

Speech: “All the world’s a stage”

By William Shakespeare (23rd April, 1564 – 23rd April, 1616)

(from As You Like It, spoken by Jacques)

All the world’s a stage,

And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse’s arms;
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress’ eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon’s mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin’d,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper’d pantaloon,

Bard of Evan Or English National Poet

Poet, playwright and actor

Practical knowledge

Lord chamberlains(159) men and globe theatre(1599)

Lost years (1585-1592)

Huge influence on eng. lit and lang.

POEM: As you like it (Jacques-act 2 scene 7, 1599)

Dramatic monologue-iambic pentameter-blank verse-28 lines

THEMES:

Cycle of life(birth to death),Life as a performance, Fleeting nature of life, Loss of identity and power

Tone and mood: philosophical, reflective and sorrowful

Literary devices:

Metaphor (no like or as)

Simile (compare two unlike things)

Onomatopoeia (words imitating sounds)

Alliteration(repeating of consonant sounds)

Enjambment (run-on line)

Irony (bittersweet truth)

Repetition (repeating words or phrases)

personification (human qualities to non-human)

symbolism (represent other elements)

imagery(create mental image)

With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

.....

Sonnet 19: When I consider how my light is spent (1673)

By John Milton (9th Dec, 1608 - 8th Nov 1674)

When I consider how my light is spent,
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one Talent which is death to hide
 Lodged with me useless, though my Soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest he returning chide;
 “Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?”
I fondly ask. But patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, “God doth not need
 Either man’s work or his own gifts; who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is Kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed
 And post o’er Land and Ocean without rest:
 They also serve who only stand and wait.”

.....

Puritan beliefs.

Jacobean Era – Civil war – Grand revolution
– restoration.

Egoistic.

Different languages.

Petrarchan Sonnet.

Personal struggle of using eyesight.
(frustration and acceptance)

Gods purpose.

Blinded – 44yrs.

On his blindness – Thomas Newton.

Petrarchan Sonnet – 14 lines – ABBA ABBA
CDE – Iambic Pentameter – Octave & Sestet.

Themes:

Loss and inner struggle – faith – Virtue of
patience – Divine will to serve God.

Literary devices:

Metaphor (no like or as)

Simile (compare two unlike things)

Onomatopoeia (words imitating sounds)

Alliteration (repeating of consonant sounds)

Enjambment (run-on line)

Irony (bittersweet truth)

Repetition (repeating words or phrases)

personification (human qualities to non-
human)

symbolism (represent other elements)

imagery (create mental image)

illusion (reference)

Rhetorical Question (Elicit)

Apostrophe (Addressing)

The World Is Too Much With Us

By William Wordsworth (7th April, 1770 – 23rd April, 1850)

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

.....

The Daffodils

By William Wordsworth

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

The World (1802)

- Rapid industrial & economic changes -> Materialism.
- Petrarchan Sonnet -> Octave, Volta, Sestet - Iambic Pentameter – ABBA ABBA CDCDCD.
- Economic – Spiritual & Cultural Angles.

Themes :

- Materialism V/S Nature.
- Consumerism & Constant dependency.
- Cost of Progress.
- Human V/S Nature.
- Power of Imagination.

Tone & Mood: Lamenting, Accusatory, Refractive & Sorrowful.

Literary devices:

- Metaphor (no like or as)
- Simile (compare two unlike things)
- Onomatopoeia (words imitating sounds)
- Alliteration (repeating of consonant sounds)
- Enjambment (run-on line)
- Irony (bittersweet truth)
- Repetition (repeating words or phrases)
- personification (human qualities to non-human).
- symbolism (represent other elements).
- Imagery (create mental image).
- Illusion (reference).
- Rhetorical Question (Elicit).
- Apostrophe (Addressing).
- Oxymoron.
- Assonance.

Daffodils (1807)

- I wondered lonely as a Cloud.
 - Famous & iconic piece.
 - Lyrical poem – First person POV – Four Stanzas of Six line – Iambic tetrameter - ABABCC.
- Themes:**
- Healing & uplifting power of nature's beauty.
 - Solitude & inner Peace.
 - Emotion & Spiritual healing.
 - Power of Imagination.

Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle on the milky way,
 They stretched in never-ending line
 Along the margin of a bay:
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
 Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:

A poet could not but be gay,
 In such a jocund company:
 I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
 In vacant or in pensive mood,
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude;
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the daffodils.

