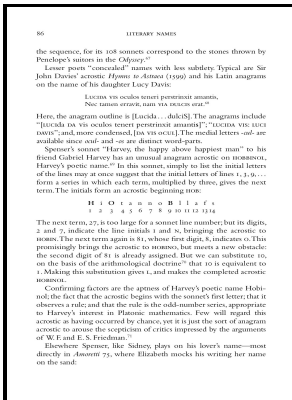


# Unconsidered trifles - the poets parts of speech

## Memorial University - Shakespeare's Sonnet 73



Description: -

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PoeticsUnconsidered trifles - the poets parts of speech

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Pratt lecture -- 1978Unconsidered trifles - the poets parts of speech

Notes: Gift to Victoria University Library, Memorial University of Newfoundland.

This edition was published in 1981



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### Ten ways in which Shakespeare changed the world

MRS HALE: eyes fixed on a loaf of bread beside the bread-box, which is on a low shelf at the other side of the room. More naked than ever here, Styron writes with lucidity, grace and courage about his descent into an ocean of depression so vast and deep that even his magnificent attempts to stay afloat through writing were rendered insignificant.

### Unconsidered Trifles

MRS HALE: Not having children makes less work—but it makes a quiet house, and Wright out to work all day, and no company when he did come in. Then he returns to his work.

### Fun way to teach the Parts of Speech

Starts to wipe them on the roller-towel, turns it for a cleaner place Dirty towels! I thought you would want to come. Of old, those met rewards who could excel, And such were prais'd who but endeavour'd well: Though triumphs were to gen'als only due, Crowns were reserv'd to grace the soldiers too.

### The Eight Parts of Speech

This is one of my favourite stories about my family, and not just because it shows off how many books we had. It is plausible that, like the Bronte sisters, the young women all suffered from tuberculosis. So I shall get in touch — or you can — and arrange for your prize to be produced and delivered ASAP.

### Fun way to teach the Parts of Speech

Furthermore, the airconditioning system should be in fine fettle, with nary a hole or leak: The last time I sat in a bus and the AC dripped water on me all night and I caught double pneumonia and was in the hospital for a week. HARRY: getting angry, shouting at the trap-door Didn't you hear the revolver? Then sculpture and her sister-arts revive; Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live; With sweeter notes each rising temple rung: A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung.

## **Rant Poetry**

CLAIRE: I wish I could. COUNTY ATTORNEY: And what did Mrs Wright do when she knew that you had gone for the coroner? MRS PETERS: I don't know, unless it got sick and died. Still, fascinating and repulsive though the subject of aunts may be, let us return to the equally fascinating subject of names.

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