

Examples of Apostrophes

- "Twinkle, twinkle, little star, How I wonder what you are. Up above the world so high, Like a diamond in the sky." This nursery rhyme from 'The Star', written by Jane Taylor, is a child's address to a star. Talking to a star being an imaginary idea, this rhyme makes for a classic example of an Apostrophe.
- "Blue Moon, you saw me standing alone
Without a dream in my heart
Without a love of my own." – from "Blue Moon" by Lorenz Hart
- "Oh! Stars and clouds and winds, ye are all about to mock me; if ye really pity me, crush sensation and memory; let me become as nought; but if not, depart, depart, and leave me in darkness." – from Frankenstein by Mary Shelly.
- "Forerunner, I would like to say, silent pilot,
Little dry death, future,
Your indirections are as strange to me
As my own. I know so little that anything
You might tell me would be a revelation." – from 'Sire' The Second Four Books of Poems by W.S. Merwin.
- "O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth, / That I am meek and gentle with these butchers! / Thou art the ruins of the noblest man / That ever lived in the tide of times." – from Julius Caesar
- "To what green altar, O mysterious priest, / Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies, / And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?" – from "Ode on a Grecian Urn" by John Keats
- "Roll on thou dark and deep Blue Ocean." – from "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" by Lord Byron
- Busy old fool, unruly sun,
Why dost thou thus,
Through windows, and through curtains call on us? – from "The Sun Rising" by John Donne.
- "Is this a dagger which I see before me, The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee! I have thee not, and yet I see thee still." – from Macbeth by Shakespeare
- "O eloquent, just, and mighty Death!" – from 'A Historie of the World' by Sir Walter Raleigh.
- "Death, be not proud, though some have called thee / Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so" – From "Holy Sonnet X" by John Donne.
- "Then come, sweet death, and rid me of this grief." – Christopher

Malowe

- "O My friends, there is no friend." – from Montaigne by Aristotle
- "Ah Bartleby! Ah Humanity!" – from 'Bartleby, the Scrivener' by Herman Melville
- "O black night, nurse of the golden eyes!" – from Euripides' Electra (translation) by David Kovacs.
- "Then come, sweet death, and rid me of this grief." – from 'Queen Isabela in Edward II' by Christopher Malowe.
- Busy old fool, unruly sun,
Why dost thou thus,
Through windows, and through curtains call on us? – from 'The Sun Rising' by John Donne.
- "O western wind, when wilt thou blow
That the small rain down can rain?"
"Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art" – by John Keats
- "Welcome, O life! I go to encounter for the millionth time the reality of experience and to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race." – from 'A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man' by James Joyce.
- "Forerunner, I would like to say, silent pilot,
Little dry death, future,
Your indirections are as strange to me
As my own. I know so little that anything
You might tell me would be a revelation." – from 'Sire' by W.S. Merwin.
- "O stranger of the future!
O inconceivable being!
whatever the shape of your house,
however you scoot from place to place,
no matter how strange and colorless the clothes you may wear,
I bet nobody likes a wet dog either.
I bet everyone in your pub,
even the children, pushes her away." from "To a Stranger Born in Some Distant Country Hundreds of Years from Now" by Billy Collins.
- "Dear Ella, Our Special First Lady of Song, You gave your best for so long." – from 'Dear Ella' by Kenny Burrell.
- Value of wisdom that fadeth not away with time, virtue ever flourishing
that cleanseth its possessor from all venom! O heavenly gift of the
divine bounty, descending from the Father of lights, that thou mayest
exalt the rational soul to the very heavens! Thou art the celestial
nourishment of the intellect ... --Richard de Bury

- Books who alone are liberal and free, who give to all who ask of you and enfranchise all who serve you faithfully! -- Richard de Bury
- Jerusalem, Jerusalem, the city that kills the prophets and stones those sent to her! How often I wanted to gather your children together, just as a hen gathers her brood under her wings, and you would not have it!