I YEAR – I SEMESTER
COURSE CODE: 7BEN1C2

CORE COURSE – II- POETRY - I

Unit - I

A Prayer for My Daughter	- W.B Yeats
God's Grandeur	- G.M Hopkins
Anthem for Doomed Youth	- Wilfred Owen

Unit - II

Ozymandias	- P.B.Shelley
La Belle Dame sans Merci	- John Keats
When We Two Parted	- Lord Byron

Unit - III

Ulysses	- Alfred Tennyson
My Last Duchess	- Robert Browning
Dover Beach	- Matthew Arnold

Unit - IV

A Poison Tree	- William Blake
A Red, Red Rose	- Robert Burns
On the Receipt of My Mother's Picture	- Thomas Gray

Unit - V

Leech Gatherer	- William Wordsworth
Dejection: An ode	- S.T. Coleridge
The Scholar	- Southey

POETRY I - 7BEN1C2

UNIT – I

POETRY - 1

A PRAYER FOR MY DAUGHTER – WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

Once more the storm is howling, and half hid
Under this cradle-hood and coverlid
My child sleeps on. There is no obstacle
But Gregory's Wood and one bare hill
Whereby the haystack and roof-levelling wind,
Bred on the Atlantic, can be stayed;
And for an hour I have walked and prayed
Because of the great gloom that is in my mind.

I have walked and prayed for this young child an hour,
And heard the sea-wind scream upon the tower,
And under the arches of the bridge, and scream
In the elms above the flooded stream;
Imagining in excited reverie
That the future years had come
Dancing to a frenzied drum
Out of the murderous innocence of the sea.

May she be granted beauty, and yet not
Beauty to make a stranger's eye distraught,
Or hers before a looking-glass; for such,
Being made beautiful overmuch,
Consider beauty a sufficient end,
Lose natural kindness, and maybe
The heart-revealing intimacy

That chooses right, and never find a friend.

Helen, being chosen, found life flat and dull,
And later had much trouble from a fool;
While that great Queen that rose out of the spray,
Being fatherless, could have her way,
Yet chose a bandy-leggèd smith for man.
It's certain that fine women eat
A crazy salad with their meat
Whereby the Horn of Plenty is undone.

In courtesy I'd have her chiefly learned;
Hearts are not had as a gift, but hearts are earned
By those that are not entirely beautiful.
Yet many, that have played the fool
For beauty's very self, has charm made wise;
And many a poor man that has roved,
Loved and thought himself beloved,
From a glad kindness cannot take his eyes.

May she become a flourishing hidden tree,
That all her thoughts may like the linnet be,
And have no business but dispensing round
Their magnanimities of sound;
Nor but in merriment begin a chase,
Nor but in merriment a quarrel.
Oh, may she live like some green laurel
Rooted in one dear perpetual place.

My mind, because the minds that I have loved,
The sort of beauty that I have approved,
Prosper but little, has dried up of late,
Yet knows that to be choked with hate
May well be of all evil chances chief.

If there's no hatred in a mind
Assault and battery of the wind
Can never tear the linnet from the leaf.

An intellectual hatred is the worst,
So let her think opinions are accursed.
Have I not seen the loveliest woman born
Out of the mouth of Plenty's horn,
Because of her opinionated mind
Barter that horn and every good
By quiet natures understood
For an old bellows full of angry wind?

Considering that, all hatred driven hence,
The soul recovers radical innocence
And learns at last that it is self-delighting,
Self-appeasing, self-affrighting,
And that its own sweet will is heaven's will,
She can, though every face should scowl
And every windy quarter howl
Or every bellows burst, be happy still.

And may her bridegroom bring her to a house
Where all's accustomed, ceremonious;
For arrogance and hatred are the wares
Peddled in the thoroughfares.
How but in custom and in ceremony
Are innocence and beauty born?
Ceremony's a name for the rich horn,
And custom for the spreading laurel tree.

Introduction

'A Prayer for my Daughter' **by W. B. Yeats demonstrates the poet's concern and anxiety over the future wellbeing and prospects of his daughter Anne. He has written the poem in 1919, shortly after her birth and World War II. So the ongoing unsettling feel is visible in the background and the poet's mind. The poem appeared for the first time in his poetry collection, *Michael Robartes and the Dancer* in 1921.**

W. B. Yeats in his ten-stanza poem, *'A Prayer for my Daughter'* questions how best to raise his daughter. Though by 1919, the war was over, in Ireland it yet turned normal. So, he ponders how she will survive the difficult times ahead, in the politically turbulent times. The poem not only expresses the helplessness of Yeats as a father but all fathers who had to walk through this situation. He wants to give his daughter a life of beauty and innocence, safety, and security. He further wants her to be well- mannered and full of humility free from intellectual hatred and being strongly opinionated. Finally, he wants her to get married into an aristocratic family which is rooted in spirituality and traditional values.

The poem '*A Prayer for My Daughter',* written in the lyric form containing ten eight-line stanzas. The stanza form is the same as employed by him in *'In memory of Major Robert Gregory'.* Each stanza follows a regular rhyme scheme of "AABBCDDC". The poem follows a metrical structure that alternates between "iambic pentameter" and "trochaic pentameter". The poem is structured as a poet's appeal to God and to his daughter on how he wants her to be like, as she grows up.

Summary

The poem '*A Prayer for My Daughter'* opens with the image of the child sleeping in a cradle half hidden by its hood. The child sleeps innocently amidst the "howling storm" outside, but Yeats couldn't settle down due to the storm inside. The storm howling symbolizes destruction mentioned by the poet in his *'The Second Coming'*. The wind bred in Atlantic has no obstacles except the estate of Lady Gregory, referring to the poet's patroness, and a bare hill. The direct impact of the wind, meaning to the force of the outside world, especially on his daughter, worries the poet. Because of this great gloom he walked and prayed for his daughter to be protected from the physical storm outside and the political storm brewing across Ireland.

In the second stanza of '*A Prayer for My Daughter'*, Yeats worries about the future are further explained. He hears the sea screaming upon the tower, under the bridge and elms above the flooded stream. The onomatopoeia word "Scream" and the "flooded stream" symbolize the poet's overwhelming anxiety for his daughter.

In the third stanza of '*A Prayer for My Daughter'*, Yeats prays for his daughter to be gifted with beauty. At the same time, he doesn't want her beauty to distraught or makes her dependent on her beauty for everything. Further, he doesn't want her to become proud or vain that she spends all day staring at the mirror and fails to have natural companionships. The poet implies, too much beauty to be a dangerous one, that he wants her to be beautiful enough to secure a husband.

In stanza four of '*A Prayer for My Daughter'*, Yeats substantiates his view on how excessive beauty has always been a source of trouble and destruction. He turns to Helen in Greek mythology, considered to be the most beautiful woman on earth, brought the doom upon her, and many others. The image of Helen evokes another figure Aphrodite, who rose out of the spray. The union of Aphrodite with Hephaestus bandy-legged Smith brings to mind the Maud Gonne-McBride episode. It makes the poet wonder if the beautiful women eat something stupid for salad, that they make a stupid decision which brings misery forever. "The rich Horn of Plenty" is suggestive of courtesy, aristocracy, and ceremony, that is lost by those women who make stupid decisions.

In stanza five of '*A Prayer for My Daughter'*, the poet continues with what he wants his daughter to possess more than mere beauty. He wants his daughter to learn to be compassionate and kind. Many times, men who believed to love and loved by the beautiful women faced disappointment compared to those found love in the modest yet compassionate women. Moreover, he says modest and courteous people attract hearts than those with beauty, referring to his own marriage. Ultimately, he makes it clear that he wants his daughter to be an agreeable young woman than an arrogant beauty.

In stanza six of '*A Prayer for My Daughter'*, Yeats continues to talk about his hopes and expectations for his daughter. As she grew up, he wants her to be happy and content. He wants her to become "a flourishing hidden tree" and her thoughts like a "linnet" referring to its innocence and cheerfulness. Like a linnet, he wants her to be satisfied in herself, and infect others with her happiness. Further, he wants her to live like a "laurel" rooted in a particular place. The poet reveals his wish on his daughter being rooted in the tradition.

Yeats continues to talk about self-contentment women in stanza seven of *'A prayer for my daughter'*. He believes that kind, self-contained, traditionally rooted

women are incorruptible. The poet considers hatred to be the cause of all evil and prays that her to be left off that evil. Further, he believes that a soul free from hatred will preserve its innocence and hatred. Just as the storm outside can't tear leaves from sturdy trees, turmoil and war can't break a strong woman.

In stanza eight of *'A prayer for my daughter',* the poet implores his daughter to shun passion and wild feelings that he considered as the weakness of beautiful women. She must be temperate because people who love deeply, could hate deeply too. Hate destroys people and makes them do cruel things, especially intellectual hatred which is worst of all kinds. The poet reflects upon his emotional state when Maud Gonne rejected him to marry John Macbride. He wants his daughter to experience neither the disappointment nor hatred.

The ninth stanza continues to describe the impact of hatred and the benefit of staying away from hatred. Once hatred is driven out, the soul could recover its innocence. Then the soul would be free to explore and find that it is "self-delighting", "Self-appeasing" and "self-affrighting". According to the poet, the ideal woman makes everyone happy and comfortable, despite all storms of misfortunes that come in her way. She is a stronghold for people around her and her will would be that of heavens, for she has a clear mind.

In the last stanza of *'A Prayer for my Daughter',* the poet expresses his final wish. He prays that his daughter to be married to a good husband who takes her to a home with aristocratic values and traditions. There, he believes that neither arrogance nor hatred of common folks could be found, but morality and purity. Further, the poet does not want her to live a decadent life. He concludes by stating that his daughter would be rooted in spiritual values like a 'laurel tree'.

POETRY - 2

***God's Grandeur*- Gerard Manley Hopkins**

The world is charged with the grandeur of God.
It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;
It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze of oil
Crushed. Why do men then now not reck his rod?
Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;
And all is seared with trade; bleared, smeared with toil;
And wears man's smudge and shares man's smell: the soil
Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.

And for all this, nature is never spent;
There lives the dearest freshness deep down things;
And though the last lights off the black West went
Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs —
Because the Holy Ghost over the bent
World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings.