To Milton

London, 1802

By William Wordsworth

Tone: Joyful, admiring, appreciative & reflective.

Mood: Delight, uplifting & Cheerful.

Literary devices:

- Metaphor (no like or as)
- Simile (compare two unlike things)
- Onomatopoeia (words imitating sounds)
- Alliteration (repeating of consonant sounds)
- Enjambment (run-on line)
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- Apostrophe (Addressing).
- Oxymoron .
- Assonance.
- Hyperbole.

- Father of Romanticism.
- Poet, Writer, Philosopher.
- Remembered for lyrical poetry.
- Influenced by French Revolution & Idea of Romantic Movement.
- Wrote for common people- Simple long-Universal Themes.
- Collaborated love with nature.
- Wordsworth + Colerage -> lyrical Ballad (1798) -> Romanticism.
- Optimistic – Observed Positive Side of Nature.
- Prelude (1798).
- Poet laureate (1843-1850).
- Nature Worshiper.
- Spent most life in Lake District.

To Milton

- Melancholic Poem from collection 'Two Volume' (1807).
- England – experiencing moral & cultural decline.
- French revolution . –Napoleon wars.
- Admire Milton & Seek moral strength.
- England – Lost originality & Ancient charms.
- People materialistic & selfish.

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
 England hath need of thee: she is a fen
 Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
 Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
 Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
 So didst thou travel on life's common way,
 In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

The Solitary Reaper

By William Wordsworth

Behold her, single in the field,
 Yon solitary Highland Lass!
 Reaping and singing by herself;
 Stop here, or gently pass!
 Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
 And sings a melancholy strain;
 O listen! for the Vale profound
 Is overflowing with the sound.

**Petrarchan Sonnet – Octave, no Volta, Sest
 – ABBA ABBA CDC DCD – Iambic Pentameter.**

Tone: Critical & Optimistic.

Mood: Mournful - Hopeful.

Themes : Moral Decay, Loss of Virtue, Social commentary, Longing for Moral Leadership, Praises Milton.

Literary devices:

- Metaphor (no like or as)
- Simile (compare two unlike things)
- Onomatopoeia (words imitating sounds)
- Alliteration (repeating of consonant sounds)
- Enjambment (run-on line)
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- Apostrophe (Addressing).
- Oxymoron .
- Assonance.
- Hyperbole.
- Illusion (reference).

Solitary Reaper

- Composed in 1805.
- Published in 1807.

Lyrical poem – Quintessential Poem

- Appreciate Highland less.

Lyrical poem – 4 Stanzas of 8 lines.

- Iambic Tetrameter – ABABCCDD – First person narration.

Themes : Nature & Human Beauty, Beauty & simplicity, Isolation, Epitome of Universal Emotions, Emotional Impact of music.

Tone : Joyful, admiring, appreciative & reflective.

Mood: Delight, Uplifting & cheerful.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
 More welcome notes to weary bands
 Of travellers in some shady haunt,
 Among Arabian sands:
 A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
 In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
 Breaking the silence of the seas
 Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
 For old, unhappy, far-off things,
 And battles long ago:
 Or is it some more humble lay,
 Familiar matter of to-day?
 Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
 That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
 As if her song could have no ending;
 I saw her singing at her work,
 And o'er the sickle bending;—
 I listened, motionless and still;
 And, as I mounted up the hill,
 The music in my heart I bore,

Literary devices:

- Metaphor (no like or as)
- Simile (compare two unlike things)
- Onomatopoeia (words imitating sounds)
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- Apostrophe (Addressing).
- Oxymoron .
- Assonance.
- Hyperbole.

Long after it was heard no more.

Ode to the West Wind

By Percy Bysshe Shelley

I

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill:

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh hear!

II

Thou on whose stream, mid the steep sky's commotion,

P.B Shelley (4th Aug, 1792 – 8th July, 1822)

- British Romantic Poet of 2nd generation.
- 1810 -> oxford join.
- 1811 -> Expelled – Controversial pamphlet – Necessity of Atheism.
- Literary career -> original poetry by Victor & Cozire.
- Influenced by French revolution, Napoleon War & Enlightenment.
- Tragic life.
- 1811 to 1816 (Harriet West brook)
- 1816 – Married – Mary Godwin.
- No fame during life.
- Short yet productive life.
- Drowned in storm (8th July, 1822).

