Unit Three: Assignment 2

* Lyric Analysis
* Select ***one song*** from the show you chose in the first unit.
* Write out the lyrics by themselves and analyze them *(as in the previous assignment.)*
* Select one lyric from the list below ***that you do not know*** and analyze it:
	+ Troubadour Song — Philip Seward
	+ Calico Eyes — John Sparks
	+ Spring Will Be A Little Late This Year — Frank Loesser
* Provide a metrical analysis and a short paragraph considering the following:
	+ What kind of structure do you perceive?
	+ If any exist, identify:
		- Rhyme
		- Alliteration
		- Internal rhyme
		- Any other poetic device

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| Calico Eyes | Troubadour Song |
| I knew a plain little girlWith calico eyesWho marveled at all she could seeAt emerald meadows and sapphire skiesI liked her, was she me?I knew a strange little childWho practiced and triedBut knew that she never could beThe fairytale princess she felt insideI liked her, was she me?I don’t remember the place or the dayOr what I was doing when she ran awayHer sad little faceToo proud to show tearsA sigh and a badly scraped knewA triphammer heartbeat, bright hopes, dark fearsThat no one else could seeWhat a laughTo think she might have been me. | Music, music, music, museSpeak to me, Sing to me, Give me a sign!Music has been my life’s pursuit;From childhood I sang every song.Songs of passion, songs of sorrow,Songs where laughter fills the air!Of all the arts, music is most powerful…Music provides us impressions of heaven;Glimpses revealing the face of noble art.How long have I searched;How far have I travelled;How consumed with desireTo understand, to feel the music Course through my veins!Music has been my constant companion,Music has been my lifelong friendWhat better chance for me Than to immerse myself in music…Music, music, muse,Come, muse! |
| Spring Will Be A Little Late This Year |  |
| Spring will be a little late this yearA little late arriving in my lonely world over hereFor you have left me and where is our April of oldYou have left me and winter continues coldAs if to say spring will be a little slow to startA little slow reviving that music it made in my heartYes time heals all things so I needn't cling to this fearIt's merely that spring will be a little late this yearSpring will be a little late this yearA little slow reviving that music it made in my heartYes time heals all things so I needn't cling to this fearIt's merely that spring will be a little lateA little late this year |  |