Master of Arts

(English)

British Poetry -ii

Semester-II

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British Poetry – II (Romantics to Modern) (Paper – 2)

Learning Outcomes

The student will be able to understand:

Unit I

- Students can explore the theme of nature and its transformative power in both poems, leading to discussions on transcendence and spiritual connection with the natural world.
- Students can develop skills in analyzing and interpreting these devices, such as imagery, symbolism, allusion, and meter.
- Understanding the historical and biographical context of the Romantic period and the lives of Wordsworth and Coleridge can enhance the interpretation of their works.

Unit II

- Students can develop an appreciation for the artistic and aesthetic dimensions of poetry, including the use of vivid imagery and sensory language.
- Studying this poem provides insights into Shelley's poetic response to the death of a fellow poet and the broader themes of loss and immortality.
- The impact of political and social events on the poets' works.

Unit III

- Analyze the themes, characters, and stylistic choices in these poems fosters skills in interpretation and enables them to express their own perspectives on the texts.
- Browning's poems, particularly "A Grammarian's Funeral," raise moral and ethical questions about the pursuit of knowledge and the value of a life dedicated to intellectual pursuits.
- These poems are representative of Victorian poetry, and studying them allows students to understand the poetic sensibility of the Victorian era, characterized by a complex mix of optimism, skepticism, and introspection.

Unit IV

- Students can analyze and appreciate how Hopkins's unique language choices contribute to the overall impact of "The Wind hover" and "God's Grandeur.".
- Students can explore how nature serves as a vehicle for conveying spiritual insights and reflections in "The Wind hover," "God's Grandeur," and "Paradise: In a Dream."
- Studying the social and cultural context of the Victorian era enhances students' understanding of the themes explored in these poems.

Unit V

- Understanding of the features and themes characteristic of the modernist movement, such as fragmentation, disillusionment, and a reflection of the post-World War I era.
- Analyze the poet's use of symbols, metaphors, and vivid descriptions, considering how these contribute to the poem's overall impact.
- Analyzing the historical and cultural context of the poem.

BRITISH POETRY – II
(ROMANTICS TO MODERN)
SYLLABUS

UNIT I

THE TWO DIFFERENT WORLDS OF WORDSWORTH AND COLERIDGE

W. Wordsworth: "Tintern Abbey"; S.T Coleridge: "Christabel".

UNIT II

POETIC IMAGINATIONS BY J. KEATS AND P.B. SHELLEY

J Keats: "Ode to a Nightingale", "Ode on a Grecian Urn"; P B Shelley: "To a Skylark", "Adonais";

UNIT III

VICTORIAN POETRY

A Tennyson: "In Memoriam A.H.H."; R Browning: "A Grammarian's Funeral", "Andrea del Sarto";

UNIT IV

POEMS BY CONTEMPORARY POETS: HOPKINS AND ROSSETTI

G M Hopkins: "The Windhover", "God's Grandeur"; C Rossetti: "Paradise: In a Dream";

UNIT V

POEMS WITH SIMILAR FEELING BUT DIFFERENT APPROACHES

T S Eliot: "The Waste Land"; W B Yeats: "The Second Coming"

UNIT I

THE TWO DIFFERENT WORLDS OF WORDSWORTH AND COLERIDGE

STRUCTURE

NOTES 

1.1 LEARNING OBJECTIVE

After the study of this unit, you will be able to:

- Understand the Lyrical Ballads of Wordsworth and Coleridge.
- Know the mysticism of Wordsmith's through the poem "Tintern Abbey."
- Identify the subtle mystery atmosphere of Coleridge in his poem "Christabel."

1.2 INTRODUCTION

The high priests of romanticism were William Wordsworth and Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and it was through their collaborative efforts that the nineteenth century became a period of transition and new life in literature. It is the romantic resurgence, a literary movement defined by dependence on imagination and subjectivity of approach, freedom of thinking and speech, and idealisation of nature. Their greatest work was Lyrical Ballads, which introduced a new path of poetic thinking.

As a declaration of literary romanticism, the prologue to the second edition of Lyrical Ballads (1800) was crucial. The two poets here underlined the value of passion and imagination in poetry production while rejecting traditional literary conventions and issues.When a result, as romantic literature spread throughout the world, imagination was lauded above reason, emotions over logic, and intuition over science, paving the way for a massive corpus of writing rich in sensitivity and passion.

1.3 THE LYRICAL BALLADS OF WORDSWORTH AND COLERIDGE

The analysis of the lyrical ballads reveals certain parallels and differences in Wordsworth and Coleridge's perspectives as poets. Wordsworth observed the uncomplicated elements of nature and added to them the colour of imagination, as well as a concern for the environment and the natural world, as well as a love of pristine landscapes and the innocent way of life of rural residents. Making forays into the paranormal was not his area of expertise.

Coleridge was the one who finally brought the world of magic, mystery, and the paranormal into poetry. His poetry had a strong tendency toward the inexplicable and the otherworldly. Thus, Coleridge was left to make the supernatural appear to be natural, whilst Wordsworth tried to give the objects of nature the colour of his imagination. He set out to properly capture the romantic imagination's need to immerse oneself in wonder and fantasy. Coleridge's love of the picturesque, obsession with the Gothic era, interest in the Middle Ages, and enjoyment of mystery and superstition are all examples of this.

There are several approaches to William Wordsworth and Samuel Taylor Coleridge's poetry. The comparison study is the most common and simplest. So we'll start with William Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey" and Samuel Taylor Coleridge's "Christabel."

There are several approaches to William Wordsworth and Samuel Taylor Coleridge's poetry. The comparison study is the most common and simplest. So we'll start with William Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey" and Samuel Taylor Coleridge's "Christabel."

NOTES

1.4 "TINTERN ABBEY" AND WORDSWORTH'S MYSTICISM


William Wordsworth

Wordsworth, the most intellectual of English poets, has reflected his own philosophy of life in his poems on several occasions. But no poem by Wordsworth contains a more beautiful combination of philosophy and poetry than "Tintern Abbey." "Tintern Abbey," published in the Lyrical Ballads in July 1798, is a chronicle of the poet's spiritual progress. Philosophy has been transformed into deathless poetry in this place.

Amid other words, Wordsworth has never stopped being poetry while documenting his spiritual realisations and mystic perceptions in the beautiful stillness of Nature, far from the madding crowd's ignoble turmoil. The intellectual insights that he has expressed in the poem are no longer bookish.He has documented what has drowned in his thoughts during periods of deep thought and concentration. The sincerity of his personal experience is evident, and it lends a specific lyrical difference to all of his utterances in the poem.

In "Tintern Abbey," he describes his pantheistic beliefs and how he acquired glimpses of realities that were unavailable to regular mortals through contemplative communion with nature. When he talks of discovering the inner harmony that permeates the entire created universe, we unquestionably recognise the voice of a philosopher. Similar to "The Prelude," this poem makes a small attempt to explain the secrets of existence.

He receives inner enlightenment through nature meditation, which helps him make sense of the illogical world. He gets transcendental experiences of super-reality during his times of greatest spiritual illumination.The poet, like the vedanist, becomes an image of tranquillity unshaken by sorrows and afflictions that are only shadows and impotent to shake the spirit that has gained calm.

He has attained, as though, "a purer mind and neither evil tongues /Rash judgements, nor the surees of selfish men' can disturb his 'cheerful faith, that all which we behold/ Is full of blessings!"

Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey

William Wordsworth

Five years have past; five summers, with the length
Of five long winters! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
With a soft inland murmur. — Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.

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The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire
The Hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind
With tranquil restoration: — feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered, acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened: — that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on, —
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame

And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

If this
Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft —
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart —
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer thro' the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again:
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led: more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all. — I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,

NOTES

The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. — That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. — And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye, and ear, — both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognise
In nature and the language of the sense
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

THE TWO DIFFERENT WORLDS OF WORDSWORTH AND COLERIDGE

Nor perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more

NOTES

Suffer my genial spirits to decay:
For thou art with me here upon the banks
Of this fair river; thou my dearest Friend,
My dear, dear Friend; and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain-winds be free
To blow against thee: and, in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance —
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
Of past existence — wilt thou then forget

NOTES 

That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I, so long
A worshipper of Nature, hither came
Unwearied in that service: rather say
With warmer love — oh! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

Explanation of the Poem

"*Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey*" by William Wordsworth is told from the perspective of the writer and tells of the power of Nature to guide one's life and morality.

The poem begins with the speaker, Wordsworth himself, having returned to a spot on the banks of the river Wye that he has not seen for five long years. This place is very dear to him and is just as beautiful and mystical as it was when he left. The "beauteous forms' of the landscape have not been lost from his mind though. They have stayed with him through his absence and supported him. Whenever there was a moment he felt trapped in the modern world or dragged down by "dreary" life he would cast his mind back to this specific spot. It is here he finds solace.

In fact, this landscape has taken him farther than one might expect. Due to its beauty and the importance that it holds in the speaker's mind, it has allowed him to disregard his own body. He finds greater value in the soul and the "deep power of joy" that can be found in all things.

The speaker tells of how when he was here five years ago he ran like a child through the countryside. He was enthralled by everything he saw and desperate to take it all in. He was acting like a man escaping from something he dreaded, not relishing something he loves. Since this time he has matured now understands that Nature is more important than the base satisfaction it can provide. He feels within it a "presence" that will now support him for all time to come. This "presence" is the unity of all things.

In the final stanza of the poem, it becomes clear that this entire time the poet was speaking to his sister, Dorothy. Dorothy is with him on the banks of the Wye and he has been attempting to explain to her why he is the way he is. He hopes that she will share in his joy and give her heart over to Nature as he has. The poet tells his sister that there is no risk in this choice and that she should allow the beauty of the world to move her. The poem concludes with Wordsworth telling his sister that Nature, and this moment that they have shared together, will always be there for her. Even when he is gone.

The final lines reiterate to the reader and the poet's listener why this place is important to the writer. He values it for what it is worth on its own terms and what it has provided

him, as well as what it might provide to his sister who is as of yet not as devoted as he is. He will remember this moment for its beauty as well as for whom he was with.

Thus, his "Tintern Abbey" above explains why he is known as the high priest of Nature, "the philosophic poet of nature," "the poet of meditative communion with nature and like." To Wordsworth, nature is more than just a cycle of seasons and seasonal fruition; it is the natural and supernatural eye through which the watchful soul can peep and see the spirit that dwells all things.

Wordsworth is seldom content to draw beautiful scenes of their own shake. He looks on nature to here 'the still sad music of humanity'. In fact, Wordsworth believes that there is a 'preordained harmony between the soul of man and the soul of Nature. To him nature has a sympathetic consoling strengthening and elevating personality willing and eager to communicate with soul in man. Thus in the final stage of his association with nature he has attained a deep spiritual realization. He feels the presence of an inevitable Devine power in the objects of nature and in the mind of man. This awareness of the Devine spirit in everything that he beholds fills his mind with joy of elevated thoughts and a sense sublime. Even the most common place objects of nature seemed to carry to him the intimation of immortality and evoke in him 'thought that do often lie too deep for tears'.

Wordsworth being the most thoughtful and philosophical of the poets has, as we cause to knowledge from the poem, sought to detect something that lies deep beneath the objects of external nature.

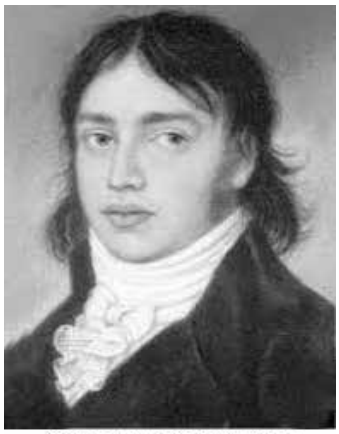
Such extremely intellectual observations are conveyed so eloquently that his poetic sense is never questioned. Indeed, Wordsworth has demonstrated throughout the poem that they are at war with each other. He has not attempted to expand any logical philosophical framework via his poems. He has attempted to encapsulate in magnificent poetry his completely personal realisations of various aspects of life and existence. As a poet at heart, he has taken care to ensure that his intellectual conceptions do not interfere with the vital emotional truth that comprises the very essence of the poem.

'*Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey*' is not written with a clear rhyme scheme, but rather, the poet has focused on the meter. Throughout the poem can be found the pattern of iambic pentameter. This type of verse is made up of five sets of beats per line. The first beat is unstressed, followed by one stressed. The choice by the poet to avoid using any discernible rhyme scheme was due to the fact that he was addressing another person. This allows the poem to be read as one side of a conversation rather than a grand declaration.

1.5 "CHRISTABEL"- AN ATMOSPHERE OF SUBTLE MYSTERY

Sir Walter Raleigh once claimed that "romance" casts a "spell of remoteness" over us. Ordinary events and experiences take on a romantic aura when viewed through the glitter of distance in time or situation. This is precisely what Coleridge does in 'Christabel.' Though we cannot place the events of the poem in any specific century, we are not far off in associating them with that vaguely defined period known as the middle ages. Coleridge undertook to deal with the supernatural while planning a new volume of poems (Lyrical Ballad 1798) to be jointly written by Wordsworth and Coleridge.

NOTES


Samuel Taylor Coleridge

As he himself tells us in "BiographiaLiteraria" (1817): "It w as agreed that my endeavours should be directed to persons and characters supernatural or at least romantic, yet so as to transfer from our inward nature a human interest and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for this shadow of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment which constitutes poetic faith". The middle Ages provided Coleridge with themes, setting and atmosphere to which he wished to accomplish.

"Christabel," a long poem by Samuel Taylor Coleridge, was originally intended to be written in five sections, but only two were completed by 1800. It's a lovely reproduction of the mediaeval world of imagination, magic, and wonder. Coleridge does not link the supernatural to anything tangible and certain, but rather welcomes the supernatural with an air of suggestion and indefiniteness that not only strikes the readers for its failure, but also conveys the eeriness of a distant terror. Above all, the tactic of continuing the story through questions and answers is perfectly suited to this objective.

Christabel
Samuel Taylor Coleridge

PART I

'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,
And the owls have awakened the crowing cock;
Tu—whit! Tu—whoo!
And hark, again! the crowing cock,
How drowsily it crew.
Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,
Hath a toothless mastiff bitch;
From her kennel beneath the rock
She maketh answer to the clock,
Four for the quarters, and twelve for the hour;
Ever and aye, by shine and shower,
Sixteen short howls, not over loud;
Some say, she sees my lady's shroud.
Is the night chilly and dark?
The night is chilly, but not dark.
The thin gray cloud is spread on high,
It covers but not hides the sky.
The moon is behind, and at the full;
And yet she looks both small and dull.

The night is chill, the cloud is gray:
'Tis a month before the month of May,
And the Spring comes slowly up this way.
The lovely lady, Christabel,
Whom her father loves so well,
What makes her in the wood so late,
A furlong from the castle gate?
She had dreams all yesternight
Of her own betrothèd knight;
And she in the midnight wood will pray
For the weal of her lover that's far away.
She stole along, she nothing spoke,
The sighs she heaved were soft and low,
And naught was green upon the oak
But moss and rarest misletoe:
She kneels beneath the huge oak tree,
And in silence prayeth she.
The lady sprang up suddenly,
The lovely lady Christabel!
It moaned as near, as near can be,
But what it is she cannot tell.
On the other side it seems to be,
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak tree.
The night is chill; the forest bare;
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
There is not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek—
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.
Hush, beating heart of Christabel!
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!
She folded her arms beneath her cloak,
And stole to the other side of the oak.

NOTES 

What sees she there?
There she sees a damsel bright,
Drest in a silken robe of white,
That shadowy in the moonlight shone:
The neck that made that white robe wan,
Her stately neck, and arms were bare;
Her blue-veined feet unsandl'd were,
And wildly glittered here and there
The gems entangled in her hair.
I guess, it was frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she—
Beautiful exceedingly!
Mary mother, save me now!
(Said Christabel) And who art thou?
The lady strange made answer meet,
And her voice was faint and sweet: —
Have pity on my sore distress,
I scarce can speak for weariness:
Stretch forth thy hand, and have no fear!
Said Christabel, How camest thou here?
And the lady, whose voice was faint and sweet,
Did thus pursue her answer meet: —
My sire is of a noble line,
And my name is Geraldine:
Five warriors seized me yestermorn,
Me, even me, a maid forlorn:
They choked my cries with force and fright,
And tied me on a palfrey white.
The palfrey was as fleet as wind,
And they rode furiously behind.
They spurred amain, their steeds were white:
And once we crossed the shade of night.
As sure as Heaven shall rescue me,
I have no thought what men they be;
Nor do I know how long it is
(For I have lain entranced I wis)
Since one, the tallest of the five,

Took me from the palfrey's back,
A weary woman, scarce alive.
Some muttered words his comrades spoke:
He placed me underneath this oak;
He swore they would return with haste;
Whither they went I cannot tell—
I thought I heard, some minutes past,
Sounds as of a castle bell.
Stretch forth thy hand (thus ended she).
And help a wretched maid to flee.
Then Christabel stretched forth her hand,
And comforted fair Geraldine:
O well, bright dame! may you command
The service of Sir Leoline;
And gladly our stout chivalry
Will he send forth and friends withal
To guide and guard you safe and free
Home to your noble father's hall.
She rose: and forth with steps they passed
That strove to be, and were not, fast.
Her gracious stars the lady blest,
And thus spake on sweet Christabel:
All our household are at rest,
The hall as silent as the cell;
Sir Leoline is weak in health,
And may not well awakened be,
But we will move as if in stealth,
And I beseech your courtesy,
This night, to share your couch with me.
They crossed the moat, and Christabel
Took the key that fitted well;
A little door she opened straight,
All in the middle of the gate;
The gate that was ironed within and without,
Where an army in battle array had marched out.
The lady sank, belike through pain,
And Christabel with might and main

NOTES

Lifted her up, a weary weight,
Over the threshold of the gate:
Then the lady rose again,
And moved, as she were not in pain.
So free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court: right glad they were.
And Christabel devoutly cried
To the lady by her side,
Praise we the Virgin all divine
Who hath rescued thee from thy distress!
Alas, alas! said Geraldine,
I cannot speak for weariness.
So free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court: right glad they were.
Outside her kennel, the mastiff old
Lay fast asleep, in moonshine cold.
The mastiff old did not awake,
Yet she an angry moan did make!
And what can ail the mastiff bitch?
Never till now she uttered yell
Beneath the eye of Christabel.
Perhaps it is the owlet's scritch:
For what can ail the mastiff bitch?
They passed the hall, that echoes still,
Pass as lightly as you will!
The brands were flat, the brands were dying,
Amid their own white ashes lying;
But when the lady passed, there came
A tongue of light, a fit of flame;
And Christabel saw the lady's eye,
And nothing else saw she thereby,
Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline tall,
Which hung in a murky old niche in the wall.
O softly tread, said Christabel,
My father seldom sleepeth well.
Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare,
And jealous of the listening air

They steal their way from stair to stair,
Now in glimmer, and now in gloom,
And now they pass the Baron's room,
As still as death, with stifled breath!
And now have reached her chamber door;
And now doth Geraldine press down
The rushes of the chamber floor.
The moon shines dim in the open air,
And not a moonbeam enters here.
But they without its light can see
The chamber carved so curiously,
Carved with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain,
For a lady's chamber meet:
The lamp with twofold silver chain
Is fastened to an angel's feet.
The silver lamp burns dead and dim;
But Christabel the lamp will trim.
She trimmed the lamp, and made it bright,
And left it swinging to and fro,
While Geraldine, in wretched plight,
Sank down upon the floor below.
O weary lady, Geraldine,
I pray you, drink this cordial wine!
It is a wine of virtuous powers;
My mother made it of wild flowers.
And will your mother pity me,
Who am a maiden most forlorn?
Christabel answered—Woe is me!
She died the hour that I was born.
I have heard the grey-haired friar tell
How on her death-bed she did say,
That she should hear the castle-bell
Strike twelve upon my wedding-day.
O mother dear! that thou wert here!
I would, said Geraldine, she were!
But soon with altered voice, said she—

NOTES 

'Off, wandering mother! Peak and pine!
I have power to bid thee flee.'
Alas! what ails poor Geraldine?
Why stares she with unsettled eye?
Can she the bodiless dead espy?
And why with hollow voice cries she,
'Off, woman, off! this hour is mine—
Though thou her guardian spirit be,
Off, woman, off! 'tis given to me.'
Then Christabel knelt by the lady's side,
And raised to heaven her eyes so blue—
Alas! said she, this ghastly ride—
Dear lady! it hath wildered you!
The lady wiped her moist cold brow,
And faintly said, ' 'tis over now!'
Again the wild-flower wine she drank:
Her fair large eyes 'gan glitter bright,
And from the floor whereon she sank,
The lofty lady stood upright:
She was most beautiful to see,
Like a lady of a far countrèe.
And thus the lofty lady spake—
'All they who live in the upper sky,
Do love you, holy Christabel!
And you love them, and for their sake
And for the good which me befel,
Even I in my degree will try,
Fair maiden, to requite you well.
But now unrobe yourself; for I
Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie.'
Quoth Christabel, So let it be!
And as the lady bade, did she.
Her gentle limbs did she undress,
And lay down in her loveliness.
But through her brain of weal and woe
So many thoughts moved to and fro,
That vain it were her lids to close;

NOTES

So half-way from the bed she rose,
And on her elbow did recline
To look at the lady Geraldine.
Beneath the lamp the lady bowed,
And slowly rolled her eyes around;
Then drawing in her breath aloud,
Like one that shuddered, she unbound
The cincture from beneath her breast:
Her silken robe, and inner vest,
Dropt to her feet, and full in view,
Behold! her bosom and half her side—
A sight to dream of, not to tell!
O shield her! shield sweet Christabel!
Yet Geraldine nor speaks nor stirs;
Ah! what a stricken look was hers!
Deep from within she seems half-way
To lift some weight with sick assay,
And eyes the maid and seeks delay;
Then suddenly, as one defied,
Collects herself in scorn and pride,
And lay down by the Maiden's side!
And in her arms the maid she took,
Ah wel-a-day!
And with low voice and doleful look
These words did say:
'In the touch of this bosom there worketh a spell,
Which is lord of thy utterance, Christabel!
Thou knowest to-night, and wilt know to-morrow,
This mark of my shame, this seal of my sorrow;
But vainly thou warrest,
For this is alone in
Thy power to declare,
That in the dim forest
Thou heard'st a low moaning,
And found'st a bright lady, surpassingly fair;
And didst bring her home with thee in love and in charity,
To shield her and shelter her from the damp air.'

NOTES

PART II

Each matin bell, the Baron saith,
Knells us back to a world of death.
These words Sir Leoline first said,
When he rose and found his lady dead:
These words Sir Leoline will say
Many a morn to his dying day!
And hence the custom and law began
That still at dawn the sacristan,
Who duly pulls the heavy bell,
Five and forty beads must tell
Between each stroke—a warning knell,
Which not a soul can choose but hear
From Bratha Head to Wyndermere.
Saith Bracy the bard, So let it knell!
And let the drowsy sacristan
Still count as slowly as he can!
There is no lack of such, I ween,
As well fill up the space between.
In Langdale Pike and Witch's Lair,
And Dungeon-ghyll so foully rent,
With ropes of rock and bells of air
Three sinful sextons' ghosts are pent,
Who all give back, one after t'other,
The death-note to their living brother;
And oft too, by the knell offended,
Just as their one! two! three! is ended,
The devil mocks the doleful tale
With a merry peal from Borodale.
The air is still! through mist and cloud
That merry peal comes ringing loud;
And Geraldine shakes off her dread,
And rises lightly from the bed;
Puts on her silken vestments white,
And tricks her hair in lovely plight,
And nothing doubting of her spell
Awakens the lady Christabel.

