

Literary Devices (S.H.I.P. M.A.S.T.)	To My Dear and Loving Husband by Anne Bradstreet	Paraphrasing/Annotating
	<p>If ever two were one, then surely we. If ever man were loved by wife, then thee. If ever wife was happy in a man, Compare with me, ye women, if you can. I prize¹ thy love more than whole mines of gold, Or all the riches that <u>the East</u> doth hold. <u>My love is such that rivers cannot quench,</u>² Nor <u>ought</u>³ but love from thee give <u>recompense</u>⁴. Thy love is such I can no way repay; The heavens reward thee <u>manifold</u>⁵, I pray. Then while we live, in love let's so <u>persever</u>⁶, That when we live no more, we may live ever.</p>	
Literary Devices (S.H.I.P. M.A.S.T.)	Upon a Fit of Sickness 1632 by Anne Bradstreet	Paraphrasing/Annotating
	<p>Twice ten years old not fully told since nature gave me breath, My race is run, my thread spun, lo, here is fatal death. All men must die, and so must I; this cannot be revoked. For Adam's sake this word God spake when he so high provoked. Yet live I shall, this life's but small, in place of highest bliss, Where I shall have all I can crave, no life is like to this. For what's this but care and strife since first we came from womb? Our strength doth waste, our time doth haste, and then we go to th' tomb. O bubble blast, how long can'st last? that always art a breaking, No sooner blown, but dead and gone, ev'n as a word that's speaking. O whilst I live this grace me give, I doing good may be, Then death's arrest I shall count best, because it's Thy decree; Bestow much cost there's nothing lost, to make salvation sure, O great's the gain, though got with pain, comes by profession pure. The race is run, the field is won, the victory's mine I see; Forever known, thou envious foe, the foil belongs to thee.</p>	

1 Prize--value

2 My love.....cannot quench-- Compare the Song of Solomon: "Muche water can not quenche love, nether can the floods drowne it." (Geneva Bible) Also, quench could mean to satisfy.

3 Ought--anything

4 recompense-- Return payment; reward

5 manifold- In abundance

6 Both to continue steadfastly, and in the Theological sense to remain in a state of grace. An earlier spelling of the word "persevere.

Literary Devices (S.H.I.P. M.A.S.T.)	In Reference to her Children, 23 June 1659	Paraphrasing/Annotating
	<p> I had eight birds hatcht in one nest, Four Cocks were there, and Hens the rest. I nurst them up with pain and care, No cost nor labour did I spare Till at the last they felt their wing, Mounted the Trees and learned to sing. Chief of the Brood then took his flight To Regions far and left me quite. My mournful chirps I after send Till he return, or I do end. Leave not thy nest, thy Dame and Sire, Fly back and sing amidst this Quire. My second bird did take her flight And with her mate flew out of sight. <i>Southward</i> they both their course did bend, And Seasons twain they there did spend, Till after blown by <i>Southern</i> gales They <i>Norward</i> steer'd with filled sails. A prettier bird was no where seen, Along the Beach, among the treen. I have a third of colour white On whom I plac'd no small delight, Coupled with mate loving and true, Hath also bid her Dame adieu. And where <i>Aurora</i> first appears, She now hath perch't to spend her years. One to the Academy flew To chat among that learned crew. Ambition moves still in his breast That he might chant above the rest, Striving for more than to do well, That nightingales he might excell. My fifth, whose down is yet scarce gone, Is 'mongst the shrubs and bushes flown And as his wings increase in strength On higher boughs he'll perch at length. My other three still with me nest Until they're grown, then as the rest, Or here or there, they'll take their flight, As is ordain'd, so shall they light. If birds could weep, then would my tears Let others know what are my fears Lest this my brood some harm should catch And be surpris'd for want of watch Whilst pecking corn and void of care They fall un'wares in Fowler's snare; Or whilst on trees they sit and sing Some untoward boy at them do fling, Or whilst allur'd with bell and glass The net be spread and caught, alas; Or lest by Lime-twigs they be foil'd; Or by some greedy hawks be spoil'd. O would, my young, ye saw my breast And knew what thoughts there sadly rest. Great was my pain when I you bred, </p>	

