

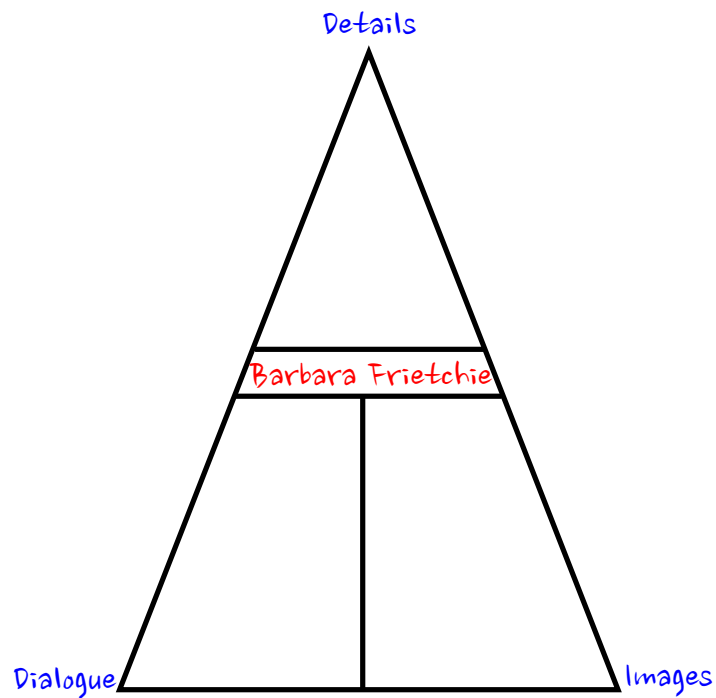
# Sound Devices

**Rhyme:** the repetition of sounds at the ends of words

**Rhythm:** the pattern of stressed and unstressed syllables in the lines of a poem

**Repetition:** repeated sounds, words, or phrases that are used for emphasis

**Narrative Poems:** poems that tell a story,  
and feature characters.

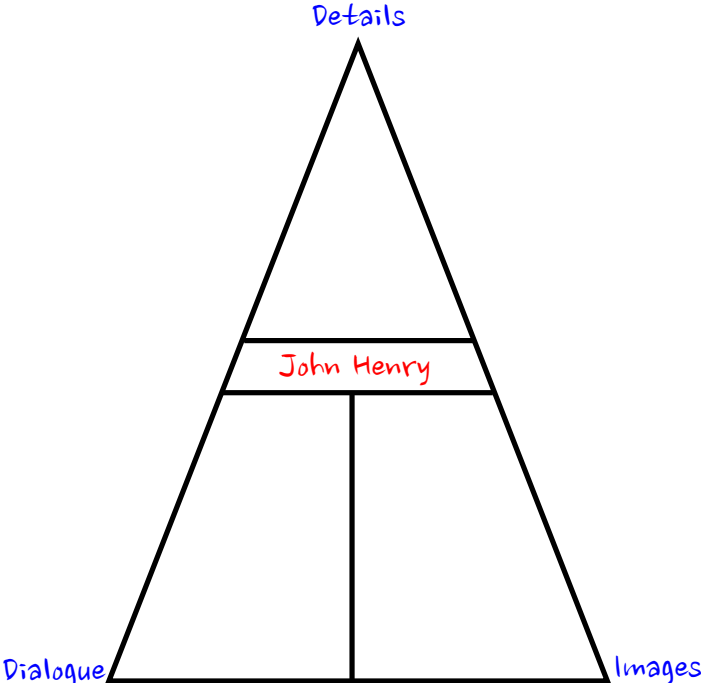


## Barbara Frietchie

Up from the meadows rich with corn,  
Clear in the cool September morn,  
The clustered spires of Frederick stand  
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.  
Round about them orchards sweep,  
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,  
Fair as the garden of the Lord  
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,  
On that pleasant morn of the early fall  
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall;  
Over the mountains winding down,  
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.  
Forty flags with their silver stars,  
Forty flags with their crimson bars,  
Flapped in the morning wind: the sun  
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.  
Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,  
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;  
Bravest of all in Frederick town,  
She took up the flag the men hauled down;  
In her attic window the staff she set,  
To show that one heart was loyal yet,  
Up the street came the rebel tread,  
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.  
Under his slouched hat left and right  
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.  
'Halt!' - the dust-brown ranks stood fast.  
'Fire!' - out blazed the rifle-blast.  
It shivered the window, pane and sash;  
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff  
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.  
She leaned far out on the window-sill,  
And shook it forth with a royal will.  
'Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,  
But spare your country's flag,' she said.  
A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,  
Over the face of the leader came;  
The nobler nature within him stirred  
To life at that woman's deed and word;  
'Who touches a hair of yon gray head  
Dies like a dog! March on!' he said.  
All day long through Frederick street  
Sounded the tread of marching feet:  
All day long that free flag tost  
Over the heads of the rebel host.  
Ever its torn folds rose and fell  
On the loyal winds that loved it well;  
And through the hill-gaps sunset light  
Shone over it with a warm good-night.  
Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,  
And the Rebel rides on his raids nor more.  
Honor to her! and let a tear  
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewalls' bier.  
Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,  
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!  
Peace and order and beauty draw  
Round they symbol of light and law;  
And ever the stars above look down  
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