'Sleep you, sweet lady Christabel?
I trust that you have rested well.'
And Christabel awoke and spied
The same who lay down by her side—
O rather say, the same whom she
Raised up beneath the old oak tree!
Nay, fairer yet! and yet more fair!
For she belike hath drunken deep
Of all the blessedness of sleep!
And while she spake, her looks, her air
Such gentle thankfulness declare,
That (so it seemed) her girded vests
Grew tight beneath her heaving breasts.
'Sure I have sinn'd!' said Christabel,
'Now heaven be praised if all be well!'
And in low faltering tones, yet sweet,
Did she the lofty lady greet
With such perplexity of mind
As dreams too lively leave behind.
So quickly she rose, and quickly arrayed
Her maiden limbs, and having prayed
That He, who on the cross did groan,
Might wash away her sins unknown,
She forthwith led fair Geraldine
To meet her sire, Sir Leoline.
The lovely maid and the lady tall
Are pacing both into the hall,
And pacing on through page and groom,
Enter the Baron's presence-room.
The Baron rose, and while he prest
His gentle daughter to his breast,
With cheerful wonder in his eyes
The lady Geraldine espies,
And gave such welcome to the same,
As might beseem so bright a dame!
But when he heard the lady's tale,
And when she told her father's name,

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Why waxed Sir Leoline so pale,
Murmuring o'er the name again,
Lord Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine?
Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother:
They parted—ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between; —
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.
Sir Leoline, a moment's space,
Stood gazing on the damsel's face:
And the youthful Lord of Tryermaine
Came back upon his heart again.
O then the Baron forgot his age,
His noble heart swelled high with rage;
He swore by the wounds in Jesu's side
He would proclaim it far and wide,
With trump and solemn heraldry,
That they, who thus had wronged the dame,
Were base as spotted infamy!
'And if they dare deny the same,
My herald shall appoint a week,
And let the recreant traitors seek
My tourney court—that there and then

I may dislodge their reptile souls
From the bodies and forms of men!'
He spake: his eye in lightning rolls!
For the lady was ruthlessly seized; and he kenned
In the beautiful lady the child of his friend!
And now the tears were on his face,
And fondly in his arms he took
Fair Geraldine, who met the embrace,
Prolonging it with joyous look.
Which when she viewed, a vision fell
Upon the soul of Christabel,
The vision of fear, the touch and pain!
She shrunk and shuddered, and saw again—
(Ah, woe is me! Was it for thee,
Thou gentle maid! such sights to see?)
Again she saw that bosom old,
Again she felt that bosom cold,
And drew in her breath with a hissing sound:
Whereat the Knight turned wildly round,
And nothing saw, but his own sweet maid
With eyes upraised, as one that prayed.
The touch, the sight, had passed away,
And in its stead that vision blest,
Which comforted her after-rest
While in the lady's arms she lay,
Had put a rapture in her breast,
And on her lips and o'er her eyes
Spread smiles like light!
With new surprise,
'What ails then my belovèd child?
The Baron said—His daughter mild
Made answer, 'All will yet be well!'
I ween, she had no power to tell
Aught else: so mighty was the spell.
Yet he, who saw this Geraldine,
Had deemed her sure a thing divine:
Such sorrow with such grace she blended,

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As if she feared she had offended
Sweet Christabel, that gentle maid!
And with such lowly tones she prayed
She might be sent without delay
Home to her father's mansion.
'Nay!
Nay, by my soul!' said Leoline.
'Ho! Bracy the bard, the charge be thine!
Go thou, with sweet music and loud,
And take two steeds with trappings proud,
And take the youth whom thou lov'st best
To bear thy harp, and learn thy song,
And clothe you both in solemn vest,
And over the mountains haste along,
Lest wandering folk, that are abroad,
Detain you on the valley road.
'And when he has crossed the Irthing flood,
My merry bard! he hastes, he hastes
Up Knorren Moor, through Halegarth Wood,
And reaches soon that castle good
Which stands and threatens Scotland's wastes.
'Bard Bracy! bard Bracy! your horses are fleet,
Ye must ride up the hall, your music so sweet,
More loud than your horses' echoing feet!
And loud and loud to Lord Roland call,
Thy daughter is safe in Langdale hall!
Thy beautiful daughter is safe and free—
Sir Leoline greets thee thus through me!
He bids thee come without delay
With all thy numerous array
And take thy lovely daughter home:
And he will meet thee on the way
With all his numerous array
White with their panting palfreys' foam:
And, by mine honour! I will say,
That I repent me of the day
When I spake words of fierce disdain

To Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine!
For since that evil hour hath flown,
Many a summer's sun hath shone;
Yet ne'er found I a friend again
Like Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine.
The lady fell, and clasped his knees,
Her face upraised, her eyes o'erflowing;
And Bracy replied, with faltering voice,
His gracious Hail on all bestowing!
'Thy words, thou sire of Christabel,
Are sweeter than my harp can tell;
Yet might I gain a boon of thee,
This day my journey should not be,
So strange a dream hath come to me,
That I had vowed with music loud
To clear yon wood from thing unblest.
Warned by a vision in my rest!
For in my sleep I saw that dove,
That gentle bird, whom thou dost love,
And call'st by thy own daughter's name
Sir Leoline! I saw the same
Fluttering, and uttering fearful moan,
Among the green herbs in the forest alone.
Which when I saw and when I heard,
I wonder'd what might ail the bird;
For nothing near it could I see
Save the grass and green herbs underneath the old tree.
'And in my dream methought I went
To search out what might there be found;
And what the sweet bird's trouble meant,
That thus lay fluttering on the ground.
I went and peered, and could descry
No cause for her distressful cry;
But yet for her dear lady's sake
I stooped, methought, the dove to take,
When lo! I saw a bright green snake
Coiled around its wings and neck.

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Green as the herbs on which it couched,
Close by the dove's its head it crouched;
And with the dove it heaves and stirs,
Swelling its neck as she swelled hers!
I woke; it was the midnight hour,
The clock was echoing in the tower;
But though my slumber was gone by,
This dream it would not pass away
It seems to live upon my eye!
And thence I vowed this self-same day
With music strong and saintly song
To wander through the forest bare,
Lest aught unholy loiter there.'
Thus Bracy said: the Baron, the while,
Half-listening heard him with a smile;
Then turned to Lady Geraldine,
His eyes made up of wonder and love;
And said in courtly accents fine,
'Sweet maid, Lord Roland's beauteous dove,
With arms more strong than harp or song,
Thy sire and I will crush the snake!'
He kissed her forehead as he spake,
And Geraldine in maiden wise
Casting down her large bright eyes,
With blushing cheek and courtesy fine
She turned her from Sir Leoline;
Softly gathering up her train,
That o'er her right arm fell again;
And folded her arms across her chest,
And couched her head upon her breast,
And looked askance at Christabel
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!
A snake's small eye blinks dull and shy;
And the lady's eyes they shrunk in her head,
Each shrunk up to a serpent's eye
And with somewhat of malice, and more of dread,
At Christabel she looked askance!

One moment—and the sight was fled!
But Christabel in dizzy trance
Stumbling on the unsteady ground
Shuddered aloud, with a hissing sound;
And Geraldine again turned round,
And like a thing, that sought relief,
Full of wonder and full of grief,
She rolled her large bright eyes divine
Wildly on Sir Leoline.
The maid, alas! her thoughts are gone,
She nothing sees—no sight but one!
The maid, devoid of guile and sin,
I know not how, in fearful wise,
So deeply she had drunken in
That look, those shrunken serpent eyes,
That all her features were resigned
To this sole image in her mind:
And passively did imitate
That look of dull and treacherous hate!
And thus she stood, in dizzy trance;
Still picturing that look askance
With forced unconscious sympathy
Full before her father's view -
As far as such a look could be
In eyes so innocent and blue!
And when the trance was o'er, the maid
Paused awhile, and inly prayed:
Then falling at the Baron's feet,
'By my mother's soul do I entreat
That thou this woman send away!'
She said: and more she could not say:
For what she knew she could not tell,
O'er-mastered by the mighty spell.
Why is thy cheek so wan and wild,
Sir Leoline? Thy only child
Lies at thy feet, thy joy, thy pride,
So fair, so innocent, so mild;

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The same, for whom thy lady died!
O by the pangs of her dear mother
Think thou no evil of thy child!
For her, and thee, and for no other,
She prayed the moment ere she died:
Prayed that the babe for whom she died,
Might prove her dear lord's joy and pride!
That prayer her deadly pangs beguiled,
Sir Leoline!
And wouldst thou wrong thy only child,
Her child and thine?
Within the Baron's heart and brain
If thoughts, like these, had any share,
They only swelled his rage and pain,
And did but work confusion there.
His heart was cleft with pain and rage,
His cheeks they quivered, his eyes were wild,
Dishonoured thus in his old age;
Dishonoured by his only child,
And all his hospitality
To the wronged daughter of his friend
By more than woman's jealousy
Brought thus to a disgraceful end -
He rolled his eye with stern regard
Upon the gentle minstrel bard,
And said in tones abrupt, austere -
'Why, Bracy! dost thou loiter here?
I bade thee hence!' The bard obeyed;
And turning from his own sweet maid,
The agèd knight, Sir Leoline,
Led forth the lady Geraldine!

Explanation of the poem 'Christabel'

The poem immediately establishes a good supernatural mood. The poem begins at midnight, when people perform charms and enchantments and ghosts come out and roam. The strange actions of owls, cocks, and mastiff bitches are present throughout this nocturnal hour. They appear to be able to detect the presence of an extra-terrestrial visitor. The dead wife of the baron will once more visit the castle to protect her daughter from bad spirits.

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"Christabel" juxtaposes the theme of sin versus religiosity, evil versus devoutness, and sexuality versus purity. In this poem, the central character Christabel represents purity, religiosity and devoutness whereas Geraldine symbolizes evil, sin and sexuality.

"Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,

And the owls have awakened the crowing cock

Tu - Whit! Tu - Whoo!"

Thus by the process of slow and attentive elaboration poet makes us psychologically prepared for the appearance of Geraldine.

The aura of mediaeval religion, beliefs, superstitions, and mystery is captured in "Christabel" by Coleridge's better imagination. A woman from the Middle Ages walked to a forest at midnight to hunt for her betrothed knight, of whom she had dreamed the night before. When faced with peril throughout the Middle Ages, individuals would cross themselves and invoke the protection of Jesus and Mary. As we've seen, Christabel did all in her power to save women in need and then deliver them to their parents while being watched over by armed guards. Christabel is heard assuming Geraldine will send her safely and deliver her to her father's hall. Swords, shields, and medals were typically hung on the hall's walls during the mediaeval times.

The poem also alludes to the mediaeval period's gloom, with its witches and ruffians. Witches were vile creatures in the Middle Ages. The force of their wicked spell led their captives to dwindle and wither away. Geraldine uses such a power to preserve Christabel's dead mother's spell from being broken.

Christabel's use of authority and physical description are genuinely mediaeval. The lady is breathtakingly lovely. Her white neck, blue veined unsandal'd feet, silky robe, and glittering gems on her hair indicate that she does not belong in this world. Christabel feels terrified. Above all, Geraldine's exposed breast indicates something sinister.

"Behold! Her bossom and half her side-

A sight to dream of, not to tell!"

With the aid of romantic imagination, Coleridge has thereby imitated the atmosphere and spirit of the Middle Ages in "Christabel." As a result, medievalism enhances the mood of the supernatural. The greatest way to conjure the romantic mood that underlies supernaturalism is to cast your imagination as far away as possible. He transports us to the ancient mediaeval era in Christabel and allows us to view their castle with its moat, gate, tower, clock, and bitch as well as breath their superstitious and religious air.

The elements of the Christabel are:

1. Strophic. No set number of lines or regulated stanzas.
2. Metric, accentual verse with 4 strong stresses per line, (and some anapests thrown in).
3. Rhymed, the original poem is primarily composed in rhyming couplets (aa bb cc ….). But it occasionally breaks into alternating rhyme (ababcdcd…).

NOTES 

1.6 REVIEW QUESTIONS

SHORT ANSWER TYPE QUESTIONS

1. **What is Wordsworth's attitude toward nature?**
2. **What are examples of symbolism in "Christabel" by Samuel Taylor Coleridge?**
3. **What is the message of the poem Tintern Abbey?**
4. **How the 'damsel is bright' described in Coleridge's poem "Christabel"?**
5. **What is the role of nature in Tintern Abbey?**

LONG ANSWER TYPE QUESTIONS

1. **Discuss Wordsworth's theory of poetry. How does this compare with traditional views?**
2. **In Coleridge's poem "Christabel", what unnatural things happen when Christabel and Geraldine enter the castle?**
3. **How does Coleridge use different kinds of imagery in "Christabel"?**
4. **Does the theme of Tintern Abbey justify the title of the poem?**
5. **Discuss the ending of the poem "Christabel".**

1.7 MULTIPLE CHOICE QUESTIONS

1. **"Christabel," a long poem, was originally intended to be written in _____ sections.**
   a. Four
   b. Five
   c. Two
   d. Eight
2. **"Christabel," a long poem written by _____.**
   a. William Wordsworth
   b. William Shakespeare
   c. Samuel Taylor Coleridge
   d. None of these
3. **Bells are traditionally a symbol of _____.**
   a. Celebration
   b. Communication
   c. Disagreement
   d. Suppression
4. **Who claimed that "romance" casts a "spell of remoteness" over us?**
   a. William Wordsworth
   b. William Shakespeare
   c. Samuel Taylor Coleridge
   d. Sir Walter Raleigh
5. **Dorothy is whose sister in 'Tintern Abbey'?**
   a. William Wordsworth

b. William Shakespeare
c. Samuel Taylor Coleridge
d. None of these

6. What time of day does "Christabel" begin?

a. Morning
b. Afternoon
c. Midnight
d. Evening

7. In "Christabel," what animal represents the Baron's impotence?

a. The Owl
b. The Robbin
c. The Mare
d. The Mastiff

8. Whom does Christabel find on the other side of the oak tree?

a. The Ghost of her deceased mother
b. A pale woman clads in white
c. A princess in a silver crown
d. A wandering knight

9. Who left Geraldine beneath the oak tree?

a. A band of Goblins
b. Five warriors
c. An evil wizard
d. Her evil step mother

10. Who is Geraldine's father?

a. Sir Gawain
b. Sir Roland
c. Sir Leoline
d. Sir Mordred

♦♦♦♦♦

UNIT II

POETIC IMAGINATIONS BY J. KEATS AND P.B. SHELLEY

STRUCTURE

NOTES

2.1 LEARNING OBJECTIVE

After the study of this unit, you will be able to:

- Know about the life of John Keats and Percy Bysshe Shelley.
- Learn the meaning of John Keats poems 'Ode to Nightingale' and 'Ode on a Grecian Urn.'
- Learn the meaning of P.B. Shelley poems 'To A Skylark' and 'Adonais.'

2.2 INTRODUCTION TO THE LIFE OF J. KEATS AND P.B. SHELLEY

ABOUT JOHN KEATS


John Keats

John Keats (31 October 1795 – 23 February 1821) was an English poet who was part of the second generation of Romantic writers, with Lord Byron and Percy Bysshe Shelley, though his poetry had only been published for less than four years before he died of TB at the age of 25. They were met with disdain throughout his lifetime, but his fame expanded swiftly after his death. By the end of the century, he had been accepted into the canon of English literature, having influenced numerous Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood authors; the Encyclopaedia Britannica of 1888 referred to one of his odes as "one of the ultimate masterpieces."

Although he is now seen as part of the British Romantic literary tradition, in his own lifetime Keats would not have been associated with other major Romantic poets, and he himself was often uneasy among them. Outside his friend Leigh Hunt's circle of liberal intellectuals, the generally conservative reviewers of the day attacked his work as mawkish and bad-mannered, as the work of an upstart "vulgar Cockney poetaster" (John Gibson Lockhart), and as consisting of "the most incongruous ideas in the most uncouth language" (John Wilson Croker). Although Keats had a liberal education in the boy's academy at Enfield and trained at Guy's Hospital to become a surgeon, he had no formal literary education.

Yet Keats today is seen as one of the canniest readers, interpreters, questioners, of the "modern" poetic project-which he saw as beginning with William Wordsworth—to create poetry in a world devoid of mythic grandeur, poetry that sought its wonder in the desires and sufferings of the human heart. Beyond his precise sense of the difficulties presented him in his own literary-historical moment, he developed with unparalleled rapidity, in a relative handful of extraordinary poems, a rich, powerful, and exactly controlled poetic style that ranks Keats, with the William Shakespeare of the sonnets, as one of the greatest lyric poets in English.

ABOUT PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

The life and works of Percy Bysshe Shelley exemplify English Romanticism in both its extremes of joyous ecstasy and brooding despair. Romanticism's major themes—restlessness and brooding, rebellion against authority, interchange with nature, the power

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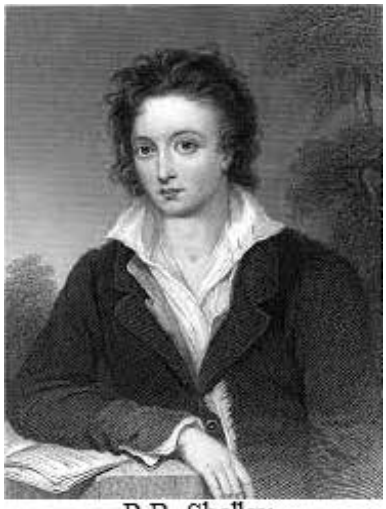
of the visionary imagination and of poetry, the pursuit of ideal love, and the untamed spirit ever in search of freedom—all of these Shelley exemplified in the way he lived his life and live on in the substantial body of work that he left the world after his legendary death by drowning at age 29.


P.B. Shelley

From the beginning of his writing career at the age of 17, throughout his life, and even to the present day, the very name of Shelley has evoked either the strongest vehemence or the warmest praise, bordering on worship. More than any other English Romantic writer, with the possible exception of his friend George Gordon, Lord Byron, Shelley's life and reputation have had a history and life of their own apart from the reputation of his various works, and one that continued to evolve even after his death from drowning at the age of 29.

Born on August 4, 1792—the year of the Terror in France—Percy Bysshe Shelley (the "Bysshe" from his grandfather, a peer of the realm) was the son of Timothy and Elizabeth Shelley. As the elder son among one brother, John, and four sisters, Elizabeth, Mary, Margaret, and Hellen, Percy stood in line not only to inherit his grandfather's considerable estate but also to sit in Parliament one day. In his position as oldest male child, young Percy was beloved and admired by his sisters, his parents, and even the servants in his early reign as young lord of Field Place, the family home near Horsham, Sussex. Playful and imaginative, he devised games to play with his sisters and told ghost stories to an enrapt and willing-to-be-thrilled audience.

2.3 J. KEATS'S "ODE TO NIGHTINGALE" AND "ODE ON A GRECIAN URN"

"Ode to Nightingale" and "Ode on a Grecian Urn" are finest examples of pictorial quality and sensuousness. As the theme is concerned both of the poems are similar. Both poems seal with a universal theme – mortal and immortal, transience and permanence.

Ode to a Nightingale

John Keats

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One-minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness,
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs,
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows

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The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou was't not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:

Was it a vision, or a waking dream?

Fled is that music: —Do I wake or sleep?

Analysis of the poem "*Ode to a Nightingale"*

The poem itself is very unhappy; Keats is stunned at the happiness of the bird, and despairs at the difference between it and its happiness and his own unhappy life. At the start of *'Ode to a Nightingale'*, the heavy sense of melancholy draws allusions to Ode to Melancholy, and Keats – despite the death imagery – does not really want to die. The conflicted nature of human life – a mixture of pain/joy, emotion/numbness, the actual/ the ideal, etc – dominates the poem, so much so that, even at the end, it is unclear whether or not it happened – 'do I wake or dream?'

It can also be assumed that the heavy imagery of death and sickness could hark back to his experiences taking care of his elder brother, who died of tuberculosis underneath John Keats' care. The unhappiness, however, that Keats feels in the poem is not necessarily miserable – Keats writes that he has been 'half in love with easeful Death', and describes the joy of listening to the nightingale's song in a sort of euphoria. It can therefore be considered that Keats would rather forget his unhappiness than die: the references to hemlock, and Lethe, solidify this argument, as both would blur the memory enough to allow Keats to forget.

There are heavy allusions to mythology: Lethe, the river of forgetting that flows through the underworld; Hippocrene, the fountain of the Muses made by Pegasus' hooves which brings inspiration; dryads, the spirit protectors of the forest; Bacchus, god of wine and debauchery; Ruth and the corn-field is a reference to the book in the Bible; hemlock, the poison that killed Socrates; Flora, the Roman goddess of nature.

Nature and imagination are shown to be a brief reprieve from human suffering, hence the song of the nightingale, and its impressions. There is also a shi from reality to idealism: Keats says that he would like to drink from 'a draught of fine vintage' (a very fine wine) and transport himself to the ideal world that the nightingale belongs to. He states that he will not be taken there by Bacchus and his pards (Bacchanalia, revelry, and chaos) but by poetry and art.

Keats then goes on to describe his ideal world, making reference to the 'Queen Moon' and all her 'starry-eyed Fay' – however, Keats cannot actually transport himself into this world, and the end of the nightingale's song brings about the end of his fantasy. 'Country green', 'Provencal song' and 'sunburned mirth' all point to a highly fantastical reality, especially considering the status of the world at the time, and the mythological references help to maintain a surreal, dreamlike state throughout the entire poem and to charge Keats' fantasies with identifiable ideas and figures.

Keats uses the senses heavily in all his poetry, relying on synaesthetic description to draw the reader into 'Ode to a Nightingale'. It works especially well here because Keats' fantasy world is dark and sensuous, and he 'cannot see what flowers are at my feet'; he is 'in embalmed darkness'. The darkness may have helped his imagination to flourish and furnish his ideal creation, as well as lending a supernatural air to 'Ode to a Nightingale'.

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The drowsiness comes from the longing to flee the world and join the nightingale – to become like the nightingale, beautiful and immortal and organic – and after rejecting joining the nightingale through Bacchanalian activity, he decides that he will attempt to join the bird through poetry. Thus, the rapture of poetic inspiration matches the rapture of the nightingale's music and thereby links nature to poetry to art (nature as art and beauty, a Romantic ideal). He calls the bird 'immortal', thereby also stating that nature will survive man.

The bird's song translates inspiration into something that the outside world can understand; like art, the nightingale's singing is changeable and renewable, and it is music that is 'organic', not made with a machine. It is art, but art that cannot be viewed and has no physical form. As night shifts into the day – shifting from the supernatural back into fact – the bird goes from being a bird to a symbol of art, happiness, freedom, and joy, back to being a bird. It is contrasted, in the third stanza, by the reality of the world around him – sickness, ill-health, and conflict.

The first half of 'Ode to a Nightingale' represents the way man was – the pleasurable moments of life that overwhelm and leave a gap behind when they're over; the second half is maturity, understanding truth, which leads to pleasure but also leads to pain.

In the end, Keats realizes that merging with the 'embalmed darkness' means dying, giving himself up completely to death, and becoming one of the worlds that he admires, however it would mean that he can no longer hear the nightingale and would be farther away from beauty. Neither life nor death is acceptable to Keats. He belongs nowhere.

Summary of the poem "Ode to a Nightingale"

Keats is drowsy and uncomfortable. Envy of the nightingale's imagined pleasure is not to blame for his situation; rather, it is a reaction to the enjoyment he has had by partaking in the nightingale's happiness. The song of the bird expresses its joy.

Keats yearns for a sip of wine that would lift him out of himself and allow him to merge his life with that of the bird. The wine would put him in a state where he would no longer be himself, conscious that life is full of misery, that the young die, the elderly suffer, and that even thinking about life causes sadness and despair. But wine isn't required for him to flee. His imagination will do just fine. When he recognises this, he is lifted up above the trees in spirit and can see the moon and stars even if there is just a glimmer of light where he is physically. He can't see the flowers around him, but he can estimate based on their odour and his knowledge of what flowers should be in bloom at the moment.

"Forlorn," the last word of the preceding verse, pulls Keats back to awareness of who he is and where he is in the last stanza. Even with the aid of his imagination, he is unable to leave. The bird's song becomes fainter and fades away. His encounter seemed so bizarre and perplexing that he is unsure if it was a vision or a fantasy. He's not sure if he's asleep or awake.

Each stanza in "Ode to a Nightingale" is rhymed ABABCDECDE, Keats's most basic scheme throughout the odes.

NOTES

Ode on a Grecian Urn

John Keats

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
For ever panting, and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

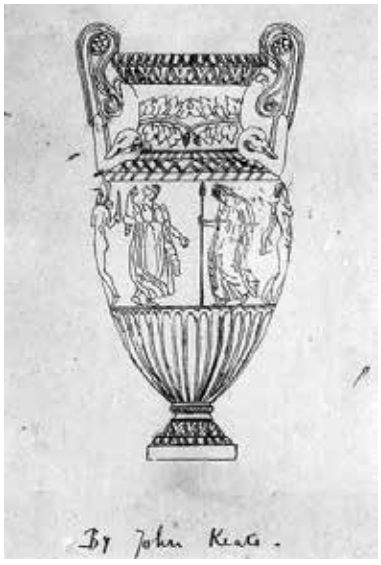
Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,

NOTES

Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty, —that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

Summary of the poem "Ode on a Grecian Urn"



The speaker addresses an ancient Greek urn as she stands in front of it in the opening stanza. Its presentation of images captured in a fixed moment has him concerned. It is the "foster-child of stillness and slow time," the "still unravished bride of calm." Additionally, he calls the urn a "historian" who is capable of telling a tale. He questions what mythology the figures on the urn's side represent and where they came from. He wonders aloud, "What insane pursuit? " as he studies a photo that appears to show a group of men following a group of ladies.

In the second paragraph, the speaker examines another image on the urn, this one showing a young guy resting with his girlfriend in a wooded glade while playing a pipe. According to the speaker, the piper's "unheard" songs are more beautiful than mortal melodies since they are untouched by the passage of time. Although he will never be able to kiss his beloved since he is trapped in time, he assures the young man that he shouldn't be sad because she will always be beautiful. The third verse describes how he is glad that the trees that surround the lovers would never lose their leaves.

The speaker views another image on the urn in the fourth verse, this time showing a group of peasants carrying a heifer to be sacrificed. He's curious in where they're going and how they got there. He imagines their small town, devoid of all its inhabitants, and informs it that its streets will be silent "forevermore," since those who have left it, frozen on the urn, will never return. In the last verse, the speaker returns to the urn, declaring that it, like Eternity. He believes that long after his generation is gone, the urn will remain, imparting its enigmatic lesson to future generations. According to the speaker, that is all the urn knows and all it needs to know.

Form of the poem "Ode on a Grecian Urn"

Each of the five stanzas in "Grecian Urn" is ten lines long, metered in a relatively precise iambic pentameter, and divided into a two-part rhyme scheme, the last three lines of which are variable. The first seven lines of each stanza follow an ABABCDE rhyme scheme, but the second occurrences of the CDE sounds do not follow the same order. In stanza one, lines seven through ten are rhymed DCE; in stanza two, CED; in stanzas three and four, CDE; and in stanza five, DCE, just as in stanza one. As in other odes (especially "Autumn" and "Melancholy"), the two-part rhyme scheme (the first part made of AB rhymes, the second of CDE rhymes) creates the sense of a two-part thematic structure as well. The first four lines of each stanza roughly define the subject of the stanza, and the last six roughly explicate or develop it.

Similarity of the two poems on the basis of Personification

In this poem "Ode to a Nightingale", Nightingale is personified. To the eye of the poet, the bird is a symbol of happiness and perfection. The Nightingale's world is the ideal world where the poet wishes to go to free him from the pings and sufferings of the world. But just one word "forlorn" is enough to call him back from the world of Nightingale to the world of those who are suffering from palsy, growing pale, spectre thin and then dying. The world of Nightingale with all its charm cannot take away from Keats' heart his sense of oneness with his earthly fellow beings who are suffering from "fever and fret" of the world.

Same is true in the case of the Urn. In "Ode on a Grecian Urn'' the Urn is personified. It stands for beauty and permanence. It contrasts with the transistorizes of human life which is full of misery. The poet knows the value of the Urn as a beautiful piece of art but at the same time he realizes that beauty is not the only thing of importance. The Urn though immortal is speechless. It lacks the warmth and vigour of life.