SUMMARY

In the poem, *God's Grandeur* by Gerard Manley Hopkins, the poet says that the world is filled to the brim with God's glory and splendour. God's glory manifests itself in two ways. At times, it flames out with sudden brilliance, as when a silver foil is shaken and it gives out glints of light. At other times, this glory becomes apparent over a period of time, as when the oil crushed from olives slowly oozes out and gathers into a thick pool. It is this second way which here arrests the poet's attention. It is noteworthy in connection with God's grandeur, which is the subject of this sonnet, that Hopkins had made a special and exhaustive study of St. Ignatius Loyola's book, The Spiritual Exercises, in which occurs the following passage:

See God living in his creatures, in matter, giving it existence; in plants, giving them life; in animals, giving them consciousness; in men, giving them intelligence.

Think of God energizing, as though. He were actually at work, in every created reality, in the sky, in matter, plants and fruits, herds and the like; it is He who creates them and keeps them in being, He who confers life or consciousness, and so on.

the poet asks why people no longer heed God's rod or recognizes the just punishment of God. The divine rod both smites the sinner and heals him. The reason, for people's heedlessness is that they have become fatalistic towards their misfortunes. People's senses have grown dull both to pain and to its cause. Life has become a monotonous and weary routine for them.

people's love for money has left an ugly mark on everything in the world. The beauty of Nature has been defaced by human toil. The dirt and smell of human selfishness has infected the whole world of Nature. The earth is now bare, having lost all living beauty. Man is insensitive to this bareness: his feet feel neither the hardness nor the softness of the earth.

poet's religious faith rises above this pessimistic picture of human life. The poet is able to look from darkness to light, from night to day, from winter to spring. In the depths of Nature, there is a never-falling source of freshness, with which the earth is renewed every time when spring comes. It is the continued brooding of the Holy Ghost over the "bent" world, which brings forth renewed life from generation to generation. The Holy Ghost looks after mankind with the same protective care as a dove looks after its young ones.

POETRY – 3

Anthem for Doomed Youth-Wilfred Owen

What passing-bells for these who die as cattle?
— Only the monstrous anger of the guns.
Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle
Can patter out their hasty orisons.
No mockeries now for them; no prayers nor bells;
Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs,—
The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells;
And bugles calling for them from sad shires.

What candles may be held to speed them all?
Not in the hands of boys, but in their eyes
Shall shine the holy glimmers of goodbyes.
The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall;
Their flowers the tenderness of patient minds,
And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds.

Introduction

Wilfred Edward Salter Owen was born at Plas Wilmont on the 18th of March, 1893. He remains one of the leading poets of the First World War, despite most of his works being published posthumously. He was a second lieutenant in the Manchester regiment, though shortly after, he fell into a shell hole and was blown sky high by a trench mortar, spending several days next to the remains of a fellow officer. Soon afterwards, he was diagnosed as suffering from neurasthenia

and was sent to Craiglockhart, where he met Siegfried Sassoon, and began to work on his poetry.

Written in sonnet form, *Anthem for Doomed Youth* serves as a dual rejection: both of the brutality of war, and of religion. The first part of the poem takes place during a pitched battle, whereas the second part of the poem is far more abstract and happens outside the war, calling back to the idea of the people waiting at home to hear about their loved ones. It was Siegfried Sassoon who gave the poem the title 'Anthem'. This poem also draws quite heavily on Wilfred Owen's love of poetry.

Summary

Written in sonnet form, *Anthem for Doomed Youth* serves as a dual rejection: both of the brutality of war, and of religion. The first part of the poem takes place during a pitched battle, whereas the second part of the poem is far more abstract and happens outside the war, calling back to the idea of the people waiting at home to hear about their loved ones. It was Siegfried Sassoon who gave the poem the title 'Anthem'. This poem also draws quite heavily on Wilfred Owen's love of poetry.

The first stanza of *Anthem for Doomed Youth* continues in the pattern of a pitched battle, as though it were being written during the Push over the trenches. Owen notes the 'monstrous anger' of the guns, the 'stuttering rifles', and the 'shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells'. It's a horrible world that Owen creates in those few lines, bringing forward the idea of complete chaos and madness, of an almost animalistic loss of control – but in the same paragraph, he also points out the near-reluctance of the soldiers fighting. At this point, a great deal of the British Army had lost faith in the war as a noble cause, and was only fighting out of fear of court martial, therefore the rifles stutter their 'hasty orisons'. Orisons are a type of prayer, which further points out Owen's lack of faith – he believes that war has overshadowed faith, that it has taken the place of belief. As he says in another poem, 'we only know war lasts, rain soaks, and clouds sag stormy'.

Ironically, the use of onomatopoeia for the guns and the shells humanizes war far more than its counterparts. War seems a living being when reading this poem; much more so than the soldiers, or the mourners in the second stanza, and the words used – 'monstrous anger', 'stuttering', 'shrill demented choirs' – bring forward the image of war as not only human, but alive, a great monster chewing up everything in its path, including the soldiers that poured out their blood into

shell holes. The quiet of the second stanza, and the use of softened imagery, brings out in sharp relief the differences between war and normal life, which has ceased to be normal at all.

In the second stanza, Owen moves away from the war to speak about the people who have been affected by it: the civilians which mourn their lost brothers, fathers, grandfathers, and uncles, the ones who wait for them to come home and wind up disappointed and miserable when they don't. The acute loss of life that Owen witnessed in the war is made all the more poignant and heart-breaking in the second stanza, which, compared to the first, seems almost unnaturally still. He speaks about the futility of mourning the dead who have been lost so carelessly, and by making the mourners youthful, he draws further attention to the youthfulness of the soldiers themselves. Note the clever use of words like pallor most often associated with death or dying.

Owen also frames this second stanza in the dusk. This is to signify the end, which of course for many of the soldiers it was their end. The second stanza is also considerably shorter than the first. It contains only six lines compared to the first which contains nine. The metre is far more even in the second stanza as well. This is only subtly different but the net effect is while the first stanza creates a frenetic, disjointed feel the second is more reflective of a solemnity.

The final line – '*And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds*' – highlights the inevitability and the quiet of the second stanza, the almost pattern-like manner of mourning that has now become a way of life. It normalizes the funeral, and hints at the idea that this is not the first, second, nor last time that such mourning will be carried out

Paper name: poetry-Unit 2

COURSE CODE: 7BEN1C2

OZYMANDIAS

Summary of Ozymandias

In this article, you will be reading Ozymandias summary. It was one of the best-known works of Percy Bysshe Shelly. The sonnet of P.B.Shelly followed the traditional structure of the Italian sonnet. It consists of fourteen lines. In this poem, the poet met a traveller who came from an old land. The traveller told the poet about the remains of the statue as seen by him in the desert. The trunkless legs were of stone. It didn't consist of head, neck or limbs. Furthermore, the face lied on the sand nearby. This face was half sunk in the sand. It was the statue of the Egyptian king Ramesses.

He wanted to show his might. He wanted others to feel less powerful than himself. Thus, he erected a statue of himself with a foolish desire to immortalize himself. The poem teaches that no-one or nothing is immortal. Everyone and everything in this world destroys with time. Thus, we should never crave for worldly desires.

In this poem, the poet met a traveller. The traveller tells the poet about the broken statue in the desert. He says that the statue is made up of stone in an old land. Moreover, it stands on legs only. The upper body was destroyed. Thus, it has no head, neck, and limbs. Furthermore, the face of the statue lay nearby on the sand.

The same was damaged and destroyed by the passage of time. It was half sunk in the sand. Also, it showed a sign of anger or displeasure. Moreover, his lips were wrinkled. There was an expression of hostility on his face. Also, his face depicted that he was a dominating king. He had no feelings for other people. Moreover, his statue depicted his passion to survive even after his death.

The artist has engraved these expressions in the statue very well. One could easily see the rough behaviour of the king in the statue's expressions. The poet praises the sculptor. He had perfectly copied the minutest expressions and wrinkles on the king's face.

The words "My name is Ozymandias, king of kings: Look upon my works, ye Mighty, and despair!" were engraved. The king announced himself as the mightiest. He wanted other kings to feel belittled in front of him. However, the poet says that everything got destroyed and damaged with the passage of time. The broken pieces of the statue were only lying around. Also, the dessert was very vast. The statue could be seen nowhere. The king was egoistic. Also, he was filled with pride. But, today, after a very long time, there is no trace of the king, Ramesses.

This tells us that we should never be boastful, egoistic or feel proud of ourselves. We all have limited time in this mortal world. We should not live our lives for earning name and fame. These are unattainable. The more we earn them, even more, we desire. On the contrary, we should live a generous and humble life. It is full of compassion and love.

Conclusion of *Ozymandias*

The passage of time destroys even the most powerful or mightiest person or thing in the world. Thus, we should not be boastful, egoistic or live with pride. Instead, we should live a life of simplicity.

Questions:

1) How is art immortalised in Ozymandias?

2)What does the traveller report to the poet?

WHEN WE TWO PARTED-Lord Byron

Lord Byron's Poems Summary and Analysis of "When We Two Parted"

The first stanza of “When We Two Parted” sets up the parting of the two lovers: for some reason their split was accompanied by “silence and tears” (line 2). Upon parting, the speaker’s beloved became physically cold and pale, a change foreshadowing later sorrow which is taking place as the poet writes.

The second stanza continues the sense of foreboding as the speaker awakes with the morning dew “chill on my brow” (line 10). He believes this chill to have been a “warning / Of what I feel now” (lines 11-12). His beloved has broken all vows (line 13), and the sound of the beloved’s name brings shame to both lover and beloved (lines 15-16).

The name of the beloved carries over into the third stanza as an unknown. An equally unknown “they” speak the beloved’s name, which sounds as a “knell” (line 18) in the

speaker's ear. He shudders and wonders why the beloved was so dear (either to him or to others). He compares his love to those others' concern; they do not know of the speaker's intimate knowledge of the one they name so casually (lines 21-23). The speaker concludes that he shall mourn the beloved's loss "Too deeply to tell" (line 24).

In the fourth stanza, the speaker reflects upon his relationship with the beloved. They met "in secret" (line 25) and so he must mourn "in silence" (line 26). What he mourns is that the beloved could forget him and be deceitful (lines 27-28). Thus, the speaker concludes that he could not again meet the beloved many years hence without expressing his pain "with silence and tears" (line 32).

