Anne Bradstreet Poetry Study Guide

Directions: Complete the challenges below as you read Anne Bradstreet's poetry on the following pages.

Contemplations

1. This poem could be called Bradstreet's "dim reflection" poem, based on the ideas of I Corinthians 13:12. Look up the verse, and then use the chart below to complete the three "dim reflection" comparisons that Bradstreet makes in this poem.

	If this is observable...	then this must be even greater...
1st comparison	*the excellence and beauty of the created world*	*God's excellence*
2nd comparison	*the life span of a majestic oak tree*	
3rd comparison		

On My Dear Grandchild...

2. Use three adjectives to describe the tone of this poem about the death of Anne's one-month-old grandbaby.

3. Find a Psalm in the Bible that matches this tone. In other words, find a Psalm which expresses great suffering yet great faith in God's goodness. Psalm _____

To My Dear and Loving Husband

4. How does this poem disprove the stereotype of the frigid, unfeeling puritan? Answer in a complete sentence.

5. What three images heighten the poem's meaning in lines 5-7?

6. Choose a pop song to represent the feelings in this poem. List the song title and performer.

As a Weary Pilgrim

7. Lists make interesting poems. List four of the ailments Anne is going to be glad to leave behind when she dies.

8. Although this poem is about death, it does not have a dismal tone. How does Anne accomplish this?

9. Extra credit: Locate and record at least two of the poem's metaphors.

Upon the Burning of Our House…

10. Use the chart to list three things about her house that Anne is going to miss, and three thoughts that show her godly perspective.

Things she will miss	Thoughts that bring hope and peace

Anne Bradstreet Poems

Contemplations

1
Sometime now past in the Autumnal Tide,
When Ph{oe}bus wanted but one hour to bed,
The trees all richly clad, yet void of pride,
Were gilded o're by his rich golden head.
Their leaves and fruits seem'd painted but was true
Of green, of red, of yellow, mixed hew,
Rapt were my senses at this delectable view.

2
I wist not what to wish, yet sure thought I,
If so much excellence abide below,
How excellent is he that dwells on high?
Whose power and beauty by his works we know.
Sure he is goodness, wisdom, glory, light,
That hath this under world so richly dight.
More Heaven than Earth was here, no winter and no night.

3
Then on a stately Oak I cast mine Eye,
Whose ruffling top the Clouds seem'd to aspire.
How long since thou wast in thine Infancy?
Thy strength and stature, more thy years admire,
Hath hundred winters past since thou wast born?
Or thousand since thou brakest thy shell of horn?
If so, all these as nought, Eternity doth scorn.

4
Then higher on the glistering Sun I gaz'd,
Whose beams was shaded by the leafy Tree.
The more I look'd, the more I grew amaz'd
And softly said, what glory's like to thee?
Soul of this world, this Universe's Eye,
No wonder some made thee a Deity.
Had I not better known (alas) the same had I.

As a Weary Pilgrim

As weary pilgrim, now at rest,
Hugs with delight his silent nest
His wasted limbs, now lye full soft
That myriad steps, have trodden oft
Blesses himself, to think upon
his dangers past, and travails done
The burning sun no more shall heat
Nor stormy rains, on him shall beat.
The briars and thorns no more shall scratch
nor hungry wolves at him shall catch
He erring paths no more shall tread
nor wild fruits eaten, instead of bread,
for waters cold he doth not long
for thirst no more shall parch his tongue
No rugged stones his feet shall gaule
nor stumps nor rocks cause him to fall
All cares and fears, he bids farewell
and means in safety now to dwell.
A pilgrim I, on earth, perplexed
with sins with cares and sorrows vexed
By age and pains brought to decay
and my Clay house moldering away
Oh how I long to be at rest
and soared on high among the blest.
This body shall in silence sleep
Mine eyes no more shall ever weep
No fainting fits shall me assail
nor grinding pains my body frail
With cares and fears ne'r cumbered be
Nor losses know, nor sorrows see
What tho my flesh shall there consume
it is the bed Christ did perfume
And when a few years shall be gone
this mortal shall be cloth'd upon
A Corrupt Carcass down it lies
a glorious body it shall rise
In weakness and dishonour sown
in power 'tis rais'd by Christ alone
Then soul and body shall unite
and of their maker have the sight
Such lasting joys shall there behold
as ear ne'r heard nor tongue e'er told
Lord make me ready for that day
then Come dear bridegroom Come away.

