laughter, a show unto children, alone with remembrance and fear.

219
All emptied of purple hours as a beggar’s cloak in the rain.

220
As a hay-cock out on the flood, or a wolf sucked under a weir.

221
It were sad to gaze on the blessed and no man I loved of old there.

222
I throw down the chain of small stones! When life in my body has ceased.

223
I will go to Caoile, and Colnan, and Bran, Sceolan, Lomair.

224
And dwell in the house of the Fenians, be they in flames or at feast.
APPENDIX II: EVANGELINE, Books 1 and 2

1. This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks.

2. Beard with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight.

3. Stand like Druids of the eld, with voices sad and prophetic.

4. Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.

5. Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neigh-bouring ocean.

6. Speaks and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

7. This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath?

8. Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman?

9. Where in the thatched-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers,—

10. Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands.

11. Darkened by shades of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven?

12. Waste are those pleasant farms and the farmers for ever departed.

13. Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October.
Seize] them, and whirl] them aloft,} and sprinkle them far} o'er the o]<cean.>


16  Ye] who believe] in affection that hopes,} and endures,} and is pa]<tent,>

17  Ye] who believe] in the beauty and strength] of woman's devotion,>

18  List] to the mournful tradition still sung] by the pines] of the f)<rest;>


20  In] the Acadian land,] on the shore] of the Basin of Mi]<nas,>

21  Distant, secluded, still,] the little village of Grand]<-Pré>

22  Lay] in the fruitful valley. Vast meadow stretched] to the east)<ward,>

23  Giving the village its name,} and pasture to flocks] without number.>

24  Dikes,] that the hands] of the farmers had raised] with la]bour incessant,>

25  Shut] out the turbulent tides;] but at stated seasons the flood]<gates>

26  Opened, and wel<comed the sea] to wander at will] o'er the meadow>

27  West] and south] there were fields] of flax,} and orchards and corn]<fields>

28  Spreading afar] and unfenced] o'er the plain;} and away] to the north)<ward>
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains.

Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic.

Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.

There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.

Strongly built were the homes, with frames of oak and of hemlock.

Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henrys.

Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and gables projecting.

Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.

There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset.

Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys.

Maids and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kilts.

Scarlet and blue and green, with dijstaffs spinning the gold.

Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within.

Minced their sound with the whir of the wheels and the songs of the maids.

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children.
44 Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.

45 Reverend walked he among them; and up rose maids and maidsens.

46 Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.

47 Then came the labourers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank.

48 Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the bell.

49 Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village.

50 Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending.

51 Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and content.

52 Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers.

53 Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free.

54 Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.

55 Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows.

56 But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners.

57 There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.
Some]what apart} from the vil]lage, and nea}rer the Ba}sin of Mi)<nas,>

59
Benedict Bel]lefontaine,) the weal}thiest far]mer of Grand)<-Pré,>

60
Dwelt[} on his good]ly a}cres; and with) him, direc}ting his house)<hold,>

61
Gen}tle Evangeline lived,) his child,) and the pride} of the vil]lage.>

62
Stal[worth and state}ly in form} was the man} of se}venty win)<ters;>

63
Hear]ty and hale} was he,) an oak} that is co}vered with snow)<-flakes;>

64
White[ as the snow] were his locks,) and his cheeks) as brown) as the oak)<-leaves.>

65
Fair] was she) to behold,) that ma}iden of se}venteen sum)<mers.>

66
Black] were her eyes) as the ber}ry that grows) on the thorn} by the way)<side.>

67
Black,) yet how soft]ly they gleamed[} beneath} the brown shade) of her tres)<ses!>

68
Sweet[ was her breath} as the breath) of kine} that feed} in the mea)<dows.>

69
When] in the har]vest heat] she bore} to the rea)pers at noon)<tide>

70
Flagons of home)-brewed ale,) ah! fair) in sooth] was the mai)<den.>

71
Fair]er was she) when, on Sun]day morn,) while the bell] from its tur)<ret>

72
Sprin[oled with holy sounds} the air,) as the priest] with his hys)<sop>
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them,

Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her miscal,

Wearing the Norman cap, and her kerchief of blue, and the earrings,

Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom,

Handed down from mother to child, through long generations,

But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—

Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,

Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her,

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music,

Firmly built with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer,

Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea, and a shady sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it,

Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath, and a footpath,

Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow,

Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a penthouse,
Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the road.

Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.

Further down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-grown.

Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.

Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-grown.

Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.

Sheltering the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and the farm-yard.

There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique ploughs and the harrows.

There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his feathered seraglio,

Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the self-same.

Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.

Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one.

Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a staircase.

Under the sheltering eaves led up to the glorious corn-loft.

There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates.

Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variegated breezes.
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand Pré,
on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his household.

Many a youth, as he knelt in church and opened his missal,
fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest devotion;
happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment!

Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended,
and, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps,
knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron;
or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,
bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered
hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.

But, among all who came, young Gabriel only was welcome;
Gabriel Lajuenesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all men.

For, since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,

Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.

Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest childhood,

Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father Felician,

Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters.

Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the church and the plainsong.

But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,

Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.

There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him.

Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything.

Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the cartwheels.

Laying like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.

Oft on autumnal eyes, when without in the gathering darkness,

Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every crack and cranny,
Warm] by the forge] within] they watched] the labouring bel]ows,>

And] as its pan]ting ceased,) and the sparks] expired] in the a]shes,>

Merrily laughed,) and said] they were nuns) going in]to the chapel.>

Oft] on sled]ges in winter, as swift] as the swoop] of the eagle,>

Down] the hill]side bounding, they glij]ded away] o'er the meadow.>


Seeking with eager eyes] that won]drous stone,) which the swallow brings] from the shore] of the sea) to restore] the sight] of its fledg]lings;

Lucky was he] who found] that stone] in the nest] of the swallow!

Thus] passed a few] swift years,) and they] no longer were children.

He] was a valiant youth,) and his face,) like the face] of the morning,


She] was a woman now,) with the heart] and hopes] of a woman.

"Sun]shine of Saint] Eulalie")] was she called;] for that] was the sun]shine

Which,) as the farmers believed,) would load] their orchards with apples;>
She, too, would bring to her husband's delight and abundance, filling it with love and the ruddy faces of children.

Now had the season returned, when the nights grew colder and longer, and the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters.

Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, from the ice-bound, desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.

Harvests were gathered in, and wild with the winds of September, wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel.

All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement. Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their honey till the hives overflowed, and the Indian hunters asserted cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes.

Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season.
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All Saints!

160 Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the land and sky were new-created in all the freshness of childhood.

161 Lay as if never-touched in all the freshness of childhood.

162 Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.

163 Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farmyards, the whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons, were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun looked with the eye of love through the golden vapours around him.

164 While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow, bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels.

165 Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.

166 Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the home.
Pawjing the ground, they came, and resting their necks on each other,

And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of evening.

Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,

Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved from her collar,

Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.

Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flock from the seaside,

Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them followed the watchdog,

Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct,

Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers,

Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept; their protector,

When from the forest at night through the starry silence, the wolves howled.

Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes,

 Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odor.

Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and their fetlocks.
While aloft on their shoul[ders the woo]den and pon]derous sad)<dles,>

Painted with bril]liant dyes,) and adorned] with tas}sels of crim)<son,>


Paj[tiently stood} the cows} meanwhile,) and yiel]ded their ud)<ders

Un]to the milk}maid’s hand;) whilst loud) and in re]gular ca)<dence

L]o]wing of cat]tle and peals} of laugh)ter were heard) in the farm)<yard,>

E]choed back} by the barns.) Anon} they sank) into still)<ness;

Hea]vily closed,) with a jar}ring sound,) the valves} of the barn)<doors,>

Ra]ttled the woolden bars,) and all] for a sea]son was si)<lent.