Analysis

"When We Two Parted" is a lyric poem made up of four octets, each with a rhyme scheme ABABCDCD. The concept at the end of each of the first three stanzas is carried over into the first two lines of the following stanza, linking the poem's content together across the stanza breaks to unify the author's sense of sorrow at the loss of his beloved.

The poem was first published in 1816, but Byron falsely attributed its writing to 1808 in order to protect the identity of its subject, Lady Frances Wedderburn Webster. Many scholars believe the poem to have actually been written in 1816, when Lady Frances was linked to the Duke of Wellington in a scandalous relationship. The poem is highly autobiographical in that it recounts Byron's emotional state following the end of his secret affair with Lady Frances and his frustration at her unfaithfulness to him with the Duke. If we did not know this, however, the poem would be mysteriously vague, since the sex of neither the lover nor the beloved is revealed, and the poem provides virtually no clue regarding the time, place, or other setting of the poem beyond its being a place

with morning dew (and the fact that the poem is written in an older English with the use of “thy”).

The poem begins with the bleak tone of despair which will characterize the entire work. Immediately the reader is introduced to the speaker’s “silence and tears” (line 2) upon the breakup. Her own reaction is to grow cold—the physical description of her cheek as “cold” and “pale” hints at sickness, but her “colder” kiss (line 6) implies an emotional detachment growing from the very moment of their parting, which Byron finds unbearable. He sees her immediate response and his own emotional reaction at the time as a portent of the future (the present of the poem) as “that hour foretold / Sorrow,” which would reach from the past to today.

The imagery of coldness carries over from the end of the first stanza into the beginning of the second stanza with the chilly dew upon Byron’s brow, suggesting his own emotional detachment, but also calling to mind the cold sweat from which one might wake after a particularly harrowing nightmare. He awakens into a world still as desolate as the one he ended the previous night. He thus turns his attention to his beloved’s apparent infidelity to him. Her “vows are all broken” (line 13), implying she had made some promises to Byron despite the clandestine and illicit nature of their affair, and further suggesting Lady Frances’ scandalous relationship. The speaker notes that her fame is now “light”—without weight or guilt and easily blown about—yet there should be shame in the speaking of her name because of him, which he at least will feel for them both (lines 14-16).

The beloved’s tarnished name carries over into the third stanza, as Byron compares hearing her name spoken by outsiders to the “knell” of a heavy bell—like a church bell tolling a funeral. He shudders when he hears her name, indicating that he cannot shake the power of their relationship. Now that she is publicly scandalized, those who gossip

about Lady Frances do not know her the way Byron knows her—all “too well” (line 22). Now his pain turns to “rue” or even bitterness as he regrets his relationship, especially because of the pain it brings him. Although he is writing a poem about his suffering, he claims the hurt is still too deep to speak of (line 24)—using the poetic convention of having emotions too deep for words even while he tries to write.

The unspeakable nature of Byron’s pain recurs in the beginning of the final stanza, as he reflects that the secret nature of their affair leaves unable to tell of their affair for a second reason: he is unable to mourn publicly for her or her unfaithfulness to him since their romantic relationship had been a secret. He grieves silently over her neglectful heart and deceitful spirit (lines 26-28).

He ends the poem predicting his reaction at some future meeting years later: how would he greet her? Again there would be silence, but also sadness: “silence and tears” (line 32). His pain will not diminish, nor his sense of being wronged by her actions, even after many years. Nonetheless, he will maintain silence forever to prevent further scandal being attached to her name. After all, he does an excellent job of hiding her identity in this poem. (Byron’s contemporaries might have been able to make a guess, but Byron had so many liaisons, who could know?)

The repetition of “silence and tears” at the beginning and end of the poem denotes the poet’s inability to leave his moment of pain behind. He is trapped in a state of grieving a lost love. It is all the more hurtful that he lost her to another man, and all he can offer her is that he will protect her identity by grieving alone.

Questions:

1) How did Byron's lady-love behave at the time of parting?

2) How did the passage of time affect the separated lovers?

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI-JOHN KEATS

In the poem, a knight tells the story of how he becomes obsessed with, and then gets abandoned by, a spirit known as *La Belle Dame sans Merci*, or "The Beautiful Lady Without Mercy." Though seemingly aware she's an illusion, the knight lingers in his memory of the Lady, and it's implied he will do so until he dies. In this relationship, the knight's love turns from enchantment into obsession.

Through his example, the poem expresses two linked warnings about the dangers of intense romantic love. First, obsession drains one's emotional energy. Second, when the object of obsession disappears, the lover left behind undergoes a spiritual death, losing the ability to appreciate beauty in anything but the memory of what is lost. These warnings suggest that love, though wonderful, can quickly shift into a kind of death if it becomes obsessive.

The knight first describes falling in love with the Lady as a kind of enchantment that consumes him completely. The Lady he finds in the meadow is "Full beautiful—a faery's child." The Lady's perfect beauty captures the knight's attention. By describing her as the child of a magical creature, he emphasizes that her ability to charm him is a supernatural force. Enchanted further by the mysterious wildness in her eyes, the knight begins serving the Lady and devoting all his emotional energy to her. He weaves the Lady "bracelets" and "a garland," and in reward receives her "love" and "sweet moan."

However, the line between enchantment and obsession is dangerously thin. The Lady soon becomes the knight's single focus—seemingly his single source of life. Besides the Lady, the knight sees "nothing else … all day." This may sound like hyperbole, but the knight means it: the Lady creates a private world for herself and the knight.

Soon, the knight sees her in everything—he is obsessed. The flowers transform into suitable material for the Lady to wear. The hillside cave, a feature of the natural landscape, becomes the Lady's "Elfin grot." As the knight's obsession deepens, he grows to depend on the Lady even for basic nutrition. The Lady feeds the knight "roots of relish sweet, / And honey wild, and manna-dew."

The **allusion** to manna, the supernaturally nutritious substance provided by God to the Israelites on their journey out of Egypt, implies that the Lady is literally responsible for the knight's survival. At this point the Lady says, "I love thee true." The knight's response is to give himself over fully to the Lady—he follows her home, soothes her, and makes himself vulnerable before her, allowing her to lull him to sleep.

Having devoted so much emotional energy to the Lady and put himself completely under her control, the knight undergoes a spiritual death when she disappears. In his dream the knight sees the Lady's former victims: "pale kings," "princes," and

"warriors"—"death-pale were they all." In their faces he sees the man he will become: someone deathly, starved, and captivated by memories of the Lady to the point of enslavement. Like them, he will wake up "death-pale," or, as the speaker first describes him, "Alone and palely loitering"—physically alive, yet condemned to replay his memory of an obsessive love for the rest of his days. The Lady is finally revealed to be La Belle Dame sans Merci—literally, The Beautiful Lady Without Mercy.

Strangely, the Lady's merciless behavior actually consists of the love and joy she provides; her sudden disappearance is what makes the knight's experience so painful exactly *because* she was previously so kind. The shape of the Lady's cruelty suggests that anything one falls in love with or obsesses over can cause such pain, since anything can disappear in an instant. The poem thus cautions against such intense, obsessive love, arguing that it's ultimately not worth the agony it can cause.

Questions:

1) Describe the Knights dream?
2) Sketch the Character of the fairy?

I-YEAR-I SEMESTER

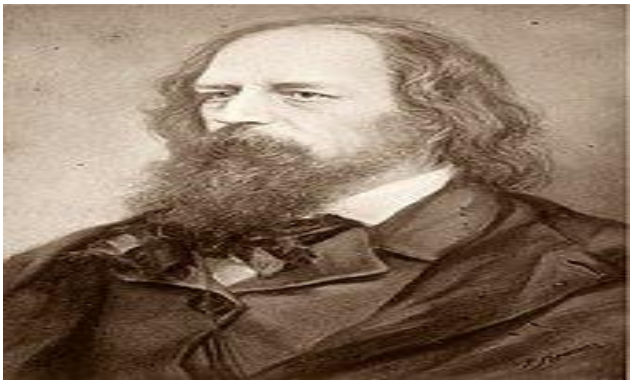
COURSE CODE:7BEN1C2

CORE COURSE-II-POETRY-I

UNIT-III

ULYSSES

-ALFRED TENNYSON



Alfred Lord Tennyson

Born on August 6, 1809, in Somersby, Lincolnshire, England, Alfred Lord Tennyson is one of the most well-loved Victorian poets. Tennyson, the fourth of twelve children, showed an early talent for writing. At the age of twelve he wrote a 6,000-line epic poem. His father, the Reverend George Tennyson, tutored his sons in classical and modern languages. In the 1820s, however, Tennyson's father began to suffer frequent mental breakdowns that were exacerbated by alcoholism. One of Tennyson's brothers had violent quarrels with his father, a second was later confined to an insane asylum, and another became an opium addict.

Tennyson escaped home in 1827 to attend Trinity College, Cambridge. In that same year, he and his brother Charles published *Poems by Two Brothers*. Although the poems in the book were mostly juvenilia, they attracted the attention of the "Apostles," an undergraduate literary club led by Arthur Hallam. The "Apostles" provided Tennyson, who was tremendously shy,

with much needed friendship and confidence as a poet. Hallam and Tennyson became the best of friends; they toured Europe together in 1830 and again in 1832. Hallam's sudden death in 1833 greatly affected the young poet. The long elegy *In Memoriam* and many of Tennyson's other poems are tributes to Hallam.

In 1830, Tennyson published *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical* and in 1832 he published a second volume entitled simply *Poems*. Some reviewers condemned these books as "affected" and "obscure." Tennyson, stung by the reviews, would not publish another book for nine years. In 1836, he became engaged to Emily Sellwood. When he lost his inheritance on a bad investment in 1840, Sellwood's family called off the engagement. In 1842, however, Tennyson's *Poems* in two volumes was a tremendous critical and popular success. In 1850, with the publication of *In Memoriam*, Tennyson became one of Britain's most popular poets. He was selected Poet Laureate in succession to Wordsworth. In that same year, he married Emily Sellwood. They had two sons, Hallam and Lionel.

