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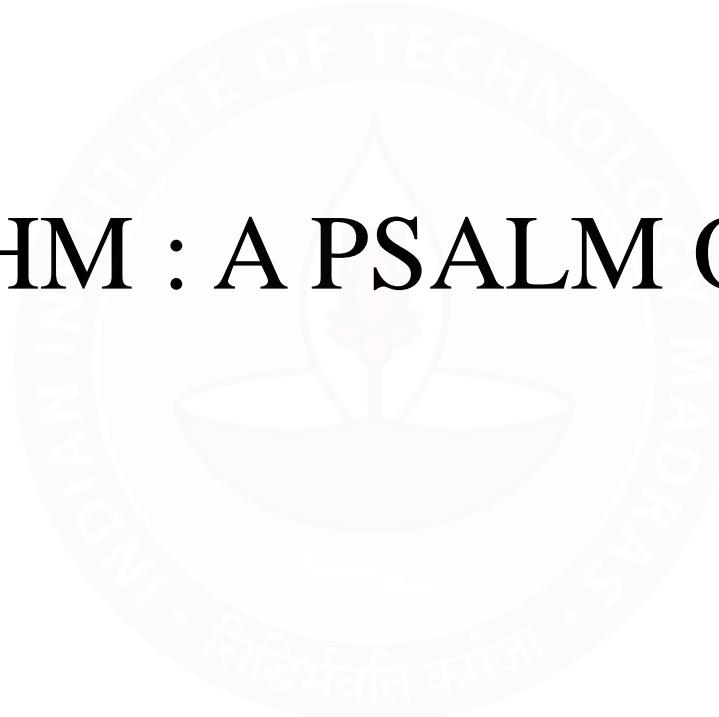
ONLINE DEGREE

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RHYTHM : A PSALM OF LIFE



- All languages have a **rhythm**. Before we notice their words and sentences, we notice their rhythm. We notice it best when we hear a new language.

Video link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3xqIjzoYEKg>

Please watch the section 1:19- 3:19

Source: Geethanjali – Learn Music and Dance (Youtube)

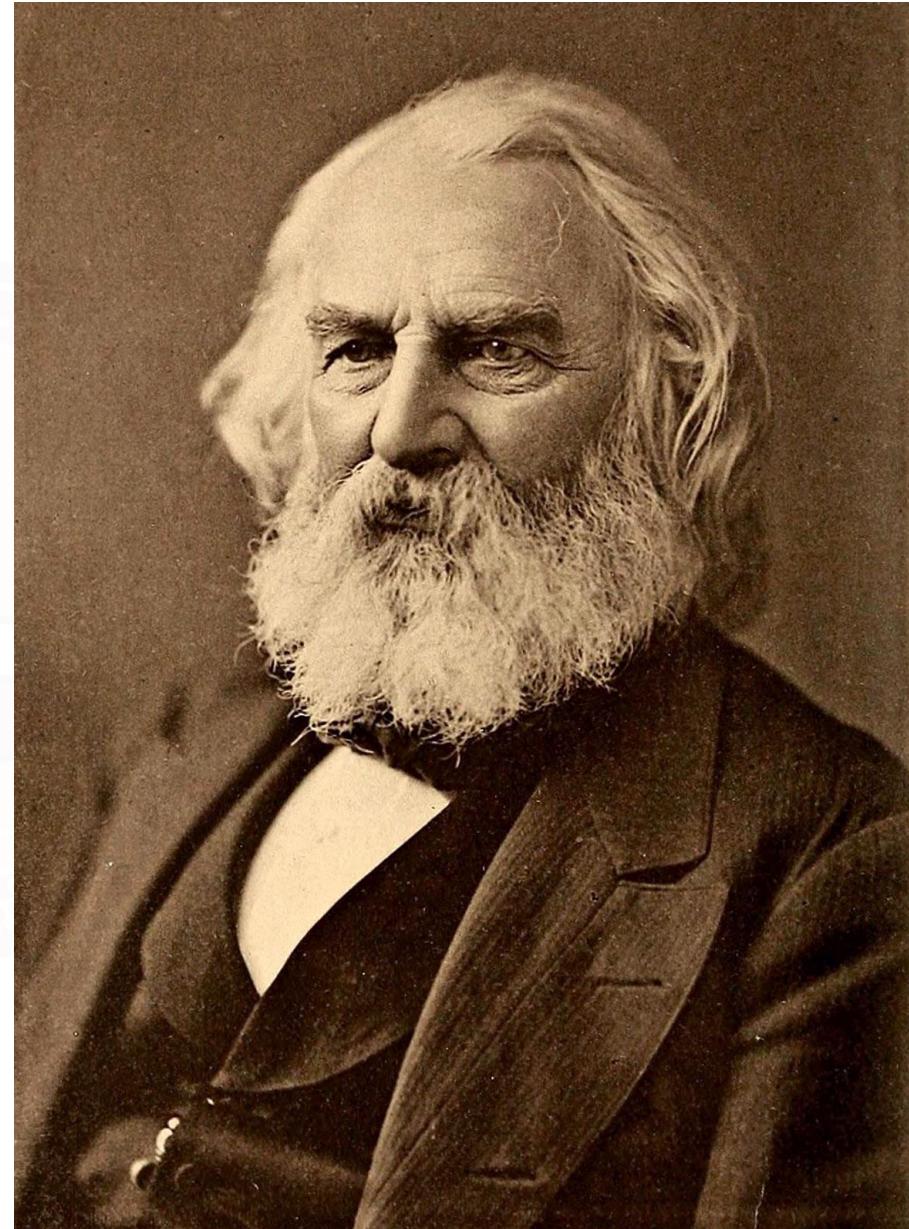
Video description: This video clip is on a dance form. Count the number of steps taken backwards and forwards, taken right and left, and taken across. That makes the rhythm of dance.