In]-doors, warm} by the wide]-mou[thed fire]place, i]dly the far)<mer

Sat] in his el]bow-chair,) and watched} how the fla]nes) and the smoke)<wreaths

Strug]gled toge}ther like foes} in a bur]ning oijly. Behind) <him,>

Nod]ding and mock]ing along) the wall,) with ges]tures fantas)<tic,
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.

Facies, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm.-chair

Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates on the dresser

Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sun shines.

Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas

Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sun shines.

Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas

Such as at home, in the olden times, his fathers before him

Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards.

Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated,

Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the corner behind her.

Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent shuttle.

While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a bagpipe,

Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments together.

As in church, when the chant of the choir at intervals ceased,

Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the altar.

So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock clicked.
Thus, as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly lifted,

Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its hinges.

Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil the blacksmith.

And by her beating heart, Evangeline knew who was with him.

"Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as their steps paused on the threshold.

"Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy place on the settle.

Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without thee;

Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of tobacco;

Never so much, art thou as when through the curling smoke of the pipe or the forge thy friendly and jovial face gleams round and red as the harvest-moon through the midst of the marshes."

Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the blacksmith,

Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fireside:

"Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and thy balad!"

Ever in the cheerful mood art thou, when others are filled with
Gloom my forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.

Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horse.

Pau sing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline brought him.

And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly continued:

"Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors.

Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their non pointed against us.

What may be is unknown; but all are commanded

On the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty's mandate will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in the meantime many surmis es of evil alarm the hearts of the people.

Then made answer the farmer:—"Perhaps some friender purpose brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvest in England.

By untimely rains or untimely heat have been blighted, and from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and children."
"Not] so think{eth the folk} in the vil{lage," said, warm}ly, the black)<smith,>

248
Shak{ing his head,} as in doubt;} then, hea{ving a sigh,} he contin]{ued:—>

249
"Loujisbourg} is not} forget{ten, nor Beau} Séjour,) nor Port Ro}<yal.>

250
Ma{n}y alrea}{dy have fled} to the fo}rest, and lurk} on its out)<skirts,>

251
Wait{ing with anx}ious hearts} the du}bious fate} of to-mor}<row.>

252
Arms} have been ta}ken from us,) and war{like wea}pons of all} <kinds;>

253
No}thing is left} but the black)smith's sledge} and the scythe} of the mo)<wer."

254
Then] with a plea}sant smile] made an)swer the jo}vial far)<mer:—>

255
"Sa}fer are we} unarm{ed,) in the midst} of our flocks) and our corn)<fields,>

256
Sa}fer within} these peace}ful dikes,) besieged} by the o}<cean,>

257
Than} our fa}thers in forts,) besieged} by the e)nemy's can)<non.>

258
Fear} no e}vil, my friend,) and to-night) may no sha)down of sor)<row>

259
Fall] on this house{ and hearth;} for this} is the night{ of the con)<tract.>

260
Built{ are the house{ and the barn.) The mer}ry lads; of the vil)<lage>

261
Strong}ly have built{ them and well;) and, brea}king the globe) round about) <them,>
Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a twelve month.

Reyne Leblanc will be here anon with his papers and ink horn.

Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our children?

As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her lover's.

Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father had spoken.

And as they died on his lips, the worthy notary entered.
APPENDIX III: SECTIONS II, III, IV, AND VI OF The Altar of Righteousness

II

1 In the days when time was not, in the time when days were none,

2 Ere sorrow had life to lot, ere earth gave thanks for the sun,

3 Ere man in his darkness waking adored what the soul in him could,

4 And the manifold God of his making was manifest evil and good,

5 One law from the dim beginning abode and abides in the end,

6 In sight of him sorrowing and sinning with none but his faith for friend,

7 Dark were the shadows around him, and darker the glories above,

8 Ere light from beyond them found him, and bade him for love's sake love,

9 About him was darkness, and under and over him darkness: the night

10 That conceived him and bore him had thunder for utterance and lightning for light,

11 The dust of death was the dust of the ways that the tribes of him trod

12 And he knew not if just or unjust were the might of the mystery of God.
Strange horror and hope, strange faith and unfaith, were his boon and his bane:

And the God of his trust was the wraith of the soul or the ghost of it slain.

A curse was on death as on birth, and a Presence that shone as a sword.

Shed menace from heaven upon earth that beheld him, and hailed him her Lord.

Sublime and triumphant as fire or as lightning, he kindled the skies.

And withered with dread the desire that would look on the light of his eyes.

Earth shuddered with worship, and knew not if hell were not hot in her breath.

If birth were not sin, and the dew of the morning the sweat of her death.

The watchwords of evil and good were unspoken of men and unheard.

They were shadows that willed as he would, that were made and unmade by his word.

His word was darkness and light, and a wisdom that makes men mad.

Sent blindness upon them for sight, that they saw but and heard as he bade.

Cast forth and corrupt from the birth by the crime of creation, they stood.

Convicted of evil on earth by the grace of a God found good.
27 The grace that enkindled and quickened the darkness of hell with flame

28 Bade man, though the soul in him sickened, obey, and give praise to his name.

29 The still small voice of the spirit whose life is as plague's hot breath

30 Bade man, shed blood, and inherit the life of the kingdom of death

31 "Bring now for blood-offering thy son to mine altar, and bind him and slay.

32 That the sin of my bidding be done: and the soul in the slave said, "Yea."

33 Yea, not nay, was the word: and the sacrifice offered with all

34 Was neither of beast nor of bird, but the soul of a man, God's thrall.

35 And the word of his servant spoken was fire, and the light of a sword.

36 When the bondage of Israel was broken, and Sinai shrank from the Lord.

37 With splendour of slaughter and thunder of song as the sound of the sea

38 Were the foes of him struck in summer and silenced as storms that flee.

39 Terror and trust and the pride of the chosen, approved of his choice.

40 Saw God in the whirlwind ride, and rejoiced as the winds rejoice.
41 Subdued] and exalted and kindled and quenched] by the sense] of his might.]

42 Faith flamed] and exulted and dwindled, and saw] not, and clung] to the sight.]

43 The wastes] of the wilderness brightened and trembled with rap}ture and dread]

44 When the word] of him thundered and lightened and spake] through the quick} and the dead.]

45 The chant] of the prophetess, louder and loftier than tem}pest and wave.]

46 Rang triumph more ruthless and prouder than death,] and profound] as the grave.]

47 And sweet] as the moon's] word spoken in smiles] that the blown] clouds mar]

48 The psalmist's witness in token arose] as the speech] of a star.]

49 Starlight] supreme,] and the tender desire] of the moon,] were as one}

50 To rebuke] with compassion the splendour and strength] of the godlike sun.]

51 God softened and changed;] and the word] of his chosen, a fire] at the first.]

52 Bade man,] as a beast} or a bird,] now slake] at the springs] his thirst.]

53 The souls] that were sealed] unto death] as the bones] of the dead] lie sealed]

54 Rose thrilled] and redeemed] by the breath] of the dawn] on the flame-lit field.]
The glories of darkness, cloven with music of thunder, shrank

As the web of the word was unwoven that spake, and the soul's tide sank.

And the shine of midnight that covered Arabia with light as a robe

Waxed fiery with utterance that hovered and flamed through the whirlwind on Job.

And prophet to prophet and vision to vision made answer sublime,

Till the valley of doom and decision was merged in the tides of time.

