

discomfited: *made to feel uneasy or embarrassed*

"People," he remarked, "may be taken in once, who imagine that an author is greater in private life than other men. Uncommon parts require uncommon opportunities for their exertion."

"In barbarous society, superiority of parts is of real consequence. Great strength or great wisdom is of much value to an individual. But in more polished times there are people to do everything for money; and then there are a number of other superiorities, such as those

4 **animadversion:** adverse criticism

of birth and fortune, and rank, that **dissipate** men's attention, and leave no extraordinary share of respect for personal and intellectual superiority. This is wisely ordered by Providence, to preserve some equality among mankind."

dissipate: to use up wastefully or foolishly

"Sir, this book (*The Elements of Criticism*,⁵ which he had taken up) is a pretty essay, and deserves to be held in some estimation, though much of it is **chimerical**."

chimerical: fantastical; imaginary

Speaking of one who with more than ordinary boldness attacked public measures and the royal family,⁶ he said, "I think he is safe from the law, but he is an abusive scoundrel; and instead of applying to my Lord Chief Justice to punish him, I would send half a dozen footmen and have him well ducked."⁷

"The notion of liberty amuses the people of England, and helps to keep off the *taedium vitae*.⁸ When a butcher tells you that his heart bleeds for his country, he has, in fact, no uneasy feeling."

"Sheridan will not succeed at Bath with his oratory. Ridicule has gone down before him, and, I doubt,⁹ Derrick is his enemy."¹⁰

"Derrick may do very well, as long as he can outrun his character; but the moment his character gets up with him, it is all over."

It is, however, but just to record, that some years afterwards, when I reminded him of this sarcasm, he said, "Well, but Derrick has now got a character that he need not run away from."

I was highly pleased with the extraordinary vigor of his conversation, and regretted that I was drawn away from it by an engagement at another place. I had, for a part of the evening, been left alone with him, and had ventured to make an observation now and then, which he received very civilly; so that I was satisfied that though there was a roughness in his manner, there was no ill nature in his disposition. Davies followed me to the door, and when I complained to him a little of the hard blows which the great man

5 ***The Elements of Criticism***: a book by the Scottish lawyer and philosopher Henry Home (1696–1782)

6 **one . . . family**: refers to John Wilkes (1725–1797), who was repeatedly expelled from Parliament for his radical views

7 **ducked**: When ducked, an offender was punished by being tied to a chair and forced underwater.

8 ***taedium vitae***: weariness or loathing of life

9 **doubt**: fear

10 **"Sheridan . . . his enemy"**: Thomas Sheridan (1719–1788) was an Irish-born actor, author, and expert on the English language. In 1763, he gave lectures at the Oratory in Bath, England, where Samuel Derrick (1724–1769) was master of ceremonies.



had given me he kindly took upon him to console me by saying, "Don't be uneasy. I can see he likes you very well."

Boswell's First Visit to Johnson

A few days afterward I called on Davies, and asked him if he thought I might take the liberty of waiting on Mr. Johnson at his Chambers in the Temple.¹¹ He said I certainly might, and that Mr. Johnson would take it as a compliment. So upon Tuesday the 24th of May, . . . I boldly repaired to Johnson. His Chambers were on the first floor of No. 1, Inner-Temple-lane, and I entered them with an impression given me by the Reverend Dr. Blair, of Edinburgh, who had been introduced to him not long before, and described his having "found the Giant in his den," an expression, which, when I came to be pretty well acquainted with Johnson, I repeated to him, and he was diverted at this picturesque account of himself. . . .

uncouth: *awkward and uncultivated in appearance*

He received me very courteously; but, it must be confessed, that his apartment, and furniture, and morning dress, were sufficiently **uncouth**. His brown suit of clothes looked very rusty; he had on a little old shriveled unpowdered wig, which was too small for his head; his shirtneck and knees of his breeches were loose; his black worsted stockings ill drawn up; and he had a pair of unbuckled shoes by way of slippers. But all these slovenly particularities were forgotten the moment that he began to talk. Some gentlemen, whom I do not recollect, were sitting with him; and when they went away, I also rose; but he said to me, "Nay, don't go." "Sir (said I), I am afraid that I intrude upon you. It is **benevolent** to allow me to sit and hear you." He seemed pleased with this compliment, which I sincerely paid him, and answered, "Sir, I am obliged to any man who visits me." I have preserved the following short minute of what passed this day:

benevolent: *well-meaning and kindly*

"Madness frequently discovers itself merely by unnecessary deviation from the usual modes of the world. My poor friend Smart showed the disturbance of his mind, by falling upon his knees, and saying his prayers in the street, or in any other unusual place. Now although, rationally speaking, it is greater madness not to pray at all, than to pray as Smart did, I am afraid there are so many who do not pray, that their understanding is not called in question."