Ode to the West Wind

- 1820 -> publication.
- Lyrical poem written after Napoleon war (1815).
- Unemployment, poor economic condition & Peterloo Massacre.
- West wind -> West to East in October.
- Political & religious awareness.
- Lyrical poem – 5 Cantos of 14 lines.
- 4 tercets and 1 couplet.
- ABA – Iambic Pentameter & hexameter.

Themes: Political issues of that time, Power of nature, Rebirth & transformation , poetic Inspiration, Political & social revolution, creative inspiration, humans connection to nature, Plea for transformation.

Tone & Mood: Intense & pleading,
Reflective, restless & hopeful.

Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
On the blue surface of thine aëry surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: oh hear!

III

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

Literary devices:

- **Metaphor** (no like or as)
- **Simile** (compare two unlike things)
- **Onomatopoeia** (words imitating sounds)
- **Alliteration**(repeating of consonant sounds)
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- **Rhetorical Question** (Elicit).
- **Apostrophe** (Addressing).
- **Oxymoron** .
- **Assonance**.
- **Hyperbole**.
- **Anaphora**.
- **Inversion**.

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves: oh hear!

IV

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over Heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
Scarce seem'd a vision; I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.

Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!

I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bow'd

One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

V

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:

What if my leaves are falling like its own!

The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,

Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,

My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe

Like wither'd leaves to quicken a new birth!

And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguish'd hearth

Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!

Be through my lips to unawaken'd earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,

If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

On First Looking into Chapman's Homer

By John Keats

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He star'd at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

La Belle Dame sans Merci: A Ballad

By John Keats

Toggle annotations

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge has withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

John Keats (31st Oct, 1795 – 23rd Feb, 1821)

- Romantic poet of 2nd generation.
- Famous for lyrical odes, sensual imagery, deep emotions & themes of beauty.
- Trained in medical profession.
- Practiced Apothecary.
- Enrolled in guys hospital in 1815.
- 1816-Apothecary license.
- Gave up medical training → poetry.
- Leigh Hunt -> Introduced him to new literature circle.
- Love Fanny Brawne.
- T.B Diagnosed -> 1819.
- 1820 -> Italy – Died in 1824.

On First Looking into Chapman's Homer (The Eueminer 1816)

- As an appreciation of George Chapman's Translation of Homer.
- Keats -> Love Classical literature.
- About reading experience.
- Profound that entire world come to life.
- Power of literature.

Petrarchan Sonnet – Octave, Volta, Sestet – ABBA ABBA CDCDCD.

Themes: Power of literature & imagination, Discovery & wonder, Admiration of classical works, Role of Poet & translators.

Tone: Appreciation.

Literary devices:

- Metaphor (no like or as)
- Simile (compare two unlike things)
- Onomatopoeia (words imitating sounds)
- Alliteration (repeating of consonant sounds)
- Enjambment (run-on line)
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- Rhetorical Question (Elicit).
- Apostrophe (Addressing).
- Oxymoron .
- Assonance.
- Hyperbole.
- Anaphora.
- Inversion.

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow,
With anguish moist and fever-dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful—a faery's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She looked at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A faery's song.

La Bella Dam Sans No Mercy

Composition -> 1819 in letter to his brother.

Publication -> 1820 The Indicator.

Inspiration – Alain Chatlier's Poem.

- **Lyrical Ballad – 12 Stanzas of 4 lines – 3 lines of iambic tetrameter, iambic Dimeter - ABCB.**

Tone: Hunting, suspicious, melancholic, mysterious.

Mood: Somber & sorrowful.

Themes: Erotic love & seduction, Loneliness & physical decay, Love at first sight, Betrayal & emotional destruction, Eternal suffering & Heartening memory, Faithlessness of women.

Literary devices:

- **Metaphor (no like or as)**
- **Simile (compare two unlike things)**
- **Onomatopoeia (words imitating sounds)**
- **Alliteration (repeating of consonant sounds)**
- **Enjambment (run-on line)**
- **Irony (bittersweet truth)**
- **Repetition (repeating words or phrases)**
- **personification (human qualities to non-human).**
- **symbolism (represent other elements).**
- **Imagery (create mental image).**
- **Rhetorical Question (Elicit).**
- **Apostrophe (Addressing).**
- **Oxymoron .**
- **Assonance.**
- **Hyperbole.**
- **Anaphora.**
- **Inversion.**

She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna-dew,
And sure in language strange she said—
‘I love thee true’.

She took me to her Elfin grot,
And there she wept and sighed full sore,
And there I shut her wild wild eyes
With kisses four.