Then, soft as the dews of night,

As the star of the sun dawn bright,

As the heart of the sea's hymn deep,

And sweet as the balm of sleep,

Arose on the world a light

Too pure for the skies to keep

With music sweeter and stranger than heaven had
8 When the dark east thrilled with light from a saviour's word

9 And a God grew man to endure as a man and abide

10 The doom of the will of the Lord of the loud world's tide.

11 Whom thunders utter, and tempest and darkness hide.

12 With larger light than flamed from the peak whereon

13 Prometheus, bound as the sun to the world's wheel, shone.

14 A presence passed and abode but on earth a span.

15 And love's own light as a river before him ran.

16 And the name of God for awhile upon earth was man.

17 O star that wast not and wast for the world a sun.

18 O light that was quenched of priests and its work undone.

19 O Word that wast not as man's or as God's, if God

20 Be Lord but of hosts whose tread was as death's that trod

21 On souls that felt but his wrath as an unseen rod.
22
What word,} what praise,} what passion of hope|less prayer,]

23
May now} rise up} to thee, loud} as in years} that were,]

24
From years} that gaze} on the works} of thy servants wrought]

25
While strength} was in} them to satiate the lust} of thought]

26
That craved} in thy name} for blood} as the quest} it sought?]

27
From the dark} high places of Rome}

28
Far over the west}ward foam]

29
God's heaven} and the sun} saw swell]

30
The fires} of the high} priest's hell,]

31
And shrank} as they curled} and clomb]

32
And revelled and ravaged and fell.]

IV

1
Yet was not} the work} of thy word} all withered with wa}sting flame]

2
By the sons} of the priests} that had slain} thee, whose evil was wrought} in thy name,]
3 From the blood-sodden soil that was blasted with fires of the Church and her creed

4 Sprang rarely but surely, by grace of thy spirit, a flower for a weed.

5 Thy spirit, unfelt of thy priests who blasphemed thee, entralled and enticed

6 To deathward a child that was even as the child we behold in Christ.

7 The Moors, they told her, beyond bright Spain and the strait brief sea,

8 Dwelt blind in the light that for them was as darkness, and knew not thee.

9 But the blood of the martyrs whose mission was witness for God, they said,

10 Might raise to redemption the souls that were here, in the sun's sight, dead.

11 And the child rose up in the night, when the stars were as friends that smiled,

12 And sought her brother, and wakened the younger and tenderer child.

13 From the heaven of a child's glad sleep to the heaven of the sight of her eyes

14 He woke, and brightened, and hearkened, and kindled as stars that rise.

15 And forth they fared together to die for the stranger's sake.

16 For the souls of the slayers that should slay them, and turn from their sins, and
17 And the light of the love that lit them awhile on a brief blind quest.

18 Shines yet on the tear-lit smile that salutes them, belied and blest.

19 And the girl full-grown to the stature of godhead in womanhood, spake.

20 The word that sweeter and lighter her creed for her great love's sake.

21 From the godlike heart of Theresa the prayer above all prayers heard.

22 The cry as of God made man, a sweet blind wonderful word.

23 Sprang sudden as flame, and kindled the darkness of faith with love.

24 And the hollow of hell from beneath shone, quickened of heaven from above.

25 Yea, hell at her word grew heaven, as she prayed that if God thought well.

26 She there might stand in the gateway, that none might pass into hell.

27 Not Hermes, guardian and guide, God, herald, and comforter, shed.

28 Such lustre of hope from the life of his light on the night of the dead.

29 Not Pallas, wiser and mightier in mercy than Rome's God shone.

30 Wore ever such raiment of love as the soul of a saint put on.
31 So blooms} as a flower\} of the darkness a star\} of the midnight born.]  

32 Of the midnight's womb\} and the blackness of darkness, and flames\} like morn.]  

33 Nor yet\} may the dawn\} extinguish or hide\} it, when churches and creeds\]  

34 Are withered and blasted with sunlight as poisonous and blossomless weeds.]  

35 So springs\} and strives\} through the soil\} that the legions of darkness have trod.|  

36 From the root\} that is man,\} from the soul\} in the body, the flower\} that is God.|  

VI  

1 Since man,\} with a child's\} pride proud,\} and abashed\} as a child\} and afraid\}  

2 Made God\} in his likeness, and bowed\} him to worship the Maker he made.|  

3 No faith\} more dire\} hath enticed\} man's trust\} than the saint's\} whose creed\}  

4 Made Caiaphas one\} with Christ,\} that worms\} on the cross\} might feed.|  

5 Priests gazed\} upon God\} in the eyes\} of a babe\} new-born,\} and therein\}  

6 Beheld\} not heaven,\} and the wise\} glad secret of love,\} but sin.|  

7 Accursed\} of heaven,\} and baptized\} with the baptism of hatred and hell.|  

8 They spat\} on the name\} they despised\} and adored\} as a sign\} and a spell.|
"Lord Christ, thou art God and a liar: they were children of wrath, not of grace."

Unbaptized, unredeemed from the fire they were born for, who smiled in thy face."

Of such is the kingdom—he said it—of heaven: and the heavenly word]

Shall live when religion is dead, and when falsehood is dumb shall be heard.]

And the message of James and of John was as Christ's and as love's own call:

But wrath passed sentence thereon when Annas replied in Paul.

The dark old God who had slain him grew one with the Christ he slew.

And poison was rank in the grain that with growth of his gospel grew.

And the blackness of darkness brightened: and red in the heart of the flame

Shone down, as a blessing that lightened, the curse of a new God's name.

Through centuries of burning and trembling belief as a signal it shone,

Till man, soul-sick of dissembling, bade fear and her Lauds begone.

God Cerberus yelps from his throats triune: but his day, which was night,

Is quenched, with its stars and the notes of its night-birds, in silence and light.
The flames of its fires and the psalms of their psalmists are darkened and dumb:

24 Strong winter has withered the palms of his angels, and struck them numb.

25 God, father of lies, God, son of perdition, God, spirit of ill,

26 Thy will that for ages was done is undone as a dead God's will.

27 Not Mahomet's sword could slay thee, nor Borgia's or Calvin's praise.

28 But the scales of the spirit that weigh thee are weighted with truth, and it slays.

29 The song of the day of thy fury, when nature and death shall quail,

30 Rings now as the thunders of Jewry, the ghost of a dead world's tale.

31 That day and its doom foreseen and foreshadowed on earth, when thou,

32 Lord God, wast lord of the keen dark sea, son, are sport for us now.

33 Thy claws were clipped and thy fangs plucked out by the hands that slew

34 Men, lovers of man, whose pangs bore willness if truth were true.

35 Man crucified rose again from the sepulchre built to be

36 No grave for the souls of the men who denied thee, but, Lord, for thee.

37 When Bruno's spirit aspired from the flames that thy servants fed,
The spirit of faith was fired to consume thee and leave thee dead.

When the light of the sun-like eyes whence laughter lightened and flamed

Bade France and the world be wise, faith saw thee naked and shamed.

When wisdom deeper and sweeter than Rabelais veiled and revealed

Found utterance diviner and meeter for truth whence anguish is healed.

Whence fear and hate and belief in thee, fed by thy grace from above.

Fall stricken, and utmost grief takes light from the lus]tre of love.

When Shakespear shone into birth, and the world he beheld grew bright.

Thy kingdom was ended on earth, and the darkness it shed was light.

In him all truth and the glory thereof and the power and the pride.

The song of the soul and her story, bore witness that fear had lied.

The love of the body, the lust of the spirit to see and to hear.

All]manhood, fairer than love could conceive or desire or adore.

All manhood, radiant above all heights that it held of yore.

Lived by the life of his breath, with the speech of his soul's will spake.
And the light lit darkness to death whence never the dead shall wake.

For the light that lived in the sound of the song of his speech was one

With the light of the wisdom that found earth’s tune in the song of the sun;

His word with the word of the lord most high of us all on earth.

Whose soul was a lyre and a sword, whose death was a deathless birth.

Him too we praise as we praise our own who as he stand strong.

Him, Aeschylus, ancient of days, whose word is the perfect song.

When Caucacus showed to the sun and the sea what a God could endure.

When wisdom and light were one, and the hands of the matricide pure.

A song too subtle for psalmist or prophet of Jewry to know.

Elate and profound as the calmest or stormiest of waters that flow.

A word whose echoes were wonder and music of fears overcome.

Bade Sion bow, and the thunder of godhead on Mount be dumb.