Dissimilarities between the two poems

The tone of "Ode to Nightingale" is pathetic and it is more subjective than "Ode on a Grecian Urn". The tone is joyous and objective in "Ode on a Grecian Urn". The overall tone of the poem is melancholic in "Ode to Nightingale". The poem is also very subjective, because it draws reference from Keats' own life. The expressions "fever and fret" the "spectre thin" etc clearly refer to the pathetic death of Keats' brother. The poem is written immediately after the death of his brother. On the other hand, Keats' tone in "Ode to Grecian Urn" is very joyful. Here he celebrates the beauty of the Urn, the joyfulness of the lovers and the excitement of the religious sacrifice. He uses the word "happy" several times. More

NOTES

importantly unlike Nightingale it is not based on his personal loss. The poem was written after one of his visits to the British museum.

In these Odes the speaker wants to go beyond the better realties of the world by a kind of visionary imagination of the happy world. But when he comes to learn that the kind of imagination he is pursuing is a false temptation, he rejects the visionary imagination and comes back to harsh reality.

2.4 P.B. SHELLEY'S "TO A SKYLARK" AND "ADONAIS"

To a Skylark

Percy Bysshe Shelley

Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from Heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of Heaven,
In the broad day-light
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and Heaven is overflow'd.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a Poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace-tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:
Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aëreal hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embower'd
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflower'd,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet those heavy-winged thieves:

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,

NOTES 

Rain-awaken'd flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, Sprite or Bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus Hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,
Match'd with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest: but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter

With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.
Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

Summary of the poem "To a Skylark"

The speaker, addressing a skylark, says that it is a "blithe Spirit" rather than a bird, for its song comes from Heaven, and from its full heart pours "profuse strains of unpremeditated art." The skylark flies higher and higher, "like a cloud of fire" in the blue sky, singing as it flies. In the "golden lightning" of the sun, it floats and runs, like "an unbodied joy." As the skylark flies higher and higher, the speaker loses sight of it, but is still able to hear its "shrill delight," which comes down as keenly as moonbeams in the "white dawn," which can be felt even when they are not seen. The earth and air ring with the skylark's voice, just as Heaven overflows with moonbeams when the moon shines out from behind "a lonely cloud."

The speaker says that no one knows what the skylark is, for it is unique: even "rainbow clouds" do not rain as brightly as the shower of melody that pours from the skylark. The bird is "like a poet hidden / In the light of thought," able to make the world experience "sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not." It is like a lonely maiden in a palace tower, who uses her song to soothe her lovelorn soul. It is like a golden glow-worm, scattering light among the flowers and grass in which it is hidden. It is like a rose embowered in its own green leaves, whose scent is blown by the wind until the bees are faint with "too much sweet." The skylark's song surpasses "all that ever was, / Joyous and clear and fresh," whether the rain falling on the "twinkling grass" or the flowers the rain awakens.

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Calling the skylark "Sprite or Bird," the speaker asks it to tell him its "sweet thoughts," for he has never heard anyone or anything call up "a flood of rapture so divine." Compared to the skylark's, any music would seem lacking. What objects, the speaker asks, are "the fountains of thy happy strain?" Is it fields, waves, mountains, the sky, the plain, or "love of thine own kind" or "ignorance or pain"? Pain and languor, the speaker says, "never came near" the skylark: it loves, but has never known "love's sad satiety." Of death, the skylark must know "things more true and deep" than mortals could dream; otherwise, the speaker asks, "how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?"

For mortals, the experience of happiness is bound inextricably with the experience of sadness: dwelling upon memories and hopes for the future, mortal men "pine for what is not"; their laughter is "fraught" with "some pain"; their "sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought." But, the speaker says, even if men could "scorn / Hate and pride and fear," and were born without the capacity to weep, he still does not know how they could ever approximate the joy expressed by the skylark. Calling the bird, a "scorner of the ground," he says that its music is better than all music and all poetry. He asks the bird to teach him "half the gladness / That thy brain must know," for then he would overflow with "harmonious madness," and his song would be so beautiful that the world would listen to him, even as he is now listening to the skylark.

Form of the poem "To a Skylark"

The eccentric, songlike, five-line stanzas of "To a Skylark"—all twenty-one of them—follow the same pattern: the first four lines are metered in trochaic trimeter, the fifth in iambic hexameter (a line which can also be called an Alexandrine). The rhyme scheme of each stanza is extremely simple: ABABB.

Themes of the poem "To a Skylark"

Throughout *'To a Skylark,'* Shelley engages with themes of nature and the human spirit. The lines of this piece tap into both of these themes as the speaker explores the beauty of the skylark and its surrounding habitat. They are enlivened by its sound and the way it changes their experience of the natural world. The poem is a clear celebration of nature and the way it makes human beings feel.

Literary Devices used in the poem

Throughout *'To a Skylark,'* Shelley makes use of several literary devices. These include but are not limited to:

- **Imagery:** Can be seen when the poet makes use of particularly interesting descriptions. For example, "Like a cloud of fire; / The blue deep thou wingest."
- **Apostrophe:** Occurs when the poet's speaker addresses something or someone who either can't hear them or can't respond to them. In this case, the speaker addresses the skylark calling it a "blithe Spirit."
- **Alliteration:** Can be seen when the poet repeats the same consonant sounds at the beginning of multiple words. For example, "Heaven" and "heart" in stanza one and "still" and "springest" in stanza two.

Adonais: An Elegy on the Death of John Keats

Percy Bysshe Shelley

Part-I

I weep for Adonais—he is dead!
Oh, weep for Adonais! though our tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head!
And thou, sad Hour, selected from all years
To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,
And teach them thine own sorrow, say: "With me
Died Adonais; till the Future dares
Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity!"

Part-II

Where wert thou, mighty Mother, when he lay,
When thy Son lay, pierc'd by the shaft which flies
In darkness? where was lorn Urania
When Adonais died? With veiled eyes,
Mid listening Echoes, in her Paradise
She sate, while one, with soft enamour'd breath,
Rekindled all the fading melodies,
With which, like flowers that mock the corse beneath,
He had adorn'd and hid the coming bulk of Death.

Part-III

Oh, weep for Adonais—he is dead!
Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and weep!
Yet wherefore? Quench within their burning bed
Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep
Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep;
For he is gone, where all things wise and fair
Descend—oh, dream not that the amorous Deep
Will yet restore him to the vital air;
Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our despair.

Part-IV

Most musical of mourners, weep again!
Lament anew, Urania! He died,

NOTES

Who was the Sire of an immortal strain,
Blind, old and lonely, when his country's pride,
The priest, the slave and the liberticide,
Trampled and mock'd with many a loathed rite
Of lust and blood; he went, unterrified,
Into the gulf of death; but his clear Sprite
Yet reigns o'er earth; the third among the sons of light.

Part-V

Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
Not all to that bright station dar'd to climb;
And happier they their happiness who knew,
Whose tapers yet burn through that night of time
In which suns perish'd; others more sublime,
Struck by the envious wrath of man or god,
Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent prime;
And some yet live, treading the thorny road,
Which leads, through toil and hate, to Fame's serene abode.

Part-VI

But now, thy youngest, dearest one, has perish'd,
The nursling of thy widowhood, who grew,
Like a pale flower by some sad maiden cherish'd,
And fed with true-love tears, instead of dew;
Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the last,
The bloom, whose petals nipp'd before they blew
Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste;
The broken lily lies—the storm is overpast.

Part-VII

To that high Capital, where kingly Death
Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,
He came; and bought, with price of purest breath,
A grave among the eternal.—Come away!
Haste, while the vault of blue Italian day

Is yet his fitting charnel-roof! while still
He lies, as if in dewy sleep he lay;
Awake him not! surely he takes his fill
Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.

Part-VIII

He will awake no more, oh, never more!
Within the twilight chamber spreads apace
The shadow of white Death, and at the door
Invisible Corruption waits to trace
His extreme way to her dim dwelling-place;
The eternal Hunger sits, but pity and awe
Soothe her pale rage, nor dares she to deface
So fair a prey, till darkness and the law
Of change shall o'er his sleep the mortal curtain draw.

Part-IX

Oh, weep for Adonais! The quick Dreams,
The passion-winged Ministers of thought,
Who were his flocks, whom near the living streams
Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he taught
The love which was its music, wander not—
Wander no more, from kindling brain to brain,
But droop there, whence they sprung; and mourn their lot
Round the cold heart, where, after their sweet pain,
They ne'er will gather strength, or find a home again.

Part-X

And one with trembling hands clasps his cold head,
And fans him with her moonlight wings, and cries,
Our love, our hope, our sorrow, is not dead;
See, on the silken fringe of his faint eyes,
Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there lies
A tear some Dream has loosen'd from his brain."
Lost Angel of a ruin'd Paradise!
She knew not 'twas her own; as with no stain
She faded, like a cloud which had outwept its rain.

NOTES 

Part-XI

One from a lucid urn of starry dew
Wash'd his light limbs as if embalming them;
Another clipp'd her profuse locks, and threw
The wreath upon him, like an anadem,
Which frozen tears instead of pearls begem;
Another in her wilful grief would break
Her bow and winged reeds, as if to stem
A greater loss with one which was more weak;
And dull the barbed fire against his frozen cheek.

Part-XII

Another Splendour on his mouth alit,
That mouth, whence it was wont to draw the breath
Which gave it strength to pierce the guarded wit,
And pass into the panting heart beneath
With lightning and with music: the damp death
Quench'd its caress upon his icy lips;
And, as a dying meteor stains a wreath
Of moonlight vapour, which the cold night clips,
It flush'd through his pale limbs, and pass'd to its eclipse.

Part-XIII

And others came . . . Desires and Adorations,
Winged Persuasions and veil'd Destinies,
Splendours, and Glooms, and glimmering Incarnations
Of hopes and fears, and twilight Phantasies;
And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs,
And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam
Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,
Came in slow pomp; the moving pomp might seem
Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream.

Part-XIV

All he had lov'd, and moulded into thought,
From shape, and hue, and odour, and sweet sound,
Lamented Adonais. Morning sought

Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair unbound,
Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground,
Dimm'd the aëreal eyes that kindle day;
Afar the melancholy thunder moan'd,
Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay,
And the wild Winds flew round, sobbing in their dismay.

Part-XV

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains,
And feeds her grief with his remember'd lay,
And will no more reply to winds or fountains,
Or amorous birdsperch'd on the young green spray,
Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing day;
Since she can mimic not his lips, more dear
Than those for whose disdain she pin'd away
Into a shadow of all sounds: a drear
Murmur, between their songs, is all the woodmen hear.

Part-XVI

Grief made the young Spring wild, and she threw down
Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were,
Or they dead leaves; since her delight is flown,
For whom should she have wak'd the sullen year?
To Phoebus was not Hyacinth so dear
Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both
Thou, Adonais: wan they stand and sere
Amid the faint companions of their youth,
With dew all turn’d to tears; odour, to sighing ruth.

Part-XVII

Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightingale
Mourns not her mate with such melodious pain;
Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale
Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's domain
Her mighty youth with morning, doth complain,
Soaring and screaming round her empty nest,
As Albion wails for thee: the curse of Cain

NOTES 

Light on his head who pierc'd thy innocent breast,
And scar'd the angel soul that was its earthly guest!

Part-XVIII

Ah, woe is me! Winter is come and gone,
But grief returns with the revolving year;
The airs and streams renew their joyous tone;
The ants, the bees, the swallows reappear;
Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead Seasons' bier;
The amorous birds now pair in every brake,
And build their mossy homes in field and brere;
And the green lizard, and the golden snake,
Like unimprison'd flames, out of their trance awake.

Part-XIX

Through wood and stream and field and hill and Ocean
A quickening life from the Earth's heart has burst
As it has ever done, with change and motion,
From the great morning of the world when first
God dawn'd on Chaos; in its stream immers'd,
The lamps of Heaven flash with a softer light;
All baser things pant with life's sacred thirst;
Diffuse themselves; and spend in love's delight,
The beauty and the joy of their renewed might.

Part-XX

The leprous corpse, touch'd by this spirit tender,
Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath;
Like incarnations of the stars, when splendour
Is chang'd to fragrance, they illumine death
And mock the merry worm that wakes beneath;
Nought we know, dies. Shall that alone which knows
Be as a sword consum'd before the sheath
By sightless lightning?—the intense atom glows
A moment, then is quench'd in a most cold repose.

NOTES

Part-XXI

Alas! that all we lov'd of him should be,
But for our grief, as if it had not been,
And grief itself be mortal! Woe is me!
Whence are we, and why are we? of what scene
The actors or spectators? Great and mean
Meet mass'd in death, who lends what life must borrow.
As long as skies are blue, and fields are green,
Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow,
Month follow month with woe, and year wake year to sorrow.

Part-XXII

He will awake no more, oh, never more!
"Wake thou," cried Misery, "childless Mother, rise
Out of thy sleep, and slake, in thy heart's core,
A wound more fierce than his, with tears and sighs."
And all the Dreams that watch'd Urania's eyes,
And all the Echoes whom their sister's song
Had held in holy silence, cried: "Arise!"
Swift as a Thought by the snake Memory stung,
From her ambrosial rest the fading Splendour sprung.

Part-XXIII

She rose like an autumnal Night, that springs
Out of the East, and follows wild and drear
The golden Day, which, on eternal wings,
Even as a ghost abandoning a bier,
Had left the Earth a corpse. Sorrow and fear
So struck, so rous'd, so rapt Urania;
So sadden'd round her like an atmosphere
Of stormy mist; so swept her on her way
Even to the mournful place where Adonais lay.

Part-XXIV

Out of her secret Paradise she sped,
Through camps and cities rough with stone, and steel,
And human hearts, which to her aery tread

NOTES

Yielding not, wounded the invisible
Palms of her tender feet where'er they fell:
And barbed tongues, and thoughts more sharp than they,
Rent the soft Form they never could repel,
Whose sacred blood, like the young tears of May,
Pav'd with eternal flowers that undeserving way.

Part-XXV

In the death-chamber for a moment Death,
Sham'd by the presence of that living Might,
Blush'd to annihilation, and the breath
Revisited those lips, and Life's pale light
Flash'd through those limbs, so late her dear delight.
"Leave me not wild and drear and comfortless,
As silent lightning leaves the starless night!
Leave me not!" cried Urania: her distress
Rous'd Death: Death rose and smil'd, and met her vain caress.

Part-XXVI

"Stay yet awhile! speak to me once again;
Kiss me, so long but as a kiss may live;
And in my heartless breast and burning brain
That word, that kiss, shall all thoughts else survive,
With food of saddest memory kept alive,
Now thou art dead, as if it were a part
Of thee, my Adonais! I would give
All that I am to be as thou now art!
But I am chain'd to Time, and cannot thence depart!

Part-XXVII

"O gentle child, beautiful as thou wert,
Why didst thou leave the trodden paths of men
Too soon, and with weak hands though mighty heart
Dare the unpastur'd dragon in his den?
Defenceless as thou wert, oh, where was then
Wisdom the mirror'd shield, or scorn the spear?
Or hadst thou waited the full cycle, when

Thy spirit should have fill'd its crescent sphere,
The monsters of life's waste had fled from thee like deer.

Part-XXVIII

"The herded wolves, bold only to pursue;
The obscene ravens, clamorous o'er the dead;
The vultures to the conqueror's banner true
Who feed where Desolation first has fed,
And whose wings rain contagion; how they fled,
When, like Apollo, from his golden bow
The Pythian of the age one arrow sped
And smil'd! The spoilers tempt no second blow,
They fawn on the proud feet that spurn them lying low.

Part-XXIX

"The sun comes forth, and many reptiles spawn;
He sets, and each ephemeral insect then
Is gather'd into death without a dawn,
And the immortal stars awake again;
So is it in the world of living men:
A godlike mind soars forth, in its delight
Making earth bare and veiling heaven, and when
It sinks, the swarms that dimm'd or shar'd its light
Leave to its kindred lamps the spirit's awful night."

Part-XXX

Thus ceas'd she: and the mountain shepherds came,
Their garlands sere, their magic mantles rent;
The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame
Over his living head like Heaven is bent,
An early but enduring monument,
Came, veiling all the lightnings of his song
In sorrow; from her wilds Ierne sent
The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong,
And Love taught Grief to fall like music from his tongue.

NOTES

Part-XXXI

Midst others of less note, came one frail Form,
A phantom among men; companionless
As the last cloud of an expiring storm
Whose thunder is its knell; he, as I guess,
Had gaz'd on Nature's naked loveliness,
Actaeon-like, and now he fled astray
With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,
And his own thoughts, along that rugged way,
Pursu'd, like raging hounds, their father and their prey.

Part-XXXII

A pardlike Spirit beautiful and swift—
A Love in desolation mask'd—a Power
Girt round with weakness—it can scarce uplift
The weight of the superincumbent hour;
It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,
A breaking billow; even whilst we speak
Is it not broken? On the withering flower
The killing sun smiles brightly: on a cheek
The life can burn in blood, even while the heart may break.

Part-XXXIII

His head was bound with pansies overblown,
And faded violets, white, and pied, and blue;
And a light spear topp'd with a cypress cone,
Round whose rude shaft dark ivy-tresses grew
Yet dripping with the forest's noonday dew,
Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart
Shook the weak hand that grasp'd it; of that crew
He came the last, neglected and apart;
A herd-abandon'd deer struck by the hunter's dart.

Part-XXXIV

All stood aloof, and at his partial moan
Smil'd through their tears; well knew that gentle band
Who in another's fate now wept his own,

As in the accents of an unknown land
He sung new sorrow; sad Urania scann'd
The Stranger's mien, and murmur'd: "Who art thou?"
He answer'd not, but with a sudden hand
Made bare his branded and ensanguin'd brow,
Which was like Cain's or Christ's—oh! that it should be so!

Part-XXXV

What softer voice is hush'd over the dead?
Athwart what brow is that dark mantle thrown?
What form leans sadly o'er the white death-bed,
In mockery of monumental stone,
The heavy heart heaving without a moan?
If it be He, who, gentlest of the wise,
Taught, sooth'd, lov'd, honour'd the departed one,
Let me not vex, with inharmonious sighs,
The silence of that heart's accepted sacrifice.

Part-XXXVI

Our Adonais has drunk poison—oh!
What deaf and viperous murderer could crown
Life's early cup with such a draught of woe?
The nameless worm would now itself disown:
It felt, yet could escape, the magic tone
Whose prelude held all envy, hate and wrong,
But what was howling in one breast alone,
Silent with expectation of the song,
Whose master's hand is cold, whose silver lyre unstrung.

Part-XXXVII

Live thou, whose infamy is not thy fame!
Live! fear no heavier chastisement from me,
Thou noteless blot on a remember'd name!
But be thyself, and know thyself to be!
And ever at thy season be thou free
To spill the venom when thy fangs o'erflow;
Remorse and Self-contempt shall cling to thee;

NOTES

Hot Shame shall burn upon thy secret brow,
And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt—as now.

Part-XXXVIII

Nor let us weep that our delight is fled
Far from these carrion kites that scream below;
He wakes or sleeps with the enduring dead;
Thou canst not soar where he is sitting now.
Dust to the dust! but the pure spirit shall flow
Back to the burning fountain whence it came,
A portion of the Eternal, which must glow
Through time and change, unquenchably the same,
Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid hearth of shame.

Part-XXXIX

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep,
He hath awaken'd from the dream of life;
'Tis we, who lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance, strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings. *We* decay
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief
Convulse us and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

Part-XL

He has outsoar'd the shadow of our night;
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain;
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceas'd to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

NOTES

Part-XLI

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he;
Mourn not for Adonais. Thou young Dawn,
Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from thee
The spirit thou lamentest is not gone;
Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!
Cease, ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou Air,
Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadstthrown
O'er the abandon'd Earth, now leave it bare
Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair!

Part-XLII

He is made one with Nature: there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird;
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own;
Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

Part-XLIII

He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely: he doth bear
His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there
All new successions to the forms they wear;
Torturing th' unwilling dross that checks its flight
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear;
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven’s light.

Part-XLIV

The splendours of the firmament of time
May be eclips'd, but are extinguish'd not;
Like stars to their appointed height they climb,

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And death is a low mist which cannot blot
The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought
Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
And love and life contend in it for what
Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there
And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air.

Part-XLV

The inheritors of unfulfill'd renown
Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal thought,
Far in the Unapparent. Chatterton
Rose pale, his solemn agony had not
Yet faded from him; Sidney, as he fought
And as he fell and as he liv'd and lov'd
Sublimely mild, a Spirit without spot,
Arose; and Lucan, by his death approv'd:
Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing reprov'd.

Part-XLVI

And many more, whose names on Earth are dark,
But whose transmitted effluence cannot die
So long as fire outlives the parent spark,
Rose, rob'd in dazzling immortality.
"Thou art become as one of us," they cry,
"It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long
Swung blind in unascended majesty,
Silent alone amid a Heaven of Song.
Assume thy winged throne, thou Vesper of our throng!"

Part-XLVII

Who mourns for Adonais? Oh, come forth,
Fond wretch! and know thyself and him aright.
Clasp with thy panting soul the pendulous Earth;
As from a centre, dart thy spirit's light
Beyond all worlds, until its spacious might
Satiate the void circumference: then shrink
Even to a point within our day and night;

And keep thy heart light lest it make thee sink
When hope has kindled hope, and lur'd thee to the brink.

Part-XLVIII

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre,
Oh, not of him, but of our joy: 'tis nought
That ages, empires and religions there
Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought;
For such as he can lend—they borrow not
Glory from those who made the world their prey;
And he is gather'd to the kings of thought
Who wag'd contention with their time's decay,
And of the past are all that cannot pass away.

Part-XLIX

Go thou to Rome—at once the Paradise,
The grave, the city, and the wilderness;
And where its wrecks like shatter'd mountains rise,
And flowering weeds, and fragrant copses dress
The bones of Desolation's nakedness
Pass, till the spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread;

Part-L

And gray walls moulder round, on which dull Time
Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;
And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,
Pavilioning the dust of him who plann'd
This refuge for his memory, doth stand
Like flame transform'd to marble; and beneath,
A field is spread, on which a newer band
Have pitch'd in Heaven's smile their camp of death,
Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguish'd breath.

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Part-LI

Here pause: these graves are all too young as yet
To have outgrown the sorrow which consign'd
Its charge to each; and if the seal is set,
Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,
Break it not thou! too surely shalt thou find
Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,
Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind
Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.
What Adonais is, why fear we to become?

Part-LII

The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-colour'd glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!
Follow where all is fled!—Rome's azure sky,
Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

Part-LIII

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my Heart?
Thy hopes are gone before: from all things here
They have departed; thou shouldst now depart!
A light is pass'd from the revolving year,
And man, and woman; and what still is dear
Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.
The soft sky smiles, the low wind whispers near:
'TisAdonais calls! oh, hasten thither,
No more let Life divide what Death can join together.

Part-LIV

That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,
That Beauty in which all things work and move,
That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse

Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
Which through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst; now beams on me,
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

Part-LV

The breath whose might I have invok'd in song
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven,
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
The massy earth and sphered skies are riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;
Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

Analysis of the poem "Adonais: An Elegy on the Death of John Keats"

In the poem, "Adonais" by Shelley, the poet laments the death of Keats. The tears or mourners will not bring Keats back to life. The Hour of Keats's death is itself in mourning. Keats's fate and fame will never be forgotten.

Shelley laments the death of Keats to whom he gives the name of Adonais. Shelley wanted by this name to point out the connection of his poem with the Greek poet Bion's famous "Lament of Aphrodite For Adonais". He changed the form of the word "Adonis" to "Adonais". This change was probably made to correspond with the change of the spirit of Shelley's poem.

The Adonis of Bion's Lament is a youth who was loved by the goddess Aphrodite, and who died from a wound inflicted by a wild boar.

By "though our tears/Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head!" The poet says the tears of the mourners will not bring their dear Keats back to life. Shelley here addresses the particular hour when Keats died. That hour is personified. It is sad hour because it witnessed the tragedy of Keats's premature death.

Let the sad hour of Keats's death rouse its less-known companion. Hours are personified and they are imagined as companions or comrades. The hour when Keats died is regarded as a conspicuous hour, while the other hours are called obscure or little-known ones.

Keats's fame and fate will always be remembered and will serve as a light for the endless epochs which are yet to come. The past cannot be forgotten by the future and, therefore, the poetic achievement of Keats and his premature death will never be forgotten.

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Stanza 2: Urania was absent when her son, Adonais (or Keats), was killed by the cruel criticism of this work by anonymous reviewers and commentators. Urania was at that time sitting in her Paradise. Urania or the incarnation of the Spirit of Heavenly Love loved her son like any other mother in this world, the poet says, Keats was loved and regarded as the son of Urania, but he was killed by the savage unsigned or anonymous criticism of Keats' poetry.

The word "Urania" means "Celestial". Urania sat in her Paradise, while Keats sang his exquisite sons in a soft loving voice on earth. With these songs or poems, Keats embellished and hid the approaching heavy figure of death. His songs were like flowers which are heaped over a dead body and which, by their beauty and fragrance, seem to mock the dead body.

Stanza 3: Let Urania weep over Keats's death. And yet her tears will be of no use. Keats is gone to the deep region of death and will never return to the earth. The "melancholy Mother", the reference is again to Urania, "Yet wherefore?"—Yet it is of no use Urania's shedding tears.

Let Urania withhold her burning tears of grief.

Let Urania not imagine that Proserpina, the Queen of the regions of death, will restore Keats to the earth. The amorous Deep refers to Proserpina, the goddess of the underworld. "Amorous" because death is too fond of its victims to let them go back to the world of the living. The vital air means air breathed by the living Death is happy that Keats can no longer sing his songs. Death mocks the grief of those who are mourning Keats's departure from this world.

Stanza 4: Let Urania weep over the death of Keats. Milton, who was the third greatest epic poet died, but his spirit yet reigns over the earth.

Urania is the goddess not only of heavenly love but also of poetry and song.

When the poet says "He died" the reference is to Milton: who was the Sire of an immortal strain – Milton, who was the author of an immortal poem (Paradise Lost).