	<p>Great was my care when I you fed. Long did I keep you soft and warm And with my wings kept off all harm. My cares are more, and fears, than ever, My throbs such now as 'fore were never. Alas, my birds, you wisdom want Of perils you are ignorant. Oft times in grass, on trees, in flight, Sore accidents on you may light. O to your safety have an eye, So happy may you live and die. Mean while, my days in tunes I'll spend Till my weak lays with me shall end. In shady woods I'll sit and sing And things that past, to mind I'll bring. Once young and pleasant, as are you, But former toys (no joys) adieu! My age I will not once lament But sing, my time so near is spent, And from the top bough take my flight Into a country beyond sight Where old ones instantly grow young And there with seraphims set song. No seasons cold, nor storms they see But spring lasts to eternity. When each of you shall in your nest Among your young ones take your rest, In chirping languages oft them tell You had a Dame that lov'd you well, That did what could be done for young And nurst you up till you were strong And 'fore she once would let you fly She shew'd you joy and misery, Taught what was good, and what was ill, What would save life, and what would kill. Thus gone, amongst you I may live, And dead, yet speak and counsel give. Farewell, my birds, farewell, adieu, I happy am, if well with you.</p>	
Literary Devices (S.H.I.P. M.A.S.T.)	Verses upon the Burning of our House 1666 by Anne Bradstreet	Paraphrasing/Annotating
	<p>In silent night when rest I took, For sorrow near I did not look, I waken'd was with thund'ring noise And piteous shrieks of dreadful voice. That fearful sound of "fire" and "fire," Let no man know is my Desire. I starting up, the light did spy, And to my God my heart did cry To straighten me in my Distress And not to leave me succourless. Then coming out, behold a space The flame consume my dwelling place.</p>	

	<p>And when I could no longer look, I blest his grace that gave and took, That laid my goods now in the dust. Yea, so it was, and so 'twas just. It was his own; it was not mine. Far be it that I should repine, He might of all justly bereft But yet sufficient for us left. When by the Ruins oft I past My sorrowing eyes aside did cast And here and there the places spy Where oft I sate and long did lie. Here stood that Trunk, and there that chest, There lay that store I counted best, My pleasant things in ashes lie And them behold no more shall I. Under the roof no guest shall sit, Nor at thy Table eat a bit. No pleasant talk shall 'ere be told Nor things recounted done of old. No Candle 'ere shall shine in Thee, Nor bridegroom's voice ere heard shall bee. In silence ever shalt thou lie. Adieu, Adieu, All's Vanity. Then straight I 'gin my heart to chide: And did thy wealth on earth abide, Didst fix thy hope on mouldring dust, The arm of flesh didst make thy trust? Raise up thy thoughts above the sky That dunghill mists away may fly. Thou hast a house on high erect Fram'd by that mighty Architect, With glory richly furnished Stands permanent, though this be fled. It's purchased and paid for too By him who hath enough to do. A price so vast as is unknown, Yet by his gift is made thine own. There's wealth enough; I need no more. Farewell, my pelf; farewell, my store. The world no longer let me love; My hope and Treasure lies above.</p>	
Literary Devices (S.H.I.P. M.A.S.T.)	For The Restoration Of My Dear Husband From A Burning Ague, June, 1661.	Paraphrasing/Annotating
	<p>When feares and sorrowes me besett, Then did'st thou rid me out; When heart did faint and spirits quail, Thou comforts me about. Thou rais'st him vp I feard to loose, Regau'st me him again: Distempers thou didst chase away; With strenght didst him sustain.</p>	

	<p>My thankfull heart, with Pen record The Goodnes of thy God; Let thy obedience testefye He taught thee by his rod. And with his staffe did thee support, That thou by both may'st learn; And 'twixt the good and evill way, At last, thou mig'st discern. Praises to him who hath not left My Soul as destitute; Nor turnd his ear away from me, But graunted hath my Suit</p>	
	A Love Letter To Her Husband - Poem by Anne Bradstreet	
	<p>Phoebus make haste, the day's too long, begone, The silent night's the fittest time for moan; But stay this once, unto my suit give ear, And tell my griefs in either Hemisphere: (And if the whirling of thy wheels do n't drown'd The woful accents of my doleful sound), If in thy swift career thou canst make stay, I crave this boon, this errand by the way: Commend me to the man more lov'd than life, Show him the sorrows of his widow'd wife, My dumpish thoughts, my groans, my brackish tears, My sobs, my longing hopes, my doubting fears, And, if he love, how can he there abide? My interest's more than all the world beside. He that can tell the stars or Ocean sand, Or all the grass that in the meads do stand, The leaves in th' woods, the hail or drops of rain, Or in a cornfield number every grain, Or every mote that in the sunshine hops, May court my sighs and number all my drops. Tell him, the countless steps that thou dost trace, That once a day thy spouse thou mayst embrace; And when thou canst not treat by loving mouth, Thy rays afar, salute her from the south. But for one month I see no day (poor soul) Like those far situate under the pole, Which day by day long wait for thy arise, O how they joy when thou dost light the skies. O Phoebus, hadst thou but thus long from thine Restrain'd the beams of thy beloved shine, At thy return, if so thou couldst or durst, Behold a Chaos blacker than the first. Tell him here's worse than a confused matter, His little world's a fathom under water, Naught but the fervor of his ardent beams Hath power to dry the torrent of these streams. Tell him I would say more, but cannot well, Opressed minds abrupted tales do tell. Now post with double speed, mark what I say, By all our loves conjure him not to stay.</p>	