On My Dear Grandchild, Simon Bradstreet, Who Died on 16 Nov., 1669, Being but a Month and One Day

No sooner come, but gone, and fal'n asleep,
Acquaintance short, yet parting caus'd us weep,
Three flours, two scarcely blown, the last i'th' bud,
Cropt by th'Almighties hand; yet is he good,
With dreadful awe before him let's be mute,
Such was his will, but why, let's not dispute,
With humble hearts and mouths put in the dust,
Let's say he's merciful as well as just.
He will return, and make up all our losses,
And smile again, after our bitter crosses.
Go pretty babe, go rest with Sisters twain
Among the blest in endless joyes remain.

To My Dear and Loving Husband

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 prize thy love more than whole mines of gold,
Or all the riches that the East doth hold.
My love is such that rivers cannot quench,
Nor ought but love from thee give recompense.
Thy love is such I can no way repay;
The heavens reward thee manifold, I pray.
Then while we live, in love let's so persevere,
That when we live no more we may live ever.

Upon the Burning of Our House

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.
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 be.
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

Anne Bradstreet Poetry Study Guide ANSWER KEY

Contemplations

1. This poem could be called Bradstreet's "dim reflection" poem, based on the ideas of I Corinthians 13:12. Look up the verse, and then use the chart below to complete the three "dim reflection" comparisons that Bradstreet makes in this poem.

	If this is observable…	then this must be even greater…
1st comparison	*the excellence and beauty of the created world*	*God's excellence*
2nd comparison	*the life span of a majestic oak tree*	God's strength
3rd comparison	The sun's glory	God's glory

On My Dear Grandchild…

2. Use three adjectives to describe the tone of this poem about the death of Anne's one-month-old grandbaby.

quiet	sorrowful	hopeful

3. Find a Psalm in the Bible that matches this tone. In other words, find a Psalm which expresses great suffering yet great faith in God's goodness. Psalm _____

Most Psalms express suffering and at end with statements about God's faithfulness, so most answers will be appropriate.

To My Dear and Loving Husband

4. How does this poem disprove the stereotype of the frigid, unfeeling puritan? Answer in a complete sentence. Accept any reasonable answer relating to Anne's love for her husband.

5. What three images heighten the poem's meaning in lines 5-7?

Mines of gold	Riches the East doth hold	Unquenchable rivers

6. Choose a pop song to represent the feelings in this poem. List the song title and performer. Accept any answer.

As a Weary Pilgrim

7. Lists make interesting poems. List four of the ailments Anne is going to be glad to leave behind when she dies. Accept the following plus any other logical responses: wasted limbs, age, pain, decay, fears, cares, losses, sorrows

8. Although this poem is about death, it does not have a dismal tone. How does Anne accomplish this? Answers should in some way refer to Anne's hope in Christ

9. Extra credit: Locate and record at least two of the poem's metaphors. Silent nest = dead body, Human body = clay house, Christ = bridegroom, the bed Christ did perfume = the grave, bridegroom = Christ

Upon the Burning of Our House…

10. Use the chart to list three things about her house that Anne is going to miss, and three thoughts that show her godly perspective.

Things she will miss	Thoughts that bring hope and peace
Where she sat	God designed a home for her in heaven
Where she slept	Her heavenly home is richly furnished
Her trunk	Her heavenly home is indestructible
Her chest	Her heavenly wealth is greater
Her table	