At the age of 41, Tennyson had established himself as the most popular poet of the Victorian era. The money from his poetry (at times exceeding 10,000 pounds per year) allowed him to purchase a house in the country and to write in relative seclusion. His appearance—a large and bearded man, he regularly wore a cloak and a broad brimmed hat—enhanced his notoriety. He read his poetry with a booming voice, often compared to that of Dylan Thomas. In 1859, Tennyson published the first poems of *Idylls of the Kings*, which sold more than 10,000 copies in one month. In 1884, he accepted a peerage, becoming Alfred Lord Tennyson. Tennyson died on October 6, 1892, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

POETIC LINES

Ulysses-(1842)

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Matched with an agèd wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel; I will drink
life to the lees: All times I have enjoyed
Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vexed the dim sea: I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honored of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough
Gleams that untraveled world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As though to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains; but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.
This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle –
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and through soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail

In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.
There lies the port: the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me –
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads – you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;
Death closes all; but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
the sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be that we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Though much is taken, much abides; and though
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield

Summary

. Ulysses expresses frustration at how dull and pointless his life now seems as king of Ithaca, trapped at home on the rocky island of Ithaca. His wife is old, and he must spend his time enforcing imperfect laws as he attempts to govern people he considers stupid and uncivilized. In Ulysses's eyes, all his people do is try to store up wealth, sleep, and eat. They have no conception of who Ulysses really is or what his life has been like. Ulysses still yearns

to travel the world like he used to do. As long as he's alive, he doesn't want to stop doing the things that, in his eyes, make life worth living. He found joy, he claims, in every moment he spent traveling, even at the times when he was suffering. He found joy both when he was with his faithful crew members and when he was by himself; both when he was on land and when he was sailing the sea through rainstorms. He has become famous throughout the world as an explorer who was continually traveling and yearning to know more. Ulysses reflects that he has seen and learned a great deal about all the places where people live, about their lifestyles, cultures, and ways of governing themselves. Everywhere he went, he was shown honor and respect. Ulysses also found joy fighting alongside his fellow soldiers, men he honored and respected, when he fought in battles far from home in the Trojan War. Ulysses feels that each person and place he has encountered has been changed by the encounter, as has he himself. But all these experiences have not satisfied his desire for travel; rather, each encounter has only whetted his appetite to see more of the world. No matter how much of the world he sees, there is always still more to see, and it is these unseen regions that he always tries to pursue. Ulysses exclaims that it is boring and unsatisfying to stay in one place and stop doing the activities that defined your life, comparing himself to a sword that has been allowed to rust uselessly away rather than being used gloriously in battle. Merely being alive doesn't mean you are truly living. Ulysses feels that multiple lifetimes would still have been too little time to do all he wishes to do, and he is almost at the end of the one lifetime he has. Still, every hour that he has left to live before he dies has the potential to bring new opportunities for action. It would be disgraceful, he feels, to sit tight at home and just try to eat and stay alive for a few more years, when, even as an old man, his greatest desire is still to explore the world and keep learning more. He wants to go beyond the limits of what humans have seen and known, the way a shooting star seems to go beyond the horizon when it falls and disappears from sight.

Ulysses then starts to describe his son, Telemachus, who will inherit Ulysses's role as ruler of the island when Ulysses dies. Ulysses affirms that he loves his son, who is conscientious and thoughtful about how he will best carry out his responsibilities as ruler. With patience and judgement, Telemachus will work to civilize the fierce, wild people of Ithaca and make them more gentle, and gradually teach them to devote their lives to productive civic activities. Ulysses cannot find any faults in Telemachus; he devotes his life to the responsibilities of his role, he pays proper respect to his people and his parents, and after his father dies, he will continue offering appropriate sacrifices to the gods that Ulysses most honored. Telemachus is well suited for the role of ruler—just as Ulysses is well suited for a different role, the role of explorer.

Ulysses looks out towards the port, where the wind is blowing in the sails of his ship and where he can see the wide, dark sea. He now addresses his former crew, the men who worked alongside him and explored the world and gained new knowledge with him. He reminds them that they always accepted joyfully whatever their travels would bring, whether trouble or good luck, and proudly faced every obstacle with resolution and bravery. Ulysses then acknowledges that both he and they have grown older, but insists that even as old men, they can still work do hard work and earn respect. Soon they will die and their chance to do great deeds will be over; but before they die, they can still accomplish something heroic, something fitting for men that once battled the gods. The people of Ithaca are beginning to light lamps in their homes; night is falling; the moon is rising in the sky; the waves of the sea are murmuring almost as if they are speaking to Ulysses. Ulysses urges his crew, as his friends, to join him on one last voyage—even now, they're not too old to explore some unknown region of the world. He invites them to board a ship, push away from shore, and man the oars so they can beat the waves; because Ulysses still has the goal of sailing past the horizon, as far as he can go, before he ultimately dies. He acknowledges that the waves may sink their ship; but they may also find their way to the place where the souls of the blessed go after death. There, they might even see their old companion, the accomplished warrior Achilles. Many of their heroic qualities have been diminished by old age, but they haven't been lost completely. They don't have the same strength or physical prowess they possessed

as younger men fighting epic, world-changing battles; but inside, Ulysses declares, they are ultimately the same men they always were. Their minds and hearts are still brave and composed in the face of danger and obstacles. Their bodies have been weakened by old age, something all human beings are destined to face, but their spirits are as strong as ever. They remain determined to work hard, to pursue their goals and accomplish them, and to never give up.

QUESTION:

1.What was Ulysses' experience with battle?

2.What is the pursuit that Ulysses undertake?

3.Mention the effects of time and fate on Ulysses?

I-YEAR-I SEMESTER

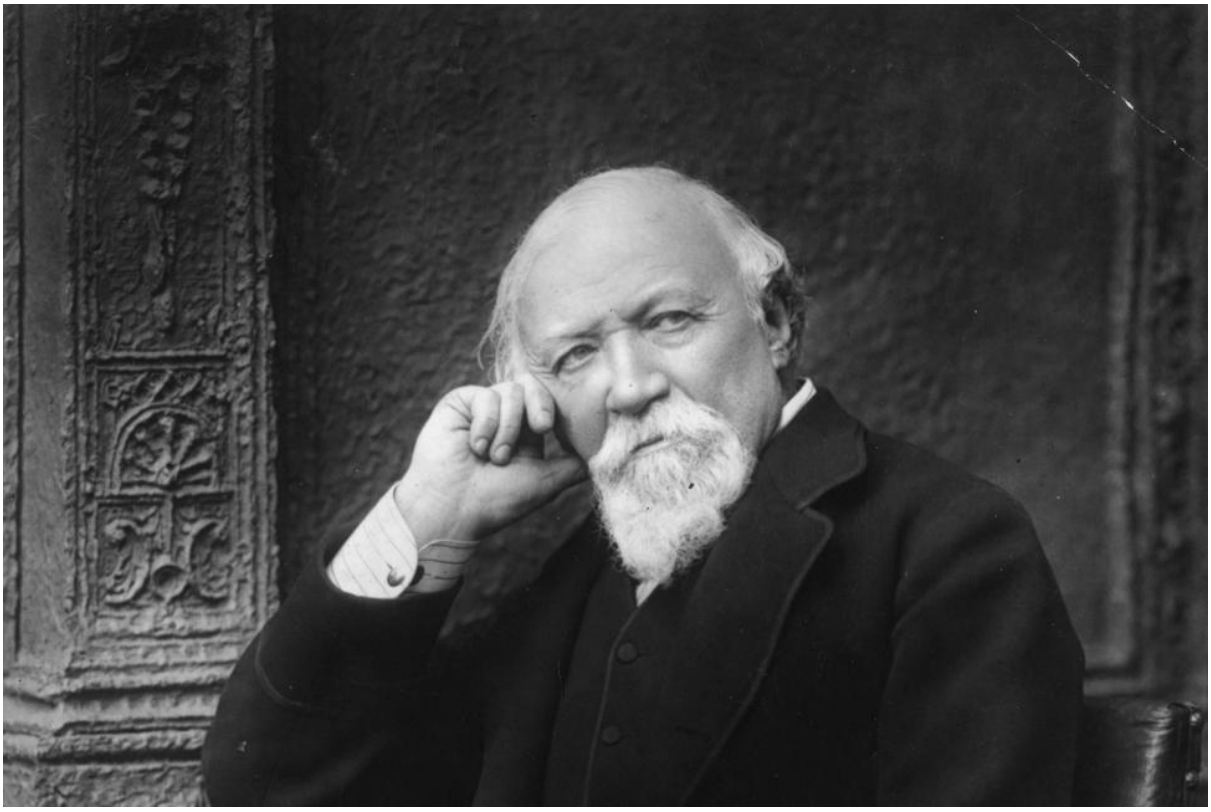
COURSE CODE:7BEN1C2

CORE COURSE-II-POETRY-I

UNIT-III

MY LAST DUCHESS

-ROBERT BROWNING



My Last Duchess

FERRARA

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive. I call
That piece a wonder, now; Fra Pandolf's hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.

Will't please you sit and look at her? I said
"Fra Pandolf" by design, for never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none puts by
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a glance came there; so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
Her husband's presence only, called that spot
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek; perhaps
Fra Pandolf chanced to say, "Her mantle laps
Over my lady's wrist too much," or "Paint
Must never hope to reproduce the faint
Half-flush that dies along her throat." Such stuff
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
For calling up that spot of joy. She had
A heart—how shall I say?— too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, 'twas all one! My favour at her breast,
The dropping of the daylight in the West,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace—all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
Or blush, at least. She thanked men—good! but thanked
Somehow—I know not how—as if she ranked
My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
In speech—which I have not—to make your will
Quite clear to such an one, and say, "Just this
Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
Or there exceed the mark"—and if she let
Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse—
E'en then would be some stooping; and I choose
Never to stoop. Oh, sir, she smiled, no doubt,

Whene’er I passed her; but who passed without
Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;
Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
As if alive. Will’t please you rise? We’ll meet
The company below, then. I repeat,
The Count your master’s known munificence
Is ample warrant that no just pretense
Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
Though his fair daughter’s self, as I avowed
At starting, is my object. Nay, we’ll go
Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,
Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me!

SUMMARY

“My Last Duchess” is a dramatic monologue written by Victorian poet Robert Browning in 1842. In the poem, the Duke of Ferrara uses a painting of his former wife as a conversation piece. The Duke speaks about his former wife's perceived inadequacies to a representative of the family of his bride-to-be, revealing his obsession with controlling others in the process. Browning uses this compelling psychological portrait of a despicable character to critique the objectification of women and abuses of power.