Literary Devices (S.H.I.P. M.A.S.T.)	In My Solitary Hours In My Dear Husband His Absence	Paraphrasing/Annotating
	<p>O Lord, Thou hear'st my daily moan And see'st my dropping tears. My troubles all are Thee before, My longings and my fears.</p> <p>Thou hitherto hast been my God; Thy help my soul hath found. Though loss and sickness me assailed, Through Thee I've kept my ground.</p> <p>And Thy abode Thou'st made with me; With Thee my soul can talk; In secret places Thee I find Where I do kneel or walk.</p> <p>Though husband dear be from me gone, Whom I do love so well, I have a more beloved one Whose comforts far excel.</p> <p>O stay my heart on Thee. my God, Uphold my fainting soul. And when I know not what to do, I'll on Thy mercies roll.</p> <p>My weakness. Thou dost know full well Of body and of mind; I in this world no comfort have, But what from Thee I find.</p> <p>Though children Thou has given me, And friends I have also, Yet if I see Thee not through them They are no joy, but woe.</p> <p>O shine upon me, blessed Lord, Ev'n for my Saviour's sake; In Thee alone is more than all, And there content I'll take.</p> <p>O hear me, Lord, in this request As Thou before hast done, Bring back my husband, I beseech, As Thou didst once my son.</p> <p>So shall I celebrate Thy praise Ev'n while my days shall last And talk to my beloved one Of all Thy goodness past.</p> <p>So both of us Thy kindness, Lord, With praises shall recount And serve Thee better than before</p>	

	<p>Whose blessings thus surmount.</p> <p>But give me, Lord, a better heart, Then better shall I be, To pay the vows which I do owe Forever unto Thee.</p> <p>Unless Thou help, what can I do But still my frailty show? If Thou assist me, Lord, I shall Return Thee what I owe.</p>	
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Carefully read the poems by Anne Bradstreet and choose two poems to write a well-organized essay analyzing the superiority of one poem regarding how both the author's style and content are more effective in presenting the Puritanical ideals. Remember to provide explicit evidence and explanation.

Puritanism-Poetry: Anne Bradstreet's "To My Dear and Loving Husband," "Upon a fit of Sickness," "In Reference to Her Children," and "Upon the Burning of Our House"

Assignment

How does the author's style and content effectively support her puritanical purpose? Remember to provide explicit evidence and explanation to support your answer.

Learning Targets for Assignment

- (RL1)Reading Literature
 - I can cite strong and thorough textual evidence that supports my inferences and analysis of the text
- (RL4)Reading Informational
 - I can determine the figurative and connotative meaning of words and phrases based on how they are used in a text
 - I can analyze the impact word choice on the meaning or tone of a text
- (RL10)Reading Literature
 - I can read and comprehend literature at the eleven-twelve grade span; reading literature appropriate to my grade level and skill.
- (L5) Language
 - I can analyze nuances in the meaning of words with similar denotations meanings
- (W9)Writing
 - I can use evidence from literature to support analysis, reflection, and research in my writing
- (W10) Writing
 - I can write for a range of time, tasks, purposes, and audiences.
- (SL1)Speaking and Listening Standard
 - I can prepare for a class discussion and participate by referring to my findings during discussion
 - I can follow agreed upon rules for class discussions, track progress towards stated goals, and define individual roles if needed
 - I can propel a conversation by asking questions, incorporating others into a discussion, and clarifying or challenging the ideas of others
 - I can respond thoughtfully to diverse perspectives, summarize points of agreement, and disagreement, and justify or change my own views in light of new ideas and information
 - I can use evidence from literary texts to support analysis, reflection, and research in my writing

Carefully read the poems by Anne Bradstreet and choose two poems to write a well-organized essay analyzing the superiority of one poem regarding how both the author's style and content are more effective in presenting the Puritanical ideals. Remember to provide explicit evidence and explanation.