Water, Wind, Earth, Fire
Water on the Earth, Fire in the Air
Let these elements rise higher.

These elements fulfill our every desire.
They save us from despair.
Water, Wind, Earth, Fire.

Their brilliance we admire;
Their power we share.
Let these Elements rise higher.

To be at peace with them we aspire.
To protect them, to be aware, to care
Water, Wind, Earth, Fire.

These elements combine, transform, inspire.
From them, we learn how to repair
Let these Elements rise higher.

Together they form a mighty choir.
Together, we'll be a true empire
Water, Wind, Earth, Fire
Let these elements rise higher.

by us!
Mrs. Price’s 3rd grade class
October 2006
Mosaic Garden Sphere Project
Mrs. Price’s 3rd grade class (October 2006)

The auction class project for this year was a set of three mosaic garden spheres. The theme for the spheres was chosen by the class to be “water, earth, wind & fire”. Everyone in the class worked individually on drawings of the spheres’ designs. The class then chose the following three designs for the spheres:

Large sphere (water)

![Large sphere (water)](image)

Medium sphere (earth)

![Medium sphere (earth)](image)
Small sphere (wind blowing fire)

One Tuesday afternoon the class divided into three groups. Each group was assigned a sphere on which to affix the mosaic tiles. The balls were then grouted and sealed to put them into their current state.

The class then decided to write a poem about the spheres – a villanelle. The description from Wikipedia is “a poetic form which entered English-language poetry in the late 1800s from the imitation of French models. Nineteen lines long, they are poems written in tercets with only two rhymes, the first and third line of the first stanza alternating as the third line in each successive stanza and forming a couplet at the close.” (Note how the tercet, three line stanza, of the poem echoes the trinity of spheres.) They wrote the villanelle over the course of three days with the use of a rhyming dictionary. They really enjoyed doing this.
The more extended description of a Villanelle from wikipedia (http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Villanelle):

Derivation

Many published works mistakenly claim that the strict modern form of the villanelle originated with the medieval troubadours, but in fact medieval and Renaissance villanelles were simple ballad-like songs with no fixed form or length. Such songs were associated with the country and were thought to be sung by farmers and shepherds, in contrast to the more complex madrigals associated with sophisticated city and court life. The French word villanelle comes from the Italian word villanella, which derives from the Latin villa (farm) and villano (farmhand); to any poet before the mid-nineteenth century, the word villanelle or villanella would have simply meant country song, with no particular form implied. The modern nineteen-line dual-refrain form of the villanelle derives from nineteenth-century admiration of the only Renaissance poem in that form: a poem about a turtledove by Jean Passerat (1534–1602) titled "Villanelle." The chief French popularizer of the villanelle form was the nineteenth-century author Théodore de Banville.

The villanelle in English

Although the villanelle is usually labeled "a French form," by far the majority of villanelles are in English. Edmund Gosse, influenced by Théodore de Banville, was the first English writer to praise the villanelle and bring it into fashion with his 1877 essay "A Plea for Certain Exotic Forms of Verse." Gosse, Austin Dobson, Oscar Wilde, and Edwin Arlington Robinson were among the first English practitioners. Most modernists disdained the villanelle, which became associated with the overwrought and sentimental aestheticism and formalism of the 1800s. James Joyce included a villanelle ostensibly written by his adolescent fictional alter-ego Stephen Dedalus in his 1914 novel A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, probably to show the immaturity of Stephen's literary abilities. William Empson revived the villanelle more seriously in the 1930s, and his contemporaries and friends W. H. Auden and Dylan Thomas also picked up the form. Dylan Thomas's "Do not go gentle into that good night" is perhaps the most renowned villanelle of all. Theodore Roethke and Sylvia Plath wrote villanelles in the 1950s and 1960s, and Elizabeth Bishop wrote a particularly famous and influential villanelle, "One Art," in 1976. ("One Art" features prominently in the 2002 book and 2005 movie In Her Shoes.) The villanelle reached an unprecedented level of popularity in the 1980s and 1990s with the rise of the New Formalism. Since then, many contemporary poets have written villanelles, and they have often varied the form in innovative ways.

[edit]Form

The villanelle has no established meter, although most nineteenth-century villanelles had eight or six syllables per line and most twentieth-century villanelles have ten syllables per line. The essence of the form is its distinctive pattern of rhyme and repetition, with only two rhyme-sounds ("a" and "b") and two alternating refrains that resolve into a
concluding couplet. The following is the schematic representation of a villanelle in its fixed modern form; letters in parentheses ("a" and "b") indicate rhyme.

Refrain 1 (a)
Line 2 (b)
Refrain 2 (a)

Line 4 (a)
Line 5 (b)
Refrain 1 (a)

Line 7 (a)
Line 8 (b)
Refrain 2 (a)

Line 10 (a)
Line 11 (b)
Refrain 1 (a)

Line 13 (a)
Line 14 (b)
Refrain 2 (a)

Line 16 (a)
Line 17 (b)
Refrain 1 (a)
Refrain 2 (a)
Edwin Arlington Robinson's villanelle "The House on the Hill" was first published in The Globe in September 1894.

They are all gone away,
The House is shut and still,
There is nothing more to say.

Through broken walls and gray
The winds blow bleak and shrill.
They are all gone away.

Nor is there one to-day
To speak them good or ill:
There is nothing more to say.

Why is it then we stray
Around the sunken sill?
They are all gone away,

And our poor fancy-play
For them is wasted skill:
There is nothing more to say.

There is ruin and decay
In the House on the Hill:
They are all gone away,
There is nothing more to say.
Dylan Thomas's villanelle “Do not go Gentle into that Good Night”

Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words had forked no lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.