11 **Temple:** a row of buildings in Fleet Street, London, frequented by lawyers

Concerning this unfortunate poet, Christopher Smart, who was confined in a madhouse, he had, at another time, the following conversation with Dr. Burney:

BURNEY. "How does poor Smart do, Sir; is he likely to recover?"

JOHNSON. "It seems as if his mind had ceased to struggle with the disease; for he grows fat upon it."

BURNEY. "Perhaps, Sir, that may be from want of exercise."

JOHNSON. "No, sir; he has partly as much exercise as he used to have, for he digs in the garden. Indeed, before his confinement, he used for exercise to walk to the alehouse; but he was *carried* back again. I did not think he ought to be shut up. His infirmities were not noxious to society. He insisted on people praying with him; and I'd as lief pray with Kit Smart as anyone else. Another charge was, that he did not love clean linen; and I have no passion for it."

Johnson continued. "Mankind have a great **aversion** to intellectual labor; but even supposing knowledge to be easily attainable, more people would be content to be ignorant than would take even a little trouble to acquire it. . . ."

aversion: strong
dislike

Boswell Quizzes Johnson

I know not how so whimsical a thought came into my mind, but I asked, "If, Sir, you were shut up in a castle, and a newborn child with you, what would you do?"

JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, I should not much like my company."

BOSWELL. "But would you take the trouble of rearing it?" He seemed, as may well be supposed, unwilling to pursue the subject: but upon my persevering in my question, replied, "Why yes, Sir, I would; but I must have all conveniences. If I had no garden, I would make a shed on the roof, and take it there for fresh air. I should feed it, and wash it much, and with warm water to please it, not with cold water to give it pain."

BOSWELL. "But, Sir, does not heat relax?"

JOHNSON. "Sir, you are not to imagine the water is to be very hot. I would not *coddle*¹² the child. No, Sir, the hardy method of treating children does no good. I'll take you five children from London, who

¹² **coddle:** In addition to meaning to comfort or pamper, *coddle* can also mean to cook in hot water.



shall cuff five Highland¹³ children. Sir, a man bred in London will carry a burden, or run, or wrestle, as well as a man brought up in the hardest manner in the country."

BOSWELL. "Good living, I suppose, makes the Londoners strong."

JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, I don't know that it does. Our chairmen from Ireland, who are as strong men as any, have been brought up upon potatoes. Quantity makes up for quality."

BOSWELL. "Would you teach this child that I have furnished you with, anything?"

JOHNSON. "No, I should not be apt to teach it."

BOSWELL. "Would not you have a pleasure in teaching it?"

JOHNSON. "No, Sir, I should not have a pleasure in teaching it."

BOSWELL. "Have you not a pleasure in teaching men? *There* I have you. You have the same pleasure in teaching men, that I should have in teaching children."

JOHNSON. "Why, something about that. . . ."

Johnson's Eccentricities

singularities:
unusual or distinctive
manners or behavior;
peculiarities

. . . Talking to himself was, indeed, one of his **singularities** ever since I knew him. I was certain that he was frequently uttering pious ejaculations; for fragments of the Lord's Prayer have been distinctly overheard. His friend Mr. Thomas Davies, of whom Churchill¹⁴ says, "That Davies hath a very pretty wife," when Dr. Johnson muttered "lead us not into temptation," used with waggish and gallant humor to whisper [to] Mrs. Davies, "You, my dear, are the cause of this."

