The Debt
BY PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR
This is the debt I pay
Just for one riotous day,
Years of regret and grief,
Sorrow without relief.

Pay it I will to the end —
Until the grave, my friend,
Gives me a true release —
Gives me the clasp of peace.

Slight was the thing I bought,
Small was the debt I thought,
Poor was the loan at best —
God! but the interest!

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let's evaluate metrical norm & any variations.
Sonnet 19: When I consider how my light is spent
BY JOHN MILTON

When I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one Talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my Soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide;
“Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?”
I fondly ask. But patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, “God doth not need
Either man’s work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is Kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed
And post o’er Land and Ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.

But patience, to prevent That murmur, soon replies, “God doth not need Either man’s work or his own gifts; those who best Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state Is Kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed And post o’er Land and Ocean without rest; They who only stand and wait also serve.

Within 14 line poem, how does rhyme define groups of lines?

Where does 2nd sentence begin?
Sonnet 116: Let me not to the marriage of true minds
BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wand’ring bark,
Whose worth’s unknown, although his height be taken.
Love’s not Time’s fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle’s compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me prov’d,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov’d.
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When I consider how my light is spent, Ere half my days in this dark world and wide
that one Talent which is death to hide Is (still) uselessly Lodged with me, although my Soul is more bent To serve my Maker therewith and to present My true account, lest he (returning) chide me; (Then) I fondly ask: “Doth God exact day-labour, when light is denied?”

But patience, to prevent That murmur, soon replies, “God doth not need Either man’s work or his own gifts; those who best Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state Is Kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed And post o’er Land and Ocean without rest: They who only stand and wait also serve.

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Compare how each voice forms sentences.

Milton 14 line poem, how does rhyme define groups of lines?

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\begin{array}{c}
\text{2 x 4} \\
\text{2 x 3} \\
\text{2 x 6}
\end{array}
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