**Easter Wings**by George Herbert

Questions:

1. What does this poem physically draw on the page? Be a little creative- turn the page in different directions.
2. Between lines 5 and 6, and between lines 15 and 16, what happens?
3. How does this pattern reflect the mood/ emotions of the speaker?
4. How does the speaker’s mood change from line 1-5, from 6-10, from 11-15, and from 16-20?
5. How does the physical shape of the poem match the content?
6. What is central metaphor of the poem?
7. What does this metaphor communicate?
8. Find examples of alliteration, and explain how they add to the affect of the poem.
9. What is the rhyme scheme?
10. How does the rhyme scheme fit with the physical structure of the poem and the content?
11. Who is the poem addressed to?
12. Why is the poem called “Easter Wings”?

Lord, Who createdst man in wealth and store,
        Though foolishly he lost the same,
              Decaying more and more,
                      Till he became
                        Most poore:

                        With Thee
                      O let me rise,
              As larks, harmoniously,
        And sing this day Thy victories:
Then shall the fall further the flight in me.

My tender age in sorrow did beginne;
  And still with sicknesses and shame
        Thou didst so punish sinne,
                  That I became
                   Most thinne.

                    With Thee
                Let me combine,
      And feel this day Thy victorie;
    For, if I imp my wing on Thine,
Affliction shall advance the flight in me.

<http://www.luminarium.org/sevenlit/herbert/wings.htm>

**To his Coy Mistress**

**The Passionate Shepherd to His Love**

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, hills, and fields,
Woods, or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant poises,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherds's swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

Christopher Marlowe
*1599*

<http://www.rjgeib.com/thoughts/shepherd/shepherd.html>

QUESTIONS: Marlowe page 302

1. In what ways is Christopher Marlowe’s poem similar to Andrew Marvell’s? (theme, structure, imagery, tone, etc)
2. In what ways are the two poems different? (theme, structure, imagery, tone, etc)
3. What arguments does Marlowe (The Shepherd) use to get his girl?
4. What arguments does Marvell use?
5. Which one do you feel is more effective/affective (=moves you), and why?
6. Had Raleigh read Marvell’s poem, how do you think his “Nymph” might have responded? Aye or Nay? WHY?

by Andrew Marvell

Had we but world enough, and time,
This coyness, lady, were no crime.
We would sit down and think which way
To walk, and pass our long love's day;
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side
Shouldst rubies find; I by the tide
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the Flood;
And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews.
My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires, and more slow.
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze;
Two hundred to adore each breast,
But thirty thousand to the rest;
An age at least to every part,
And the last age should show your heart.
For, lady, you deserve this state,
Nor would I love at lower rate.

        But at my back I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near;
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.
Thy beauty shall no more be found,
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound
My echoing song; then worms shall try
That long preserv'd virginity,
And your quaint honour turn to dust,
And into ashes all my lust.
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none I think do there embrace.

        Now therefore, while the youthful hue
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
And while thy willing soul transpires
At every pore with instant fires,
Now let us sport us while we may;
And now, like am'rous birds of prey,
Rather at once our time devour,
Than languish in his slow-chapp'd power.
Let us roll all our strength, and all
Our sweetness, up into one ball;
And tear our pleasures with rough strife
Thorough the iron gates of life.
Thus, though we cannot make our sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

<http://www.luminarium.org/sevenlit/marvell/coy.htm>