We are using 2 minutes of this video for academic purposes.

- Rhythm is another name for the repeated patterns of sounds, an arrangement of syllables, in a unit of speech.
 - In a certain pause-group, we can speak only a certain number of syllables.
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- This arrangement of syllables in a unit of speech is known as rhythm.
 - Without this rhythm, the language may sound monotonous like machine generated speech.

- Without this rhythm, the language may sound monotonous like machine generated speech.
- For us learning to speak a language, it is important not just to learn to produce the sounds of that language, it is also important for us to speak that language in its rhythm.
- **And now listen to the poem, and using this mark / , indicate where a rhythm unit ends, and the next begins. You can use one / within the line, and two // at the end of the line.**
- Also count the number of syllables in each line.

- Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was one of the most widely known and best-loved American poets of the 19th century.
- The poem, **A Psalm of Life** was first published in the October 1838 issue of The Knickerbocker.



A Psalm of Life By Henry Wardsworth Longfellow

What The Heart Of The Young Man Said To The Psalmist.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,	(eight syllables)
Life is but an empty dream!	seven
For the soul is dead that slumbers,	eight
And things are not what they seem.	seven

ACTIVITY 1

- In this manner count the number of syllables in each line of the following stanzas of this popular poem. And then also listen to the audio and mark time.

You may also notice that within each line there is a pause group which ends in /. So for instance, in the stanza above, the first line has two groups shown as follows.

Life is real! / Life is earnest! //

And the grave / is not its goal; //

Dust thou art, / to dust returnest, //

Was not spoken / of the soul.//

**Notice that in each part of the line, there are some stressed syllables followed by unstressed ones or by silence, as follows.
Stressed syllables are preceded by ‘.**

‘Not en’joyment, and not ‘sorrow,
Is our ‘destined ‘end or’ way;
But to ‘act, that ‘each to-‘morrow
‘Finds us ‘farther than to-‘day.

This pattern of stressed and unstressed syllables coming and repeating in a pattern in time makes for the rhythm of the language.

- You can now look at other stanzas and mark parts stressed syllables, and then first sing it with the audio clip given here.
- But you can do also on your own, and may also differ in pattern and rhythm so long as you keep stressed and unstressed syllables right.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!

Let the dead Past bury its dead!

Act,— act in the living Present!

Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us

We can make our lives sublime,

And, departing, leave behind us

Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

ANSWER

A Psalm of Life By Henry Wardsworth Longfellow

What The Heart Of The Young Man Said To The Psalmist

‘Tell me ‘not, in ‘mournful ‘numbers, (eight syllables)
‘Life is but an ‘empty ‘dream! seven
For the ‘soul is ‘dead that ‘slumbers, eight
And ‘things are not ‘what they ‘seem. seven

‘Life is ‘real! / ‘Life is ‘earnest! //
And the ‘grave / is ‘not its ‘goal; //
‘Dust thou ‘art, / to ‘dust re’turnest, //
‘Was ‘not ‘spoken / of the ‘soul.//

‘Not en’joyment, and ‘not ‘sorrow,
‘Is our ‘destined ‘end or’ way;
‘But to ‘act, that ‘each to-‘morrow
‘Finds us ‘farther than to-‘day.

‘Art is ‘long, and ‘Time is ‘fleeting,
‘And our ‘hearts, though ‘stout and ‘brave,
‘Still, like ‘muffled ‘drums, are ‘beating
‘Funeral ‘marches to the ‘grave.

In the ‘world’s ‘broad ‘field of ‘battle,

 In the ‘bivou’ac of ‘Life,

Be ‘not like ‘dumb, ‘driven ‘cattle!

‘Be a ‘hero in the ‘strife!

‘Trust no ‘Future, howe’er ‘pleasant!

‘Let the ‘Past ‘bury its dead!

‘Act,— ‘act in the ‘living ‘Present!

‘Heart with’in, and ‘God o’er’head!

‘Lives of ‘great men all re’mind us

 We can ‘make our ‘lives sub’lime,

And, de’parting, ‘leave be’hind us

‘Footprints on the ‘sands of ‘time;

‘Footprints, that per’haps a’nother,
‘Sailing o’er ‘life’s solemn ‘main,
A for’lorn and ‘ship’wrecked ‘brother,
‘Seeing, shall take ‘heart a’gain.

‘Let us, ‘then, be ‘up and ‘doing,
With a ‘heart for ‘any ‘fate;
‘Still a’chieving, ‘still pur’suing,
‘ Learn to ‘labor and to ‘wait.

ACTIVITY 2

Look at the following poem. Mark its

- a. pause groups, and
- b. stressed syllables, and then
- c. read it aloud in rhythm.

Will you walk a little faster?' said a whiting to a snail,
'There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail.
See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!
They are waiting on the shingle - will you come and join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you,
Will you join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you,
Won't you join the dance?

'You can really have no notion how delightful it will be
When they take us up and throw us, with the lobsters, out to sea!'
But the snail replied 'Too far, too far!', and gave a look askance -
Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not join the
dance.

Would not, could not, would not, could not,
would not join the dance.

Would no, could not, would not, could not,
would not join the dance.

'What matters it how far we go?' his scaly friend replied.
'There is another shore, you know, upon the other side.
The further off from England the nearer is to France -
Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and join the dance.
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you,
Will you join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you,
Won't you join the dance?

See the following link for one rendering of this song.

< https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_tGnDjTQRa8 >

Thank you!