Blind, old, and lonely – Milton became blind at the age of 46. His old age was lonely because he lived to see the total collapse of the great principles of freedom and religious faith and the triumph of the reactionary forces under Charles II.

The poet says, "when his country's pride…… of lust and blood – The priest, the slave, and the liberticide crushed the proud independence of Milton's country with their hateful deeds of greed, cruelty, and bloodshed. The priest here represents the Anglican Churches; the slave represents the Royalist Party; and the liberticide – the murderer of freedom—refers to Charles II.

The poet says, "he went, unterrified/into the gulf of death" – Milton met his death fearlessly, "but his clear Spirit/Yet resigns o'er earth" – Milton died, but his pure spirit continues to hold sway over the earth.

The poet says, "the third among the songs of light – the third greatest epic poet. Homer was the first, and Dante the second, epic poet, and third was Milton.

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Stanza 5: All poets dared not attempt to rise to Milton's lofty status. Poets who cherished no lofty ideals and are yet famous are happier than Milton was. Some poets met a premature death because they felt victims of the cruelty of jealous men. Some poets yet live and are struggling against heavy odds to achieve fame.

When the poet says, "Not all to that bright station dared to climb – he means that happier are those lesser poets who never tried to emulate Milton's example, who wrote no epics, cherished no high ideals, and are yet famous. Some tapers or candles continue to burn through the darkness of time although many suns have completely been lost. In other words, certain inferior poets are still remembered while some of the greatest poets (of antiquity) are known today by name only, their works having been lost.

In his Defence of Poetry, Shelley: "Ennius, Varro, Pacuvius, and Accius, all great poets have been lost".

"Envious wrath – jealous and resentment. And "others more sublime…… refulgent prime— some poets of superior gifts have died in their early career because of the jealousy and resentment of their fellow poets or because of the cruelty of fate. These poets had won glory but died prematurely. Here the meaning of "refulgent prime" is early glory, glory that they won in their early life. Shelley here refers to the fate of Lucan, Chatterton, and of course Keats.

By the lines, "And some yet live, treading the thorny road, which leads, through toil and hate, to Fame's serene abode", the poet says that some poets, who are yet alive, are bravely struggling against heavy odds. They are being attacked by critics but they are facing these attacks with courage and they will ultimately reach their destination where they will be greeted by Fame. Shelley here refers to Leigh Hunt and Byron, and also perhaps to Coleridge and Wordsworth who were bravely facing the attacks of critics and who were to reach the serene abode of Fame. Shelley here also predicts everlasting fame for these poets.

Stanza 6: In this stanza, the poet says that let Urania, the most musical of mourners, weep over the death of her youngest and dearest son whose poetic genius has now been rendered utterly waste. By the lines like "The nursling of thy widowhood—" the poet says that Keats is regarded as having been reared during the widowhood of Urania. The idea is that Keats, a child of the Muses, was born at an unpoetic age.

Like a pale flower by some sad maiden cherished, the poet compares Keats to a pale flower looked after by some grief-stricken damsel. This is a reference to the story of Keats's poem "Isabella", or "The pot of Basil", in which a young girl keeps weeping over a plant growing in a pot in which the head of her murdered lover was buried.

The poet further says that "Thy extreme hope" –the last hop of Urania was namely Keats only, but "the broken lily lies: meaning Keats has died in the prime of his life.

Stanza 7: In this stanza, the poet says that Keats met his death in the city of Rome where many poets and artists have their memorials. Let Urania not try to wake him up because he is taking his fill of sleep.

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Here the meaning of "High Capital" is the city of Rome where Keats died, whereas by "Where kingly Death ….and decay – the city of Rome is regarded as the Court of Death because it is full of the memorials of departed artists and writers.

By "He came…. Among the eternal", the poet means that Keats came to Rome and, at the cost of his own pure life, obtained a grave in the company of the dead artists who lay buried in that city.

Further, when Shelley says, "Haste, while the vault….. Charnel-roof" he calls upon Urania to come away and take a look at the dead Keats while he still lies unburied under the dome of the blue Italian sky.

On the other hand, by the lines: "Awake him not…..forgetful of all ill", the poet says that let Urania not try to wake up the sleeping (or dead) Keats because, forgetful of all the evil of the world, he is enjoying a deep and restful slumber.

Stanza 8: Through this stanza, the poet says that Keats will wake up no more. Corruption waits to mar his body, but corruption will have to wait till he is actually buried in his grave.

By the lines: "Invisible Corruption waits…..dwelling-place – he means: soon the dead body of Keats will be marred by Corruption. The idea is that the dead body will begin to rot soon.

Here, corruption is personified. And by lines like: "The eternal Hunger sits…the mortal curtain draw—" the poet means the corruption is ready to mar Keats' beauty. But this action of Corruption is being delayed by pity and awe which are trying to diminish the fury of Corruption.

Nor can Corruption dare to touch the dead poet till he is laid away in the darkness of the grave. Till the time of his burial in a grave, he will lie unpolluted. Here, "She" is referred to as Corruption. In other words, Corruption is personified as a woman.

Stanza 9: In this stanza, the poet says that the poetic thoughts and conceptions of Keats, which would have been communicated by him to other minds, are now fading away. By the lines like: "The quick Dreams……or find a home again"—he means that the quick dreams are the thoughts and fancies which Keats nursed in his mind. Had he lived longer, he would have communicated these thoughts and fancies to the minds of other people. These thoughts and fancies are described as the flocks of which Keats was the herdsman.

Now these thoughts and fancies are fading at their very source. They are unhappy over their sad fate, and they are lamenting their unhappy lot round the cold heart of dead Keats. These thoughts and fancies are fading with the man who created them, but the pain that they are experiencing is sweet because death is coming to them in an easy form.

These dying thoughts and fancies can never be revived and they can never find another home. Here the thoughts and fancies of which Keats was the creator have been personified. With the death of the creator, his products are also about to die.

POETIC IMAGINATIONS BY J. KEATS AND P.B. SHELLEY

Stanza 10: In this stanza, the poet says that one of Keats's poetic thoughts has shed a tear over Keats's dead body and after shedding a tear, has vanished. By the lines: "And

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one with trembling hands…….her moonlight wings", he says that the personification of Keats's thoughts and fancies ("the quick Dreams") continues. One of these thoughts and fancies holds the cold head of Keats with her trembling hands and flutters her moonlight wings in order to fan her dead creator. As we know, "the quick Dreams" are personified in the forms of women.

By the lines: "Lost Angel of a ruined Paradise" – The thought or dream, conceived by Keats before his death, is here regarded as the lost angle. The mind of the dead Keats was the Paradise which is now a wreck. And through lines: "She knew not….outwept its rain", the poet means that this thought did not realize that the tear on the silken fringe of Keats's eye was shed by herself, that is, by that very thought (which has been personified as a woman). Then, in an instant, this thought vanished in the same manner as a cloud vanishes after it has dissolved itself in rain. The thought left no stain just as a dissolving cloud leaves no trace behind.

Stanza 11: Shelley, through this stanza, says that another poetic thoughts of Keats seem to have embalmed Keats's dead body with glittering dew. Another has thrown a wreath of her loose locks over his dead body. Yet another has broken her weapons.

Here, by the word "One" the poet means "one of the Dreams or fancies. And by the words like: 'lucid urn", he means bright and shining pot or vessel. When the poet says, "of starry dew" he means—containing dew which glitters like the stars.

Through the lines: Washed his light limbs as if embalming them, Shelley says that one of the Dreams washed the light limbs of Keats with the glittering dew taken from a bright urn. It seemed that the Dream was trying to embalm the dead body of Keats so that it should not rot even after burial.

In lines 94 to 99, when the poet says, "Another clipped her profuse locks…… against his frozen cheek", he means that another dream clipped her loose locks of hair and threw them upon Keats's dead body to serve as a wreath. This wreath was decorated not with pearls but with the frozen tears of that Dream. Yet another Dream broke her weapons (bow and arrows) in sheer grief. It was the intention of this Dream to diminish the intensity of her grief over Keats's death by inflicting on herself some lesser pain (such as the breaking of her weapon).

Through lines: "And dull the barbed fire," in line 99, he means that and deaden the pain caused by the flame-like arrow; and deaden the pain caused by Keats's death.

Stanza 12: The poet talks about a splendid poetic fancy, which would have delighted the hearts of Keats's readers, has met its end. In line 100, when he says, "Another Splendour on his mouth alit", he means that "Another splendour" stands for another thought or poetic conception. The word "Splendour" here refers to the sublime or shining quality of that thought. It descended on Keats's mouth, while the mean of alit is alighted; descended.

From lines 101 to 104, such as: "That mouth, whence it was wont…..and with music", he means that when Keats was alive, this thought or poetic conception would have been changed into a spoken or written word. As such, this thought would have been able to gain an entrance into the mind of Keats's listeners or readers and would have reached their

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hearts and touched their feelings. This thought would have found expression in brilliant, vivid, and musical language. And when he says, "to pierce the guarded wit", he means to get entry into the closed mind of some listener or reader, whereas by "panting heart" he means that heart throbbing with feelings." The meaning of "with lighting" he means in brilliant vivid language, and "with music" on the other hand, stands for in a melodious voice.

When the poet says, "the damp death/Quenched its caress upon his icy lips, he means that the dewy death extinguished the thought, which, in other words, means that the thought, instead of drawing life from Keats's lips, died of the contact.

In lines from 106 to 108, he says that the thought is here compared to a meteor, and the dead body of Keats to a moonlit cloud, lying across the cold night sky. As the meteor fades, the sky is reddened for a moment by its glow. In the same manner, the thought seemed to pass through Keats's cold and pale limbs and then fade into nothingness. Here the meaning of the word "clips" is "embraces". As the night embraces the cloud, so Keats lies in the embrace of Death.

Stanza 13: This stanza talks about the Desires and Adorations, Glooms, Incarnations of hopes and fears that come in a slow procession to mourn Keats's death. When he says: "And others came –he means that other thoughts, poetic conceptions, and splendours appeared on the scene, while Desires and Adorations…and twilight Phantasies—are all personifications of the thoughts of the human mind.

By the lines like: "And Pleasure, blind with tears…in slow pomp", he means that pleasure had changed to mourning, and was almost blind because of her tears, but a faint smile still lingered on her lips. She moved forward solemnly, led not by her eyes which were blinded by tears, but by the light of her fading smile.

The line as: "the moving pomp might seem/Like pageantry autumnal stream" he means that in an exquisitely ethereal simile, the moving processing of figures, such as Desires, Adorations, Splendour, Glooms, etc., is compared to the mist which is sometimes seen rolling along over the surface of a stream in autumn (in England, of course). It is possible to trace a procession of figures in the clouds of mist, which keep moving with the current of the stream and which seem to change their shape every moment.

Stanza 14: In this stanza, the poet says, "The Morning, the Thunder, the Ocean, the Wild Winds – all these and others mourned Keats's death. All of these are personifications.

From lines 120 to 123, when he says, "Mourning sought…….eyes that kindle day," he means that the Morning was also grief-stricken over Keats's death. As she appeared in the east, her hair was loose and untied. Her tears (that is, the dew-drops), which should have fallen upon the ground to decorate it, took the shape of clouds which darkened the sky. When he says, "dimmed the aereal eyes that kindle day, he means darkened the sky which should have been bright on account of sunlight.

From lines 124 to 126, when he says, "Afar the melancholy thunder…..sobbing in their dismay, he means that Thunder, the ocean, and the winds were all lamenting the death of Keats.

From stanza 3 to 29, the poet elaborates the myth and the ideas introduced in the first two stanzas. All through these stanzas, he continues the appeal to Urania who is asked to wake up and weep for Adonais. As discussed above, Urania is called "the most musical of mourners" and she is told that her youngest, dearest son, "the nursling of her widowhood" has perished. The poet who is dead was the third among "the sons of light" that is, the third greatest epic poet.

From stanza 7 to 17, he talks about a large number of abstractions, as discussed above; grieve for Adonais, such as Dreams, Splendours, Desires, Adorations, Persuasions, Glooms, veiled Destinies, twilight Phantasies. All these come in slow pomp to express their grief. Echo feeds her grief amid the mountains and will no more reply to any sounds. Adonais was dearer to Echo than Hyacinth was to Pheobus, or than Narcissus to himself. Albion (or the spirit of the English nation) feels more grieved over the death of Adonias than is a nightingale over the loss of its mate. May the curse of Cain descend upon the head of the reviewer whose cruel criticism hastened the death of Adonais!

Further in the stanza, from 18 to 31, Shelley expresses his own sorrow and speaks of the return of spring when all objects of Nature are happy and throb with a new life. Nothing that we know, ever dies, says Shelley. The soul too cannot die, though the body certainly turns cold and inanimate, whereas from stanza 29 to 32, the poet says that this lamenting stings Urania to action. Stricken by sorrow and fear, she rises and sets out for the place where the dead Keats lies Eternal flowers spring from the drops of blood which fall from her feet along the rough route which she follows.

Urania appeals to the dead Adonais to speak to her and give her a kiss. She asks the dead man why he had ventured upon the path of poetry too soon. The savage and brutal critics, who killed Adonais, did not have the courage to face Byron when they were attacked by him in his satirical poem, English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.

From stanza 30 to 35, Shelley says that contemporary poets, in the guise of mountain shepherds with "garlands sere" and "magic mantles rent", come to pay their tribute. The poet chooses Byron and Moore as the first two mourners. It is to be noted here that Byron and Moore did not really feel the sentiments that Shelley attributes to them.

Amongst the less distinguished mourners is Shelley himself. The poet here makes a striking image out of the legend of Actaeon, the hunter who was turned into a stag and haunted by his own hounds because he had watched the naked Diana bathing in a pool.

Shelley devotes four stanzas, such as; 31 and 34 to this self-analysis. He calls himself a "pard-like spirit beautiful and swift", "a Power girt round with weakness", "a dying lamp", "a breaking billow", a solitary and companionless figure. These stanzas are characterized by the feeling of self-pity which we also find in several other poems of Shelley. Yet the stanzas are memorable ones, with some fine images, and the real objection to them is that they should not have been there at all. A briefer mention of himself would have been more appropriate. In 34, he speaks of his "branded brow" which, he says, was like Cain's or Christ's. In the stanza that follows he refers to Leigh Hunt, lost in grief, one of the sincerest of Keats's friends.

NOTES

In order to counterbalance his over-praise of the poet-mourners, Shelley heaps invective on the suspected murderer, the reviewer, while in stanzas 36 and 38, he warns him that he will live to be haunted by feelings of shame, remorse, and self-contempt, while the pure spirit of Adonais will flow back to the radiant fountain from which it had come. There is no need to weep, as Keats has joined the company of the illustrious dead, and his soul has become a portion of the eternal.

The last seventeen stanzas of the poem, that is, from 39 to 55, are an exultant denial of death's victory, from a typically Shelleyan angle. This is the best part of the poem in which the pastoral convention is abandoned. We are told, in stanza 39 to 43 that we should not mourn for Keats. Keats is not dead but has achieved a true life. He has climbed to a height where he is absolutely secure from all evil. There is no need for Nature to lament the death of Keats who has now become one with Nature and whose presence is, therefore, to be felt and known in all aspects and phenomena of Nature. Keats has been absorbed into the immutable One Spirit, the Platonic prototype which is the source of all worldly forms. The spirit of Keats has been fused with the One Spirit which injects the essence of beauty into all things by forcing stubborn material into approximately of the ideal forms, observed by us as "Nature".

The fame of men of high intellectual gifts can never be totally extinguished, says Shelley (in stanza 44). The spirits of the great dead poets live in the lofty thoughts of the young readers. Shelley compares the great poet to the stars of the sky. Death in the case of these poets is "a low mist which cannot blot the brightness it may veil".

Further in stanzas 45—46, the great poetry-stars of the past, especially the "inheritors of unfulfilled renown", who died in the prime of their life, rises to meet Adonais as he approaches his new celestial abode. These, Chatterton, Sidney, Lucan, "and man more whose names on earth are dark" tell him that the sphere which he is to rule as its king has been waiting for him. He is Vesper because he is the latest, and also perhaps because he is to be the brightest of their company.

In stanzas 47 to 51, Shelley advises anyone who persists in mourning to visit Keats's grave in the beautiful Protestant cemetery at Rome. Keats needs no reflected glory from the ages, empires, and religions which lie buried at Rome "in the ravage they have wrought." Rather Rome will gain some more glory because Keats lies buried there. Then follows a famous image in stanza xxx, when the poet says, "*The One remains, the many change and pass.'' ''Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass, stains the white radiance of Eternity, until Death tramples it to fragments*." This image has been called "the best epigrammatic expression of Platonism in English poetry", and has been interpreted variously.

In stanzas 53-55, Shelley now gets ready to join Keats in his heavenly abode. He imagines that divine light and divine beauty are shining upon him and preparing him for his departure from this mortal world. Here Shelley accurately foretells his own death which came a year later. But he is visiting Adonais only in fancy; so it is a chance prophecy, arising because he liked to travel by boat in fact as well as in fancy.

Summary of the poem "Adonais: An Elegy on the Death of John Keats"

Shelley's poem opens with the word that Adonais, the personification of Keats, has died.

Remember that Adonais is a Shelley construct, not a historical or mythical entity, yet it is clear that Shelley intended for Adonais to acquire mythic dimensions. Shelley came up with the name by combining the Greek God of Fertility (and Beauty), Adonis, and the Hebrew term Adonai, which means "our Lord."

The speaker then instructs the mourners to grieve Adonais' death. Urania, the Goddess of Astronomy and Adonais' mother, is among the earliest to be mentioned. Venus, the Goddess of Love and Beauty, is also known as Venus Urania. The legendary writers Thomas Moore and Lord Byron, as well as the very forces of nature itself—the sea, the winds, and the morning dew—all grieve for Adonias as Urania leads a parade of mourners to his tomb.

The speaker criticises those he holds responsible for the death—those who killed the hero by force or cunning—as these mourners' weep for the lost Adonais. The speaker implies that while Adonais' soul lives on forever, those foes will be punished the greatest for their wrongdoing.

As the poem concludes, the speaker pleads for an end to grieving, acknowledging that Adonais has attained the best condition of all: being one with nature, even as his name and spirit live on through art, through poetry. This immortal and unchanging poetic spirit will be a source of beauty, inspiration, and light for all ages to come.

2.5 REVIEW QUESTIONS

SHORT ANSWER TYPE QUESTIONS

1. **Why does the poet's heart ache in the poem 'Ode to the Nightingale'?**
2. **Explain the phrase "blushful Hippocrene".**
3. **How does Shelley describe the Skylark?**
4. **What poetic techniques are used in "Ode on a Grecian Urn"?**
5. **What is the theme of the poem "Adonais" by Percy Bysshe Shelley?**

LONG ANSWER TYPE QUESTIONS

1. **What does Shelley request the skylark and why?**
2. **Why does the speaker address the urn as "Cold Pastoral" in "Ode on a Grecian Urn"?**
3. **What is the form and structure of Shelley's Adonais?**
4. **Explain the phrase "blushful Hippocrene" in the poem 'Ode to the Nightingale'.**
5. **Describe the world of the Nightingale.**

2.6 MULTIPLE CHOICE QUESTIONS

1. **Many romantic poets regarded the natural world with a feeling of _____?**
   a. Awe and fascination
   b. Disinterest and disregard
   c. Resentment and disrespect
   d. Fear and horror

NOTES

2. Which poet would have been most likely to compose a poem examining his own childhood?

a. Percy Shelley
b. John Keats
c. William Wordsworth
d. Samuel Taylor Coleridge

3. 'Adonais' was Percy Bysshe Shelley's memorial poem to which fellow poet?

a. Robert Burns
b. John Keats
c. John Milton
d. Alexander Pope

4. Who is the poet of the poem 'Ode on a Grecian Urn'?

a. Wordsworth
b. Shelley
c. Shakespeare
d. Keats

5. In his poem 'To a Skylark,' Shelley viewed the skylark as _____.

a. An annoyance
b. A spirit
c. Rainbow clouds
d. None of these

6. What was the title of the elegy written by Shelley on the death of Keats?

a. **Adonais**
b. Lycidas
c. Thyrsis
d. Astrophel

7. One of Keat's Odes ends with the line "Forever wilt thou love, and she is fair". Which of the following odes?

a. Ode on a Grecian Urn
b. Ode to Autumn
c. To Psyche
d. Ode to Nightingale

8. Referring to Adonais, Shelley said, "I have dipped my pen in consuming fire for his destroyers" Who were those destroyers?

a. The Editors of both Quarterly Review and Blackwood's Magazine
b. The Editors of Quarterly Reviews
c. Both
d. None

9. Keats writes in The Ode to a Nightingale "Wher youth grows pale, specter think and dies", whom does he refer to here?

a. His brother's death by consumption
b. Death of Chatterton who died at the age of 18

c. Death of Philip Sidney who died at the age of 32
d. None

10. Adonais is a Pastoral Elegy written on the death of _____.

a. Keats
b. Byron
c. Scott
d. Southey

♦♦♦♦♦

UNIT III

VICTORIAN POETRY

STRUCTURE

NOTES

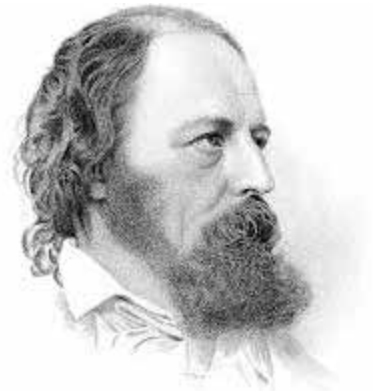
3.1 LEARNING OBJECTIVE

After the study of this unit, you will be able to:

- Know about the life of Alfred Tennyson and Robert Browning.
- Learn the meaning of Alfred Tennyson poem 'In Memoriam A.H.H.'
- Learn the meaning of R. Browning poems 'A Grammarian's Funeral' and 'Andrea del Sarto.'

3.2 INTRODUCTION TO THE LIFE OF A. TENNYSON AND R. BROWNING

LIFE OF ALFRED TENNYSON



Alfred Tennyson (1809 - 1892)

Alfred, Lord Tennyson was England's most famous Victorian poet. His poetry is distinguished by its metrical variation, vivid imagery, and linguistic melodies. It frequently addressed the uncertainties and challenges of a time when science and contemporary development were increasingly calling into question conventional religious ideas about human nature and destiny.

Alfred Tennyson, 1st Baron Tennyson, often known as Alfred, Lord Tennyson, (born August 6, 1809, Somersby, Lincolnshire, England—died October 6, 1892, Aldworth, Surrey), English poet. Tennyson had a close connection with Arthur Hallam while attending Cambridge University. At Cambridge, his reputation as a poet grew, and he produced Poems, Chiefly Lyrical (1830). In 1832, another book was released, which included "The Lotos-Eaters" and "The Lady of Shalott" (1833). Tennyson was inspired to create verses that were part of the massive In Memoriam (1850) and lyrics that ultimately emerged in his favourite poem, the brooding Maud (1855).

The Princess (1847), a lengthy antifeminist fantasia with lyrics like "Sweet and Low" and "Tears, Idle Tears," was written after Poems (1842), which included "Ulysses," "Morted'Arthur," and "Locksley Hall." He was married in 1850, the same year he was appointed England's poet laureate. The Charge of the Light Brigade (1855), Idylls of the King (1859), which examines the Arthurian mythology, and Enoch Arden are some of his later works (1864). Tennyson was seen as a representative of the educated English middle class in addition to being a master poet with a gloomy streak. His writings frequently dealt with the challenges of a time when modern science and development were challenging long-held beliefs.

LIFE OF ROBERT BROWNING

Robert Browning, British poet (born May 7, 1812 in London, England—died December 12, 1889 in Venice, Italy). His early works include verse plays such as Pippa Passes (1841), as well as extended poems such as Sordello (1840). Men and Women (1855), written after his marriage to Elizabeth Barrett Browning (1846-61) in Italy, features dramatic lyrics like as "Love Among the Ruins" and the renowned monologues "Fra Lippo Lippi"

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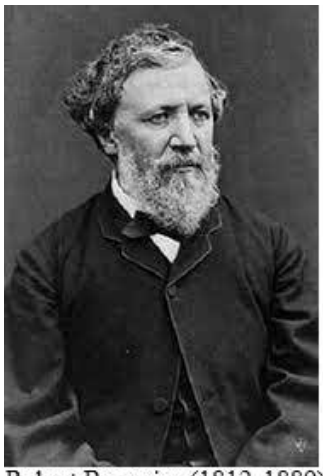
Robert Browning (1812-1889)

and "Bishop Blougram's Apology." Dramatis Personae (1864), which included "Rabbi Ben Ezra" and "Caliban upon Setebos," brought him widespread acclaim. The Ring and the Book (1868-69), a book-length poem, is inspired by a murder trial in Rome in 1698.

Browning anonymously released Pauline, his first significant published work, in 1833, and Sordello, usually regarded as a failure, in 1840. He also dabbled with theatre, although his plays, such as Strafford, which performed for five nights in 1837, and the Bells and Pomegranates series, were largely unsuccessful. Nonetheless, the methods he created via his theatrical monologues—particularly his use of language, rhythm, and symbol—are recognised as his most significant contribution to poetry, influencing key twentieth-century poets such as Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot, and Robert Frost.

Through his invention of the dramatic monologue, which places a strong emphasis on the psychology of the individual, and his success in writing about the variety of modern life in language his contemporaries frequently found challenging as well as original, Browning had a significant impact on many modern poets.

3.3 A. TENNYSON'S "IN MEMORIAM A.H.H."

In Memoriam A. H. H.
Alfred Lord Tennyson

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest Life in man and brute;
Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him: thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou.

Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight;
We mock thee when we do not fear:
But help thy foolish ones to bear;
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me;
What seem'd my worth since I began;
For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise.

NOTES 

Part-I

I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

But who shall so forecast the years
And find in loss a gain to match?
Or reach a hand thro' time to catch
The far-off interest of tears?