"My Last Duchess" is narrated by the duke of Ferrara to an envoy (representative) of another nobleman, whose daughter the duke is soon to marry. These details are revealed throughout the poem, but understanding them from the opening helps to illustrate the irony that Browning employs.

At the poem's opening, the duke has just pulled back a curtain to reveal to the envoy a portrait of his previous duchess. The portrait was painted by Fra Pandolf, a monk and painter whom the duke believes captured the singularity of the duchess's glance. However, the duke insists to the envoy that his former wife’s deep, passionate glance was not reserved solely for her husband. As he puts it, she was "too easily impressed" into sharing her affable nature.

His tone grows harsh as he recollects how both human and nature could impress her, which insulted him since she did not give special favor to the "gift" of his "nine-hundred-years-old" family name and lineage. Refusing to deign to "lesson" her on her unacceptable love of everything, he instead "gave commands" to have her killed.

The duke then ends his story and asks the envoy to rise and accompany him back to the count, the father of the duke's impending bride and the envoy's employer. He mentions that he expects a high dowry, though he is happy enough with the daughter herself. He insists that the envoy walk with him "together" – a lapse of the usual social expectation, where the higher ranked person would walk separately – and on their descent he points out a bronze bust of the god Neptune in his collection.

QUESTIONS:

1.Why does the Duke admire Pandolf ?

2.Describe the painting of the Duchess?

3.Why couldn’t the Duke correct his wife?

I-YEAR-I SEMESTER

COURSE CODE:7BEN1C2

CORE COURSE-II-POETRY-I

UNIT-III

DOVER BEACH

MATTHEW ARNOLD

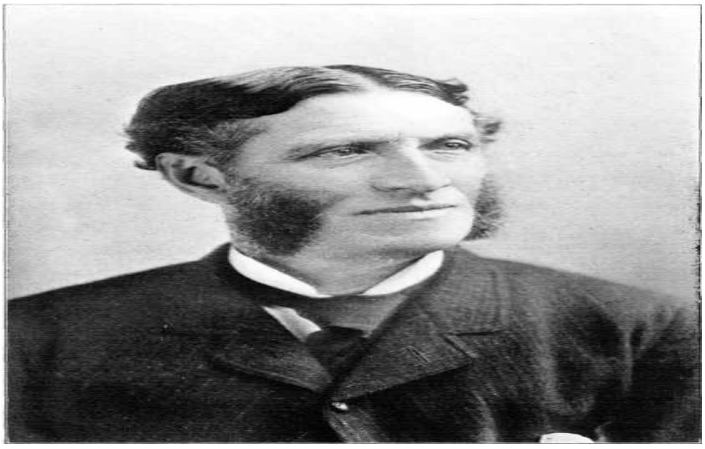
AUTHOR INTRODUCTION:

Life Facts

- Matthew Arnold was born in December of 1822 in Laleham, Middlesex, England.
- His first book of poetry was “The Strayed Reveller”.
- He worked as one of her Her Majesty’s Inspectors of Schools.
- In 1852, he published his second collection, “Empedocles on Etna, and Other Poems”.
- Matthew Arnold died in Liverpool in April of 1888.

Interesting Facts

- In 1851, Arnold married Frances Lucy.
- He was named as a Professor of Poetry at Oxford University and lectured English.
- Arnold won a scholarship to Balliol College, Oxford University.
- He wrote multiple essay collections.
- Arnold went to the United States on two lecturing tours from 1883 to 1886.



Dover Beach

Matthew Arnold - 1822-1888

The sea is calm tonight.
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straits; on the French coast, the light
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanched land,

Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Aegean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The Sea of Faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

SUMMARY:

Stanza 1

The speaker stands at the window, looking out over the beach at Dover, situated on the Strait of Dover, which connects to the English Channel. It is night, and the water is calm at high tide. The moon shines on the water, and a light pulses across the channel on the French shore. The speaker can see the white cliffs along England's coast, large and shining with reflected moonlight.

The speaker calls his love to the window to take in the fresh air and watch the water splash as it comes into contact with the shore. The waves come in and go out, making a loud sound each time they flow back toward the sea over the pebbles of the strand, or shore. "Listen!" the speaker says to his love, and hear this "grating roar." Over and over the waves move up and back on the shore, creating a slow rhythm. As he listens, the speaker detects in that grating sound and slow rhythm the "eternal note of sadness."

Stanza 2

Long ago, the speaker says, Sophocles, the ancient Greek tragedian, heard this same rhythmic sound on the shores of the Ægean Sea. It made him think of the "ebb and flow / Of human misery"—how it comes and goes, comes and goes. Like Sophocles, the speaker finds a metaphor in the way the waves advance and recede at the shore.

Stanza 3

The speaker likens the sound of waves pulling back from shore to the "melancholy ... roar" of a withdrawing "Sea of Faith." Once, he says, the Sea of Faith was at its fullest point—like a strong wave at high tide—and clothed the world in beauty like a shining belt encircling the entire Earth. Now it retreats from shore, leaving the edges of the world bare.

Stanza 4

Addressing his love, the speaker says, "let us be true / To one another!" because the world, which seems so beautiful and magical, is neither beautiful nor magical. Rather, it is devoid of joy, love, light, peace, or comfort. The speaker and his love are like two people standing on a dark plain amidst the noise and confusion of battling armies.

QUESTIONS;

1.Who was sophocles?

2.Why does Arnold compare religion to a sae?

3.What is the solution offered by Arnold to the problems of spiritual and mental stress?

WILLIAM BLAKE

William Blake the poet who is acknowledged to be the first major English Romantic Poet was born on 28th November 1757.

The poem the "A Poison Tree" is included in his famous work-"Songs Of Experience" published in 1794. His other great work include "Songs Of Innocence". Which was published in 1789. In the "Song Of Innocence" he shows a kind of existence which is full of joy and harmony whereas in "Song Of Experience" there is a sense of gloom and mystery.

1757-1827

A POISON TREE

I was angry with my friend:
I told my wrath, my wrath did end,
I was angry with my foe:
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

wrath: strong feeling of anger

foe: enemy

The poet was angry with his friend. He told his friend about his wrath and his anger vanished. The poet was angry with his foe, but he suppressed his anger, and his wrath grew.

And I watered it in fears,

Night and morning with my tears;

And I sunned it with smiles, sunned : warmed

And with soft deceitful wiles. Deceitful wiles : cunning tricks

- He nursed his wrath his fear about the motive of his foe. He concealed his wrath under the cover of his smiling face and friendly manners. He put on a mask of friendship to deceive his foe.

And it grew both day and night,
Till it bore an apple bright;
And my foe beheld it shine,
And he knew that it was mine,

beheld: saw

- His suppressed wrath is compared to a tree that grew continuously until I bore a beautiful
- Apple. The apple refers to the story of man's fall from the "Garden Of Eden" under the lure of the bright fruit of the forbidden tree. His for, mesmerized by the shine of the apple, decides to rob the speaker of his prized possessions.

And into my garden stole	stole : come secretly
When the night had veiled the pole:	veiled : covered
In the morning glad I see	
My foe outstretched beneath the tree.	outstretched : lying dead

- At night, when darkness had covered the pole, his foe secretly entered his garden. In the morning the speaker was very happy to find his foe lying dead beneath the tree. Thus his foe fell prey to his own poisonous intention of robbing the speaker of his beautiful possession.

Transitional Period

Robert Burns
“A Red, Red Rose”

Robert Burns

- Burns was born in Alloway, Scotland in 1759.
- He's the national poet of Scotland.
- He divided his time between writing poetry and farming until he obtained a government position three years later.
- He died from rheumatic heart disease in 1796.

A Red, Red Rose

O my luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June;
O my luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
O I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve,
And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my luve,

Summary

The poem opens with the speaker comparing his love to a "A **Red**, **RedRose**" and to a "melodie / That's sweetly play'd in tune!" In the second and third stanzas, the speaker describes how deep his love is. And it's *deep.* He will love his "bonnie lass" as long as he is alive, and until the world ends. At the end, he says *adios*, and notes that he will return, even if he has to walk ten thousand miles.

In this poem, Burns tried to express the meaning of love from his point of view. He used a red rose as his lover.

- Burnstried to resemblehis love with a **rose**
- His love like themelodywhich give intensive emotion.
- Her sea would disappear the end of world and he would love her till the end of the world.

When he says (love is like a **rose**) he showedthat love can be physical and emotional.Heused"That\'s newly sprung in June." because **redrose** generally come out in June. The poet's choice of the color "red" may seem obvious a symbol of love and passion.

The author is comparing her love to a melody, a melody usually makes people joyful, so his love is making him joyful whenever she is beside him.

There are many signs that indicates his love will not end for example sea gangs dry, rocks melted by the sun. It seems he has been away with her but committed that he will with her definitely only for short period of time.

The final stanza wraps up the poem's complexity with a farewell and a promise of return.

In conclusion, Burnsteachesus the importance of love and is hard to accept those memories if fall in love to someone. The similes he uses are meant to show us the grandness of love and showing us that love is beautiful and precious. Burns also shows us how love transform a **redrose**. His love crash in summer but they are quite far each other.

Figure of Language

The speaker presents two similes, the first comparing his love to a rose and the second comparing his love to a melody.

The speaker addresses the young lady as bonnie (pretty).
Bonnie is derived from the French word *bon* (*good*).
In the last line of the stanza, *a'* means all and *gang* means go.
This line introduces to the poem hyperbole, a figure of speech that exaggerates.

The speaker links the first line of the third stanza with the last line of the second stanza by repetition.
The speaker continues hyperbole in the second and fourth lines.
He also again relies on repetition in the third line by repeating the third line of the second stanza.

The speaker again addresses his beloved, noting that though he must leave her for a while he will return for her even if he must travel ten thousand miles.

