

Rhyme and sound patterning

Sound patterns = „echo“ between syllables, a type of repetition and parallelism

1. *alliteration* I have to **strive** against the **sea** and **struggle** with the **wind**
Grendel **came** **creeping**, **accursed** of **God**
2. *assonance* **light** – **wide** – **sign**
3. *consonance* **bad** – **good** **treats** - **floats**
4. *reverse rhyme* **cash** – **carry** **stand** - **stamp**
5. *pararhyme* **send** – **sound**
6. *rhyme* **cloud** - **shroud**

end rhyme, inner rhyme (all night a bright and solitary star)

rhyme schemes: aabb, abab, abba ...

masculine rhyme (round - sound), feminine (yellow – fellow)

Rhythm

= regular switching between modes (loud x quiet, light x dark)

sound

visual

bodily

natural

social

Rhythm in speech – **stress** (= a duality of a syllable = cluster of sounds)

stressed syllable /

unstressed syllable .

I hear the wind sighing

. / . / / .

English = a stressed-timed language = no. of stresses matters, the no. of syllables doesn't

Rhythm in poetry

The wind I hear it sighing

. / . / . / .

foot = a group of stressed and unstressed syllables

iambic . /

trochaic / .

dactylic / . .

according to a no. of feet: mono-, di-, tri- tetra-, penta-, hexa-, hepta-, octa- *meter*

EXTRACTS FOR EXERCISE

Ex 1

Let us pray in contemplation

While we sing this lamentation.

Ex 2

Ask not the cause why sullen Spring

So long delays her flowers to bear,

Why warbling storms invert the year
Chloris is gone; and fate provides
To make it Spring where she resides.

Ex 3

I heard a thousand blended notes
While in a grave I sate reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind

Ex 4

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters' cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride.

Ex 5

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred ...

Ex 6

I went to the Garden of Love,
And saw what I never had seen:
A Chapel was built in the midst,
Where I used to play on the green.

Ex 7

Tiger, tiger, burning bright,

In the forest of the night

Ex 8

Sound the flute!

Now it's mute.