The childless children of night, strong daugh ters of doom and dread.
The thoughts] and the fears] that smite] the soul,] and its life] lies dead,]

68
Stood still] and were quelled] by the sound] of his word] and the light] of his thought,]

69
And the God] that in man] lay bound] was unbound] from the bonds] he had wrought,]

70
Dark fear] of a lord] more dark] than the dreams] of his worshippers knew]

71
Fell dead,] and the corpse] lay stark] in the sunlight of truth] shown true.]
APPENDIX V: POEMS IN SPRUNG RHYTHM

This appendix contains scansions of all those poems which Kiparsky claims are in normal Sprung Rhythm, with a few exceptions: "Binsey Poplars" and "The Leaden Echo and the Golden Echo" are not very informative, because the number of feet per line varies unpredictably. "Harry Ploughman" has a large number of variant texts, and was dismissed by Hopkins as a failed experiment. “Ribblesdale”, which Kiparsky lists as a poem in Sprung Rhythm, seems to me to be a more conventional iambic pentameter, and Hopkins himself called it a poem in “common rhythm”.

THE WINDHOVER

I caught this morning morning's minion, king-
dom of daylight's daphne, dapple-dawn-drawn Falcon, in his riding
Of the rolling level under him steady air, and striding
High, how he rung upon the rein of a wimpering wing
In his ecstasy then off, off forth on swing,
As a skate's heel sweeps smooth on a bow bend, the hurl and gliding
Rebuffed the big wind. My heart in hiding
Stirred for a bird -- the achieve of, the mastery of the thing!
Brute beauty and valour 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!
No wonder of it: sheer plod makes plough down silvery
Shine, and blue-blek embers, ah my dear
Fall, gall themselves, and gash gold-vermilion.
HURRAHING IN HARVEST

*Summer* ends now, barbarous in beauty, the stooks rise
Around up above, what wind walks? what lovely behavior
Of silk sack clouds! Has wilder, wilful-wa}vier
Meal drift molded ever and melted across skies?
I walk, I lift up, I lift up heart, eyes
*Down all* that glory in the heavens to glean our Saviour;
And, eyes, heart, what looks, what lips yet gave you a
Rapturous love's greeting of rounder replies?
And the azure hung hills are his world-wielding shoulder
Majestic - as a stallion stalwart, very violet-sweet!
*These things, these things* were here and but the beholder
Wanting; which two when they once meet,
The heart rears wings bold and bold
*And* hurl* <for him>, Ohalf hurl* earth for him off under his feet.*

PIED BEAUTY

Glo}ry be} to God} for dap}pled things --
For skies of cou}ple-col}our as a brin}ded cow;
For rose}-*moles* all} in stip}le upon trout }that swim;
*Fresh-fire*coal chest*nut* falls;} fin}ches' wings;
Land*scape* plot*ted and pieced} -- *fold, fal*low and plough;
And all} trades,} their gear} and tac}kle and trim.

*All things* coun}ter, ori}ginal, spare,} strange;
Whate}ver is f}ickle, fre}ckled (who knows} how)?
He fa}thers forth} whose beau}ty is past} change:
Praise} him.
THE CAGED SKYLARK

As a dare-{gale sky}lark scented in a dull cage,

Man's mounting spirit in his bone-house, mean house, dwells -

That bird beyond the remembering his free fells,

This in drudgery, day-labouring-out life's age.

Though aloft on turf or perch or poor low stage

Both sing sometimes the sweeter, sweeter spells,

Yet both droop deadly sometimes in their cells

Or wring their barriers in bursts of fear or rage.

Not that the sweet-fowl, song-fowl, needs no rest -

Why, hear him, hear him babble and drop down to his nest,

But his own nest, wild nest, no prison.

Man's spirit will be flesh-bound when found at best,

But uncumbered: meadow-down is not distressed

For a rainbow footing it nor he for his bones risen.
THE LOSS OF THE EURYDICE

The Eurydice- it concerned thee, O Lord:
Three hundred souls, O alas! on board,
Some asleep unawakened, all un-
Warned, even fathoms fallen

Where she founndered! One stroke
Felled and furled them, the hearts of oak!
And flocks bells off the aer\ial
Downs’ fore\falls beat to the burial.

For did she pride her, freigh\ted fully, on
Bounded bales or a hoard of bull|\ion? -
Precious passing measure,
Lads and men her lade and treasure.

She had come from a cruise, training sea\men -
Men, bold\boys soon to be men:
Must it, worst wea\ther,
Blast bole and bloom toge\ther?

No Atlantic squall over\wrought her
Or rearing bil\wlow of the Biscay wa|\ter:
Home was hard at hand
And the blow bore from land.

And you were a liar, O blue March day,
Bright sun lanced fire in the hea\venly bay;
But what black Bo\reas wrecked her? he
Came equipped, dead\ly-elec\tric,
A beetling bald bright cloud thorough England
Riding: there did storms not mingle? and
Hail ropes hustle and grind their
Heaven gravel? wolf snow, worlds of it, wind <there?>

Now Ca risbrook keeps goes under in gloom;
Now it o{r vaults Ap pledurcombe;
Now near by Ventnor Town
It hurls, hurls off Boniface Down.

Too proud, too proud, what a press she bore
Royal, and all her royalties wore.
Sharp with her, shorten sail!
Too late; lost; gone with the gale.

This was that fell capsize.
As half she had righted and hope to rise
Death teaming in by her port<holes>
Raced down decks, round messes of mortals.

Then a lurch forward, frigate and men;
‘All hands for themselves’ the cry ran then;
But she who had housed them thither
Was around them, bound them, or wound them with her.

Marcus Hare, high her captain,
Kept to her - care-drowned and wrapped in
Cheer’s death, would follow
His charge through the champ-white water-in-a-wallow,

All under Channel to bury in a beach her
Cheeks: Right, rude} of feature,
    He thought he heard} her say:
    ‘Her commander! and thou <too>, and thou} this way.’

It is even seen,} time’s something server,
In mankind’s medley a duty-swer,
    At down} right ‘No} or Yes?’
Doffs all,} drives full} for righteousness.

Sydney Fletcher, Bristol-bred,}
(Low} lie his mates} now on watery bed)
    Takes} to the seas} and snows}
As sheer} down} the ship} goes.

Now her afterdraught gullies him too} down;
Now he wrings} for breath} with the death} gush brown;
    Till a life}<belt> and God’s} will
Lend} him a lift} from the sea}<swill.

Now he shoots} short up} to the round} air;
Now he gasps[,] now he gazes everywhere;
    But his eye} no cliff,} no coast} or
Mark} makes} in the riving snow}<storm.>

Him,} after hour} of wintry waves
A schooner sights,} with another, and saves
    And he boards} her in Oh!} such joy
He has lost} count what} came next,} poor boy.} -

They say} who saw} one sea}<corpse cold
He was all} of lovely man}<ly mould,
    Ev}ery inch} a tar,
Of the best we boast our sailors are.

*Look, foot to fore<lock,> how all things suit! he
Is strung by duty, is strained to beauty,
And brown-as-dawning skinned*

*With brine and shine and whirling wind.*

O his nimble finger, his gnarled grip!
Leagues, leagues of seamanship
   Slumber in these forsaken
Bones, this sijnew, and will not waken.

He was but one like thousands more.
Day and night I deplore
   My people and born own nation,
Fast founding own generation.

I might let bygones be - our curse
Of ruinous shrine no hand or worse,
   Robbery's hand is busy to
Dress hoar-hollowed shrines unvisited;

Only the breathing temple and fleet
Life this wildworth blown so sweet,
   *These dare deaths, ay this crew* in
Unchrist, *all rolled* to ruin -

Deeply surely I need to deplore it,
Won'tering why my master bore it,
The riv'ing off that race
So at home, *time was* to his truth and grace
That a star of ours would say.
The marvellous milk was Walsingham Way.