Themes

Love and Passion

Because modern readers are well familiar with the poetic imagery that Burns uses in this poem, and also because "A Red, Red Rose" was originally written to be sung as popular music, the poem expresses love, but it does not try to stir up deep feelings of passioninstead, it reminds readers of love, making the speaker's feelings sound more theoretical than real

On the Receipt of My Mother's Picture
- by William Cowper

Oh that those lips had language! Life has pass'd
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smiles I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else, how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
Oh welcome guest, though unexpected, here!
Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long,
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own;
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief—
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unseen, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nurs'ry window, drew

A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting sound shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens griev'd themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of a quick return.
What ardently I wish'd, I long believ'd,
And, disappointed still, was still deceiv'd;
By disappointment every day beguil'd,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learn'd at last submission to my lot;
But, though I less deplor'd thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nurs'ry floor;
And where the gard'ner Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capt,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we call'd the past'ral house our own.
Short-liv'd possession! but the record fair
That mem'ry keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm that has effac'd
A thousand other themes less deeply trac'd.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd;
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and brakes

That humour interpos'd too often makes;
All this still legible in mem'ry's page,
And still to be so, to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorn'd in heav'n, though little notic'd here.

Could time, his flight revers'd, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flow'rs,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I prick'd them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Would'st softly speak, and stroke my head and smile)
Could those few pleasant hours again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desir'd, perhaps I might.—
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be lov'd, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weather'd and the ocean cross'd)
Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle,
Where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reach'd the shore
"Where tempests never beat nor billows roar,"
And thy lov'd consort on the dang'rous tide
Of life, long since, has anchor'd at thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distress'd—

Me howling winds drive devious, tempest toss'd,
Sails ript, seams op'ning wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosp'rous course.
But oh the thought, that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthron'd, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents pass'd into the skies.
And now, farewell—time, unrevok'd, has run
His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem t' have liv'd my childhood o'er again;
To have renew'd the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine:
And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic shew of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself remov'd, thy power to sooth me left.

Summary

On the Receipt of My Mother's Picture" (1798) also known as "**On the Receipt of My Mother's Picture Out of Norfolk**" was an elegy written by the English poet William Cowper. Cowper's mother, Ann Cowper died when he was 6 years old. Later in 1790, at the age of 58, he received a picture of his mother from his cousin, Ann Bodham which inspired him to write this elegy lamenting the loss of his mother.

Summary of the poem

The poet remembers the language of his mother. Poet's life had been rough without his mother and her kind words. He remembers her sweet smile which can emanate from only her lips; which had soothed him in his childhood. Even though he cannot hear her voice now, he remembers her words vividly softly urging him not to grieve and to chase his fears away. He remembers her gentle intelligent eyes which still shines on him in the same way. The poet expresses his gratitude to the immortalizing power of art which can baffle/obstruct the cruel and oppressive claim of time.

Cowper welcomes his mother's memories fueled by the unexpected picture of his mother. He feels honored by his mother's affectionate presence as she was absent for such a long time. He is willing to obey gladly as if the rules were laid down by her. Even though her face in the picture renews his grief as a son (filial grief), his imagination will "weave a charm", i.e., create a magic to relieve him, by immersing him in a heavenly dream ("Elysian reverie"), though momentary, in which she comes alive.

The poet then reveals his plight when he lost his mother forever. He launches a series of questions which reveals the pain he went through during that episode. He asks her whether she knew about the tears he shed. Was her spirit hovering over her broken and sorrow-filled son whose life's journey had just begun? He imagines that she must have consoled him with a kiss, or a tear if souls/spirits can weep in happiness. He assumes that she is smiling in the affirmative.

He remembers the slow tolling of the death bell on her burial day, the hearse which carried her away slowly and he drew in a long sigh and wept a last farewell to his beloved mother. He vouchsafes that his memory of her burial day is still fresh in his mind. (All these memories create a pang of distress in the minds of the readers as well.) He contemplates that in her world adieus and farewell might be unfamiliar concepts. He wishes to meet her again on that peaceful shore so that he does not have to utter the parting words again.

He remembers how his mother's maidens (possibly referring to her attendees or friends or relatives) filled with grief and concern for him often gave him promises of his mother's quick return. He wished for her return passionately believing in their false promises for a long time. The disappointment still lasts in him and he feels duped every day and tomorrow to follow. Thus after many sad tomorrows his "stock of infant sorrow" was spent he had to resign to his plight moaning less for his mother even though he could never forget her.

He then goes on to lament about the loss of their pastoral house. In the place where they once lived their names are not heard anymore, children of other people walking in his nursery. He remembers his gardener Robin, who used to drive him to his school in his bright, but cheap coach while the poet was wrapped in scarlet shawl and velvet cap. All this has become a history, their pastoral house reduced to a short-lived possession. The loss of all the childhood warmth is evident in these lines.

But all those painful memories, all the storms and "thousand other themes" alike are effaced by the beautiful memories of his times with his mother in that house. He remembers how she made nightly visits to his chamber to see if he is safe and sound and how she rewarded him with biscuits or confectionery plums in the morning (morning bounties) before he left their home. He remembers how she used to apply fragrant waters on his cheeks until they shone. He remembers above these the most endearing thing of all, i.e., her "constant flow of love" which never fell or roughened by blind anger, any other changes in mood or other constraints (cataracts and brakes). All her kind deeds are clear in his mind (in the memory's page) and has followed him to his latest age adding joy to duty (earthly chores). This joy has enabled him to pay honors such as this memorial poem even at the age of 58. He is daunted by the doubt that the memorial might be a frail one. But he is sure of the fact that his mother in heaven will not scorn his effort even though the dedication goes unnoticed among other mortals.

The poet wonders if he could reverse the course of time by restoring the hours he has with his mother. He remembers the time when he would play with the tissued (dry) flowers (the violet, the pink and jasmine) on his mother's dress by pinning them to a paper. He particularly remembers his mother's smile at such moments. She was happier than him and she would speak softly and stroke his head. He wishes for those moments to come back. He wonders if his one wish is powerful enough to bring those moments back. He stops himself at the thought of bringing his mother back to life because there is so little about life which is left to be loved. He does not want to bind his mother's unbound spirit into bonds again.

The poet compares his mother to a splendid ship (gallant bark) from Albion's (ancient name of England) coast which has weathered all the storms (survived the storms) and crossed the ocean to reach smoothly and fast into the port of a safe island where the seasons are bright and where spices breathe (symbolic of heaven). He sees his mother/ the ship sitting peacefully and passive on the waters (flood), her form reflected on the water below while the air around her soaked with perfume (incense) cooled (fanning light) her flags (streamers) into a happy state. The poet admires the swiftness with which the ship has reached the shore which is not disturbed by tempests or thunderous clouds (billows). She has finally reached her resting place which is peaceful. Also her death at such a young age is hinted here by the poet.

He also alludes to the fact that his father (consort) has reached by her side safe from the 'dangerous tide of life'. The poet also wishes to reach by their side. But his hope is feeble as he is always withheld from the reaching the port by devious winds. His ship is tossed by the tempests, his sails are ripped, the seams (joining) torn wide, his compass lost. Every passing day brings more challenges to the poet. The current never favors him and it prevents him from reaching the 'prosperous course' of the safe haven where his parents are. The poet says that he is rather filled with joy at the fact that his parents are safe whatever his position on earth might be.

He cannot boast of a birth from the loins of royalty or rulers of the earth. But he is proud of the fact that he can claim of a sonship from parents who have found their place in heaven.
He suddenly comes to the realization that he must bid a farewell to the memories of his mother. Time, unrevoked, i.e., time which is still in force with his usual course has come into play again. But the poet is content that his wishes are gratified. By the help of contemplation he was able to relive his childhood. Thus he was able to renew the joys that was once his, without committing the sin of violating his mother's rest. He is soothed by the promise provided by the "wings of fancy"; that leap of imagination which gives him an imitation (mimic show) of the memories with his mother. He says that time has only half-succeeded in his theft. Even though his mother's physical presence to comfort him has been lost to him, her memories will suffice to soothe him for the rest of his life.

I YEAR-I SEMESTER

COURSE CODE:7BEN1C2

CORE COURSE II-POETRY -I

UNIT -V

3.THE SCHOLAR -ROBERT SOUTHEY

The Scholar

by *Robert Southey*
My days among the Dead are past;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old:
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedew'd
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the Dead; with them
I live in long-past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the Dead; anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all Futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

An Analysis

Robert Southey an English poet born in 1774 was a close friend of Wordsworth and Coleridge. He was one of the lake poets. He wrote a large number of poetry and prose. He died in 1843.

In his poem ‘The Scholar’ Southey describes the feelings of a scholar towards his books. The Scholars is one of the shorter pieces of Robert Southey. In this poem, the poet assumes the personality of a scholar and in that capacity gives an account of a scholar’s like and dislikes, aspirations and dreams. The entire life of the scholar is spent in reading books, usually by the writers of the past. Since books cannot be separated from their authors, the scholar in a sense, lives in the company of the dead writers **'the mighty minds of old'**. The classics, in which the scholar is engrossed all the time, are his true companions and he shares his joy and sorrow with them. Therefore, the scholar is naturally indebted to those books for those books for their help in the understanding of the world and in his cultivation of sensibility. He loves the virtues of the authors and condemns their vices and learns a lot from their examples. He hopes that he would travel till eternity with those writers and leave his name behind, which is posterity would love to cherish.

The poet is remembering his friends and elders who have gone away. He is remembering all his days and moments with his never - failing friends. Although, today they are not with him but he feels that they are around him and he is finding their casual eyes. He is describing about how his elders helped him in trouble. They were his well wishers with whom h lived along under their guidance. His hopes are with dead and soon he will also with his elders. His name also will be remembered by his youngsters.

In this poem poet has shown the importance he gives to the books of scholars of the old times. He says that he owes a lot to those scholars that is the knowledge they have given him. It will always be with him and the poet says that when he dies he wants people to always remember him after his knowledge and stay in people’s hearts forever.

At last, in the fourth stanza of the poem ’The Scholar’, the poet expresses his hopes that one day or other he will die and wishes that his soul would fly to the place where the dead poets have gone.

The central idea is very encouraging as the scholar feels that reading books can never make a man lonely and they are the best friends of a man.

To avoid loneliness one should read books and should not vice between any authors as their works are always inspiring.

. **Explain with reference to the context of the following stanzas:**

- My days among the Dead are past;
  Around me I behold,
  Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
  The mighty minds of old :
  My never-failing friends are they.
  With whom I converse day by day.

- Reference: This stanza has been taken from the poem 'The Scholar' written by Robert Southey.

- Context: The author has assumed the personality of a scholar in these open- ing lines of the poem. The auther tells us how he passes his time in the midst of books composed by great authors of the past. He describes his affection towards these books. .