And there she lullèd me asleep,
And there I dreamed—Ah! woe betide!—
The latest dream I ever dreamt
On the cold hill side.

I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
They cried—‘La Belle Dame sans Merci
Thee hath in thrall!’

I saw their starved lips in the gloam,
With horrid warning gapèd wide,
And I awoke and found me here,
On the cold hill’s side.

And this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

To Autumn

By John Keats

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook

Ode to Autumn

Composition -> 1819, Publication -> 1820 in Keats Poetry Volume.

- Celebrate fruitfulness of Autumn.
- Ode 3-eleven-line Stanzas – Iambic Pentameter – ABAB CDE DCCE -1 ABABCDECDDE - 2 & 3.

Tone: Optimistic, positive, Calm & reflective.
Themes: Beauty & Abundance of Nature, Stillness & calm, Ending & Acceptance, Harmony B/W time & nature, Nature richness & productivity.

Literary devices:

- Metaphor (no like or as)
- Simile (compare two unlike things)
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- Oxymoron .
- Assonance.
- Hyperbole.
- Anaphora.
- Inversion.
- Diction.
- Illusion (reference).

Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers:
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cyder-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozy hours by hours.

Where are the songs of spring? Ay, Where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river shallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

Break, Break, Break

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson (6th Aug, 1809 – 6th Oct, 1892)

- Prominent Victorians poet.
- Known for evocative verse, rich imagery & themes like love, loss. Human condition.
- Early aptitude – Poetry.
- Two Brothers (1827)
- Laureate Poet (1850-1892).
- Musical Language, Rhyme, Alliteration, blank verse & Elegy.
- Voice of nation.
Break, Break, Break

Composition (1835) Publication (182)

- Elegy on death of his friend Arthur Henry Hallam.

O, well for the fisherman's boy,
 That he shouts with his sister at play!
 O, well for the sailor lad,
 That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
 To their haven under the hill;
 But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
 And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break
 At the foot of thy crag, O Sea!
 But the tender grace of a day that is dead
 Will never come back to me.

Ulysses

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson

It little profits that an idle king,
 By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
 Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
 Unequal laws unto a savage race,
 That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
 I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
 Life to the lees: All times I have enjoy'd
 Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those

- Poet – Unable to express thoughts & grief.
- Elegy – 4 Stanzas – 4 lines – irregular iambic tetrameter – ABCB – First person POV.

Tone: Mournful & reflective.

Themes: Emotional Paralysis,, Contrast b/w youthful joys & personal sorrows, Impermanence of life & permanence of loss, Difficulty in moving on.

Literary devices:

- Metaphor (no like or as)
- Simile (compare two unlike things)
- Onomatopoeia (words imitating sounds)
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- Assonance.
- Hyperbole.
- Anaphora.
- Inversion.
- Diction.

Ulysses

Written: (1833) Publication: (1842 – Two volume collection poem).

- Blank verse Dramatic Monologue.
- Arthur Hallam -> Touring Europe.
- Inspiration – Greek Myth -> Homer's Greek Epic Odysseus & Dante Inferno.
- Dramatic Monologue – 3 Stanzas of different lengths – Poem : 70 lines – iambic pentameter – blank verse.

Tone: Optimistic & Reflective.

Themes: Dissatisfaction from ordinary life, Spirit of Adventure, Quest of Experience, Responsibility & legacy, Aging & Morality, Duty V/S Desire.

That loved me, and alone, on shore, and when
 Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
 Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;
 For always roaming with a hungry heart
 Much have I seen and known; cities of men
 And manners, climates, councils, governments,
 Myself not least, but honour'd of them all;
 And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
 Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
 I am a part of all that I have met;
 Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
 Gleams that untravell'd world whose margin fades
 For ever and forever when I move.
 How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
 To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
 As tho' to breathe were life! Life piled on life
 Were all too little, and of one to me
 Little remains: but every hour is saved
 From that eternal silence, something more,
 A bringer of new things; and vile it were
 For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
 And this gray spirit yearning in desire
 To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
 Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

Literary devices:

- **Metaphor** (no like or as)
- **Simile** (compare two unlike things)
- **Onomatopoeia** (words imitating sounds)
- **Alliteration**(repeating of consonant sounds)
- **Enjambment** (run-on line)
- **Irony** (bittersweet truth)
- **Repetition** (repeating words or phrases)
- **personification** (human qualities to non-human).
- **symbolism** (represent other elements).
- **Imagery**(create mental image).
- **Oxymoron** .
- **Assonance**.
- **Hyperbole**.
- **Anaphora**.
- **Inversion**.
- **Diction**.
- **Dramatic Monologue**.
- **Parallelism**.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle,—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark, broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me—
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;
Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,

'T is not too late to seek a newer world.
 Push off, and sitting well in order smite
 The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
 To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
 Of all the western stars, until I die.
 It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
 And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
 Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
 We are not now that strength which in old days
 Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are;
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

The Patriot

Robert Browning

I

It was roses, roses, all the way,
 With myrtle mixed in my path like mad:
 The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,
 The church-spires flamed, such flags they had,
 A year ago on this very day.