And one - but let be, let be:
More than was will yet <be. ->

O well wept, mother have lost son;
Wept, wife; wept, sweet heart would be one:

Though grief yield them no good
Yet shed what tears sad true love should.

But to Christ lord of thunder
Crouch; lay knee by earth low under:

'Holiest, loveliest, bravest,
Save my hero, O hero sa vest.

And the prayer thou hearst me making
Have, at the awful overtaking,

Heard, have heard and granted
Grace that day grace was wanted.'

Not that hell knows redeeming,
But for souls sunk in seeming

Fresh, till doom fire burn all,
Prayer shall fetch pity eternal.
THE MAY MAGNIFICAT

May) is Ma)ry's month,) and I)
Muse) at that} and won}der why:)  
   Her feasts} fol}low rea}son,
   Dated due) to sea}son.

Can)dlemas,) La}dy Day;)
But} to the La}dy Month,) May,)
   Why fas}ten that} upon} her,
   With a feast}ng in} her ho}nor?

Is) it on}ly its be)ing brigh}ter
Than} the most} are must} delight} her?
   Is} it op)portu}nest
   And flowers) finds} soon}est?

Ask} of her,) the migh}ty mo}ther:
   Her reply} puts} this o}ther
      Ques}tion: What} is Spring?}
      Growth} in eve}ry thing -)

Flesh} and fleece,) fur} and fea}ther,
Grass} and green{world all} toge}ther;
   Star}-eyed straw}berr}y-brea}sted
   Thro}istle above} her nes}ted

Clu}ster of bu}gle blue} eggs thin)
Forms} and warms} the life} within;)
   And bird} and blos}som swell}
   In sod} or sheath} or shell.)
All\} things rising, all\} things sizing
Mary sees,) sympathy sing
 With\} that world\} of good,\}
 Nature's motherhood.\}

Their magnifying to each\} its kind\}
With\} delight\} calls\} to mind\}
 How\} she did\} in her stored\}
 Magnify\} the Lord.\}

Well\} but there\} was more\} than this:\}
Spring's\} universal bliss\}
 Much,\} had much\} to say\}
 To offering Mary May.\}

When drop\}-of-blood\}-and-foam\}-dapple
Bloom\} lights\} the orchard-apple
 And thicket and thorp\} are merry
 With silver-surfed cherry

And azuring over grey\}bell makes\}
Wood banks\} and brakes\} wash wet\} like lakes\}
 And magic cuckoo\}call\}
 Caps, clears,\} and clinches all -\}

This ecstasy all\} by mothering earth\}
Tells Mary her mirth\} till Christ's\} birth\}
 To remember and exultation
 In God\} who was\} her salvation.
DUNS SCOTUS’ OXFORD

To wery city and branc(hy between towers;
*Cuckoo-*ec(hoing, bell-swar(med, lark-char(med, rook-racked,) *river-*roun(ded;
The dappled lily below thee; that coun(try and town) did
Once encoun(ter in, here cope(d) and po(ised pow(ers;

Thou hast a base) and bri(ckish skirt) <there>, sours
That neigh(bour-na(ture thy grey) beauty is gro(und)
Best) in; grace)less gro(wth,) thou) hast confound(ed
*Rural* rural keep(ing - folk,) flocks,) and flowers.)

Yet ah! *This* air) I gather and I release)
He lived) on; These weeds) and these wa(lters, these walls) are what)
He haun)ted who of all) *men* most sways my spirits to peace;

Of real(ty the ra(rest-vein(d unraveller; a not)
Rivalled in)sight, be rival Italy or Greece;
Who fired) France) for Ma)ry without) spot.)
HENRY PURCELL

Have fair\{ fal\}len, O fair\}, fair\} have fal\}len, so dear\}
To me, so arch\{-espel\}cial a spi\{rit as heaves\} in Hen\}ry Pur\}cell,
An age\} is now\} since passed,\} since par\{ted; with\} the rever\}sal
Of the out\{ward sen\}tence low\} lays\} him, lis\{ted to a he\}resy, here.\}  

Not mood\} in him\} nor mea\{ning, proud \} fire\} or sa\}cred fear,\}
Or love\}, or pi\{ty, or all\} that sweet\} notes\} not his might nur\{sle:
It is\} the for\{ged fea\{ture finds\} me, it is\} the rehear\}sal
Of own\}, of abrupt\} self\} <there> so thursts\} on, so throngs\} the ear.\}  

Let him oh\} with his air\} of an\}gels then lift\} me, lay\} me! only I'll\}
Have an eye\} to the sakes\} <of him>, quaint \} moon\} marks\}, to his pel\{ted plu\}mage un\}der
Wings\}: so some\} great storm\}<fowl>, whene\{ver he has walked\} his while\}  

The thun\}der-pur\}ple sea\}<beach>, plumed\} pur\}ple-of-thun\}der,
If a wu\{thering of his pal\}my snow\}<pinions> sca\{tter \} colos\}sal smile\}
Off\} him, but mea\{ning mo\}<tion> fans \} fresh\} our wits\} with won\}der.
THE BUGLER’S FIRST COMMUNION

A bugler boy from barracks (it is over the hill)
<There> - boy bugler, born, he tells me, of Irish
Mother to an English sire (he
Shares their best gifts surely, fall how things will),

This very day came down to us after a boon he on
My late being there begged of me, overflowing
Boon in my bestowing,
Came, as I say, this day to it - to a First Communion.

Here he knelt then in regimental red.
Forth Christ from cupboard fetched, how fain I of feet
To his youngster take his treat!
Low-latched in leaf-light house his too huge god<head>.

There! and your sweetest sendings, ah divine,
By it, heavens, befall him! as a dear Christ’s darling, dauntless;
Tongue <true>, vaunt- and tauntless;
Breathing bloom of a chastity in mansex fine.

Frowning and forefending an angel-warder
Squander the hell-rooks sally to molest him;
March, kind comrade, abreast him;
Dress his days to a dexterous and starlight order.

How it does my heart <good>, visiting at that bleak hill,
When limber liquid youth, that to all I teach
Yields tender as a pushed peach,
Hies head to its well being of a self-wise self-will!
Then though I should tread tufts of consolation
Days after, so I in a sort deserve to
And do serve God to serve to
Just such slips of sol diery Christ's royal ration.

Nothing else is like it, no, not all so strains
Us - fresh youth fretted in a bloom fall all portending
That sweet's sweeter ending;
Realm both Christ is heir to and there reigns.

O now well work that sealing sacred ointment!
O for now charms, arms, what bans off bad
And locks love ever in a lad!
Let me though see no more of him, and not disappointment

Those sweet hopes quell whose least me quickenings lift,
In scarlet or somewhere of some day seeing
That brow and bead of being,
An our day's God's own Galahad. Though this child's drift

Seems by a divine doom channelled, nor do I cry
Disaster there; but may he not range and roam
In back wheels, though bound home? -
That left to the Lord of the Eucharist, I here lie by;

Recorded only, I have put lips on my pleas
Would brandle adamantine heaven with ride and jar, did
Prayer go disregarded:
Forward-like, but however, and like favourable heaven heard these.
AT THE WEDDING MARCH

God} with ho}nour hang} your head}
Groom,) and grace} you, bride,) your bed)
With lis}some sci]ons, sweet} sci]ons,
Out} of hal]lowed bo}dies bred.)

Each} be o}ther's com}fort kind:}
Deep,) dee}per than} divined,}
Divine} cha}rity, dear} cha}rity,
Fast} you e}ver, fast} bind.)

Then let} the March) tread} our ears:}
I} to him} turn} with tears}
Who} to wed}<lock>, his won}der wed}<lock>,
Deals} tri}umph and im)mortal years.}
FELIX RANDAL

Fe)lix Ran}dal the far}rier, O is he dead} <then>, my du}ty all en}ded,
Who} have watch}ed this mould} of man,} big-boned} and har}dy-hand}some
Pi}ning, pi}ning, till time} when rea}son rambled} in it and} some
Fa}tal four} disor}ders, fleshed} <there>, all} conten}ded?