Let Love clasp Grief lest both be drown'd,
Let darkness keep her raven gloss:
Ah, sweeter to be drunk with loss,
To dance with death, to beat the ground,

Than that the victor Hours should scorn
The long result of love, and boast,
Behold the man that loved and lost,
But all he was is overworn.'

Part-II

Old Yew, which graspest at the stones
That name the under-lying dead,
Thy fibres net the dreamless head,
Thy roots are wrapt about the bones.

The seasons bring the flower again,
And bring the firstling to the flock;
And in the dusk of thee, the clock
Beats out the little lives of men.

O, not for thee the glow, the bloom,
Who changest not in any gale,
Nor branding summer suns avail
To touch thy thousand years of gloom:

And gazing on thee, sullen tree,
Sick for thy stubborn hardihood,
I seem to fail from out my blood
And grow incorporate into thee.

Part-III

O Sorrow, cruel fellowship,
O Priestess in the vaults of Death,
O sweet and bitter in a breath,
What whispers from thy lying lip?

'The stars,' she whispers, `blindly run;
A web is wov'n across the sky;
From out waste places comes a cry,
And murmurs from the dying sun:

'And all the phantom, Nature, stands—
With all the music in her tone,
A hollow echo of my own,—
A hollow form with empty hands.'

And shall I take a thing so blind,
Embrace her as my natural good;
Or crush her, like a vice of blood,
Upon the threshold of the mind?

Part-IV

To Sleep I give my powers away;
My will is bondsman to the dark;
I sit within a helmless bark,
And with my heart I muse and say:

O heart, how fares it with thee now,
That thou should'st fail from thy desire,
Who scarcely darest to inquire,
'What is it makes me beat so low?'

NOTES 

Something it is which thou hast lost,
Some pleasure from thine early years.
Break, thou deep vase of chilling tears,
That grief hath shaken into frost!

Such clouds of nameless trouble cross
All night below the darken'd eyes;
With morning wakes the will, and cries,
'Thou shalt not be the fool of loss.'

Part-V

I sometimes hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel;
For words, like Nature, half reveal
And half conceal the Soul within.

But, for the unquiet heart and brain,
A use in measured language lies;
The sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,
Like coarsest clothes against the cold:
But that large grief which these enfold
Is given in outline and no more.

Part-VI

One writes, that `Other friends remain,'
That `Loss is common to the race'—
And common is the commonplace,
And vacant chaff well meant for grain.

That loss is common would not make
My own less bitter, rather more:
Too common! Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break.

O father, wheresoe'er thou be,
Who pledgest now thy gallant son;
A shot, ere half thy draught be done,
Hath still'd the life that beat from thee.

O mother, praying God will save
Thy sailor,—while thy head is bow'd,
His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud
Drops in his vast and wandering grave.

Ye know no more than I who wrought
At that last hour to please him well;
Who mused on all I had to tell,
And something written, something thought;

Expecting still his advent home;
And ever met him on his way
With wishes, thinking, `here to-day,'
Or `here to-morrow will he come.'

O somewhere, meek, unconscious dove,
That sittest ranging golden hair;
And glad to find thyself so fair,
Poor child, that waitest for thy love!

For now her father's chimney glows
In expectation of a guest;
And thinking `this will please him best,'
She takes a riband or a rose;

For he will see them on to-night;
And with the thought her colour burns;
And, having left the glass, she turns
Once more to set a ringlet right;

And, even when she turn'd, the curse
Had fallen, and her future Lord

NOTES 

Was drown'd in passing thro' the ford,
Or kill'd in falling from his horse.

O what to her shall be the end?
And what to me remains of good?
To her, perpetual maidenhood,
And unto me no second friend.

Part-VII

Dark house, by which once more I stand
Here in the long unlovely street,
Doors, where my heart was used to beat
So quickly, waiting for a hand,

A hand that can be clasp'd no more—
Behold me, for I cannot sleep,
And like a guilty thing I creep
At earliest morning to the door.

He is not here; but far away
The noise of life begins again,
And ghastly thro' the drizzling rain
On the bald street breaks the blank day.

Part-VIII

A happy lover who has come
To look on her that loves him well,
Who 'lights and rings the gateway bell,
And learns her gone and far from home;

He saddens, all the magic light
Dies off at once from bower and hall,
And all the place is dark, and all
The chambers emptied of delight:

So find I every pleasant spot
In which we two were wont to meet,

The field, the chamber, and the street,
For all is dark where thou art not.

Yet as that other, wandering there
In those deserted walks, may find
A flower beat with rain and wind,
Which once she foster'd up with care;

So seems it in my deep regret,
O my forsaken heart, with thee
And this poor flower of poesy
Which little cared for fades not yet.

But since it pleased a vanish'd eye,
I go to plant it on his tomb,
That if it can it there may bloom,
Or, dying, there at least may die.

Part-IX

Fair ship, that from the Italian shore
Sailest the placid ocean-plains
With my lost Arthur's loved remains,
Spread thy full wings, and waft him o'er.

So draw him home to those that mourn
In vain; a favourable speed
Ruffle thy mirror'd mast, and lead
Thro' prosperous floods his holy urn.

All night no ruder air perplex
Thy sliding keel, till Phosphor, bright
As our pure love, thro' early light
Shall glimmer on the dewy decks.

Sphere all your lights around, above;
Sleep, gentle heavens, before the prow;

NOTES 

Sleep, gentle winds, as he sleeps now,
My friend, the brother of my love;

My Arthur, whom I shall not see
Till all my widow'd race be run;
Dear as the mother to the son,
More than my brothers are to me.

Part-X

I hear the noise about thy keel;
I hear the bell struck in the night:
I see the cabin-window bright;
I see the sailor at the wheel.

Thou bring'st the sailor to his wife,
And travell'd men from foreign lands;
And letters unto trembling hands;
And, thy dark freight, a vanish'd life.

So bring him; we have idle dreams:
This look of quiet flatters thus
Our home-bred fancies. O to us,
The fools of habit, sweeter seems

To rest beneath the clover sod,
That takes the sunshine and the rains,
Or where the kneeling hamlet drains
The chalice of the grapes of God;

Than if with thee the roaring wells
Should gulf him fathom-deep in brine;
And hands so often clasp'd in mine,
Should toss with tangle and with shells.

Part-XI

Calm is the morn without a sound,
Calm as to suit a calmer grief,

And only thro' the faded leaf
The chestnut pattering to the ground:

Calm and deep peace on this high world,
And on these dews that drench the furze,
And all the silvery gossamers
That twinkle into green and gold:

Calm and still light on yon great plain
That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,
And crowded farms and lessening towers,
To mingle with the bounding main:

Calm and deep peace in this wide air,
These leaves that redden to the fall;
And in my heart, if calm at all,
If any calm, a calm despair:

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,
And waves that sway themselves in rest,
And dead calm in that noble breast
Which heaves but with the heaving deep.

Part-XII

Lo, as a dove when up she springs
To bear thro' Heaven a tale of woe,
Some dolorous message knit below
The wild pulsation of her wings;

Like her I go; I cannot stay;
I leave this mortal ark behind,
A weight of nerves without a mind,
And leave the cliffs, and haste away

O'er ocean-mirrors rounded large,
And reach the glow of southern skies,

NOTES 

And see the sails at distance rise,
And linger weeping on the marge,

And saying; `Comes he thus, my friend?
Is this the end of all my care?'
And circle moaning in the air:
'Is this the end? Is this the end?'

And forward dart again, and play
About the prow, and back return
To where the body sits, and learn
That I have been an hour away.

Part-XIII

Tears of the widower, when he sees
A late-lost form that sleep reveals,
And moves his doubtful arms, and feels
Her place is empty, fall like these;

Which weep a loss for ever new,
A void where heart on heart reposed;
And, where warm hands have prest and closed,
Silence, till I be silent too.

Which weep the comrade of my choice,
An awful thought, a life removed,
The human-hearted man I loved,
A Spirit, not a breathing voice.

Come, Time, and teach me, many years,
I do not suffer in a dream;
For now so strange do these things seem,
Mine eyes have leisure for their tears;

My fancies time to rise on wing,
And glance about the approaching sails,

As tho' they brought but merchants' bales,
And not the burthen that they bring.

Part-XIV

If one should bring me this report,
That thou hadsttouch'd the land to-day,
And I went down unto the quay,
And found thee lying in the port;

And standing, muffled round with woe,
Should see thy passengers in rank
Come stepping lightly down the plank,
And beckoning unto those they know;

And if along with these should come
The man I held as half-divine;
Should strike a sudden hand in mine,
And ask a thousand things of home;

And I should tell him all my pain,
And how my life had droop'd of late,
And he should sorrow o'er my state
And marvel what possess'd my brain;

And I perceived no touch of change,
No hint of death in all his frame,
But found him all in all the same,
I should not feel it to be strange.

Part-XV

To-night the winds begin to rise
And roar from yonder dropping day:
The last red leaf is whirl'd away,
The rooks are blown about the skies;

The forest crack'd, the waters curl'd,
The cattle huddled on the lea;

NOTES 

And wildly dash'd on tower and tree
The sunbeam strikes along the world:

And but for fancies, which aver
That all thy motions gently pass
Athwart a plane of molten glass,
I scarce could brook the strain and stir

That makes the barren branches loud;
And but for fear it is not so,
The wild unrest that lives in woe
Would dote and pore on yonder cloud

That rises upward always higher,
And onward drags a labouring breast,
And topples round the dreary west,
A looming bastion fringed with fire.

Part-XVI

What words are these have falle'n from me?
Can calm despair and wild unrest
Be tenants of a single breast,
Or sorrow such a changeling be?

Or cloth she only seem to take
The touch of change in calm or storm;
But knows no more of transient form
In her deep self, than some dead lake

That holds the shadow of a lark
Hung in the shadow of a heaven?
Or has the shock, so harshly given,
Confused me like the unhappy bark

That strikes by night a craggy shelf,
And staggers blindly ere she sink?

And stunn'd me from my power to think
And all my knowledge of myself;

And made me that delirious man
Whose fancy fuses old and new,
And flashes into false and true,
And mingles all without a plan?

Part-XVII

Thou comest, much wept for: such a breeze
Compell'd thy canvas, and my prayer
Was as the whisper of an air
To breathe thee over lonely seas.

For I in spirit saw thee move
Thro' circles of the bounding sky,
Week after week: the days go by:
Come quick, thou bringest all I love.

Henceforth, wherever thou may'st roam,
My blessing, like a line of light,
Is on the waters day and night,
And like a beacon guards thee home.

So may whatever tempest mars
Mid-ocean, spare thee, sacred bark;
And balmy drops in summer dark
Slide from the bosom of the stars.

So kind an office hath been done,
Such precious relics brought by thee;
The dust of him I shall not see
Till all my widow'd race be run.

Part-XVIII

'Tis well; 'tis something; we may stand
Where he in English earth is laid,

NOTES 

And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land.

'Tis little; but it looks in truth
As if the quiet bones were blest
Among familiar names to rest
And in the places of his youth.

Come then, pure hands, and bear the head
That sleeps or wears the mask of sleep,
And come, whatever loves to weep,
And hear the ritual of the dead.

Ah yet, ev'n yet, if this might be,
I, falling on his faithful heart,
Would breathing thro' his lips impart
The life that almost dies in me;

That dies not, but endures with pain,
And slowly forms the firmer mind,
Treasuring the look, it cannot find,
The words that are not heard again.

Part-XIX

The Danube to the Severn gave
The darken'd heart that beat no more;
They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave.

There twice a day the Severn fills;
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills.

The Wye is hush'd nor moved along,
And hush'd my deepest grief of all,

When fill'd with tears that cannot fall,
I brim with sorrow drowning song.

The tide flows down, the wave again
Is vocal in its wooded walls;
My deeper anguish also falls,
And I can speak a little then.

Part-XX

The lesser griefs that may be said,
That breathe a thousand tender vows,
Are but as servants in a house
Where lies the master newly dead;

Who speak their feeling as it is,
And weep the fulness from the mind:
`It will be hard,' they say, `to find
Another service such as this.'

My lighter moods are like to these,
That out of words a comfort win;
But there are other griefs within,
And tears that at their fountain freeze;

For by the hearth the children sit
Cold in that atmosphere of Death,
And scarce endure to draw the breath,
Or like to noiseless phantoms flit;

But open converse is there none,
So much the vital spirits sink
To see the vacant chair, and think,
'How good! how kind! and he is gone.'

Part-XXI

I sing to him that rests below,
And, since the grasses round me wave,

NOTES 

I take the grasses of the grave,
And make them pipes whereon to blow.

The traveller hears me now and then,
And sometimes harshly will he speak:
`This fellow would make weakness weak,
And melt the waxen hearts of men.'

Another answers, `Let him be,
He loves to make parade of pain
That with his piping he may gain
The praise that comes to constancy.'

A third is wroth: `Is this an hour
For private sorrow's barren song,
When more and more the people throng
The chairs and thrones of civil power?

'A time to sicken and to swoon,
When Science reaches forth her arms
To feel from world to world, and charms
Her secret from the latest moon?'

Behold, ye speak an idle thing:
Ye never knew the sacred dust:
I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing:

And one is glad; her note is gay,
For now, her little ones have ranged;
And one is sad; her note is changed,
Because her brood is stol'n away.

Part-XXII

The path by which we twain did go,
Which led by tracts that pleased us well,

Thro' four sweet years arose and fell,
From flower to flower, from snow to snow:

And we with singing cheer'd the way,
And, crown'd with all the season lent,
From April on to April went,
And glad at heart from May to May:

But where the path we walk'd began
To slant the fifth autumnal slope,
As we descended following Hope,
There sat the Shadow fear'd of man;

Who broke our fair companionship,
And spread his mantle dark and cold,
And wrapt thee formless in the fold,
And dull'd the murmur on thy lip,

And bore thee where I could not see
Nor follow, tho' I walk in haste,
And think, that somewhere in the waste
The Shadow sits and waits for me.

Part-XXIII

Now, sometimes in my sorrow shut,
Or breaking into song by fits,
Alone, alone, to where he sits,
The Shadow cloak'd from head to foot,

Who keeps the keys of all the creeds,
I wander, often falling lame,
And looking back to whence I came,
Or on to where the pathway leads;

And crying, How changed from where it ran
Thro' lands where not a leaf was dumb;

NOTES 

But all the lavish hills would hum
The murmur of a happy Pan:

When each by turns was guide to each,
And Fancy light from Fancy caught,
And Thought leapt out to wed with Thought
Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech;

And all we met was fair and good,
And all was good that Time could bring,
And all the secret of the Spring
Moved in the chambers of the blood;

And many an old philosophy
On Argive heights divinely sang,
And round us all the thicket rang
To many a flute of Arcady.

Part-XXIV

And was the day of my delight
As pure and perfect as I say?
The very source and fount of Day
Is dash'd with wandering isles of night.

If all was good and fair we met,
This earth had been the Paradise
It never look'd to human eyes
Since our first Sun arose and set.

And is it that the haze of grief
Makes former gladness loom so great?
The lowness of the present state,
That sets the past in this relief?

Or that the past will always win
A glory from its being far;

And orb into the perfect star
We saw not, when we moved therein?

Part-XXV

I know that this was Life, —the track
Whereon with equal feet we fared;
And then, as now, the day prepared
The daily burden for the back.

But this it was that made me move
As light as carrier-birds in air;
I loved the weight I had to bear,
Because it needed help of Love:

Nor could I weary, heart or limb,
When mighty Love would cleave in twain
The lading of a single pain,
And part it, giving half to him.

Part-XXVI

Still onward winds the dreary way;
I with it; for I long to prove
No lapse of moons can canker Love,
Whatever fickle tongues may say.

And if that eye which watches guilt
And goodness, and hath power to see
Within the green the moulder'd tree,
And towers fall'n as soon as built—

Oh, if indeed that eye foresee
Or see (in Him is no before)
In more of life true life no more
And Love the indifference to be,

Then might I find, ere yet the morn
Breaks hither over Indian seas,

NOTES

That Shadow waiting with the keys,
To shroud me from my proper scorn.

Part-XXVII

I envy not in any moods
The captive void of noble rage,
The linnet born within the cage,
That never knew the summer woods:

I envy not the beast that takes
His license in the field of time,
Unfetter'd by the sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes;

Nor, what may count itself as blest,
The heart that never plighted troth
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth;
Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall;
I feel it, when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

Tennyson's Poem Analysis of "In Memoriam A.H.H."

Prologue

The poet addresses the Son of God, He in whom men must put their faith. God made man in his image even though humans do not know why. The poet asks God to help make his will, and he hopes his own knowledge and faith will grow. Men often mock God when they do not fear anything, and they are "fools and slight." He asks for forgiveness for his tremendous grief for his departed friend who, he now trusts, lives in God. He asks that these youthful and wandering cries be forgiven, and he asks to be given wisdom.

Part-I

The poet once thought that men could rise on stepping stones "Of their dead selves to higher things," but now it is hard to contemplate the reality of loss and find any gain within it.

Part-II

An old Yew tree has deep bones in the earth. The seasons change, and the clock ticks away

the hours of men. The tree never changes, though, and when the poet gazes on the "sullen" tree, he admires its "stubborn hardihood" and seems to meld his own self with the tree.

Part-III

Sorrow whispers terrible things in the poet's ears, and he wonders if he should not embrace her as natural or crush her as she enters the threshold of his mind.

Part-IV

During sleep the poet gives his powers away. His heart muses on the memory of his loss, and these thoughts flit before his closed eyes at night. When he wakes, his will warns him not to be "the fool of loss."

Part-V

The poet believes that sometimes it is pointless to use mere words to express grief, because they can only half reveal the Soul. However, for a tortured heart words are a mechanical exercise that can numb the dull pain. He will wrap himself in words although they can only suggest the outline of his grief.

Part-VI

Even though death is common, it does not lessen his grief over his deceased friend. A father waits for his son to come home, but he is shot and dies. A mother waits for her sailor son, but he drowns. A young woman waits for her lover, but she learns he has drowned or has died falling from his horse. She will have no end, and the poet will have no good.

Part-VII

The poet waits by the house where he used to live, but he is not here anymore. Life begins far off and day begins.

Part-VIII

A happy lover rings the doorbell of his beloved's home, but she is not there. This is what the poet feels when he goes to the places where he and his friend used to meet; now "all is dark where thou art not."

Part-IX

A fair ship sails from the Italian shore with Arthur's remains. The poet asks the ship to sail over quickly. He hopes the light will be bright and the heavens sleepy before the prow and the winds calm. This sleep is like the sleep of his dear friend, dearer than his own brothers, and whom he will not see again until "all my widow'd race be run."

Part-X

The poet thinks of a ship, hearing its bell and seeing it cabin windows and the sailor at the wheel. This ship brings home sailors to their wives and men from far away. A fancy strikes, and the poet wonders if the ship might bring Arthur home, too.

Part-XI

Nature is calm; the morning is silent, peace reigns, gossamers twinkle, light is still. This mirrors the poet's "calmer grief" and "calm despair."

NOTES

Part-XII

A dove flies up to Heaven to bring a sad story, her wings pulsing energetically. The poet feels that, similarly, he cannot stay on earth. He wants to be a "weight of nerves without a mind" and hasten his spirit away over oceans, across the skies, and linger. He will sit and wonder, "Is this the end?" Then he will return to his body and learn that he has been gone an hour.

Part-XIII

Tears drop from the eyes of a widower when he feels the empty space beside him in bed. The widower will be silent, and the poet will be silent too. He remembers the friend he lost, who is now "A Spirit, not a breathing voice." Time passé,s and there is leisure to weep and to entertain fancies, such as his friend being on the ship whose sails he observes coming in from the horizon.

Part-XIV

If someone came to the poet and told him that his friend was newly arrived at the port, that he was embarking with the other passengers, that he would place his hand in the poet's and ask how things were at home, that the poet would tell him all about his own life, that there would be no intimation of death or change, he would "not feel it to be strange."

Part-XV

Nature is in tumult –the winds rise, the forests cracks, the waters curl, the sunbeam "strikes the world." The poet feels the same unrest in his woe.

Part-XVI

The poet wonders at the words he utters; he wonders, can "calm despair and wild unrest" be "tenants of a single breast?" He wonders if the shock he felt at Arthur's death has confused him, as a ship striking a craggy cliff in the middle of the night and blindly sinking. He wonders if the shock has made him a "delirious man" who combines both the past and the future and the false and the true.

Part-XVII

The poet notes that the ship carrying Arthur came quickly and was "much wept for." The ship brings the "precious relics" of his friend, whom he will not see again until he departs the earth as well.

Part-XVIII

It is some comfort to stand at Arthur's grave. The poet feels like the little life he has left is enduring with pain but forming a "firmer mind" while he remembers and treasures the looks and words of his departed friend.

Part-XIX

The poet compares his grief to the great rivers of the Danube, the Severn, and the Wye. He writes that when the Wye is hushed and still, his grief is hushed and full, not brimming into tears. When the Wye's tide flows and waves are vocal, then the poet's anguish is given utterance.

Part-XX

The poet feels many griefs, some light and comforted by words, others deep and profound.

Part-XXI

The poet sings at the grave of his friend. One man speaks harshly, saying his song is too weak and melancholy. Another says to let the poet be since he loves to "make parade of pain." A third wonders if this mournful song is irrelevant given political and social turmoil in the world. All the poet knows is that "I do but sing because I must."

Part-XXII

The poet and his departed friend traversed the familiar path for four sweet years, cheery and full of song. At the fifth year, when the path slanted, the Shadow whom men fear waited. The "fair companionship" was broken, and the friend was taken away; the poet cannot see or follow. He knows that somewhere the Shadow waits for him, too.

Part-XXIII

The poet in his sorrow sometimes dwells on sorrow and the Shadow of death. He remembers his time with his friend when "Thought leapt out to wed with Thought / Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech" and "all we met was fair and good."

Part-XXIV

The poet wonders if the "day of my delight," or his past with his friend, was as pure and perfect as he thought, especially as day is always tinged with the night. He wondered if it was truly a Paradise, or if the "haze of grief" has made the past seem greater than it was. Perhaps the past is always more glorious because it is far away.

Part-XXV

The poet knows about life and its burdens, but he loved the weight he carried because it was assisted by Love. He could never become weary when Love would cut his burden in half and give that half to his friend to carry.

Part-XXVI

The poet winds along the path and tries to show that no amount of time can "canker Love."

Part-XXVII

The poet does not envy captives without rage, or birds born in cages, or beasts without conscience. Even when he feels sorrow, he knows it is "better to have loved and lost / Than never to have loved at all."

Epilogue

Although written later than advertised, the poem is written as if the poet writes on the day of his sister Cecilia's wedding to Edmund Lushington. He remembers that Hallam loved one of his sisters, too, and foretold how lovely Cecilia would be. He gives an account of the wedding day and then retires. The moon is bright and silver. The poet reflects on the ability of men to achieve a higher state and for their race to progress. He thinks of Hallam, "a noble type" who now "lives in God."

NOTES

Summary of the poem "In Memoriam A. H. H."

In Memoriam A.H.H. is the extended, fragmentary elegy that Tennyson wrote for his closest friend Arthur Henry Hallam, after Hallam's sudden death at age 22. Scholars agree that this was the most important event in Tennyson's life, and the one which most shaped his work. In Memoriam combines the expression of a deeply personal experience of intense male friendship and mourning with discussions of public concerns, including major debates of the day about science and religion.

The first verse expresses fear about disclosing personal information; doing so feels sinful given the depth of the sensation, which cannot be adequately expressed in words. However, as we can see in verse two, composing poetry has a narcotic effect when the author feels the effects of writing in such a routine format, a "mechanic exercise" in "measured language." The metre and rhyme pattern of In Memoriam are very consistent. It has four sets of iambs in iambic tetrameter (an unstressed followed by a stressed syllable, da dum). This steady beat recalls the uncontrollable bodily processes—like breathing or heartbeat—that keep him alive despite the devastation of bereavement.

The standard 'abba' rhyme scheme encloses the centre rhyme between the first and final lines, and is so memorable in this poem that it is now commonly referred to as the IM stanza. Stanza one is an excellent illustration of this; content perfectly complements form, as the disclosed sentiment is housed inside the verse's core.

3.4 R. BROWNING'S "A GRAMMARIAN'S FUNERAL" AND "ANDREA DEL SARTO"

A Grammarian's Funeral

Robert Browning

Let us begin and carry up this corpse,
    Singing together.
Leave we the common crofts, the vulgar thorpes
    Each in its tether
Sleeping safe on the bosom of the plain,
    Cared-for till cock-crow:
Look out if yonder be not day again
    Rimming the rock-row!
That's the appropriate country; there, man's thought,
    Rarer, intenser,
Self-gathered for an outbreak, as it ought,
    Chafes in the censer.
Leave we the unlettered plain its herd and crop;
    Seek we sepulture
On a tall mountain, citied to the top,
    Crowded with culture!

All the peaks soar, but one the rest excels;
Clouds overcome it;
No! yonder sparkle is the citadel's
Circling its summit.
Thither our path lies; wind we up the heights:
Wait ye the warning?
Our low life was the level's and the night's;
He's for the morning.
Step to a tune, square chests, erect each head,
'Ware the beholders!
This is our master, famous, calm and dead,
Borne on our shoulders.

Sleep, crop and herd! sleep, darkling thorpe and croft,
Safe from the weather!
He, whom we convoy to his grave aloft,
Singing together,
He was a man born with thy face and throat,
Lyric Apollo!
Long he lived nameless: how should spring take note
Winter would follow?
Till lo, the little touch, and youth was gone!
Cramped and diminished,
Moaned he, "New measures, other feet anon!
My dance is finished"?
No, that's the world's way: (keep the mountain-side,
Make for the city!)
He knew the signal, and stepped on with pride
Over men's pity;
Left play for work, and grappled with the world
Bent on escaping:
"What's in the scroll," quoth he, "thou keepest furled
Show me their shaping,
Theirs who most studied man, the bard and sage,
Give!" So, he gowned him,
Straight got by heart that book to its last page:
Learned, we found him.