II

The air broke into a mist with bells,

Robert Browning (7th May, 1812- 12th Dec, 1889).

- Victorian Poet.
- Known for dramatic monologue, Physiological Portraits & innovative use of language.
- Early aptitude for poetry.
- First poem "Pauline : A fragment of confession".
- Poet, Playwright & essay writer.

The Patriot (1855 : Men & Women)

- Dramatic Monologue.
- Patriot – Representative of political destiny.

Dramatic Monologue – 1st person POV - 5 stanzas of 5 lines – (Quintana) – Iambic Tetrameter – ABABB(1st) – ABABA (remaining).

- 1 & 2 -> Glorious Past.
- 3 & 4 -> Sudden fall & betrayal.
- 5 – 6 -> Personal suffering & acceptance.

The old walls rocked with the crowds and cries.
Had I said, 'Good folks, mere noise repels -
But give me your sun from yonder skies!'
They had answered, 'And afterward, what else?'

III

Alack, it was I who leaped at the sun,
To give it my loving friends to keep!
Nought man could do have I left undone:
And you see my harvest, what I reap
This very day, now a year is run.

IV

There's nobody on the house-tops now -
Just a palsied few at the windows set -
For the best of the sight is, all allow,
At the Shambles' Gate—or, better yet,
By the very scaffold's foot, I trow.

V

I go in the rain, and, more than needs,
A rope cuts both my wrists behind;
And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,
For they fling, whoever has a mind,
Stones at me for my year's misdeeds.

VI

Thus I entered, and thus I go!
In such triumphs, people have dropped down dead.

Tone: Reflective, tragic, ironic, Philosophical.

Themes: Fickleness of public opinion, Injustice,
Divine justice, Glory & fall.

Literary devices:

- Metaphor (no like or as)
- Alliteration (repeating of consonant sounds)
- Enjambment (run-on line)
- Irony (bittersweet truth)
- personification (human qualities to non-human).
- Imagery (create mental image).
- Assonance.
- Hyperbole.
- Anaphora.
- Inversion.
- Dramatic Monologue.
- Rhetorical Question.

‘Paid by the World, what dost thou owe
Me?’ - God might question; now instead,
’Tis God shall repay! I am safer so.

My Last Duchess

By Robert Browning

FERRARA

That’s my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive. I call
That piece a wonder, now; Fra Pandolf’s hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
Will’t please you sit and look at her? I said
“Fra Pandolf” by design, for never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none puts by
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a glance came there; so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, ’twas not
Her husband’s presence only, called that spot
Of joy into the Duchess’ cheek; perhaps
Fra Pandolf chanced to say, “Her mantle laps
Over my lady’s wrist too much,” or “Paint

My last Duches

Publication : Dramatic lyrics 1842.

- **Dramatic Monologue.**
- **Inspiration: Alfonso II of Ferrara – Renaissance Duke – Wife died in 1561.**
- **Then married niece of count of Tyrol.**

Dramatic Monologue – one long stanza of 56 lines - Iambic Pentemeter.

- **28 heroic couplets with RS – AABBCDD....**

Tone: Dark & arrogant.

Themes: Power & Control, Objection of women, Jealousy & Possessiveness, Madness & Cruelty, Art V/S Reality, Greed.