Sick}ness broke} him. Impa}tient, he cursed} at first,} but men}ded
Be}ing anoin}ted and all;} though a hea}vier heart} began} some
Mon}ths} ear}lier, since I had} our sweet} reprieve} and ransom}
Ten}pered to him. Ah} well, God rest} him all} road e}ver he offen}ded!

This see}ing the sick} endears} them to} us, us too} it endears.}
My tongue} had taught} thee com}fort, touch} had quenched} thy tears,}
Thy tears} that touched} my heart,} child, Fe}lix, poor Fe}lix Ran}dal;

How far} from then} forethought} of, all} thy more boi}s}terous years,}
When thou at the ran}dom grim} forge}, po}werful amidst} peers,}
Didst fet}tle for the great} grey dray}<horse> his bright} and bat}tering san}dal!
BROTHERS

How lovely the elder brother's
Life all laced in the other's
Love! - what once I well
Witnessed; so for tune fell.
When Shrove tide, two years gone,
Our boys' plays brought on
Part was picked for John,
Young John; then fear, then joy
Ran revel in the elder boy.
Now the night come, all
Our company thronged the hall.
Henry by the wall
Beckoned me beside him.
I came where called and eyed him
By mean whiles; making my play
Turn most on tender by play.
For, wrung all on love's rack,
My lad, and lost in Jack,
Smiled, blushed, and bit his lip,
Or drove, with a diver's dip,
Clutched hands through clasped knees;
And many a mark like these
told tales with what heart's stress
He hung on the imp's success.
Now the other was brass-bold:
He had no work to hold
His heart up at the strain;
Nay, roguish ran the vein.
Two tedious acts were past;

16 The lines marked with asterisks display what Hopkins called "counterpoint"; the disyllabic word which begins the line is treated as if it were iambic rather than trochaic in stress pattern.
Jack’s call} and cue} at last;} 
When Henry, heart-)forsook,;} 
Dropped eyes} and dared} not look.} 
There!} the hall} rung;} 
Dog,} did he give} tongue!} 
But Harry - in his hands} he has flung} 
His tear}-tricked cheeks} of flame} 
For fond} love} and for shame.} - 
Ah Nature, framed} in fault,} 
There’s com}fort then,} there’s salt!} 
Nature,} bad, base,} and blind,} * 
Dearly} thou canst} be kind;}* 
There dearly then,} dearly, 
Dearly} thou canst} be kind.}*
SPRING AND FALL: to a Young Child

Margaret, are you grieving
Over Goldengrove unweaving?
Leaves, like the things of man, you
with your fresh thoughts care for, can you?
Ah! as the heart grows older
It will come to such sights colder
By and by, nor spare a sigh
Though worlds of wanwood leafmeal lie;
And yet you will weep and know why.
Now no matter, child, the name:
Sorrow’s springs are the same.
Nor mouth had, nor mind, expressed
What heart heard of, ghost guessed:
It is the blight man was born for,
It is Margaret you mourn for.
INVERSNAID
Sept. 28 1881

This dark)some burn,) horse)back brown,)
His roll)rock high)road roaring down,)
In coop) and in comb) the fleece) of his foam)
Flutes} and low} to lake} falls home.)

A wind)puff-bon}net of fawn)-froth}
Turns} and twin}cles o}ver the broth}
Of a pool} so pitch}<black>, fell}-frow}ning,
It rounds} and rounds} Despair) to drow}ning.

Degged} with dew,} dapped with dew
Are the groins} of the braes} that the brook} treads through,}
Wi}ry heath}<packs>, fli}ches of fern,}
And the head}bonny ash} that sits} over the burn.)

What} would the world} be, once} bereft}
Of wet} and of wild}ness? Let} them be left,}
O let} them be left,} wild}ness and wet;
Long live} the weeds} and the wil}derness yet.)
AS KINGFISHERS CATCH FIRE

As king\{fishers} catch\{ fire, dragon\}flies draw\} flame;\}
   As tum\{bled o\{ver rim\} in rou\{dy wells\}
   Stones ring;\} like each\} tucked string\} <tells>, each\} hung bell's\}
Bow swung\} finds tongue\} to fling\} out broad\} its name;\}
Each mor\{tal thing\} does one\} thing\} and the same:\}
   Deals out\} that be\{ing in\}doors each\} one dwells;\}
   SELVES - goes\} its self\}; myself\} it speaks\} and spells,\}
Crying What\} I do\} is me:\} for that\} I came.\}

I say\} more:\} the just\} man j ust\{ices;\}
   Keeps grace\} that\} keeps all\} his go\{ings gra\}ces;

Acts\} in God's\} eye\} what in God's\} eye he is -\}
[In God's\} eye acts\} what in\} God's eye\} he is -\}]

Christ.\} For Christ\} plays in\} ten thou\{sand pla\}ces,
   Love\{ly in limbs,\} and love\{ly in eyes\} not his\}
   To the Fa\{ther through\} the fea\{tures of men's\} fa\}ces.
SPELT FROM SIBYL'S LEAVES

Ear)nest, earth)less, e)qual, attu)neable, vaul)ty, volu)minous,} ..., stupen)dous
Eve)ning strains} to be} time's vast,} womb)-of-all, home)-of-all, hearse)-of-all night.}
Her fond} yellow horn}light hung} to the west,} her wild} hollow hoar}light hung} to
the height}
Waste;} her ear)liest stars,} ear)stars, stars} prin)cipal, o)verbend} us
Fire)-fea)lir}ing hea)ven. For earth) her being) has unbound;} her dapple is} at end,}
as-
Tray} or aswarm,} all through)ther, in throngs;} self} self stee)ped and} pashed -
quite}
Dis)remem)bering, dis)mem)bering all} now. Heart,} you round} me right}
With: Our} eve)ning is o}ver us; our} night whelms,} whelms,) and} will end} us.
On}ly the beak} leaved boughs} dra)gonish da)mask the tool}smooth bleak} <light>;
black,}
E)ver so black} on it. Our} tale, O our} oracle! Let life,} waned,) ah let} life wind}
Off her} once skeined} stained veined} vari)ety upon, all} on two} spools; part,) pen,
pack)
Now her all} in two} flocks, two} folds - black,} white; right,) wrong, re)ckon but, reck}
but, mind)
But these} two; ware) of a world} where but} these two} tell, each} off the o)ther; of a
rack}
Where, self} wrung, self} strung, sheathe}-} and shel}terless, thoughts} against} thoughts
in} groans grind.)
THE SOLDIER

Yes. Why do we all, seeing of a soldier, bless him? bless our red coats, our tars? Both these being, the greater part,
But frail clay, nay but foul clay. Here it is: the heart,
Since, proud, it calls the calling manly, it gives a guess
That, hopes that, makes believe, the men must be no less;
It fancies; it deems; dears the artist after his art;
So feigns it finds as sterling all as all is smart.
And scarlet wear the spirit of war there express.

