

## Metrical Feet. Lesson for a Boy

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Trōchēe trīps frōm lōng tō shōrt;  
From long to long in solemn sort  
Slōw Spōndēe stālks; strōng fōōt! yet ill able  
Evēr tō cōme ūp wīth Dāctŷl's trīsŷllāblē.  
Īambīcs mārch frōm shōrt tō lōng;—  
Wīth ā lēāp ānd ā bōūnd thē swīft Ānāpēsts thrōng;  
One syllable long, with one short at each side,  
Āmphībrāchŷs hāstes wīth ā stātelŷ stride;—  
Fīrst ānd lāst bēīng lōng, mīddlē shōrt, Āmphīmācer  
Strīkes hīs thūndērīng hōōfs līke ā prōūd hīgh-brēd rācer.

If Derwent be innocent, steady, and wise,  
And delight in the things of earth, water, and skies;  
Tender warmth at his heart, with these meters to show it,  
With sound sense in his brains, may make Derwent a poet,—  
May crown him with fame, and must win him the love  
Of his father on earth and his father above.

My dear, dear child!

Could you stand upon Skiddaw, you would not from its whole ridge  
See a man who so loves you as your fond S. T. COLERIDGE.