NOTES 

Yea, but we found him bald too, eyes like lead,
Accents uncertain:
"Time to taste life," another would have said,
"Up with the curtain!"
This man said rather, "Actual life comes next?
Patience a moment!
Grant I have mastered learning's crabbed text,
Still there's the comment.
Let me know all! Prate not of most or least,
Painful or easy!
Even to the crumbs I'd fain eat up the feast,
Ay, nor feel queasy."
Oh, such a life as he resolved to live,
When he had learned it,
When he had gathered all books had to give!
Sooner, he spurned it.
Image the whole, then execute the parts
Fancy the fabric
Quite, ere you build, ere steel strike fire from quartz,
Ere mortar dab brick!

(Here's the town-gate reached: there's the market-place
Gaping before us.)
Yea, this in him was the peculiar grace
(Hearten our chorus!)
That before living he'd learn how to live
No end to learning:
Earn the means first God surely will contrive
Use for our earning.
Others mistrust and say, "But time escapes:
Live now or never!"
He said, "What's time? Leave Now for dogs and apes!
Man has Forever."
Back to his book then: deeper drooped his head:
Calculus racked him:
Leaden before, his eyes grew dross of lead:
Tussis attacked him.

"Now, master, take a little rest!" not he!
(Caution redoubled
Step two abreast, the way winds narrowly!)
Not a whit troubled,
Back to his studies, fresher than at first,
Fierce as a dragon
He (soul-hydroptic with a sacred thirst)
Sucked at the flagon.
Oh, if we draw a circle premature,
Heedless of far gain,
Greedy for quick returns of profit, sure
Bad is our bargain!
Was it not great? did not he throw on God,
(He loves the burthen)
God's task to make the heavenly period
Perfect the earthen?
Did not he magnify the mind, show clear
Just what it all meant?
He would not discount life, as fools do here,
Paid by instalment.
He ventured neck or nothing heaven's success
Found, or earth's failure:
"Wilt thou trust death or not?" He answered "Yes:
Hence with life's pale lure!"
That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it:
This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it.
That low man goes on adding one to one,
His hundred's soon hit:
This high man, aiming at a million,
Misses an unit.
That, has the world here should he need the next,
Let the world mind him!
This, throws himself on God, and unperplexed
Seeking shall find him.
So, with the throttling hands of death at strife,

NOTES 

Ground he at grammar;
Still, thro' the rattle, parts of speech were rife:
While he could stammer
He settled *Hoti*'s business let it be!
Properly based *Oun*
Gave us the doctrine of the enclitic *De*,
Dead from the waist down.
Well, here's the platform, here's the proper place:
Hail to your purlieus,
All ye highfliers of the feathered race,
Swallows and curlews!
Here's the top-peak; the multitude below
Live, for they can, there:
This man decided not to Live but Know
Bury this man there?
Here here's his place, where meteors shoot, clouds form,
Lightnings are loosened,
Stars come and go! Let joy break with the storm,
Peace let the dew send!
Lofty designs must close in like effects:
Loftily lying,
Leave him still loftier than the world suspects,
Living and dying.

"A Grammarian's Funeral" literary analysis

Line 1 to 28

It consists of the first seven quadrants of the poem; the speaker starts the poem by asking his fellow beings to carry up the corpse and start singing together in praise of the grammarian who is dead now. The disciple honour and respect him and his contributions in the field of Greek grammar and hence they want to take him away from the common and ignorant people to a place that is worth digging his grave.

In the second quadrant, while taking the dead body of the grammarian on their shoulders, the disciples pass by the common people in town. The speaker talks of the inhabitants of town who are busy in their normal routines, like cutting their crops, while others sleeping peacefully in the highlands after completing their work.

In the third quadrant of the poem, the speaker says that the common people rarely think of understanding the true meaning of life. They rather spend their whole life in doing daily chores and never focus on doing something great for humanity. The poet says that we ought to break away from all the restraints and think out of the box. The friction in our thoughts will help it purify the mind.

Furthermore, in the fourth quadrant the poet says that let's leave these illiterate and ignorant people and move to a place that is our final destination. He says that "seek we sepulture (tomb)" on a mountain top, a place that is surrounded with culture and is worth the grammarian's intellect and personality. It would be inappropriate to bury him among these uneducated people.

Moreover, in the fifth quadrant of the poem, the poet talks about the mountain peak where the grammarian's dead body is supposed to be buried. The poet says that it is supposed to be buried at the highest mountain peak that excels in height than the rest of the peaks so that even after death he is at the highest rank as now. This mountain top would be the first to receive lightening in night and sun rays in the day time.

In the sixth and seventh quadrant; as the speaker along with other disciples walks up the heights towards the mountain, says that other peoples' lives are dark like night while the grammarian is meant for the morning. Step upright in his honour with square chests showing pride and respect as he is our master lying dead on our shoulders.

Line 29 to 72

This part of the poem consists from quadrant nine to eighteen. In quadrants nine and ten the speaker talks about his master that he was born with same face and throat as a normal human being but he was the god of sun since he lived a nameless life despite being such a great intellectual. He never cared for the difficulties of the life. His health and youth were failing but he worked hard to work on some more grammatical rules.

In quadrant eleven and twelfths the speaker says that it is always the world's way to discourage. They took pity on his failing health and declining age. But the grammarian took no notice of other men when they pitied his poor condition. He left play for work and struggled against the hurdles set by the world. He was always keen to learn new things. His love for knowledge was never ending.

In quadrants thirteen and fourteen, the speaker mentions some more facts about the grammarian. He used to work hard and write things and then read the criticism of other learned people on his work. Due to his never ending love for knowledge he used to read the books till the last page. The speaker says that the grammarian was a learned man without a doubt but his appearance and health suffered a lot. Because he gave more attention to studies rather than to his own self. His head grew bald and eyes turned black.

The speaker in the next two quadrants says that if there would have been some other person. She/he would have said that this life is for enjoyment however the grammarian was of the view that this life is a test and the real life comes after death. He believed in the life hereafter and patience in this life. The grammarian after achieving so much and sacrificing his joyous moments to grammar still was criticized by people in one way or the other. Some criticized him and others criticized his work.

In the last two quadrants of this part the speaker says that grammarian's way of living life and resolving things was quite different. When he used to get frustrated he would keep his book aside for some time and start all over again. He understood the meaning of life as a whole and not in pieces. He gives us an image of constructing a building to understand the real meaning of life.

NOTES

Line 73 to 148

This part of the poem consists of quadrants nineteen to thirty-seven. The speaker mentions that they funeral have reached the town-gate. He says that their master had his own grace therefore, in his honour "hearten our Chorus!" The speaker further mentions that before living their mater learned how to live just like we find the means to earn first and then God help us earning. Without finding the means of earning, God also doesn't help.

In quadrants twenty-one and twenty-two the speaker talks about the philosophy of his master. The grammarian said that a common man says that "live now or never!" but the grammarian says that leave this life for dogs and apes, man has forever if he takes his life seriously and contribute something fruitful to the society. Furthermore, the speaker says that the grammarian again dug his head deep in books. This study of calculus made him weak and old, his eyes got dark circles and Tussis attacked him.

The speaker says that he never rested, even if he was asked to take rest. He never listened and turned back to his studies like fierce dragon. He used to take big gallops of knowledge because his thirst for learning was sacred.

Towards the end of the poem that speaker reveals some more facts about the grammarian saying that he was never greedy for the quick returns of profit for what he was contributing to the society. He had made this thing clear to himself and his mind that he was not a fool to waste his life here. He did not pursue heavenly success neither was he afraid of earth's failure rather he understood the real meaning of life. He just wanted to make good use of his life for the sake of the people of this world. He undoubtedly believes and the life hereafter.

The speaker here mentions the difference between a common ignorant man and a noble educated man. According to the grammarian a common man sees things and does it however a man of higher rank does so many great things and without asking for a reward and dies one day. This low man goes on adding one to one to hit his hundred soon. However, the high man aiming at a million misses a unit. The common man believes in this world and tries to make it better while a man of higher rank "throws himself on God, perplexed / Seeking shall find him"

The speaker then mentions the poor condition of grammarian that while he was struggling with death he still uttered parts of speech and grammatical rules of Greek language and have us the concept of enclitic De while he was paralyzed "dead from the waist down". The speaker along with other companions has reached the place and says that this is the proper place to bury him. This is place where starts come and go, clouds are formed and lightening loosened. The speaker says that let the grammarian enjoy his life here in this beautiful and pleasant place. He is the living dead, let him live in peace and joy over here.

Rhyming Scheme

A Grammarian's Funeral is 148-line poem with a consistent rhyme scheme of ABABCDCDEFEFGHGH following the same pattern till the end.

Figures of Speech

SIMILE

The speaker calls the grammarian fierce as dragon and says that the grammarian was as thirsty (his soul had a sacred thirst for learning) and he used to learn fiercely / energetically like a dragon is fierce.

PERSONIFICATION

The attribution of a human characteristic to something non-human, or the representation of an abstract quality in human form is known as personification. In line 125 of the poem the poet says that "So, with the throttling hands of death at strife, / Ground he at grammar;" mentioning the hands of death.

Summary of the poem "A Grammarian's Funeral"

The poem starts with the imagery of death because the speaker calls the dead grammarian as "the corpse". This poem is full of imagery of plains, highlands, herd and crops "Leave we the unlettered plain its herd and crops" signifying the daily routine of the illiterate people who do not know the worth of their life.

A melancholy poetry performed by a follower of a renowned grammarian who died after spending his entire life chasing his dream of learning new things.

The poem depicts the grammarian's entire life as viewed and witnessed by the disciple. It takes the shape of a march from the lowlands to the mountaintop where they want to bury the grammarian. They travel in the dark towards the mountain, and the grammarian's student relates his master's history and accomplishments along the way.

The followers of the grammarian desire to bury their teacher under a mound of study and culture. The light shines on this mountain first before it is transmitted to the ground. Here, the mountain stands for majesty and loftier ideas.

He spent the entirety of his youth reading and learning because of his keen curiosity about the mysteries of the universe and human life. He was interested in the opinions of famous professors and poets even at his advanced age.

He thought there was life after death (the eternal life). He didn't stop reading any books. He wanted to read the reviews and critiques of certain novels after reading them. He aspired to read all the way to the end.

The grammarian planned his life before starting to live it. The grammarian had complete faith in God and hence planned for his blissful existence after death. Ordinary persons would claim that time passes and they would begin to appreciate their lives, but the grammarian believed in life after death and the notion of the soul having no end.

He was not limited in his thinking. He didn't have little goals. He did not round himself with a little circle. Only ordinary persons trust in short-term advantages and profits, and they will lose the bargain on the Day of Judgment.

Andrea del Sarto

Robert Browning

But do not let us quarrel any more,

NOTES

No, my Lucrezia; bear with me for once:
Sit down and all shall happen as you wish.
You turn your face, but does it bring your heart?
I'll work then for your friend's friend, never fear,
Treat his own subject after his own way,
Fix his own time, accept too his own price,
And shut the money into this small hand
When next it takes mine. Will it? tenderly?
Oh, I'll content him, —but to-morrow, Love!
I often am much wearier than you think,
This evening more than usual, and it seems
As if—forgive now—should you let me sit
Here by the window with your hand in mine
And look a half-hour forth on Fiesole,
Both of one mind, as married people use,
Quietly, quietly the evening through,
I might get up to-morrow to my work
Cheerful and fresh as ever. Let us try.
To-morrow, how you shall be glad for this!
Your soft hand is a woman of itself,
And mine the man's bared breast she curls inside.
Don't count the time lost, neither; you must serve
For each of the five pictures we require:
It saves a model. So! keep looking so—
My serpentining beauty, rounds on rounds!
—How could you ever prick those perfect ears,
Even to put the pearl there! oh, so sweet—
My face, my moon, my everybody's moon,
Which everybody looks on and calls his,
And, I suppose, is looked on by in turn,
While she looks—no one's: very dear, no less.
You smile? why, there's my picture ready-made,
There's what we painters call our harmony!
A common greyness silvers everything, —
All in a twilight, you and I alike
—You, at the point of your first pride in me
(That's gone you know), —but I, at every point;

My youth, my hope, my art, being all toned down
To yonder sober pleasant Fiesole.
There's the bell clinking from the chapel-top;
That length of convent-wall across the way
Holds the trees safer, huddled more inside;
The last monk leaves the garden; days decrease,
And autumn grows, autumn in everything.
Eh? the whole seems to fall into a shape
As if I saw alike my work and self
And all that I was born to be and do,
A twilight-piece. Love, we are in God's hand.
How strange now, looks the life he makes us lead;
So free we seem, so fettered fast we are!
I feel he laid the fetter: let it lie!
This chamber for example—turn your head—
All that's behind us! You don't understand
Nor care to understand about my art,
But you can hear at least when people speak:
And that cartoon, the second from the door
—It is the thing, Love! so such things should be—
Behold Madonna! —I am bold to say.
I can do with my pencil what I know,
What I see, what at bottom of my heart
I wish for, if I ever wish so deep—
Do easily, too—when I say, perfectly,
I do not boast, perhaps: yourself are judge,
Who listened to the Legate's talk last week,
And just as much they used to say in France.
At any rate 'tis easy, all of it!
No sketches first, no studies, that's long past:
I do what many dream of, all their lives,
—Dream? strive to do, and agonize to do,
And fail in doing. I could count twenty such
On twice your fingers, and not leave this town,
Who strive—you don't know how the others strive
To paint a little thing like that you smeared
Carelessly passing with your robes afloat, —

NOTES 

Yet do much less, so much less, someone says,
(I know his name, no matter)—so much less!
Well, less is more, Lucrezia: I am judged.
There burns a truer light of God in them,
In their vexed beating stuffed and stopped-up brain,
Heart, or whate'er else, than goes on to prompt
This low-pulsed forthright craftsman's hand of mine.
Their works drop groundward, but themselves, I know,
Reach many a time a heaven that's shut to me,
Enter and take their place there sure enough,
Though they come back and cannot tell the world.
My works are nearer heaven, but I sit here.
The sudden blood of these men! at a word—
Praise them, it boils, or blame them, it boils too.
I, painting from myself and to myself,
Know what I do, am unmoved by men's blame
Or their praise either. Somebody remarks
Morello's outline there is wrongly traced,
His hue mistaken; what of that? or else,
Rightly traced and well ordered; what of that?
Speak as they please, what does the mountain care?
Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for? All is silver-grey,
Placid and perfect with my art: the worse!
I know both what I want and what might gain,
And yet how profitless to know, to sigh
"Had I been two, another and myself,
"Our head would have o'erlooked the world!" No doubt.
Yonder's a work now, of that famous youth
The Urbinate who died five years ago.
('Tis copied, George Vasari sent it me.)
Well, I can fancy how he did it all,
Pouring his soul, with kings and popes to see,
Reaching, that heaven might so replenish him,
Above and through his art—for it gives way;
That arm is wrongly put—and there again—
A fault to pardon in the drawing's lines,

Its body, so to speak: its soul is right,
He means right—that, a child may understand.
Still, what an arm! and I could alter it:
But all the play, the insight and the stretch—
(Out of me, out of me! And wherefore out?
Had you enjoined them on me, given me soul,
We might have risen to Rafael, I and you!
Nay, Love, you did give all I asked, I think—
More than I merit, yes, by many times.
But had you—oh, with the same perfect brow,
And perfect eyes, and more than perfect mouth,
And the low voice my soul hears, as a bird
The fowler's pipe, and follows to the snare —
Had you, with these the same, but brought a mind!
Some women do so. Had the mouth there urged
"God and the glory! never care for gain.
"The present by the future, what is that?
"Live for fame, side by side with Agnolo!
"Rafael is waiting: up to God, all three!"
I might have done it for you. So it seems:
Perhaps not. All is as God over-rules.
Beside, incentives come from the soul's self;
The rest avail not. Why do I need you?
What wife had Rafael, or has Agnolo?
In this world, who can do a thing, will not;
And who would do it, cannot, I perceive:
Yet the will's somewhat—somewhat, too, the power—
And thus we half-men struggle. At the end,
God, I conclude, compensates, punishes.
'Tis safer for me, if the award be strict,
That I am something underrated here,
Poor this long while, despised, to speak the truth.
I dared not, do you know, leave home all day,
For fear of chancing on the Paris lords.
The best is when they pass and look aside;
But they speak sometimes; I must bear it all.
Well may they speak! That Francis, that first time,

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And that long festal year at Fontainebleau!
I surely then could sometimes leave the ground,
Put on the glory, Rafael's daily wear,
In that humane great monarch's golden look, —
One finger in his beard or twisted curl
Over his mouth's good mark that made the smile,
One arm about my shoulder, round my neck,
The jingle of his gold chain in my ear,
I painting proudly with his breath on me,
All his court round him, seeing with his eyes,
Such frank French eyes, and such a fire of souls
Profuse, my hand kept plying by those hearts, —
And, best of all, this, this, this face beyond,
This in the background, waiting on my work,
To crown the issue with a last reward!
A good time, was it not, my kingly days?
And had you not grown restless... but I know—
'Tis done and past: 'twas right, my instinct said:
Too live the life grew, golden and not grey,
And I'm the weak-eyed bat no sun should tempt
Out of the grange whose four walls make his world.
How could it end in any other way?
You called me, and I came home to your heart.
The triumph was—to reach and stay there; since
I reached it ere the triumph, what is lost?
Let my hands frame your face in your hair's gold,
You beautiful Lucrezia that are mine!
"Rafael did this, Andrea painted that;
"The Roman's is the better when you pray,
"But still the other's Virgin was his wife—"
Men will excuse me. I am glad to judge
Both pictures in your presence; clearer grows
My better fortune, I resolve to think.
For, do you know, Lucrezia, as God lives,
Said one day Agnolo, his very self,
To Rafael . . . I have known it all these years . . .
(When the young man was flaming out his thoughts

Upon a palace-wall for Rome to see,
Too lifted up in heart because of it)
"Friend, there's a certain sorry little scrub
"Goes up and down our Florence, none cares how,
"Who, were he set to plan and execute
"As you are, pricked on by your popes and kings,
"Would bring the sweat into that brow of yours!"
To Rafael's! —And indeed the arm is wrong.
I hardly dare . . . yet, only you to see,
Give the chalk here—quick, thus, the line should go!
Ay, but the soul! he's Rafael! rub it out!
Still, all I care for, if he spoke the truth,
(What he? why, who but Michel Agnolo?
Do you forget already words like those?)
If really there was such a chance, so lost, —
Is, whether you're—not grateful—but more pleased.
Well, let me think so. And you smile indeed!
This hour has been an hour! Another smile?
If you would sit thus by me every night
I should work better; do you comprehend?
I mean that I should earn more, give you more.
See, it is settled dusk now; there's a star;
Morello's gone, the watch-lights show the wall,
The cue-owls speak the name we call them by.
Come from the window, love, —come in, at last,
Inside the melancholy little house
We built to be so gay with. God is just.
King Francis may forgive me: oft at nights
When I look up from painting, eyes tired out,
The walls become illumined, brick from brick
Distinct, instead of mortar, fierce bright gold,
That gold of his I did cement them with!
Let us but love each other. Must you go?
That Cousin here again? he waits outside?
Must see you—you, and not with me? Those loans?
More gaming debts to pay? you smiled for that?
Well, let smiles buy me! have you more to spend?

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While hand and eye and something of a heart
Are left me, work's my ware, and what's it worth?
I'll pay my fancy. Only let me sit
The grey remainder of the evening out,
Idle, you call it, and muse perfectly
How I could paint, were I but back in France,
One picture, just one more—the Virgin's face,
Not yours this time! I want you at my side
To hear them—that is, Michel Agnolo—
Judge all I do and tell you of its worth.
Will you? To-morrow, satisfy your friend.
I take the subjects for his corridor,
Finish the portrait out of hand—there, there,
And throw him in another thing or two
If he demurs; the whole should prove enough
To pay for this same Cousin's freak. Beside,
What's better and what's all I care about,
Get you the thirteen scudi for the ruff!
Love, does that please you? Ah, but what does he,
The Cousin! what does he to please you more?
I am grown peaceful as old age to-night.
I regret little, I would change still less.
Since there my past life lies, why alter it?
The very wrong to Francis! —it is true
I took his coin, was tempted and complied,
And built this house and sinned, and all is said.
My father and my mother died of want.
Well, had I riches of my own? you see
How one gets rich! Let each one bear his lot.
They were born poor, lived poor, and poor they died:
And I have laboured somewhat in my time
And not been paid profusely. Some good son
Paint my two hundred pictures—let him try!
No doubt, there's something strikes a balance. Yes,
You loved me quite enough. it seems to-night.
This must suffice me here. What would one have?
In heaven, perhaps, new chances, one more chance—

Four great walls in the New Jerusalem,
Meted on each side by the angel's reed,
For Leonard, Rafael, Agnolo and me
To cover—the three first without a wife,
While I have mine! So—still they overcome
Because there's still Lucrezia, —as I choose.
Again the Cousin's whistle! Go, my Love.

Summary of the poem "Andrea del Sarto"

The poem opens with the speaker, the artist Andrea del Sarto, inviting his wife, Lucrezia, to come and sit with him without arguing for a minute. He wants them to enjoy a peaceful moment together before he begins to reflect on his life. The speaker begins by explaining the passage of time and his sense of loss of control over his life.

Great Renaissance artist and Florentine local, Andrea del Sarto (1486-1530), is known as 'the faultless painter' due to his exceptional technical abilities, his perfection in capturing each figure and form in his master works.

The speaker then spends the remainder of the poem comparing his ability level to that of other artists. He is aware that he is more skilled than others such as Michelangelo or Raphael, but his art lacks the spirit that the others can access. They've managed to enter paradise and left with inspiration that he never gets. This disappoints the artist since no one appears to regard his own creation in the manner he believes they should.

At times, he attempts to blame his wife for the majority of his problems. He believes she is the one who has been holding him back. He emphasises that the other artists do not have the same challenge. He recalls his time spent in France working for the monarch. The court commended him there, but his wife, who was sick of the way things were, forced him back to Italy.

By the conclusion of the poem, he realises that, while his life has not been what he desired, he understands he cannot alter it. He expresses his pleasure at having spent this time with his wife. The presence of Lucrezia's cousin interrupts this pleasant time. This "relative" is requesting money from Del Sarto in order to pay off gambling debts. He agrees to the request and informs his wife, gravely and regretfully, that she is free to leave.

"Andrea del Sarto" unrolls in pentameter blank verse, mostly iambic. It is a quiet poem, the musings of a defeated man. Both in language and in form it is modest and calm. Yet it also manages to mimic natural speech quite effectively, with little interjections and asides.

3.5 REVIEW QUESTIONS

SHORT ANSWER TYPE QUESTIONS

1. **Regarding In Memoriam A. H. H. by Tennyson: What are the Victorian elements in this poem?**
2. **What is the main theme of Andrea del Sarto?**

NOTES

3. **Give a summary of Poem "IN MEMORIAM A.H.H." in 150 words.**
4. **What does sleep crop and herd signify in Grammarian's Funeral?**
5. **Why Andrea is called a faultless painter?**

LONG ANSWER TYPE QUESTIONS

1. **Shed light on the elegiac elements in Tennyson's In Memoriam.**
2. **Pick out an example of personification in the poem "Ring Out, Wild Bells" in In Memoriam.**
3. **What does the mountain peak symbolize in the poem A Grammarian's Funeral?**
4. **What is the conclusion of In Memoriam A.H.H?**
5. **In what ways does the grammarian in Browning's a grammarian's funeral embody the spirit of the Renaissance?**

3.6 MULTIPLE CHOICE QUESTIONS

1. **In Memoriam A.H.H. by Tennyson is_____?**
   a. an elegy
   b. a collection of elegies
   c. a lyric
   d. a dramatic lyric

2. **In 'In Memoriam A.H.H.', Tennyson mourns the death of _____.**
   a. Lord Byron
   b. Hugh Clough
   c. Keats
   d. Arthur Hallam

3. **Who is the writer of the poem 'Andrea Del Sarto' ?**
   a. William Shakespeare
   b. Shelley
   c. Wordsworth
   d. Robert Browning

4. **Who is the writer of the poem 'A Grammarian's Funeral'?**
   a. Shelley
   b. William Shakespeare
   c. Wordsworth
   d. Robert Browning

5. **Robert Browning was one of _____.**
   a. Most agnostic poets
   b. Most optimistic poets
   c. Most pessimistic poets
   d. Most atheistic poets

NOTES

6. Tennyson wrote the poem 'Memoriam A.H.H.' after the sudden death of his friend at the age of _____.

a. 21
b. 23
c. 22
d. 24

7. In Robert Browning's 'Andrea Del Sarto', with which of the following painters does Andrea NOT compare himself with?

a. Michelangelo
b. Leonardo da Vinci
c. Rembrandt
d. Raphael

8. What crime has Andrea del Sarto committed?

a. Murder
b. Adultery
c. Theft
d. Blasphemy

9. "Andrea del Sarto" is ___.

a. Sonnet
b. Blank Verse
c. Epic
d. None of these

10. _____ is called a faultless painter.

a. Tennyson
b. Michelangelo
c. Andrea
d. None of these

♦♦♦♦♦

UNIT IV

POEMS BY CONTEMPORARY POETS: HOPKINS AND ROSSETTI

STRUCTURE

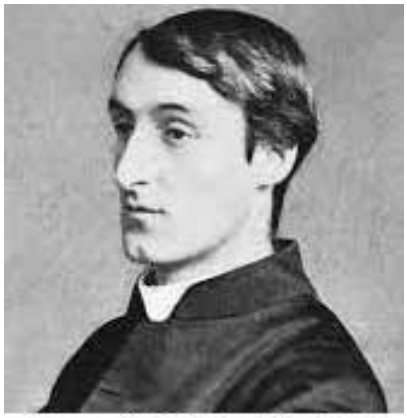
4.1 LEARNING OBJECTIVE

After the study of this unit, you will be able to:

- Know about the life of Gerard Manley Hopkins and Christina Georgina Rossetti.
- Learn the meaning of G.M. Hopkins poems 'The Windhover' and 'God's Grandeur.'
- Learn the meaning of C. Rossetti poem 'Paradise: In a Dream.'