Mark Christ our King. He knows war, served this soldiering through;
He of all can reeve a rope best. There he bides in bliss
Now, and seeing somewhere some man do all that man can do,
For love he leans forth, needs his neck must fall on, kiss,
And cry 'O Christ done deed! So God made flesh does too:
Were I come o'er again' cries Christ 'it should be this.'
CARRION COMFORT

Not,) I'll not, car}rion com}fort, Despair,) not feast) on thee;
Not untwist} - slack} they may be} - these last} strands} of man
In me} or, most} weary, cry} I can} no more.) I can;
Can some}thing, hope}, wish} day} come}, not choose} not to be.)
But ah,), but O} thou ter}rible}, why} wouldst thou rude} on me)
Thy wring}world right} foot rock?) Lay a lion}limb against} me? scan)
With dark}some devou}ring eyes} my bru}sed bones} and fan,}
O in} turns} of tem}pest>, me heaped} there>; me fran}tic to avoid} thee and flee?
Why}? That my chaff} might fly}? my grain} lie, sheer} and clear.}
Nay in all} that toil,} that coil,} since (seems}) I kissed} the rod,}
Hand} rae}ther>, my heart} lo!} lapped} strength,} stole} joy,} would laugh,} cheer.}
Cheer whom}? The hero whose heaven} hand} flung} me, foot} trod
Me? Or me} that fought} him? O which}? one}? Is it each}? one}? That night,} that
year}
Of now} done} dark}ness I wretch} lay} wrestling with (my God!) my God.}
NO WORST, THERE IS NONE

’T’o worst, there is none. Pitched past pitch of grief,
More pangs will, schooled at forepangs, will der wring.
Comforter, where is your comforting?
Mary, mother of us, where is your relief?
My cries heave, herds long; huddle in a main, a chief-
Woe, world sorrow; on an age old anvil wince and sing-
Then lull, then leave off. Fury had shrieked, ’No ling-
Ering! Let me be fell force I must be brief.
O the mind, mind has mountains; cliffs of fall
Frightful, sheer, not man’s fathoming. Hold them cheap
May who ne’er hung there. Nor does long our small
Durance deal with that steep or deep. Here! creep,
Wretch, under the comfort serves in a whirlwind:
Life death does end and each day dies with sleep.
TOM’S GARLAND

Tom; garlanded with squat and surly steel
Tom; then Tom’s fellow piles pick
By him and rips out rock fire home forth - sturdy Dick;
Tom Heart-at-ease, Tom Navvy; he is all for his meal
Sure, ’s bed now. Low be it. lusitily he is low lot (feel)
That ne’er need hunger, Tom; Tom seldom sick,
Sorer heart; that treads through, prickproof, thick
Thou sands of thorns, thoughts swings through. Commonwealth
Little reck ho! tackle vel in, if all had bread;
What! country is honour enough in all us - lordly head,
With heaven’s lights high hung round, or, mother-ground
That mam mocks, mighty foot. But no way sped,
Nor mind nor mainstream; gold go garlanded
With, perilous, no; nor yet plod safe shod sound;
Unzenized, beyond bound
Of earth’s glory, earth’s ease, all; none, nowhere
In wide the world’s wheat; rare gold, bold steel, bare
In both; care, but share care -
This, by Despair, bred Hang dog dull; by Rage,
Man wolf, worse; and their packs infest the age.
THAT NATURE IS A HERACLITEAN FIRE AND OF THE COMFORT OF THE
RESURRECTION

Cloud-puff, torn tufts, tossed pil, flaunt forth, then cheer on an air-
Built thourough: heaven-roy, in gay- gangs they throng; they
glitter in mar-
Down rough, down dazzling white, wherever an elm arches,
Shive and shadow in long la lace, lance, and pair.
Delight fully the bright wind boi- ropes, wrinkles, beats earth bare
Of yes tertempest's crea-; in pool and rut peel arches
Squander ooze to squeezed dough, crust, dust, stan-ches, star-
Squadroned masks and man marks tread mire there
Footfretted in it. Million-fueled, nature's bonfire burns on.
But quench her bonniest, dearest to her, her clearest-selved spark
Man, how fast his fire, his mark on mind, is gone!
Both are in unthomable, all is in an enormous dark
Drowned. O pity and indignation! Man, that shone
Sheeroff, disseveral, a star, death blots black out; nor mark
Is any of him at all so stark
But vastness blur and time beats level. Enough! the Resurrection,
A heart's- clarion! Away grief's gas, joyless days, dejection.
Across my foundering deck shone
A beacon, an eternal beam. Flesh fade, and mortal trash
Fall to the resdiary worm; world's wild fire, leave but ash:
In a flash, at a trumpet crash,
I am all at once what Christ was, since he was what I am, and
This Jack, joke, poor pot, patch, match wood, immortal diamond,
Is immortal diamond.
ASHBOUGHS

Not all of my eyes see, wandering on the world,
Is anything a milk to the mind so, so sighs deep
Poetry to it, as a tree whose boughs break in the sky.

Say it is ash<boughs>: whether on a December day and furled
Fast or they in clammy lash<br><u>tender</u> combs creep
Apart wide and nestle at heaven most high.
They touch heaven, ta<bbour on it; how their talons sweep
The smouldering enormous winter welkin! May

Mells blue and snow white through them, a fringe and fray
Of greenery: it is old earth's groping towards the steep

Heaven whom she childs us by.
APPENDIX V: SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS, 1-30

1

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That there by beauty's rose might never die,
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory;
But thou, contrai to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament
And only herald to the gaudy spring
Within thy own bud buryest thy content,
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in regarding.
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.
When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed of small worth held.
Then being asked where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,
To say within thine own deep-sunken eyes
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use
If thou couldst answer 'This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count and make my old excuse,'
Proving his beauty by succession thine.
This were to be new made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.
Look in) thy glass} and tell} the face} thou view} <est>
Now is) the time} that face} should form} and} <ther,>
Whose fresh} repair} if now} thou not} renew} <est>
Thou dost} beguile} the world,) unble�} some mo} <ther.>
For where} is she} so fair) whose un|eared womb|
Disdains} the till|lage of) thy hus|bandry?)
Or who) is he) so fond) will be) the tomb|
Of his) self-love} to stop} post}|rity?)
Thou art} thy mo|ther's glass}, and she) in thee|
Calls back} the love|ly A|pril of) her prime;}
So thou through win|dows of) thine age) shalt see,|
Despite| of wrin|kles, this} thy gol|den time.}
But if} thou live) remem|bered not} to be,|
Die sin|gle, and) thine image dies) with thee.|
Unthrif{ty loveliness,) why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives no thing, but doth lend,
And beling frank she lends to those are free.
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer,) why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums yet canst not live?
For having traffic with) thyself) alone
Thou of) thyself thy sweet self dost deceive;
Then how) when Nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
Thy unused beauty must) be tombed with thee.
Which, used, lives) th'executor to be.
Those hours that gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell
Will play the tyrants to the very same
And that unfair which fairly doth excel;
For never-resting Time leads summer on
To hideous winter and confounds him there,
Sap checked with frost and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'ersnowed and bareness everywhere.
Then, were not summer's distillation left
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it nor no remembrance what it was.
But flowers distilled, though they with winter meet,
Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet.
Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee) thy summer ere) thou be) distilled.

Make sweet) some vial; treasure thou) some place
With beauty's treasure ere) it be) self-killed.

That use) is not) forbidden usury
Which hap)ies those) that pay) the willing loan -
That's for) thyself) to breed) another thee,

Or ten} times hap)ier be) it ten} for one.
Ten times) thyself) were hap)ier than) thou art,

If ten} of thine} ten times) refixed thee;
Then what) could death) do) thou shouldst) depart.
Leaving) thee living in) posterity?

