



ANSWERS

	Rhyme Scheme
When I have fears that I may cease to be	A
Before my pen has gleaned my teeming brain,	B
Before high-pilèd books, in charactery,	B
Hold like rich garners the full ripened grain;	A
When I behold, upon the night's starred face,	A
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,	B
And think that I may never live to trace	B
Their shadows with the magic hand of chance;	A
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour,	C
That I shall never look upon thee more,	D
Never have relish in the faery power	D
Of unreflecting love—then on the shore	E
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think	C
Till love and fame to nothingness do sink.	E

2. ABBA ABBA CDDECE

3. sonnet