Literary devices:

- **Metaphor (no like or as)**
- **Simile (compare two unlike things)**
- **Onomatopoeia (words imitating sounds)**
- **Alliteration (repeating of consonant sounds)**
- **Enjambment (run-on line)**
- **Irony (bittersweet truth)**
- **Repetition (repeating words or phrases)**
- **personification (human qualities to non-human).**
- **symbolism (represent other elements).**
- **Imagery (create mental image).**
- **Oxymoron .**
- **Assonance.**
- **Hyperbole.**
- **Anaphora.**
- **Inversion.**
- **Diction.**
- **Dramatic Monologue.**
- **Parallelism.**

Must never hope to reproduce the faint
Half-flush that dies along her throat.” Such stuff
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
For calling up that spot of joy. She had
A heart—how shall I say?— too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed; she liked whate’er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, ’twas all one! My favour at her breast,
The dropping of the daylight in the West,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace—all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
Or blush, at least. She thanked men—good! but thanked
Somehow—I know not how—as if she ranked
My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
With anybody’s gift. Who’d stoop to blame
This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
In speech—which I have not—to make your will
Quite clear to such an one, and say, “Just this
Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
Or there exceed the mark”—and if she let
Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse—
E’en then would be some stooping; and I choose

Never to stoop. Oh, sir, she smiled, no doubt,
 Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without
 Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;
 Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
 As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll meet
 The company below, then. I repeat,
 The Count your master's known munificence
 Is ample warrant that no just pretense
 Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
 Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
 At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
 Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,
 Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
 Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me!

The Hollow Men

T. S. Eliot 1888 – 1965

A penny for the Old Guy

I

We are the hollow men

We are the stuffed men

Leaning together

Headpiece filled with straw. Alas!

Our dried voices, when

We whisper together

Thomas Stearns Eliot (26th Sep, 1888 - 4th Jan, 1945)

- Poet, Critic & Dramatist of 20th C>E.
- Central role in modernist movement in literature.
- Known for intellectual dept., allusion, exploration of spiritual & existential crisis in modern world.
- Depict disillusionment of post-World War 1.
- 1948 – Nobel Prize.

The Hollow Men (1925)

- Modernist Masterpiece.
- Response to spiritual & moral decay.
- Paralysis & disillusionment of modern men.
- Reform people.

Two Epigraphs – Free Verse – No regular rhyme – Diction -> broken, formal & poetic – no regular meter. 5 Stanzas of different no. of lines. Tercets -> First 3, Quatrain -> 4th, Single line -> final.

Tone: Detached.

Themes: Spiritual emptiness, Death & After life, Lost Identity, Failure of communication, Judgment & Fear.

Are quiet and meaningless
As wind in dry grass
Or rats' feet over broken glass
In our dry cellar

Shape without form, shade without colour.
Paralysed force, gesture without motion;

Those who have crossed
With direct eyes, to death's other Kingdom
Remember us—if at all—not as lost
Violent souls, but only
As the hollow men

II

Eyes I dare not meet in dreams
In death's dream kingdom
These do not appear:
There, the eyes are
Sunlight on a broken column
There, is a tree swinging
And voices are
In the wind's singing
More distant and more solemn
Than a fading star.

Literary devices:

- Metaphor (no like or as)
- Simile (compare two unlike things)
- Onomatopoeia (words imitating sounds)
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- Oxymoron .
- Assonance.
- Hyperbole.
- Anaphora.
- Inversion.
- Diction.
- Parallelism.
- Fragmentation.

Let me be no nearer
In death's dream kingdom
Let me also wear
Such deliberate disguises
Rat's coat, crowskin, crossed staves
In a field
Behaving as the wind behaves
No nearer—

Not that final meeting
In the twilight kingdom

III

This is the dead land
This is cactus land
Here the stone images
Are raised, here they receive
The supplication of a dead man's hand
Under the twinkle of a fading star.

Is it like this
In death's other kingdom
Waking alone
At the hour when we are
Trembling with tenderness
Lips that would kiss

Form prayers to broken stone.

IV

The eyes are not here

There are no eyes here

In this valley of dying stars

In this hollow valley

This broken jaw of our lost kingdoms

In this last of meeting places

We grope together

And avoid speech

Gathered on this beach of the tumid river

Sightless, unless

The eyes reappear

As the perpetual star

Multifoliate rose

Of death's twilight kingdom

The hope only

Of empty men.

V

Here we go round the prickly pear

Prickly pear prickly pear

Here we go round the prickly pear

At five o'clock in the morning.

Between the idea

And the reality

Between the motion

And the act

Falls the Shadow

For Thine is the Kingdom

Between the conception

And the creation

Between the emotion

And the response

Falls the Shadow

Life is very long

Between the desire

And the spasm

Between the potency

And the existence

Between the essence

And the descent

Falls the Shadow

For Thine is the Kingdom

For Thine is

Life is

For Thine is the

This is the way the world ends

This is the way the world ends

This is the way the world ends

Not with a bang but a whimper.