4.2 INTRODUCTION TO THE LIFE OF G.M. HOPKINS AND C. ROSSETTI

THE LIFE OF G.M. HOPKINS


Gerard Manley Hopkins

Gerard Manley Hopkins was born on July 28, 1844, in Stratford, Essex, England, and is widely recognised as one of the Victorian era's best poets. He grew up in a wealthy and creative family. In 1863, he enrolled at Balliol College, Oxford, to study Classics.

Hopkins read John Henry Newman's Apologia pro via sua, which described the author's motives for converting to Catholicism, for the first time in 1864. Hopkins was admitted into the Roman Catholic Church two years later by Newman himself. Hopkins soon chose to become a priest himself, enrolling in a Jesuit novitiate in London in 1867. At the moment, he pledged to "write no more... unless by order of my superiors." Hopkins burned all of his previous poetry and would not write poetry again until 1875. He was educated at several Jesuit institutions around England for nine years. In 1877, he was ordained, and for the following seven years he taught and preached in London, Oxford, Liverpool, Glasgow, and Stonyhurst.

After a German ship, the Deutschland, was wrecked during a storm at the entrance of the Thames River in 1875, Hopkins resumed writing. Many of the passengers perished, including five Franciscan nuns. Despite its traditional subject matter, Hopkins' poem "The Wreck of the Deutschland" introduces what Hopkins referred to as "sprung rhythm." Hopkins allowed for additional freedom in his lines and provided new sonic possibilities by not restricting the quantity of "slack" or unaccented syllables. He was appointed professor of Greek at the Royal University College in Dublin in 1884. He died of typhoid disease five years later. Although his poetry was never published during his lifetime, his buddy poet Robert Bridges compiled a collection of Hopkins' poems that was released in 1918.

Hopkins was interested in methods to revitalise poetic language, in addition to inventing new rhythmic effects. He frequently used familiar terms in unexpected circumstances. He also used complicated and uncommon word combinations frequently. "No doubt, my poetry errs on the weird side," he remarked in a letter to Bridges. Poets of the twentieth century, including W.H. Auden, Dylan Thomas, and Charles Wright, have praised his work for its creativity and rich sonic patterning.

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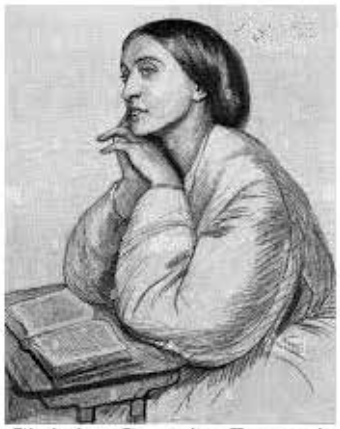
THE LIFE OF C. ROSSETTI


Christina Georgina Rossetti

Christina Georgina Rossetti was born in London on December 5, 1830, the fourth of four children of Italian parents. Her father was the poet Gabriele Rossetti, and her brother Dante Gabriel Rossetti was a painter and poet as well. Rossetti's first poems were published in her grandfather's own press in 1842. Under the pen name Ellen Alleyne, she contributed seven poems to the Pre-Raphaelite periodical The Germ, created by her brother, William Michael, and his associates, in 1850.

Rossetti's poetry is defined by symbolism and profound passion, and she is most renowned for her ballads and mystic, holy songs. Goblin Market and Other Poems (Macmillan and Co.), Rossetti's best-known poem, was published in 1862. Rossetti's reputation as a key voice in Victorian poetry was cemented with this volume. Sing-Song (George Routledge and Sons), a book of poems for children, was published in 1872, after The Prince's Progress and Other Poems (Macmillan and Co.) (with illustrations by Arthur Hughes).

Graves' illness flare-ups often by the 1880s put a stop to Rossetti's attempts to work as a governess. Although her social life was limited by the sickness, she continued to create poetry, which were eventually collected in books like A Pageant and Other Poems (Macmillan, 1881). The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge and Pott, Young, and Co. published Rossetti's religious prose works Seek and Find: A Double Series of Short Studies of the Benedicite (1879), Called To Be Saints (1881), and The Face of the Deep: A Devotional Commentary (1881). (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge and E. & J. R. Young & Co., 1892).

In 1891, Rossetti developed cancer, of which she died in London on December 29, 1894. William Michael, edited her collected works in 1904, but her three-volume Complete Poems were published by Louisiana State University Press between 1979 and 1990.

4.3 G.M. HOPKINS'S "THE WINDHOVER" AND "GOD'S GRANDEUR"

Hopkins connects fire, a wonderful presence that warms and allures all around it, to the majesty of God and the lovely wealth of his universe in "God's Grandeur." In "The Windhover," he draws a parallel between fire and Christ by having the speaker witness a flame explode just as he understands that the falcon holds Christ.

The Windhover
Gerard Manley Hopkins

To Christ our Lord

I caught this morning morning's minion, king-
dom of daylight's dauphin, dapple-dawn-drawn Falcon, in his riding
Of the rolling level underneath him steady air, and striding
High there, how he rung upon the rein of a wimpling wing
In his ecstasy! then off, off forth on swing,

As a skate's heel sweeps smooth on a bow-bend: the hurl and gliding
Rebuffed the big wind. My heart in hiding
Stirred for a bird, —the achieve of; the mastery of the thing!

Brute beauty and valour and act, oh, air, pride, plume, here
Buckle! AND the fire that breaks from thee then, a billion
Times told lovelier, more dangerous, O my chevalier!

No wonder of it: shéerplód makes plough down sillion
Shine, and blue-bleak embers, ah my dear,
Fall, gall themselves, and gash gold-vermillion.

Summary of the poem "The Windhover"

The windhover is a bird with the rare ability to hover in the air, essentially flying in place while it scans the ground in search of prey. The poet describes how he saw (or "caught") one of these birds in the midst of its hovering. The bird strikes the poet as the darling ("minion") of the morning, the crown prince ("dauphin") of the kingdom of daylight, drawn by the dappled colours of dawn. It rides the air as if it were on horseback, moving with steady control like a rider whose hold on the rein is sure and firm.

In the poet's imagination, the windhover sits high and proud, tightly reined in, wings quivering and tense. Its motion is controlled and suspended in an ecstatic moment of concentrated energy. Then, in the next moment, the bird is off again, now like an ice skater balancing forces as he makes a turn. The bird, first matching the wind's force in order to stay still, now "rebuff[s] the big wind" with its forward propulsion. At the same moment, the poet feels his own heart stir, or lurch forward out of "hiding," as it were—moved by "the achieve of, the mastery of" the bird's performance.

The opening of the sestet serves as both a further elaboration on the bird's movement and an injunction to the poet's own heart. The "beauty," "valour," and "act" (like "air," "pride," and "plume") "here buckle." "Buckle" is the verb here; it denotes either a fastening (like the buckling of a belt), a coming together of these different parts of a creature's being, or an acquiescent collapse (like the "buckling" of the knees), in which all parts subordinate themselves into some larger purpose or cause. In either case, a unification takes place. At the moment of this integration, a glorious fire issues forth, of the same order as the glory of Christ's life and crucifixion, though not as grand.

Form of the poem "The Windhover"

The confusing grammatical structures and sentence order in this sonnet contribute to its difficulty, but they also represent a masterful use of language. Hopkins blends and confuses adjectives, verbs, and subjects in order to echo his theme of smooth merging: the bird's perfect immersion in the air, and the fact that his self and his action are inseparable. Note, too, how important the "-ing" ending is to the poem's rhyme scheme; it occurs in verbs, adjectives, and nouns, linking the different parts of the sentences together in an

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intense unity. A great number of verbs are packed into a short space of lines, as Hopkins tries to nail down with as much descriptive precision as possible the exact character of the bird's motion.

"The Windhover" is written in "sprung rhythm," a meter in which the number of accents in a line are counted but the number of syllables does not matter. This technique allows Hopkins to vary the speed of his lines so as to capture the bird's pausing and racing. Listen to the hovering rhythm of "the rolling level underneath him steady air," and the arched brightness of "and striding high there." The poem slows abruptly at the end, pausing in awe to reflect on Christ.

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;
Their 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 of the poem "God's Grandeur"

The first four lines of the octave (the first eight-line stanza of an Italian sonnet) depict a natural universe in which God's presence flows like an electrical current, becoming apparent in flashes like the refracted glinting of light created by rumpled or fast moving metal foil. God's presence, on the other hand, is a rich oil, a type of sap that wells up "to a grandeur" when tapped with a specific kind of patient pressure. Given these apparent and compelling evidences of God's presence in the earth, the poet wonders why mankind refuse to respect ("reck") His almighty power ("his rod").

The second quatrain of the octave portrays the status of modern human life—the senseless repetition of human work, as well as the filth and stain of "toil" and "trade." In its original condition, the landscape symbolises God as its creator; yet, industrialization and the priority of the economic above the spiritual have altered the environment and deprived mankind of their sensitivity to the few remaining natural beauty. People's shoes

separate the physical link between our feet and the ground we walk on, representing a growing spiritual estrangement from nature.

The poem God's Grandeur composed by GM Hopkins revolves around the idea that human beings have been rendered incapable of perceiving the natural world energized with the magnificence of the God due to their preoccupation with trade and commerce. However, things are still fresh at the core and the nature continues to infinity due to the grace of God.

The poem tells that the grace of God is coming to us like an electric current, invisible but present. The magnificence of God gathers to greatness like the ooze of oil as the mustard seeds are crushed.

The sestet (the sonnet's final six lines, signifying a pivot or shift in argument) claims that, despite the fallenness of Hopkins's contemporaneous Victorian society, nature continues to supply spiritual indicators. A profound "freshness" pervades the earth, attesting to God's creation's never-ending regenerating force. This force of rebirth may be observed in the way daylight always appears on the other side of the dark night.

The grace of a God who "broods" over an apparently dead universe with the gentle nursing of a mother hen is the source of this continual renewal. This last picture depicts God protecting the world's potential and holding within Himself the power and promise of rebirth. With the final exclamation ("ah! bright wings") Hopkins suggests both an awed intuition of the beauty of God's grace, and the joyful suddenness of a hatchling bird emerging out of God's loving incubation.

4.4 C. ROSSETTI'S "PARADISE: IN A DREAM"

Paradise: In A Dream is a song cycle composed of four parts, each with its own distinct personality, set to poetry by Christina Rossetti. These four works offer a reflection on life, death, and our curiosity about what comes beyond death. Let Me Go and Echo are melancholy and sorrowful meditations on how one can react to the passing of a loved one. The third movement, Paradise: In A Dream, conjures joy and grandeur, foreseeing a beautiful and immortal afterlife, followed by the cycle's concluding movement, Fluttered Wings, which accepts mortality peacefully.

Paradise: In A Dream
Christina Georgina Rossetti

Once in a dream I saw the flowers
That bud and bloom in Paradise;
More fair they are than waking eyes
Have seen in all this world of ours.
And faint the perfume-bearing rose,
And faint the lily on its stem,
And faint the perfect violet
Compared with them.

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I heard the songs of Paradise:
Each bird sat singing in his place;
A tender song so full of grace
It soared like incense to the skies.
Each bird sat singing to his mate
Soft cooing notes among the trees:
The nightingale herself were cold
To such as these.

I saw the fourfold River flow,
And deep it was, with golden sand;
It flowed between a mossy land
With murmured music grave and low.
It hath refreshment for all thirst,
For fainting spirits strength and rest:
Earth holds not such a draught as this
From east to west.

The Tree of Life stood budding there,
Abundant with its twelvefold fruits;
Eternal sap sustains its roots,
Its shadowing branches fill the air.
Its leaves are healing for the world,
Its fruit the hungry world can feed,
Sweeter than honey to the taste
And balm indeed.

I saw the gate called Beautiful;
And looked, but scarce could look, within;
I saw the golden streets begin,
And outskirts of the glassy pool.
Oh harps, oh crowns of plenteous stars,
Oh green palm-branches many-leaved—
Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor heart conceived.

I hope to see these things again,
But not as once in dreams by night;
To see them with my very sight,
And touch, and handle, and attain:
To have all Heaven beneath my feet
For narrow way that once they trod;
To have my part with all the saints,
And with my God.

Summary of the poem "Paradise: In A Dream"

Paradise: In a Dream is a poem by Christina Rossetti, which is based on a dream the author had of heaven. It was my goal to give this masterpiece a musical dimension: expanding its meaning and giving the experience dramatic implications. The harmonic language and tensions come from the words of the poem. I used progressive tonality to tie the twentieth-century musical element to the romantic idiom of the poem.

There are two important musical themes. The "song of Paradise" theme is Schubertian and dance-like, appearing for the first time before the second verse. The theme of earthly longing is forceful and entirely step-wise, affirming the feeling of restriction. A liberty I took to give an increased feeling of expansion is after the fifth verse, when the poet states: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard, nor heart conceived." I added a verse sung with no words to suggest a freedom from earthly restriction.

By making a modulation up a tri-tone, a sense of reaching a spiritual level is achieved. At the end of this section, we modulate back, and hear themes from before to the words: "I hope to see these things again..." One of my artistic goals was to have a transformation over the entire work, and not just a musical transformation. I think this piece is entirely successful in making listeners think they have spiritually and physically gone somewhere. Finally, the song of Paradise and the theme of earthly longing make a connection at the end of the piece, showing that the two will always exist side-by-side.

The author used lexical repetitions to emphasize a significant image: in, and, faint, its, oh, my are repeated. The poet used anaphora at the beginnings of some neighbouring lines. The same words and, its, oh are repeated. The author used the same word I at the beginnings of some neighbouring stanzas. The figure of speech is a kind of anaphora.

Rhyming scheme of the poem is: abaaacdc bbbadaea feefddbd gbbgeede hiihaXeeXiddidebe.

4.5 REVIEW QUESTIONS

SHORT ANSWER TYPE QUESTIONS

1. **What are the main themes of Hopkins's "The Windhover"?**
2. **What is the central idea of the poem "God's Grandeur"?**
3. **What does "blue-bleak" refer to in the poem "The Windhover"?**
4. **How the glory of the God is placed in the poem "God's Grandeur"?**
5. **Which bird is called The Windhover?**

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LONG ANSWER TYPE QUESTIONS

1. **Explain how Hopkins's "The Windhover" depicts a journey from the mundane to the spiritual.**
2. **Critically appreciate the poem "God's Grandeur".**
3. **Explain the theme of 'Paradise in a dream' in detail.**
4. **What is the significance of the passage "Brute beauty and valour and act, oh, air, pride, plume, here / Buckle!" from "The Windhover"? What devices does Hopkins use here?**
5. **Give summary of the poem 'Paradise in a dream' in 200 words.**

4.6 MULTIPLE CHOICE QUESTIONS

1. **What is a windhover?**
   a. A fancy vacuum cleaner
   b. A kind of falcon that can hover on the wind
   c. A helicopter
   d. A kind of bat

2. **What's so special about the windhover?**
   a. It can fly faster than any other bird
   b. It can hover in one place while flying
   c. It can sing sea shanties
   d. It has the greatest wingspan of any bird of prey

3. **The word 'grandeur' most likely means:**
   a. Extravagance
   b. Magnificence
   c. Purpose
   d. Presence

4. **Complete the following sentence. In the opening lines of Gerard Manley Hopkins's "The Windhover," the words "daylight's dauphin, dapple-dawn-drawn Falcon"?**
   a. Are an example of antithesis to suggest the falcon's contradictory nature.
   b. Refer to the speaker's heart.
   c. Indicate the speaker's lack of faith.
   d. Use alliterative language to draw attention to the falcon's importance as a symbol of Christ.

5. **Who is the poet of 'Paradise in a dream'?**
   a. C. Rossetti
   b. G.M. Hopkins
   c. W B Yeats
   d. J Keats

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6. Rossetti's first poems was published the pen name _____,

a. G.M. Hopkins
b. Hegelian Flange
c. J Keats
d. Ellen Alleyne

7. What sound does Hopkins alliterate in the first line of "The Windhover"?

a. M sounds
b. S sounds
c. P sounds
d. Whistling

8. What is Hopkins's word for the unique characteristics of every object and individual?

a. In stress
b. Thingness
c. Inscape
d. Sprung rhythm

9. Who is the poet of 'God's Grandeur'?

a. G.M. Hopkins
b. Hegelian Flange
c. J Keats
d. Ellen Alleyne

10. Rossetti's best-known poem was published in _____.

a. 1866
b. 1862
c. 1865
d. 1867

♦♦♦♦♦

UNIT V

POEMS WITH SIMILAR FEELING BUT DIFFERENT APPROACHES

STRUCTURE

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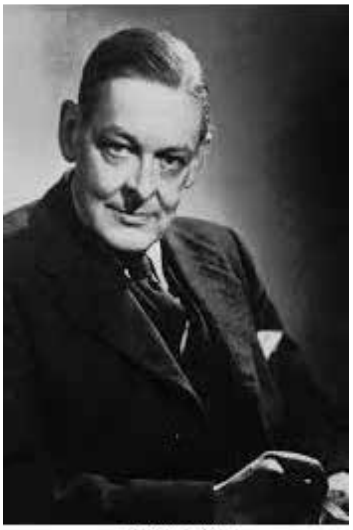
5.1 LEARNING OBJECTIVE

After the study of this unit, you will be able to:

- Know about the life of Thomas Stearns Eliot and William Butler Yeats.
- Learn the meaning of T. S. Eliot poem 'The Waste Land.'
- Learn the meaning of W. B. Yeats poem 'The Second Coming.'
- Know the similarity and differences between the poems.

5.2 INTRODUCTION TO THE LIFE OF T. S. ELIOT AND W. B. YEATS

THE LIFE OF T. S. ELIOT



T.S. Eliot

T. S. Eliot, (born Sept. 26, 1888, St. Louis, Mo., U.S.—died Jan. 4, 1965, London, Eng.), U.S.-British poet, playwright, and critic. Eliot studied at Harvard University before moving to England in 1914, where he would work as an editor from the early 1920s until his death.

His first important poem, and the first modernist masterpiece in English, was the radically experimental "Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" (1915). *The Waste Land* (1922), which expresses with startling power the disillusionment of the post-war years, made his international reputation. His first critical volume, *The Sacred Wood* (1920), introduced concepts much discussed in later critical theory. He married in 1915; his wife was mentally unstable, and they separated in 1933. He married again, happily, in 1957.

His conversion to Anglicanism in 1927 shaped all his subsequent works. His last great work was *Four Quartets* (1936–42), four poems on spiritual renewal and the connections of the personal and historical past and present. Influential later essays include "The Idea of a Christian Society" (1939) and "Notes Towards the Definition of Culture" (1948). His play *Murder in the Cathedral* (1935) is a verse treatment of St. Thomas Becket's martyrdom; his other plays, including *The Cocktail Party* (1950), are lesser works.

From the 1920s on he was the most influential English-language modernist poet. He won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1948; from then until his death he achieved public admiration unequalled by any other 20th-century poet.

T.S. Eliot had a significant impact on Anglo-American culture from the 1920s to the late twentieth century. His experiments with diction, style, and versification reinvigorated English poetry, and he demolished old orthodoxies and constructed new ones in a series of critical articles.

THE LIFE OF W. B. YEATS

William Butler Yeats, (born June 13, 1865, Sandymount, Dublin, Ire.—died Jan. 28, 1939, Roquebrune-Cap-Martin, France), Irish poet, dramatist, and prose writer. The son of a well-known painter, Yeats early developed an interest in mysticism and visionary traditions as

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W. B. Yeats

well as in Irish folklore, and both interests would continue to be sources of poetic imagery for him. His early volumes include the poetry volume *The Wanderings of Oisin* (1889) and the essay collection *The Celtic Twilight* (1893).

In 1889 he fell in love with Maud Gonne, a brilliant, beautiful Irish patriot who inspired his involvement in Irish nationalism but did not reciprocate his feelings. With Lady Augusta Gregory and others, he founded the theatre that became the Abbey Theatre; throughout his life he would remain one of its directors. He contributed plays to its repertoire, including *The Countess Cathleen* (1899), *On Baile's Strand* (1905), and *Deirdre* (1907). His poetry changed decisively in the years 1909–14: the otherworldly, ecstatic atmosphere of the early lyrics cleared and his work gained in concreteness and complexity, often dealing with political themes, though his interest in mysticism and his passion for Maud Gonne continued unabated.

With *Responsibilities* (1914) and *The Wild Swans at Coole* (1917) he began the period of his highest achievement. Some of his greatest verse appears in *The Tower* (1928), *The Winding Stair* (1929), and *Last Poems* (1939). The individual poems of the latter are largely held together by the system of symbolism he developed in *A Vision* (1925), which used astrological images to link individual psychology with the larger patterns of history. Yeats was a member of the Irish Senate (1922–28). He won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1923, and he is regarded by some as the greatest English-language poet of the 20th century.

William Butler Yeats, an Irish poet, playwright, and prose writer, was the greatest writer of the Irish literary renaissance around the start of the twentieth century. In the 1920s and 1930s, he was also a key role in European Literary Modernism. Yeats was the first Irish writer to be awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1923.

5.3 T. S. ELIOT'S "THE WASTE LAND"

The Waste Land
- T.S. Eliot

I. The Burial of the Dead

April is the cruellest month, breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
Memory and desire, stirring
Dull roots with spring rain.
Winter kept us warm, covering
Earth in forgetful snow, feeding
A little life with dried tubers.
Summer surprised us, coming over the Starnbergersee
With a shower of rain; we stopped in the colonnade,
And went on in sunlight, into the Hofgarten,
And drank coffee, and talked for an hour.

POEMS WITH SIMILAR FEELING BUT DIFFERENT APPROACHES

Bin gar kineRussin, stamm' ausLitauen, echtdeutsch.
And when we were children, staying at the archduke's,
My cousin's, he took me out on a sled,
And I was frightened. He said, Marie,
Marie, hold on tight. And down we went.
In the mountains, there you feel free.
I read, much of the night, and go south in the winter.

What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow
Out of this stony rubbish? Son of man,
You cannot say, or guess, for you know only
A heap of broken images, where the sun beats,
And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,
And the dry stone no sound of water. Only
There is shadow under this red rock,
(Come in under the shadow of this red rock),
And I will show you something different from either
Your shadow at morning striding behind you
Or your shadow at evening rising to meet you;
I will show you fear in a handful of dust.

Frisch weht der Wind
Der Heimat zu,
Mein Irisch Kind,
Wo weilest du?

"You gave me hyacinths first a year ago;
"They called me the hyacinth girl."
–Yet when we came back, late, from the Hyacinth garden,
Your arms full, and your hair wet, I could not
Speak, and my eyes failed, I was neither
Living nor dead, and I knew nothing,
Looking into the heart of light, the silence.
Oed' und leer das Meer.

Madame Sosostris, famous clairvoyante,
Had a bad cold, nevertheless
Is known to be the wisest woman in Europe,
With a wicked pack of cards. Here, said she,
Is your card, the drowned Phoenician Sailor,
(Those are pearls that were his eyes. Look!)
Here is Belladonna, the Lady of the Rocks,
The lady of situations.
Here is the man with three staves, and here the Wheel,
And here is the one-eyed merchant, and this card
Which is blank, is something he carries on his back,
Which I am forbidden to see. I do not find
The Hanged Man. Fear death by water.
I see crowds of people, walking round in a ring.
Thank you. If you see dear Mrs. Equitone,
Tell her I bring the horoscope myself:
One must be so careful these days.

POEMS WITH SIMILAR FEELING BUT DIFFERENT APPROACHES

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Unreal City,
Under the brown fog of a winter dawn,
A crowd flowed over London Bridge, so many,
I had not thought death had undone so many.
Sighs, short and infrequent, were exhaled,
And each man fixed his eyes before his feet.
Flowed up the hill and down King William Street,
To where Saint Mary Woolnoth kept the hours
With a dead sound on the final stroke of nine.
There I saw one I knew, and stopped him, crying: "Stetson!
"You who were with me in the ships at Mylae!
"That corpse you planted last year in your garden,
"Has it begun to sprout? Will it bloom this year?
"Or has the sudden frost disturbed its bed?
"Oh keep the Dog far hence, that's friend to men,
"Or with his nails he'll dig it up again!
"You! hypocrite lecteur!—mon semblable—mon frère!"

II. A Game of Chess

The Chair she sat in, like a burnished throne,
Glowed on the marble, where the glass
Held up by standards wrought with fruited vines
From which a golden Cupidon peeped out
(Another hid his eyes behind his wing)
Doubled the flames of seven branched candelabra
Reflecting light upon the table as
The glitter of her jewels rose to meet it,
From satin cases poured in rich profusion;
In vials of ivory and coloured glass
Unstoppered, lurked her strange synthetic perfumes,
Unguent, powdered, or liquid—troubled, confused
And drowned the sense in odours; stirred by the air
That freshened from the window, these ascended
In fattening the prolonged candle-flames,
Flung their smoke into the laquearia,
Stirring the pattern on the coffered ceiling.
Huge sea-wood-fed with copper
Burned green and orange, framed by the coloured stone,
In which sad light a carvèd dolphin swam.
Above the antique mantel was displayed.
As though a window gave upon the sylvan scene
The change of Philomel, by the barbarous king
So rudely forced; yet there the nightingale
Filled all the desert with inviolable voice
And still she cried, and still the world pursues,
"Jug Jug" to dirty ears.
And other withered stumps of time
Were told upon the walls; staring forms
Leaned out, leaning, hushing the room enclosed.
Footsteps shuffled on the stair.

POEMS WITH SIMILAR FEELING BUT DIFFERENT APPROACHES

Under the firelight, under the brush, her hair
Spread out in fiery points
Clawed into words, then would be savagely still.

"My nerves are bad to-night. Yes, bad. Stay with me.
"Speak to me. Why do you never speak. Speak.
"What are you thinking of? What thinking? What?
"I never know what you are thinking. Think."

I think we are in rats' alley
Where the dead men lost their bones.

"What is that noise?"
The wind under the door.
"What is that noise now? What is the wind doing?"
Nothing again nothing.
"Do
"You know nothing? Do you see nothing? Do you remember
"Nothing?"