He had another particularity, of which none of his friends ever ventured to ask an explanation. It appeared to me some superstitious habit, which he had contracted early, and from which he had never called upon his reason to disentangle him. This was his anxious care to go out or in at a door or passage by a certain number of steps from a certain point, or at least so as that either his right or his left foot (I am not certain which) should constantly make the first actual movement when he came close to the door or passage. Thus I conjecture: For I have, upon innumerable occasions, observed him suddenly stop, and then seem to count his steps with a deep earnestness; and when

13 **Highland:** a region in northern Scotland

14 **Churchill:** Charles Churchill (1731–1764), an English poet, satirist, and clergyman

he had neglected or gone wrong in this sort of magical movement, I have seen him go back again, put himself in a proper posture to begin the ceremony, and, having gone through it, break from his abstraction, walk briskly on, and join his companion. A strange instance of something of this nature, even when on horseback, happened when he was in the Isle of Skye.¹⁵ Sir Joshua Reynolds has observed him to go a good way about rather than cross a particular alley in Leicesterfields;¹⁶ but this Sir Joshua imputed to his having had some disagreeable recollection associated with it.

That the most minute singularities which belonged to him, and made very observable parts of his appearance and manner, may not be omitted, it is **requisite** to mention, that while talking or even musing as he sat in his chair, he commonly held his head to one side toward his right shoulder, and shook it in a tremulous manner, moving his body backward and forward, and rubbing his left knee in the same direction, with the palm of his hand. In the intervals of articulating he made various sounds with his mouth, sometimes as if ruminating, or what is called chewing the cud, sometimes giving a half whistle, sometimes making his tongue play backward from the roof of his mouth, as if clucking like a hen, and sometimes protruding it against his upper gums in front, as if pronouncing quickly under his breath, too, too, too: all this accompanied sometimes with a thoughtful look, but more frequently with a smile. Generally when he had concluded a period, in the course of a dispute, by which time he was a good deal exhausted by violence and vociferation, he used to blow out his breath like a whale. This I supposed was a relief to his lungs; and seemed in him to be a contemptuous mode of expression, as if he had made the arguments of his opponent fly like chaff¹⁷ before the wind.

I am fully aware how very obvious an occasion I here give for the sneering **jocularity** of such as have no relish of an exact likeness; which to render complete, he who draws it must not disdain the slightest strokes. But if witlings should be inclined to attack this account, let them have the **candor** to quote what I have offered in my defense. . . .

requisite: made necessary by circumstances

jocularity: fond of joking

candor: ability to be honest and forthright

¹⁵ **Isle of Skye:** a large island off the west coast of Scotland

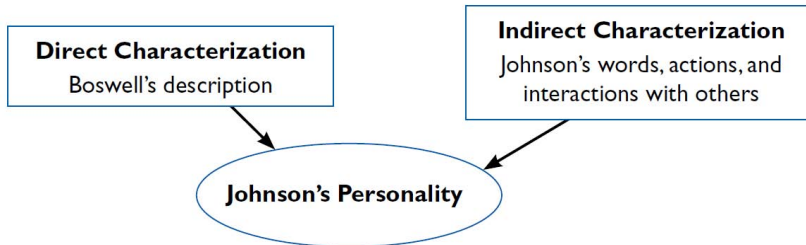
¹⁶ **Leicesterfields:** a square in London

¹⁷ **chaff:** seed coverings of wheat

After You Read *The Life of Samuel Johnson*

Literary Lens: Characterization

Create a graphic organizer like the one below. List examples of direct and indirect characterization in the boxes. Then, in the center circle write adjectives that describe Johnson's personality.



Explore Context: Johnson's Dictionary

Samuel Johnson is known for compiling the first complete dictionary of the English language. Conduct research to find examples of entries from Johnson's *Dictionary*. Use Johnson's model to write an entry for a word which has only recently come into being such as *blog*, *webinar*, or *texting*.

Apply and Create: Drama

In pairs, rehearse and perform one of the dialogues in which Johnson speaks to Boswell or another person. Try to capture the characters' tone of voice, volume, pacing, facial expression, and body language.

Read Critically

Reread this passage from *The Life of Samuel Johnson*, and answer the questions that follow.