**John Greenleaf Whittier**



# JOHN HENRY

TRADITIONAL

When John Henry was a little boy,  
Sitting upon his father's knee,  
His father said, "Look here, my boy,  
You must be a steel driving man<sup>1</sup> like me,  
5 You must be a steel driving man like me."

John Henry went up on the mountain,  
Just to drive himself some steel.  
The rocks was so tall and John Henry so small,  
He said lay down hammer and squeal,  
10 He said lay down hammer and squeal.

John Henry had a little wife,  
And the dress she wore was red;  
The last thing before he died,  
He said, "Be true to me when I'm dead,  
15 Oh, be true to me when I'm dead."

John Henry's wife ask him for fifteen cents,  
And he said he didn't have but a dime,  
Said, "If you wait till the rising sun goes down,  
I'll borrow it from the man in the mine,  
20 I'll borrow it from the man in the mine."

John Henry started on the right-hand side,  
And the steam drill started on the left.  
He said, "Before I'd let that steam drill beat me down,  
I'd hammer my fool self to death,  
25 Oh, I'd hammer my fool self to death."

1. steel driving man: a person who used a ten-pound hammer to drive a steel drill into rock in order to make holes for explosives.

The steam drill started at half-past six,  
 John Henry started the same time.  
 John Henry struck bottom at half-past eight,  
 And the steam drill didn't bottom till nine,  
 30 And the steam drill didn't bottom till nine.

John Henry said to his captain,  
 "A man, he ain't nothing but a man,  
 Before I'd let that steam drill beat me down,  
 I'd die with the hammer in my hand,  
 35 Oh, I'd die with the hammer in my hand."

John Henry said to his shaker,<sup>2</sup>  
 "Shaker, why don't you sing just a few more rounds?  
 And before the setting sun goes down,  
 You're gonna hear this hammer of mine sound,  
 40 You're gonna hear this hammer of mine sound."

2. *shaker*: the person who holds the steel drill for the steel driving man and shakes the drill to remove it from the rock.

John Henry hammered on the mountain,  
 He hammered till half-past three,  
 He said, "This big Bend Tunnel on the C. & O. road<sup>3</sup>  
 Is going to be the death of me,  
 45 Lord! is going to be the death of me."

John Henry had a little baby boy,  
 You could hold him in the palm of your hand.  
 The last words before he died,  
 "Son, you must be a steel driving man,  
 50 Son, you must be a steel driving man."

John Henry had a little woman,  
 And the dress she wore was red,  
 She went down the railroad track and never come back,  
 Said she was going where John Henry fell dead,  
 55 Said she was going where John Henry fell dead.

John Henry hammering on the mountain,  
 As the whistle blew for half-past two,  
 The last word I heard him say,  
 "Captain, I've hammered my insides in two,  
 60 Lord, I've hammered my insides in two."

3. *big Bend . . . road*: Construction work on the Big Bend Tunnel on the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad in West Virginia took place from 1870 to 1873.