TEI By Example

TEI by Example. Module 4

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2. Robert Browning: *Porphyria’s Lover* ........................................................................................................ 1
2. Robert Browning: *Porphyria's Lover*

The following example is the poem *Porphyria's Lover* by Robert Browning. Although no formal line groups are discerned, it has a systematic rhyme scheme repeating every 5 lines. This is indicated in the outmost `<lg>`'s `@rhyme` attribute. Some of the lines break up syntactic sentences; those have been marked with the value "yes" for an `@enjamb` attribute.
<lg rhyme="ababb">
<THE rain set early in to-night, />  
The sullen wind was soon awake,  
It tore the elm-tops down for spite,  
And did its worst to vex the lake:  
I listen'd with heart fit to break.  
When glided in Porphyria; straight  
She shut the cold out and the storm,  
And kneel'd and made the cheerless grate  
Blaze up, and all the cottage warm;  
Which done, she rose, and from her form  
Withdraw the dripping cloak and shawl,  
And laid her soil'd gloves by, untied  
Her hat and let the damp hair fall,  
And all her yellow hair displaced,  
And, stooping, made my cheek lie there,  
Murmuring how she loved me—she  
Too weak, for all her heart's endeavour,  
To set its struggling passion free  
From pride, and vainer ties dissever,  
And give herself to me for ever.  
But passion sometimes would prevail,  
Nor could to-night's gay feast restrain  
A sudden thought of one so pale  
For love of her, and all in vain:  
So, she was come through wind and rain.  
Be sure I look'd up at her eyes  
Happy and proud; at last I knew  
Porphyria worshipp'd me; surprise  
Made my heart swell, and still it grew  
While I debated what to do.  
That moment she was mine, mine, fair,  
Perfectly pure and good: I found  
A thing to do, and all her hair  
In one long yellow string I wound  
Three times her little throat around,  
And strangled her. No pain felt she;>

2. Robert Browning: *Porphyria's Lover*
I am quite sure she felt no pain.
As a shut bud that holds a bee,
I warily oped her lids: again
Laugh'd the blue eyes without a stain.
And I untighten'd next the tress
About her neck; her cheek once more
Blush'd bright beneath my burning kiss:
I propp'd her head up as before,
Only, this time my shoulder bore
Her head, which droops upon it still:
The smiling rosy little head,
So glad it has its utmost will,
That all it scorn'd at once is fled,
And I, its love, am gain'd instead!
Porphyria's love: she guess'd not how
Her darling one wish would be heard.
And thus we sit together now,
And all night long we have not stirr'd,
And yet God has not said a word!