

said with more force than unaccented syllables. Look at the following lines. The accented syllables are marked with ' , and the unaccented syllables with ˘ .

˘ A bunch of gold-én keys is míne

To máke éach dáy with glád-ness shine.

Rhythm is also made of a regular number of syllables in each line. In the example above, each line has eight syllables.

Different patterns of rhythm are used in different poems. In one common pattern, the first syllable is unaccented, the second syllable is accented, the third syllable is unaccented, and so on. The two lines shown above follow this pattern.

In another common pattern, the first syllable is accented, the second syllable is unaccented, the third syllable is accented, and so on. Notice the accents in these lines, and count the syllables.

Leaves wére bud-díng,

Birds wére síng-íng,

Fawns wére féed-íng,

Spíng wás spíng-íng.

In another pattern, an accented syllable is followed by two unaccented syllables. This is a delightful rhythm pattern.

Wínds thróugh the ol-íve trees

Soft-ly díd blów.

2. Rhythm gives feeling to a poem. Fast-moving rhythm may give a feeling of cheer and happiness. Slow-moving rhythm may give a feeling of sadness or soberness. Read the following stanzas, and ask students these questions.

- Which poem has the liveliest rhythm? ("Whisky, Frisky")
- Which one sounds like an animal hopping and jumping? ("Whisky, Frisky")
- Which one sounds like an animal flitting or flying? ("Butterfly")
- Which one is more sober because it suggests that we should do good things before it is too late? ("Procrastination")
- Which one has the rhythm of taking a walk? ("Along the Creek")

Along the Creek

I like to walk along our creek,
To play a game of hide-and-peek.
If I go very quietly
And check each movement that I see,

Perhaps I'll catch Grandfather Frog,
Relaxing on a willow log.
But if he spies me first—ker-splash!
He's underwater in a flash.

—Ada L. Wine

Procrastination

He was going to be all that a mortal should be—
Tomorrow.
No one should be kinder or braver than he—
Tomorrow.
A friend who was troubled and weary he knew,
Who'd be glad for a lift, and who needed it too;
On him he would call and see what he could do—
Tomorrow.

Whisky, Frisky

Whisky, frisky,	Whirly, twirly,
Hippity-hop,	Round and round,
Up he goes	Down he scampers
To the treetop!	To the ground.

Butterfly

I see a yellow butterfly;
He flits down low, then soars so high!
He's like a dancing, flashing flower;
I love to watch him by the hour!
God made his colors, gave him wings,
All decked with scallops, dots, and rings!

—Edith Witmer