

## Meter examples

Fashioned so slenderly

‘Twas the night before Christmas when all through the house.

This is the forest primeval, the murmuring pines and the hemlock

And the sound of a voice that is still

Hickory dickory dock

Whose woods these are I think I know  
His house is in the village, though

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary

Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking

Soft and easy is thy cradle

Ardent, unquenchable, fires

Take her up tenderly

Tell me not in mournful numbers

The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold

There are many who say that a dog has his day.

There were thousands and millions of stars

Sundays too my father got up early

Through the blinds and the windows and bars

Where the youth pined away with desire