- Explanation: The scholar spends most of his time among the books written by the great authors of the past. The room is full of books. Where ever be looks, he sees books. They tell him the best things. They do not change. They are faithful and sincere friends. The scholar is happy with them. He is proud that he has such good friends. He talks with them every day and gets good knowledge and directions from them.

-

QUESTIONS

1. Why does the scholar call his books his never ending friends?
2. How does the poet feel deeply grateful to the books?
3. In what way is the scholar said to live iin the past?
4. What does the scholar's life revolve arund?
5. Books are never failing friends- explain.

1.LEECH-GATHERER
Resolution and Independence

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

There was a roaring in the wind all night;
The rain came heavily and fell in floods;
But now the sun is rising calm and bright;
The birds are singing in the distant woods;
Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove broods;
The Jay makes answer as the Magpie chatters;
And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters.

All things that love the sun are out of doors;
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;
The grass is bright with rain-drops;—on the moors
The hare is running races in her mirth;
And with her feet she from the plashy earth
Raises a mist, that, glittering in the sun,
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.

I was a Traveller then upon the moor;
I saw the hare that raced about with joy;
I heard the woods and distant waters roar;
Or heard them not, as happy as a boy:
The pleasant season did my heart employ:
My old remembrances went from me wholly;
And all the ways of men, so vain and melancholy.

But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the might
Of joys in minds that can no further go,
As high as we have mounted in delight
In our dejection do we sink as low;
To me that morning did it happen so;
And fears and fancies thick upon me came;

Dim sadness—and blind thoughts, I knew not, nor could name.

I heard the sky-lark warbling in the sky;
And I bethought me of the playful hare:
Even such a happy Child of earth am I;
Even as these blissful creatures do I fare;
Far from the world I walk, and from all care;
But there may come another day to me—
Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty.

My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought,
As if life's business were a summer mood;
As if all needful things would come unsought
To genial faith, still rich in genial good;
But how can He expect that others should
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous Boy,
The sleepless Soul that perished in his pride;
Of Him who walked in glory and in joy
Following his plough, along the mountain-side:
By our own spirits are we deified:
We Poets in our youth begin in gladness;
But thereof come in the end despondency and madness.

Now, whether it were by peculiar grace,
A leading from above, a something given,
Yet it befell that, in this lonely place,
When I with these untoward thoughts had striven,
Beside a pool bare to the eye of heaven
I saw a Man before me unawares:
The oldest man he seemed that ever wore grey hairs.

As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie
Couched on the bald top of an eminence;
Wonder to all who do the same espy,
By what means it could thither come, and whence;
So that it seems a thing endued with sense:

Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a shelf
Of rock or sand reposeth, there to sun itself;

Such seemed this Man, not all alive nor dead,
Nor all asleep—in his extreme old age:
His body was bent double, feet and head
Coming together in life's pilgrimage;
As if some dire constraint of pain, or rage
Of sickness felt by him in times long past,
A more than human weight upon his frame had cast.

Himself he propped, limbs, body, and pale face,
Upon a long grey staff of shaven wood:
And, still as I drew near with gentle pace,
Upon the margin of that moorish flood
Motionless as a cloud the old Man stood,
That heareth not the loud winds when they call,
And moveth all together, if it move at all.

At length, himself unsettling, he the pond
Stirred with his staff, and fixedly did look
Upon the muddy water, which he conned,
As if he had been reading in a book:
And now a stranger's privilege I took;
And, drawing to his side, to him did say,
"This morning gives us promise of a glorious day."

A gentle answer did the old Man make,
In courteous speech which forth he slowly drew:
And him with further words I thus bespake,
"What occupation do you there pursue?
This is a lonesome place for one like you."
Ere he replied, a flash of mild surprise
Broke from the sable orbs of his yet-vivid eyes.

His words came feebly, from a feeble chest,
But each in solemn order followed each,
With something of a lofty utterance drest—
Choice word and measured phrase, above the reach

Of ordinary men; a stately speech;
Such as grave Livers do in Scotland use,
Religious men, who give to God and man their dues.

He told, that to these waters he had come
To gather leeches, being old and poor:
Employment hazardous and wearisome!
And he had many hardships to endure:
From pond to pond he roamed, from moor to moor;
Housing, with God's good help, by choice or chance;
And in this way he gained an honest maintenance.

The old Man still stood talking by my side;
But now his voice to me was like a stream
Scarce heard; nor word from word could I divide;
And the whole body of the Man did seem
Like one whom I had met with in a dream;
Or like a man from some far region sent,
To give me human strength, by apt admonishment.

My former thoughts returned: the fear that kills;
And hope that is unwilling to be fed;
Cold, pain, and labour, and all fleshly ills;
And mighty Poets in their misery dead.
—Perplexed, and longing to be comforted,
My question eagerly did I renew,
"How is it that you live, and what is it you do?"

He with a smile did then his words repeat;
And said that, gathering leeches, far and wide
He travelled; stirring thus about his feet
The waters of the pools where they abide.
"Once I could meet with them on every side;
But they have dwindled long by slow decay;
Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may."

While he was talking thus, the lonely place,
The old Man's shape, and speech—all troubled me:
In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pace

About the weary moors continually,
Wandering about alone and silently.
While I these thoughts within myself pursued,
He, having made a pause, the same discourse renewed.

And soon with this he other matter blended,
Cheerfully uttered, with demeanour kind,
But stately in the main; and, when he ended,
I could have laughed myself to scorn to find
In that decrepit Man so firm a mind.
"God," said I, "be my help and stay secure;
I'll think of the Leech-gatherer on the lonely moor!"

CRITICAL ANALYSIS

RESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE

This is a lyric poem by the English Romantic poet WILLIAM WORDSWORTH composed in 1802 and published in 1807 . It describes his encounter with a leech gatherer near his home in the Lake District of England.

.The title of this poem reflects the resolution and independence of an old man encountered by the narrator as well as the subsequent resolution of the narrator himself. The poem contains a variety of different moods from the wonderful idyllic imagery in the first three stanzas, to the sinking into melancholy in the fourth and fifth stanzas, on to border-line despair in the seventh stanza, and finally through investigation to a hopeful resolution at the end.

In the stanzas fourteen, fifteen, eighteen, and nineteen the old man is speaking and telling a portion of his tale. For though he is old, of no fixed home, and toils at maintaining a meager subsistence he has a dignity and cheerfulness about him. His words lead the narrator to the final stanza in which he resolves to remember the positive spirit of the old man when he himself sinks into melancholy thoughts.

The seventh stanza was poignant in pointing out how we can be in a positive setting yet become obsessed with ills that may befall us as Wordsworth discusses Chatterton, a promising English poet who died at

17. (Sources conflict as to whether his death was due to arsenic poisoning as a suicide or an accident of self-medication for a venereal disease. Yet another source indicates he may have died of self-starvation.) At this point it seems the narrator fears his own demise into "despondency and madness."

Also noticeable is the poem's focus on imagery that uses figures of speech to accomplish vivid mental images in the mind of the reader. A good example of this can be found on lines 11 through 14. "The hare is running races in her mirth; / And with her feet she from the plashy earth / Raises a mist, that, glittering in the sun, / Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run". Wordsworth uses onomatopoeia in "plashy" and even "glittering". The reader knows from line 11 that the hare is running races in joy. In line 12, Wordsworth provides the reader the sensory image of sound (or feeling, depending upon the listener). Plashy sounds much like splashy or marshy, which can both be considered synonyms, but Wordsworth uses plashy because it imitates the sound that the hare's feet make as she runs through the wet grass. The next line, line 13, is visual. The listener can almost see the droplets of water sparkling as they are exposed to the rising sun. Line 14 provides the listener with the broader picture (almost like a movie's wide shot) of the hare's misty trail following her around the moors.
The imagery in this poem is very visual, but it relies on quite a few sound devices as well. Alliteration ("choice or chance", "moor to moor"), rhyme (as discussed earlier), and onomatopoeia ("roar", "raced", "warbling"). Thus, the impression that I am left with after reading this poem just a few times is that Wordsworth's *Resolution and Independence* is one best read aloud. This type of reading provides the listener with more appreciation for Wordsworth's sensory details and vivid imagery.

The poem uses septets(7 line stanza) and the royal rhyme pattern (ababbcc)

The poet on hearing the old man's hopeful talk regains his faith in himself and in God.

Questions

1. Write about the evolution of Thought in "The leech-gatherer " or "Resolution and Independence"
2. Write a critical appreciation of "The leech gatherer"
3. Write a brief description of the old man.
4. Describe the weather as depicted in the poem,
5. What did the poet beg God?

2. Dejection: An Ode-S.T.COLERIDGE

BY SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Late, late yestreen I saw the new Moon,
With the old Moon in her arms;
And I fear, I fear, my Master dear!
We shall have a deadly storm.
(Ballad of Sir Patrick Spence)

I

Well! If the Bard was weather-wise, who made
The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence,
This night, so tranquil now, will not go hence
Unroused by winds, that ply a busier trade
Than those which mould yon cloud in lazy flakes,
Or the dull sobbing draft, that moans and rakes
Upon the strings of this Æolian lute,
Which better far were mute.
For lo! the New-moon winter-bright!
And overspread with phantom light,
(With swimming phantom light o'erspread
But rimmed and circled by a silver thread)
I see the old Moon in her lap, foretelling
The coming-on of rain and squally blast.
And oh! that even now the gust were swelling,
And the slant night-shower driving loud and fast!
Those sounds which oft have raised me, whilst they awed,
And sent my soul abroad,
Might now perhaps their wonted impulse give,

Might startle this dull pain, and make it move and live!

II

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,
A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,
Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,
In word, or sigh, or tear—
O Lady! in this wan and heartless mood,
To other thoughts by yonder throstle woo'd,
All this long eve, so balmy and serene,
Have I been gazing on the western sky,
And its peculiar tint of yellow green:
And still I gaze—and with how blank an eye!
And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,
That give away their motion to the stars;
Those stars, that glide behind them or between,
Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but always seen:
Yon crescent Moon, as fixed as if it grew
In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue;
I see them all so excellently fair,
I see, not feel, how beautiful they are!

III

My genial spirits fail;
And what can these avail
To lift the smothering weight from off my breast?
It were a vain endeavour,
Though I should gaze for ever
On that green light that lingers in the west:
I may not hope from outward forms to win
The passion and the life, whose fountains are within.