I remember
Those are pearls that were his eyes.
"Are you alive, or not? Is there nothing in your head?"
But

O OOO that Shakespearean Rag—
It's so elegant
So intelligent
"What shall I do now? What shall I do?"
"I shall rush out as I am, and walk the street
"With my hair down, so. What shall we do to-morrow?
"What shall we ever do?"
The hot water at ten.
And if it rains, a closed car at four.
And we shall play a game of chess,
Pressing lidless eyes and waiting for a knock upon the door.

When Lil's husband got demobbed, I said—
I didn't mince my words, I said to her myself,
HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME
Now Albert's coming back, make yourself a bit smart.
He'll want to know what you done with that money he gave you
To get yourself some teeth. He did, I was there.
You have them all out, Lil, and get a nice set,
He said, I swear, I can't bear to look at you.
And no more can't I, I said, and think of poor Albert,
He's been in the army four years, he wants a good time,
And if you don't give it him, there's others will, I said.
Oh is there, she said. Something o' that, I said.
Then I'll know who to thank, she said, and give me a straight look.
HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME
If you don't like it you can get on with it, I said,
Others can pick and choose if you can't.
But if Albert makes off, it won't be for lack of telling.

POEMS WITH SIMILAR FEELING BUT DIFFERENT APPROACHES

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You ought to be ashamed, I said, to look so antique.
(And her only thirty-one.)
I can't help it, she said, pulling a long face,
It's them pills I took, to bring it off, she said.
(She's had five already, and nearly died of young George.)
The chemist said it would be alright, but I've never been the same.
You are a proper fool, I said.
Well, if Albert won't leave you alone, there it is, I said,
What you get married for if you don't want children?
HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME
Well, that Sunday Albert was home, they had a hot gammon,
And they asked me in to dinner, to get the beauty of it hot—
HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME
HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME
Goodnight Bill. Goodnight Lou. Goodnight May. Goodnight.
Ta ta. Goodnight. Goodnight.
Good night, ladies, good night, sweet ladies, good night, good night.

III. The Fire Sermon

The river's tent is broken: the last fingers of leaf
Clutch and sink into the wet bank. The wind
Crosses the brown land, unheard. The nymphs are departed.
Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.
The river bears no empty bottles, sandwich papers,
Silk handkerchiefs, cardboard boxes, cigarette ends
Or other testimony of summer nights. The nymphs are departed.
And their friends, the loitering heirs of city directors;
Departed, have left no addresses.
By the waters of Leman I sat down and wept. . .
Sweet Thames, run softly till I end my song,
Sweet Thames, run softly, for I speak not loud or long.
But at my back in a cold blast I hear
The rattle of the bones, and chuckle spread from ear to ear.
A rat crept softly through the vegetation
Dragging its slimy belly on the bank
While I was fishing in the dull canal
On a winter evening round behind the gashouse
Musing upon the king my brother's wreck
And on the king my father's death before him.
White bodies naked on the low damp ground
And bones cast in a little low dry garret,
Rattled by the rat's foot only, year to year.
But at my back from time to time I hear
The sound of horns and motors, which shall bring
Sweeney to Mrs. Porter in the spring.
O the moon shone bright on Mrs. Porter
And on her daughter
They wash their feet in soda water
Et O cesvoixd'enfants, chantantdans la coupole!

POEMS WITH SIMILAR FEELING BUT DIFFERENT APPROACHES

Twit twittwit
Jug jugjugjugjugjug
So rudely forc'd.
Tereu

Unreal City
Under the brown fog of a winter noon
Mr. Eugenides, the Smyrna merchant
Unshaven, with a pocket full of currants
C.i.f. London: documents at sight,
Asked me in demotic French
To luncheon at the Cannon Street Hotel
Followed by a weekend at the Metropole.

At the violet hour, when the eyes and back
Turn upward from the desk, when the human engine waits
Like a taxi throbbing waiting,
I Tiresias, though blind, throbbing between two lives,
Old man with wrinkled female breasts, can see
At the violet hour, the evening hour that strives
Homeward, and brings the sailor home from sea,
The typist home at teatime, clears her breakfast, lights
Her stove, and lays out food in tins.
Out of the window perilously spread
Her drying combinations touched by the sun's last rays,
On the divan are piled (at night her bed)
Stockings, slippers, camisoles, and stays.
I Tiresias, old man with wrinkled dugs
Perceived the scene, and foretold the rest—
I too awaited the expected guest.
He, the young man carbuncular, arrives,
A small house agent's clerk, with one bold stare,
One of the low on whom assurance sits
As a silk hat on a Bradford millionaire,
The time is now propitious, as he guesses,
The meal is ended, she is bored and tired,
Endeavours to engage her in caresses
Which still are unreproved, if undesired.
Flushed and decided, he assaults at once;
Exploring hands encounter no defence;
His vanity requires no response,
And makes a welcome of indifference.
(And I Tiresias have foresuffered all
Enacted on this same divan or bed;
I who have sat by Thebes below the wall
And walked among the lowest of the dead.)
Bestows one final patronising kiss,
And gropes his way, finding the stairs unlit. . .

She turns and looks a moment in the glass,
Hardly aware of her departed lover;

POEMS WITH SIMILAR FEELING BUT DIFFERENT APPROACHES

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Her brain allows one half-formed thought to pass:
"Well now that's done: and I'm glad it's over."
When lovely woman stoops to folly and
Paces about her room again, alone,
She smoothes her hair with automatic hand,
And puts a record on the gramophone.

"This music crept by me upon the waters"
And along the Strand, up Queen Victoria Street.
O City city, I can sometimes hear
Beside a public bar in Lower Thames Street,
The pleasant whining of a mandoline
And a clatter and a chatter from within
Where fishmen lounge at noon: where the walls
Of Magnus Martyr hold
Inexplicable splendour of Ionian white and gold.

The river sweats
Oil and tar
The barges drift
With the turning tide
Red sails
Wide
To leeward, swing on the heavy spar.
The barges wash
Drifting logs
Down Greenwich reach
Past the Isle of Dogs,
Weialalaleia
Wallalaleialala

Elizabeth and Leicester
Beating oars
The stern was formed
A gilded shell
Red and gold
The brisk swell
Rippled both shores
Southwest wind
Carried down stream
The peal of bells
White towers
Weialalaleia
Wallalaleialala

"Trams and dusty trees.
Highbury bore me. "Richmond and Kew
Undid me. By Richmond I raised my knees
Supine on the floor of a narrow canoe."

"My feet are at Moorgate, and my heart
Under my feet. After the event

POEMS WITH SIMILAR FEELING BUT DIFFERENT APPROACHES

He wept. He promised 'a new start.'
I made no comment. What should I resent?"

"On Margate Sands.
I can connect
Nothing with nothing.
The broken fingernails of dirty hands.
My people humble people who expect
Nothing."
la la

To Carthage then I came

Burning burningburningburning
O Lord Thou pluckest me out
O Lord Thou pluckest

burning

IV. Death by Water

Phlebas the Phoenician, a fortnight dead,
Forgot the cry of gulls, and the deep sea swell
And the profit and loss.
A current under sea
Picked his bones in whispers. As he rose and fell
He passed the stages of his age and youth
Entering the whirlpool.
Gentile or Jew
O you who turn the wheel and look to windward,
Consider Phlebas, who was once handsome and tall as you.

V. What the Thunder Said

After the torchlight red on sweaty faces
After the frosty silence in the gardens
After the agony in stony places
The shouting and the crying
Prison and palace and reverberation
Of thunder of spring over distant mountains
He who was living is now dead
We who were living are now dying
With a little patience

Here is no water but only rock
Rock and no water and the sandy road
The road winding above among the mountains
Which are mountains of rock without water
If there were water we should stop and drink
Amongst the rock one cannot stop or think
Sweat is dry and feet are in the sand
If there were only water amongst the rock
Dead mountain mouth of carious teeth that cannot spit
Here one can neither stand nor lie nor sit
There is not even silence in the mountains

POEMS WITH SIMILAR FEELING BUT DIFFERENT APPROACHES

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But dry sterile thunder without rain
There is not even solitude in the mountains
But red sullen faces sneer and snarl
From doors of mud cracked houses
If there were water
And no rock
If there were rock
And also water
And water
A spring
A pool among the rock
If there were the sound of water only
Not the cicada
And dry grass singing
But sound of water over a rock
Where the hermit-thrush sings in the pine trees
Drip drop drip drop drop drop drop
But there is no water

Who is the third who walks always beside you?
When I count, there are only you and I together
But when I look ahead up the white road
There is always another one walking beside you
Gliding wrapt in a brown mantle, hooded
I do not know whether a man or a woman
—But who is that on the other side of you?

What is that sound high in the air
Murmur of maternal lamentation
Who are those hooded hordes swarming
Over endless plains, stumbling in cracked earth
Ringed by the flat horizon only
What is the city over the mountains
Cracks and reforms and bursts in the violet air
Falling towers Jerusalem Athens Alexandria
Vienna London
Unreal

A woman drew her long black hair out tight
And fiddled whisper music on those strings
And bats with baby faces in the violet light
Whistled, and beat their wings
And crawled head downward down a blackened wall
And upside down in air were towers
Tolling reminiscent bells, that kept the hours
And voices singing out of empty cisterns and exhausted wells.

POEMS WITH SIMILAR FEELING BUT DIFFERENT APPROACHES

In this decayed hole among the mountains
In the faint moonlight, the grass is singing
Over the tumbled graves, about the chapel
There is the empty chapel, only the wind's home
It has no windows, and the door swings,

Dry bones can harm no one.
Only a cock stood on the rooftree
Co corico co corico
In a flash of lightning. Then a damp gust
Bringing rain

Ganga was sunken, and the limp leaves
Waited for rain, while the black clouds
Gathered far distant, over Himavant.
The jungle crouched, humped in silence,
Then spoke the thunder
DA
Datta: what have we given?
My friend, blood shaking my heart
The awful daring of a moment's surrender
Which an age of prudence can never retract
By this, and this only, we have existed
Which is not to be found in our obituaries
Or in memories draped by the beneficent spider
Or under seals broken by the lean solicitor
In our empty rooms
DA
Dayadhvam: I have heard the key
Turn in the door once and turn once only
We think of the key, each in his prison
Thinking of the key, each confirms a prison
Only at nightfall, aethereal rumours
Revive for a moment a broken Coriolanus
DA
Damyata: The boat responded
Gaily, to the hand expert with sail and oar
The sea was calm, your heart would have responded
Gaily, when invited, beating obedient
To controlling hands

I sat upon the shore
Fishing, with the arid plain behind me
Shall I at least set my lands in order?
London Bridge is falling down falling down falling down
Poi s'ascosenelfocochegliaffina
Quandofiamutichelidon—O swallow swallow
Le Prince d'Aquitaine à la tour abolie
These fragments I have shored against my ruins
Why then Ile fit you. Hieronymo's mad againe.
Datta. Dayadhvam. Damyata.
Shantihshantihshantih

Connections between the five sections of T. S. Eliot's 'The Waste Land'

POEMS WITH SIMILAR FEELING BUT DIFFERENT APPROACHES

T. S. Eliot has divided The Waste Land into five sections under the following titles:

i. The Burial of the Dead,

ii. A Game of Chess,

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iii. The fire Sermon,

iv. Death by water, and

v. What the Thunder Said.

i. The Burial of the Dead

The first section, *The Burial of the Dead*, reveals the degeneration and rootlessness of the modern man and his civilization. The modern man has lost faith in moral spiritual values. He has indulged himself in sex, gambling and violence, which have dried up sources of his vitality. His rebirth is possible only through the revival of spiritual and moral values.

ii. A Game of Chess

In the second section, *A Game of Chess*, the poet indicates the failure of sex-relationship in the modern world. Sex has become a mere act of entertainment and has lost its moral and social purpose. The poet shows that sex perversities, both in high and low life, have become a matter of mechanical routine. This perversion of sex has made modern life utterly unproductive and desolate.

iii. The Fire Sermon

The third section, *The Fire Sermon*, shows that lust and rape are responsible for the decay of modern society. And this kind of degeneration prevails in all classes of modern society. The poet prays to God to save the modern civilization from lust and spiritual degeneration.

iv. Death by Water

In the fourth section, *Death by Water*, the poet has suggested the significance of water as a means of purification and rebirth. He has also made two associations there. The first one is from Shakespeare's *The Tempest* while the other one is from the ancient Egyptian myth of the god of fertility. The death of Phlebas, the Greek sailor, throws light on the life of people of modern people who devote themselves to worldly pursuit and meet death. There is no rebirth for such people because their life is devoid of moral values.

v: What the Thunder Said

The fifth section, entitled *What the Thunder Said,* suggests that there is a need of effort for the realization of the spiritual goal. The poet gives his own personal impression here. He says that it is impossible to reform the whole world and wonders where the change should begin from. Then he says that he must start with himself. He prescribes three remedies to gain spiritual peace and bliss, and ends the poem on a note of hope.

Summary of the poem "The Waste Land"

T. S. Eliot's landmark modernist poem *The Waste Land* was published in 1922. Divided into five sections, the poem explores life in London in the aftermath of the First World War, although its various landscapes include the desert and the ocean as well as the bustling metropolis. The poem is notable for its unusual style, which fuses different poetic forms and traditions. Eliot also alludes to numerous works of literature including the Bible, Shakespeare, St Augustine, Hindu and Buddhist sacred texts, as well as French poetry, Wagnerian opera, and Arthurian legend surrounding the Holy Grail. But the poem is also strikingly modern in its references to jazz music, gramophones, motorcars, typists and tinned food.

POEMS WITH SIMILAR FEELING BUT DIFFERENT APPROACHES

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Not long after its publication, *The Waste Land* became a talking-point among readers, with some critics hailing it as a masterpiece that spoke for a generation of lost souls, and others denouncing it for its allusiveness (the US poet William Carlos Williams disliked it because it 'returned us to the classroom') or for its unusual modernist style. It continues to divide readers, but its reputation as one of the most influential poems of the twentieth century is secure.

The terms "Datta, Dayadhvam, Damyata" in the section of The Waste Land entitled "What the Thunder Said" signify a possible way of escaping from the malaise of the fractured modern-day existence. The terms respectively mean "give," "be sympathetic," and "control," which could collectively be interpreted as a way of dealing with the chaos and disorder of post-war life.

In this poem, the terms suggest that mankind needs to follow these instructions in order to avoid a repeat of World War I.

In the poem, Eliot's speaker asks, "What have we given?" To him, *datta* here refers to self-sacrifice, particularly in terms of giving life and limb for a friend. This can be connected to the First World War: in this section of the poem, Eliot refers to a "friend" and an act of sacrifice for him, which alone means that someone has really existed.

In terms of *dayadhvam,* Eliot alludes to prisons and how each person is in his own prison. In order to be sympathetic, as this order directs, it is important for everyone to be aware that we are all in our own prisons and to sympathize on this front.

Damyata, the final element, directs the reader to be compassionate. Eliot describes a boat which responds as directed to the hands which control it and suggests that we, like the boat, will feel more secure if we do not resist what is happening to us, but instead have compassion for what the world is being asked to do in order to recover.

The main theme in the poem The Waste Land by T. S. Eliot is the decline of all the old certainties that had previously held Western society together. This has caused society to break up, and there's to be no going back. All that's left to do is to salvage broken cultural fragments from a vanished past.

Theme	Description
Fragmentation and decay	Enacted through the poem's use of free verse (especially in 'What the Thunder Said') and its references to 'fragments' and 'broken images'
Sex and relationships	Seen in the conversation in the London pub at the end of 'A Game of Chess', the section describing the typist and 'young man carbuncular' in 'The Fire Sermon', and the Earl of Leicester and Queen Elizabeth I (the 'Virgin Queen'), among others
War	See the poem's references to an 'archduke' (suggesting Archduke Franz Ferdinand, whose assassination caused the outbreak of WWI), rats, dead men and their bones, demobbed soldiers, and possible shell-shock victims (the man in the middle section of 'A Game of Chess')

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His poem lacks a consistent rhyme scheme. But every now and again, there are lines with rhyme metre - these are musical piece allusions. Perhaps there is no longer a need for order and established structure in the midst of the chaos and wreckage of The Wasteland. He inserted famous song refrains in an attempt to restore order to The Wasteland. His poetry, however, continually returned to its anomalous form, demonstrating that The Wasteland is doomed.

5.4 W. B. YEATS'S "THE SECOND COMING"

One of W. B. Yeats's most well-known poems, "The Second Coming," is riddled with unclear imagery and indirect connections that have left many readers puzzled about its meaning.

The Second Coming
William Butler Yeats

Turning and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.

Surely some revelation is at hand;
Surely the Second Coming is at hand.
The Second Coming! Hardly are those words out
When a vast image out of Spiritus Mundi
Troubles my sight: somewhere in sands of the desert
A shape with lion body and the head of a man,
A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun,
Is moving its slow thighs, while all about it
Reel shadows of the indignant desert birds.
The darkness drops again; but now I know
That twenty centuries of stony sleep
Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,
And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?

Summary of the poem "The Second Coming"

The person who provides the narration for "The Second Coming" describes the world in a horrified way. The poem's opening line, "Turning and turning in the widening gyre," alludes to an esoteric symbol that William Butler Yeats found endlessly fascinating: interlaced rings. Yeats thought that the cosmos was made up of interlocking circles, which together make up individual lives and eventually combine to form existence as a whole. A gyre is a spiral or vortex.

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This first line basically only states that something is happening in this planet in a more complicated way. Something is churning and waking; some new existence is emerging from the existing haze of life that we all live in, broadening and growing what life is and changing the fundamental nature of how the world functions.

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The speaker spends the whole first stanza watching a world that has lost touch with order and morality. Violence is eroding innocence, people have grown disillusioned with their leaders, something basic is disintegrating, and those who believe in kindness are being silenced, while the loudest speakers are the villains and chaos-makers.

A gyre in "The Second Coming" is a kind of twisting, turning cone shape that Yeats used as a visual representation of historical epochs. Yeats believed that the current gyre, the one that had been in existence since the birth of Christ, was coming to an end, and would be replaced by a new historical epoch characterized by bloodshed, chaos, and disorder.

The second section, beginning with the line "Surely some revelation is at hand," finds the speaker sure that some major shift is happening around him. All this chaos cannot be an accident, certainly. Something vast is coming, some distorted version of the Christian apocalypse is descending upon the land; some ending is approaching.

The final portion outlines the speaker's perception of what this Second Coming, this new world that has been transformed by all the past murder and mayhem, would entail. He considers the "Spiritus Mundi," a Latin phrase that means "World Spirit," and starts to picture things inside of it, like shadowy birds and desert sphinxes.

The term "spiritus mundi" in the second stanza of W. B. Yeats's "The Second Coming" means "spirit of the world" and refers to the collective spirit or consciousness of humanity. The speaker uses the term in such a way as to imply that humanity itself has become so evil that it will give rise to the antichrist that will appear at the end of the world.

By the poem's conclusion, the speaker is certain that something much worse is about to happen. Some horror, some "rough beast," is rising and moving swiftly toward the ground. The gloomy centre of "The Second Coming," that unfathomable wave of evil and mystery entering the earth in the form of a modernity full of violence, conflict, and the loss of conventional meaning and values, is this monster that he cannot identify but can sense approaching.

Blank verse serves as the rhyme scheme. Additionally, the poem's iambic pentameter is rough, sloppy, and erratic. As a result, the majority of lines merely coincidentally rhyme, like "man" and "sun" (line 14 &15).

5.5 A COMPARISON OF "THE WASTE LAND" WITH "THE SECOND COMING"

Both W. B. Yeats' "The Second Coming" and T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land" address a similar mood that was prevalent in Western Europe in the first part of the twentieth century. The disastrous impacts of World War I on physical and moral levels persisted at the time the poems were written. The view of the destroyed cities, as well as the sensation of fragmentation in what was previously thought to be a holistic world, led to the abandoning of seeming coherence and the use of a broken grammatical style.

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Their perspectives on the next upcoming times differ according to the evolution of their religious beliefs. As a Christian, Eliot feels that there is a possibility of escape despair, but Yeats, who incorporates Christianity into his own mythology, believes that the coming days will be a return to the horrors of the ancient past. A close reading of the poem, along

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with some basic genetic analysis, reveals that Yeats viewed the new order as a reign of dread plagued by conflict. One may anticipate to read about Christ's magnificent return to save his disciples from the title "The Second Coming." However, Yeats depicts a bleak future in which anarchy triumphs over man's innocence.

He thought Christianity to be an outmoded concept. "The Second Coming" is not, despite its title and Bethlehem allusion, a narrative of the Messiah's return. What is being birthed bears no resemblance to Christ. As a result, the sentence "the Second Coming is near" depicts a gloomy and foreboding environment that serves as a warning to what may await humanity if we continue on our current course.

As a modernist poet, Eliot attempted to remove the author's voice from his work, yet the work nonetheless reflects the author's analysis. He paints the image as he sees it for the readers to perceive and interpret as they see fit. The Waste Land might be interpreted as Eliot's laborious and ultimately unsuccessful effort to confront his own unconscious or spiritual truth. Eliot uses a river element to signify both death and regeneration in his poem 'The Waste Land.' This connects to the religious concept, as well as the specific topics of the parts and the overall subject of the poem, which is that contemporary man is in a wasteland and must be reborn.

Both Yeats' and Eliot's poems portray a process renewal, although they focus on different purposes and issues. Eliot concentrates on the transformation of an individual, but Yeats forecasts the transformation of the entire universe as a result of the amplification of chaos. In contrast, Eliot used ambiguity to reinforce and expand his theme: death is the path to rebirth. In contrast, Yeats retains a dismal tone caused by his helplessness towards humanity's sad position.

Finally, while both poets handle one of the most momentous crises in human history in comparable ways, there is a major contrast in their styles. While Eliot's desperation is visible in the poem's lyrical and fragmentary form, Yeats adopts a more realistic approach with a classical style, leading to a more accurate forecast, practically a prophesy, of the future. Uncertain and unsure of what is to come, Eliot paints many images of what has been lost and what civilization has left behind. Yeats, on the other hand, foresees the emergence of a beast, which at first reminds one of Hitler and the Second World War, and cautions society.

5.6 REVIEW QUESTIONS

SHORT ANSWER TYPE QUESTIONS

1. **What is the main theme in the poem The Waste Land by T. S. Eliot?**
2. **What does the term "spiritus mundi" seem to imply in stanza 2 of "The Second Coming"?**
3. **What is "gyre" in "The Second Coming"?**
4. **Explain this line from "The Second Coming": "The falcon cannot hear the falconer."**
5. **What is the basic theme of the poem "The Second Coming"?**

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LONG ANSWER TYPE QUESTIONS

1. **What does the term "Datta, Dayadhvam, and Damyata" signify in "What the Thunder Said" in the poem The Waste Land?**
2. **Give summary of the poem 'The Second Coming' in 200 words.**
3. **How does Eliot present the predicament of modern man in The Waste Land?**
4. **The poem is entitled "The Second Coming." Is the "rough beast" approaching Bethlehem a saviour, or something else?**
5. **Give summary of the poem 'The Waste Land' in 200 words.**

5.7 MULTIPLE CHOICE QUESTIONS

1. **Who was the "miglior fabbro" to whom The Waste Land was dedicated?**
   a. Ezra Pound
   b. Vivienne Haigh-Wood Eliot
   c. Samuel Beckett
   d. Coco Chanel
2. **From where did Eliot borrow the original title for The Waste Land, He Do the Police in Different Voices?**
   a. A popular music hall song
   b. James Joyce's Finnegans Wake
   c. Charles Dickens's Our Mutual Friend
   d. Mark Twain's Huckleberry Finn
3. **Which popular nursery rhyme is mentioned at the end of The Waste Land?**
   a. London Bridge is Falling Down
   b. Humpty Dumpty
   c. Jack and Jill
   d. Ring-a-roses
4. **How may W.B. Yeats' poem, "The Second Coming," be interpreted?**
   a. As an interpretation of the Biblical Second Coming of Christ
   b. As an attempt to support European colonialism in Africa
   c. As a howl of despair concerning the current state of the world
   d. Both a and c
5. **W.B Yeats was a _____.**
   a. Anglo-Irish poet
   b. Anglo-Indian Poet
   c. Anglo-Roman Poet
   d. None
6. **Which of the following is a poem written by Yeats?**
   a. The Second Coming
   b. Palacio
   c. Esther Waters
   d. None

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7. Is Yeats primarily a _____.

a. Symbolist
b. Imagist
c. Satirist
d. Idealist

8. Who is the poet of 'The Waste Land'?

a. W B Yeats
b. T S Eliot
c. C N Ramachandran
d. None of these

9. "Spiritus mundi" in the poem 'The Waste Land' means?

a. Spirit of the world
b. A popular music hall
c. Huckleberry Finn
d. None of these

10. Who is the poet of 'The Second Coming'?

a. W B Yeats
b. T S Eliot
c. C N Ramachandran
d. None of these

♦♦♦♦♦

ANSWER KEY

UNIT I

QUESTION	ANSWER	QUESTION	ANSWER
1.	b.	6.	c.
2.	c.	7.	d.
3.	b.	8.	b.
4.	d.	9.	b.
5.	a.	10.	b.

UNIT II

QUESTION	ANSWER	QUESTION	ANSWER
1.	a.	6.	a.
2.	c.	7.	a.
3.	b.	8.	a.
4.	d.	9.	a.
5.	c.	10.	a.

UNIT III

QUESTION	ANSWER	QUESTION	ANSWER
1.	a.	6.	c.
2.	d.	7.	c.
3.	d.	8.	c.
4.	d.	9.	b.
5.	b.	10.	c.

UNIT IV

QUESTION	ANSWER	QUESTION	ANSWER
1.	b.	6.	d.
2.	b.	7.	a.
3.	b.	8.	c.
4.	d.	9.	a.
5.	a.	10.	b.

UNIT V

QUESTION	ANSWER	QUESTION	ANSWER
1.	a.	6.	a.
2.	c.	7.	a.
3.	a.	8.	b.
4.	d.	9.	a.
5.	a.	10.	a.

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