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| MY heart the Anvil where my thoughts doe beat; |  |
| My words the Hammers fashioning my Desire; |  |
| My breast the Forge including all the heat, |  |
| Love is the Fuel which maintains the fire. |  |
| My sighs the Bellows which the flame increaseth, | *5* |
| Filling mine ears with noise and nightly groaning. |  |
| Toiling with pain, my labour never ceaseth; |  |
| In grievous Passions, my woes still bemoaning. |  |
| My eyes with tears against the fire striving, |  |
| Whose scorching glede, my heart to cinders turneth: | *10* |
| But with those drops, the flame again reviving |  |
| Still more and more it, to my torment burneth. |  |
| With SISYPHUS thus doe I roll the stone, |  |
| And turn the wheel with damned IXION. |  |

Translation

My heart is the place where my thoughts come from. My words are what make me want things I want. My chest is the place that this all happens. My love is what keeps me going on. But when I am sad I feel more emotion. I groan and feel sad at night. I feel pain, and it’s always hard. So when I am in love it is terribly difficult, and my difficulties continue to make me sad. Even though I am terribly sad I am still in love. The pain is deep and my heart hurts for it. But then my love grows, and I suffer more for it. It is never ending torment like the Greek myths of punishment for love but I will continue to feel the pain just as they always will.

Scansion

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| My words the Hammers fashioning my Desire;  , / , / , / , / , / |
| My breast the Forge including all the heat,  / , , / , / , / , / |
| Love is the Fuel which maintains the fire.  , / , / , / , / , / (,) |
| My sighs the Bellows which the flame increaseth,  / , , / , / , / , / (,) |
| Filling mine ears with noise and nightly groaning.  / , , / , / , / , / (,) |
| Toiling with pain, my labour never ceaseth;  , / , / , , / / , / (,) |
| In grievous Passions, my woes still bemoaning.  , / , / , / , / , / (,) |
| My eyes with tears against the fire striving,  , / , / , / , / , / (,) |
| Whose scorching glede, my heart to cinders turneth: |
| , / , / , / , / , / (,) |
| But with those drops, the flame again reviving  , / , / , / , / , / (,) |
| Still more and more it, to my torment burneth.  , / , / , / , / , / |
| With SISYPHUS thus doe I roll the stone,  , / , / , / , / , / |
| And turn the wheel with damned IXION. |