IV

O Lady! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live:
Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud!
And would we aught behold, of higher worth,
Than that inanimate cold world allowed
To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,

Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the Earth—
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

V

O pure of heart! thou need'st not ask of me
What this strong music in the soul may be!
What, and wherein it doth exist,
This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
This beautiful and beauty-making power.
Joy, virtuous Lady! Joy that ne'er was given,
Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,
Life, and Life's effluence, cloud at once and shower,
Joy, Lady! is the spirit and the power,
Which wedding Nature to us gives in dower
A new Earth and new Heaven,
Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud—
Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud—
We in ourselves rejoice!
And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,
All melodies the echoes of that voice,
All colours a suffusion from that light.

VI

There was a time when, though my path was rough,
This joy within me dallied with distress,
And all misfortunes were but as the stuff
Whence Fancy made me dreams of happiness:
For hope grew round me, like the twining vine,
And fruits, and foliage, not my own, seemed mine.
But now afflictions bow me down to earth:
Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth;
But oh! each visitation
Suspends what nature gave me at my birth,
My shaping spirit of Imagination.
For not to think of what I needs must feel,

But to be still and patient, all I can;
And haply by abstruse research to steal
From my own nature all the natural man—
This was my sole resource, my only plan:
Till that which suits a part infects the whole,
And now is almost grown the habit of my soul.

VII

Hence, viper thoughts, that coil around my mind,
Reality's dark dream!
I turn from you, and listen to the wind,
Which long has raved unnoticed. What a scream
Of agony by torture lengthened out
That lute sent forth! Thou Wind, that rav'st without,
Bare crag, or mountain-tairn, or blasted tree,
Or pine-grove whither woodman never clomb,
Or lonely house, long held the witches' home,
Methinks were fitter instruments for thee,
Mad Lutanist! who in this month of showers,
Of dark-brown gardens, and of peeping flowers,
Mak'st Devils' yule, with worse than wintry song,
The blossoms, buds, and timorous leaves among.
Thou Actor, perfect in all tragic sounds!
Thou mighty Poet, e'en to frenzy bold!
What tell'st thou now about?
'Tis of the rushing of an host in rout,
With groans, of trampled men, with smarting wounds—
At once they groan with pain, and shudder with the cold!
But hush! there is a pause of deepest silence!
And all that noise, as of a rushing crowd,
With groans, and tremulous shudderings—all is over—
It tells another tale, with sounds less deep and loud!
A tale of less affright,
And tempered with delight,
As Otway's self had framed the tender lay,—
'Tis of a little child
Upon a lonesome wild,
Nor far from home, but she hath lost her way:
And now moans low in bitter grief and fear,

And now screams loud, and hopes to make her mother hear.

VIII

'Tis midnight, but small thoughts have I of sleep:
Full seldom may my friend such vigils keep!
Visit her, gentle Sleep! with wings of healing,
And may this storm be but a mountain-birth,
May all the stars hang bright above her dwelling,
Silent as though they watched the sleeping Earth!
With light heart may she rise,
Gay fancy, cheerful eyes,
Joy lift her spirit, joy attune her voice;
To her may all things live, from pole to pole,
Their life the eddying of her living soul!
O simple spirit, guided from above,
Dear Lady! friend devoutest of my choice,
Thus mayest thou ever, evermore rejoice.

CRITICAL ANALYSIS OF THE POEM

Dejection: An Ode is a deeply personal and autobiographical poem of Coleridge in which he describes his spiritual and moral loss, and the loss of creative imagination. At the time of birth, nature gave him great creative and imaginative powers, but his Nature gave constant unhappiness destroyed those powers. The poet is painfully conscious of this loss. He believes that imagination is 'the primary instrument of all spiritual and creative powers. Therefore, when he has lost his imagination, he has not only lost his poetical gift but what makes life worth living.

The poem was originally addressed to "William" (Wordsworth) but later on "William" was changed and substituted by the 'Lady' (the poet's wife, Sara Hutchinson). The poet expresses an experience of double consciousness. His sense perceptions are vivid, but his inner state is faint, dull and miserable. He sees, but does not feel. By "seeing" he means perceiving, by 'feeling' that which encourages action. Though he

suffers, yet the pain dull, and nothing from outside can impel him to activity. The sources of happiness and activity lie in the soul of man and not in the out-ward objects of Nature.

At the beginning of the poem the poet is seen in a melancholy mood, watching the rising storm. He hopes that the rising storm might raise his spirits also, as it used to do in the past. But no, this is not possible. The nature of the poet's grief is such that he cannot be moved to activity, and neither can he find and outlet for this grief. He watches the beautiful objects of Nature but they remain cold and unimpressive to him. His heart has become dull and his imagination remains inactive.

The poet has lost this power of joy and nothing in the world can restore this power to him. When he had this power in the past, even misfortunes had no sting for him. On the contrary, they supplied him the material for happiness. But the misfortunes and miseries of life have totally crushed his spirit and bowed him down to earth. This, however, is not the saddest thing to the poet. The saddest thing for him is that he had lost the creative spirit of Imagination forever.

In this Ode we notice a great change in Coleridge's attitude towards Nature. He expresses his philosophy of Nature in this poem which is totally contradictory to his own earlier philosophy and also the Nature-creed of Wordsworth, his friend and fellow-poet. In the earlier poems like "The Eolian Harp" and "Frost at Midnight", Coleridge had expressed his belief in pantheism —a belief held by Wordsworth also,—that Nature is a living whole and is pervaded by a Divine Spirit, that man can have a spiritual relationship with Nature and that Nature has a purifying and ennobling effect upon human beings. But in this poem (Dejection: an Ode) Coleridge expresses a totally different view. He completely denies his earlier belief and asserts in this poem that in herself. Nature is cold and inanimate and takes whatever color human fancy gives to her. Nature is in herself dull and lifeless and if we want to see anything of a nobler quality in Nature then a light and a sound should come out of our own soul to give beauty and charm to the sights and sounds of Nature.

Coleridge makes use of concrete imagery and comparison to describe the atmosphere and the state of his mind accurately and vividly. Describing the nature of the storm that is raging out-side the poet says

that the more appropriate places for such type of storm are a bare cock, a mountain lake, a high Pinegrove, or a haunted house.

The poet uses vigorous and forceful imagery to describe the sounds produced by the storm which are compared to the mad rushing to a defeated army, with the groans and cries of trampled and wounded soldiers all round. He compares these sounds of the storm with the frightened screaming of a terrified child who has lost its way home and wandering in a lonely forest near its home.

‘’’Tis of a little child Upon a lonesome wild, Not far from home, but she hath lost her way: And now means low in bitter grief and fear, And now screams loud, and hopes to make her mother hear."

Part I*

The preface to the poem is an excerpt concerning the Moon’s ominous foreshadowing of a deadly storm in the “Ballad of Sir Patrick Spence.” Coleridge remarks that if the Bard is accurate about the weather, then this currently tranquil night will soon turn into a storm; Coleridge sees the new moon holding the old moon in her lap, an identical scene to the moon image in the prologue. He wishes for a storm to occur, because he needs something to stir his emotions and “startle this dull pain.”

Part II*

Coleridge’s invocation of “Lady” suggests that his pain is the result of a broken heart and signals that this poem is a conversation with this Lady (who represents Sara Hutchinson). In his grief, Coleridge says that he has been endlessly gazing at the skies and the stars. He claims that he is so overwhelmed with sadness that he can only see and can no longer feel or internalize the beauty of nature.

Part III

Coleridge doubts that anything can “lift the smothering weight from off my breast.” He admits that gazing at the beauty of the skies is a vain and futile effort to ease his pain. He realizes that “outward forms” will not relieve him of his inner pain and that only he has the power to change his emotional state.

Part IV

Coleridge once again addresses his Lady, telling her that although some things are inevitable in life and controlled by nature, a person must still be an active agent in creating his or her own happiness.

Part V*

Coleridge describes the characteristics of the feeling of Joy to his Lady. He extols the powers of Joy, which can create beauty as well as create a “new Earth and new Heaven.”

Part VI

Coleridge reflects on a time when joy was able to surmount his distress. During that time, he was able to take advantage of the hope (that was not his own internal hope) that surrounded him in nature. However, the distress he feels now is much more dominating. He no longer even cares that all his happiness is gone. However, he does lament how each small “visitation” of sadness robs him of his power of Imagination. Since Coleridge cannot feel any emotion other than sadness, his imagination would have at least allowed him to “steal” the happiness that surrounded him in nature and thus pretend that he possesses joy.

Part VII

Coleridge now turns his attention to the tumultuous weather. Within this raging storm, he is able to hear the less frightful sounds of a child looking for her mother.

Part VIII

Although it is now midnight, Coleridge has no intention of going to sleep. However, he wishes for “Sleep” to visit his Lady and to use its healing powers to lift the Lady’s spirits and bring her joy. Coleridge concludes the poem by wishing the Lady eternal joy.

One of Coleridge’s more personal and autobiographical poems, "Dejection" was originally a "verse letter" to Sara Hutchinson, a woman with whom Coleridge was desperately in love. Hutchinson is not mentioned directly, however, perhaps because at the time of the poem’s publication Coleridge was (unhappily) married to Sara Fricker. Coleridge was inspired to write it upon hearing the opening lines of Wordsworth’s "Ode: Intimations of Immortality." In his own poem, Coleridge echoes Wordsworth’s themes of disillusionment in love and the loss of imaginative powers.

In "Dejection: An Ode," Coleridge also reinvents poetic traditions. His opening quotation is from the "Ballad of Sir Patrick Spence," yet his poem is given the title of an ode. The ode dates back to classical times as a serious poem concerning itself with a highly-regarded subject, accompanied by a strong attention to details of time and place; the English ballad tradition, on the other hand, was about intense action and emotion. Coleridge blends these two literary traditions into the triumph that is "Dejection: An Ode." He keeps the general form of the ode, modified from the classical Pindaran ode of 500 BC to the 17th century form of three-part stanzas structured in turn, counter-turn, and stand. The modification does not end there, however, as Coleridge uses

irregular lines to make the poem somewhat informal in sound, harking to the ballads of days gone by. That the poem is (at least in part) dedicated to a "Lady" rather than a somber meditation upon a public occasion also o divorces it from the ode tradition and places it closer to the English ballad in sensibility.