

Examples of Lyric Poetry



**LYRIC POETRY: WRITERS EXPRESS
THEIR THOUGHTS AND FEELINGS
ABOUT A SUBJECT IN A BRIEF BUT
MUSICAL WAY.**

Elements of a Lyric Poem



- Sensory Detail and Words
- Connotation: the suggested emotions and associations of a word, beyond their plain dictionary meaning.
- Symbols
- Figurative Language

Winter by William Shakespeare



When icicles hang by the wall
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail
And Tom bears logs into the hall
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit;
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Winter by William Shakespeare



When all around the wind doth blow
And coughing drowns the parson's saw
And birds sit brooding in the snow
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit;
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot

The Dark Hills by Edwin Arlington Robinson



Dark hills at evening in the west,
Where sunset hovers like a sound
Of golden horns that sang to rest
Old bones of warriors underground,
Far now from all the bannered ways
Where flash the legions of the sun,
You fade –as if the last of days
Were fading, and all wars were done

Meeting at Night by Robert Browning



I

The gray sea and the long black land;
And the yellow half-moon large and low;
And the startled little waves that leap
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed I' the slushy sand.

II

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach;
Three fields to cross till a farm appears;
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
And blue spurt of a lighted match,
And a voice less loud, through its joys and fears,
Than the two hearts beating each to each!

I Hear an Army by James Joyce



I hear an army charging upon the land,
And the thunder of horses plunging, foam about their
knees:

Arrogant, in black armor, behind them stand,
Disdaining the reins, with fluttering whips, the charioteers.

They cry unto the night their battle-name:
I moan in sleep when I hear afar their whirling laughter.
They cleave the gloom of dreams, a blinding flame,
Clanging, clanging upon the heart as upon an anvil.

I Hear an Army by James Joyce



They come shaking in triumph their long, green hair:
They come out of the sea and run shouting by the
shore.

My heart, have you no wisdom thus to despair?
My love, my love, my love, why have you left me alone?