Be not) self-willed,) for thou) art much) too fair.
To be) death's conquest and) make worms) thine heir.)
Lo, in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
And having climbed the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;
But when from highest pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract and look another way:
So thou, thyself outgoing in thy noon,
Unlooked on diest unless thou get a son.
Music) to hear,) why hear'st} thou music sad<ly?>
Sweets with) sweets war) not, joy} delights) in joy;]
Why lov'st} thou that} which thou) receiv'st} not glad<ly,>
Or else} receiv'st }with plea}sure thine) annoy?]
If the) true con)cord of) well-tun)èd sounds,}
By un)ions mar}ried, do) offend} thine ear,]
They do) but sweet}ly chide} thee, who) confounds]
In sin)gleness) the parts} that thou) shouldst bear,]
Mark how} one string,} sweet hus}band to) ano<ther,>
Strikes each} in each} by mu)tual or}dering;]
Resem}bling sire,} and child,} and hap}py mo}<ther,>
Who, all} in one,} one plea)sing note} do sing;
Whose speech}less song,} being ma}ny, seem}ing one,]
Sings this) to thee:) 'Thou sin}gle wilt) prove none,]
Is it) for fear) to wet) a widow's eye
That thou) consum'st thyself) in single life?]
Ah, if) thou isjsueless) shalt hap) to die,]
The world) will wail) thee like) a make}less wife;
The world) will be) thy widow and) still weep]
That thou) no form) of thee) hast left) behind,]
When every pri]vate widow well) may keep]
By children's eyes) her husband's shape in mind,]
Look what) an unlthrift in) the world) doth spend,]
Shifts but) his place,) for still) the world) enjoys [it,>
But beauty's waste) hath in) the world) an end,]
And kept) unused,) the user so) destroys[ it,>
No love) toward others) that bosom sits]
That on) himself) such mur'd'rous shame) commits.
For shame, deny that thou bear'st love to any,
Who for thyself art so un provident!
Grant if thou wilt, thou art beloved of many,
But that thou none lov'st is most evident;
For thou art so possessed with mur'drous hate,
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
O, change thy thought, that I may change my mind!
Shall hate be fairer lodged than gentle love?
Be as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyself at least kind-hearted prove.
Make thee another self for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.
When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And saible curls, all sil'ver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green, all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence
Save breed to brave him when he takes thee hence.
As fast as thou shalt wane,
so fast thou grow'st
In one of thine from that which thou departest,
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st
Thou mayst call thine when thou from youth convertest.
Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;
Without this, folly, age, and cold decay.
If all were minded so, the times should cease.
And three-score year would make the world away.
Let those whom Nature hath not made for store-
Harsh, featureless, and rude - barrenly perish.
Look whom she best endowed she gave the more;
Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish.
She carved thee for her seal and meant thereby
Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die.
O that you were yourself; but, love, you are
No longer yours than you yourself here live.
Against this coming end you should prepare.
And your sweet semblance to some other give.
So should that beauty which you hold in lease
Find no determination; then you were
Yourself again after yourself's decease.
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
O, none but unthrifts! Dear my love, you know
You had a father; let your son say so.
Not from) the stars} do I) my judge}ment pluck,]
And yet) methinks} I have) as{tro}nomy;
But not) to tell} of good} or evil luck,]
Of plagues,) of dearths,) or sea]sons' qua]lity;
Nor can) I for{tune to) brief mi}nutes tell,]
Pointing) to each} his thun}der, rain,) and wind,]
Or say} with prin}ces if} it shall) go well]
By oft} predict} that I) in hea}ven find,]
But from) thine eyes} my know}ledge I) derive,]
And, con}stant stars,) in them) I read} such art]
As truth} and beau}ty shall) toge}ther thrive]
If from) thyself] to store} thou wouldst) convert,]
Or else} of thee) this l) prognos}ticate,]
Thy end} is truth's} and beau}ty's doom) and date.]
When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge stage presents naught but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheer'd and checked even by the selfsame sky.
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory;
Then the conceit of this insconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful Time debaucheth with Decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night;
And all in war with Time for love of you,
As he takes from you I engraft you new.
But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant Time,
And fortify yourself in your decay
With means more blessed than my barren rhyme?
Now stand you on the top of happy hours,
And many maiden gardens, yet unset,
With virtuous wish would bear your living flowers,
Much liker than your painted counterfeit.
So should the lines of life that life repair
Which this time's pencil or my pupil pen
Neither in inward worth nor outward fair
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
To give away yourself keep yourself still,
And you must live drawn by your own sweet skill.
Who will believe my verse in time to come
If it were filled with your most high deserts?

Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life and shows not half your parts.

If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say 'This poet lies;
Such heavenly touches ne'er touched earthly falses.'

So should my papers, yellowed with their age,
Be scorned, like old men of less truth than tongue.

And your true rights be termed a poet's rage
And stretched to the tre of an antique song.

But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice, in it and in my rhyme.
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.
Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimmed.
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st.
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.
Devou'ring Time,) blunt thou) the lijon's paws,]
And make) the earth) devour) her own) sweet brood;
Pluck the) keen teeth) from the) fierce tig'ger's jaws,
And burn) the long'-lived phoe'nx in) her blood;
Make glad) and sor'ry sea)sons as) thou fleet'st,
And do) whate'er) thou wilt,) swift-foo'ted Time,
To the) wide world) and all) her fa)ding sweets.
But I) forbid) thee one) most hei)nous crime:
O, carve) not with) thy hours) my love's) fair brow,
Nor draw) no lines) there with) thine an'tique pen;
Him in) thy course) untain)ted do) allow;
For beau'ty's pat'tern to) succee)ding men.
Yet do) thy worst,) old Time;) despite) thy wrong,
My love) shall in) my verse) ever) live young.)
A woman's face, with Nature's own hand painted,
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion;
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
A man in hue, all hues in his control,
Which steals men's eyes and women's souls amazeth.
And for a woman wert thou first created,
Till Nature as she wrought thee fell a-doing,
And by addition me of thee defeats,
By adding one thing to my purpose no thing.
But since she pricked thee out for woman's pleasure,
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.
So is it not with me as with that Muse,
Stirred by a painted beauty to his verse,
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse,
Making a couplement of proud compare
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
With April's first-born flowers and all things rare
That heaven's air in this huge roundure hems.
O, let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fixed in heaven's air.
Let them say more that like of hear'say well:
I will not praise that purpose not to sell.
My glass shall not persuade me I am old.
So long as youth and thou are of one date;
But when in thee Time’s furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thinel in me.
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary
As I, not for myself, but for thee will.
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from fairing ill.
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;
Thou gav’st me thine, not to give back again.
As an imperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put besides his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'ercharged with burden of mine own love's might.
O, let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast,
Who plead for love and look for recompense
More than that tongue that more hath expressed.
O, learn to read what silent love hath writ;
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.
Mine eyes hath played the painter and hath stilled

Thy beauty's frame in table of my heart;

My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,

And perspective it is best painter's art,

For through the painter must you see his skill

To find where your true image pictured lies,

Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,

That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.

Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done:

Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me

Are windows to my breast, wherethrough the sun

Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee.

Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art;

They draw but what they see, know not the heart.
Let those who are in favour with their stars
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlooked for joy in that I honour most.
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread
But as the marigold at the sun's eye,
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foiled,
Is from the book of honour razèd quite.
And all the rest forgot for which he toiled.
Then happy I that love and am beloved
Where I may not remove nor be removed.
Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written message,
To witness duty, not to show my wit -
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show,
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul's thought, all na'ked, will bestow
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my tattered loving
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect.
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee,
Till then, not show my head where thou mayst prove me.
Weary) with toil,) I haste me to) my bed,)
The dear) repose) for limbs) with travel tired;
But then) begins) a journey in) my head
To work) my mind) when body's work's) expired;
For then) my thoughts,) from far} where I) abide,
Intend) a zealous pilgrimage) to thee,]
And keep) my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking) on darkness which) the blind) do see;
Save that) my soul's) imaginary sight
Presents) thy shadow to) my sightless view,
Which like) a wel} hung} in ghastly night
Makes black) night beautiful and) her old) face new.
Lo, thus) by day) my limbs,) by night) my mind,
For thee,) and for) myself,) no quiet find.
How can I then return in happy plight
That am debarred the benefit of rest,
When day's oppression is not eased by night,
But day by night and night by day oppressed,
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me,
The one by toil, the other to complain,
How far I toil, still farther off from thee?
I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven;
So flatter I the swart-complexioned night,
When sparkling stars twire not, thou gild'st the even.
But day doth dailly draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's strength seem stronger.
When, in disgrace with Fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet, in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day singing
From sultry earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.
When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste;
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancelled woe,
And moan th'expense of many a vanished sight;
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of forebemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.