

Name \_\_\_\_\_

The world is too much with us; late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:  
Little we see in Nature that is ours;  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!  
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;  
The winds that will be howling at all hours,  
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;  
For this, for every thing, we are out of tune;  
It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be  
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;  
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

—William Wordsworth, 1807

**DIRECTIONS:** Read the poem.  
Then read the passage from  
Charles Dickens' *A Tale of Two  
Cities* below and answer the  
questions.

But, though the bank was almost always with him, and though the coach (in a confused way, like the presence of pain under an opiate) was always with him, there was another current of impression that never ceased to run, all through the night. He was on his way to dig someone out of a grave.

1. Identify the metaphor in the passage. \_\_\_\_\_

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2. Identify the simile in the passage. \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

3. Identify the allusion in the passage. \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

## **ANSWERS**

1. "current of impression that never ceased to run"
2. like the presence of pain under an opiate
3. "the bank was almost always with him."