"Mr. Johnson," said I, "I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it." . . . with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression "come from Scotland," which I used in the sense of being of that country; and, as if I had said that I had come away from it, or left, retorted, "That, Sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help." . . . He then addressed himself to Davies: "What do you think of Garrick? He has refused me an order for the play for Miss Williams . . ." Eager to take any opening to get into conversation with him, I ventured to say, "O, Sir, I cannot think Mr. Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you." "Sir," said he, with a stern look, "I have known David Garrick longer than you have done: and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject."



1. Analyze Johnson's and Boswell's characters based on details in this passage. Explain your analysis.
2. Johnson often uses puns, using different meanings of a word, to humorous effect. Explain Johnson's pun in this passage.

Before You Read “Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard”



THOMAS GRAY (1716–1771) was first and foremost a scholar. As a boy, Gray’s mother sent him to boarding school to escape an abusive father. Although quiet and reclusive, Gray developed a lifelong friendship with Horace Walpole, son of the prime minister. Later Gray went to Cambridge where he studied the classics and began to write poetry. His poetic output was fairly small due to his harsh self-criticism and perfectionism. At the insistence of a friend, only a single book of poetry was published—*anonymously*. In addition to his widely praised “Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard,” it contained several poems of lighter verse, including “Ode on the Death of a Favorite Cat, Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes.” After some of his later poems were harshly criticized, Gray almost stopped writing altogether. He died at the age of 55 and was buried in the churchyard in Stokes Poges described in his famous elegy.

Literary Lens



ELEGY An elegy is a lyric poem, formal in style and serious in tone, that focuses on death or loss. Some of the first lyric poems in English were elegies. Gray’s “Elegy” is probably the most famous example of the form in modern English. In fact, the type of stanza Gray uses—a quatrain, or 4-line stanza, written in iambic pentameter with *abab* pattern—is often called the elegiac stanza in honor of his poem. The poem ends with an epitaph, or a statement commemorating a person who has died.

Gray’s Language

Owing in part to the nature of his subject matter, Gray’s language is stately and serious. His somber mood is created not only by his diction, but also by the sounds of the words he chooses. To create a mournful tone, Gray repeatedly uses words with a long *o* sound. This literary device is called *assonance* and is demonstrated by the following excerpt.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o’er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness, and to me.

Notice that Gray also creates alliteration by repeating the letter *l*. This gives his words a flowing, languid feeling.

Think Critically

Before you read, use critical thinking to deepen your understanding.

1. What details would you include in an elegy for someone you admire?
2. What ideas about death do you think John Donne would have included in an elegy for one of his parishioners, based on his “Meditation 17” (page 454)?
3. Name at least two works in Units 1, 2, or 3 that you would classify as elegiac literature, or literature that is something like an elegy. Explain your choices.





Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard

Thomas Gray

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness, and to me.

5 Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

10 Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,¹
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

¹ **bow'r**: an enclosure surrounded by plant growth



Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mold'ring heap,
15 Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The **rude** forefathers of the hamlet² sleep.

rude:
*unsophisticated;
rustic*

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
20 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

25 Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe³ has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
30 Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple **annals** of the poor.

annals: *records of
history*

The boast of heraldry,⁴ the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
35 Awaits alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, **impute** to these⁵ the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro'⁶ the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault⁷
40 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

impute: *to lay
blame*

2 **hamlet:** village in which the graveyard is located

3 **glebe:** soil

4 **heraldry:** coats of arms

5 **these:** the people buried in the graveyard

6 **thro':** through

7 **fretted vault:** ceiling of a church decorated with intersecting lines



Can storied urn or animated bust⁸
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

45 Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

50 But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill **Penury** repressed their noble rage,
And froze the **genial** current of the soul.

Penury: extreme
poverty

genial: friendly and
cheerful

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
55 Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
60 Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.⁹

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes

circumscribed:
restricted within
certain limits

65 Their lot forbade: nor **circumscribed** alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
70 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,

8 **storied ... bust:** ashes of the dead kept in a vase decorated with scenes from the life of the deceased or the lifelike statue of the person's head, called a *bust*

9 **Some ... country's blood:** John Hampden (1594–1643) fought against Charles I in the English Civil War. Oliver Cromwell (1599–1658) ruled England for a few years after the execution of Charles I.



Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense, kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding¹⁰ crowd's **ignoble** strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
75 Along the cool **sequestered** vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
80 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

85 For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
90 Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee,¹¹ who mindful of th' unhonor'd dead
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
95 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain¹² may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
100 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

ignoble: base and immoral
sequestered: secluded

10 **madding:** maddening; wild and frenzied

11 **thee:** Gray is referring to himself.

12 **hoary-headed swain:** white-haired villager



"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

105 "Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove,
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

110 "One morn I missed him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him borne.
115 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,¹³
Grav'd¹⁴ on the stone beneath you aged thorn."

The Epitaph

*Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
120 And Melancholy marked him for her own.*

*Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Mis'ry¹⁵ all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.*

125 *No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.*

13 **lay:** short poem, in this case, the epitaph below

14 **Grav'd:** engraved

15 **Mis'ry:** misery

After You Read “Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard”

Literary Lens: Epitaph

Many critics believe that Gray intended the epitaph found in the final lines of the poem to be his own. Create a graphic organizer listing examples of compelling images from the epitaph and explaining their meaning.

Imagery	Meaning

Explore Context: Pre-romantics

Gray is sometimes classified as a pre-romantic writer. Romantic writers valued emotional experience over logical arguments, nature and common people over organized society, and imagination over reason. What evidence from the poem, supports Gray's classification as a pre-romantic?

Apply and Create: Epitaph

Write a one- or two-stanza epitaph in rhymed iambic pentameter for someone who appears in Unit 4, such as one of the authors, a historical figure, or a fictional character such as Gulliver. Share your final draft with the rest of the class.

Read Critically

Reread these stanzas from Gray's elegy, and answer the questions that follow.

- Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
30 Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.
- The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
35 Awaits alike th' inevitable hour
The paths of glory lead but to the grave. . . .
- Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
55 Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air. . . .



1. Compare and contrast the two types of people Gray describes.
2. What point is Gray making in lines 53–56? How does Gray's point relate to the people buried in the churchyard? Do you agree or disagree with Gray's opinion?



Exploring the Classics

Daniel Defoe

Considered by many to be the father of the English novel, Daniel Defoe (born Daniel Foe) was an unusual writer for his time: a journalist, pamphleteer, and novelist who lived by his wits and fought for his convictions. Defoe was probably born between 1659 and 1661. As a child, he lived through the Black Death and the Great London Fire. As an adult, he traveled the world as a wine merchant and later as an intelligence agent for the British government. He married at twenty-four, fathered eight children, and squandered his wife's dowry. In 1683 he began writing political works which resulted in his arrest and confinement in the pillory, a wooden device with holes for the head and hands to be locked into. Defoe didn't publish his masterpiece, *Robinson Crusoe*, until 1719. He based the book on the experiences of Alexander Selkirk, a sailor who was stranded for four years on an island off the coast of Chile. The book chronicles Crusoe's determination to survive on a deserted island with the help of a man he calls "Friday." The tale is vivid and straightforward, giving the reader the impression of reading a diary. Many critics consider it to be the forerunner of realistic fiction. *Robinson Crusoe* brought Defoe some degree of fame and fortune. One of his final works, *A Journal of the Plague Year*, is a fictionalized account of the bubonic plague in London in 1665. At the end of his life, Defoe found himself living again in poverty. He died in 1731 in a London boardinghouse. Defoe's legacy lives on in the many modern tales of survival on deserted islands in books such as *The Swiss Family Robinson* and *Lord of the Flies*, movies such as *Castaway*, and even television shows such as *Lost*.



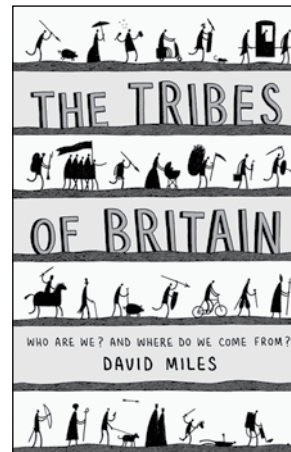


Connecting Eras: Classify

Men and Women of the Enlightenment were consumed with gathering knowledge. New faith in human reasoning propelled people to investigate the natural world. As new worlds were discovered across the ocean or in the heavens, scientists and scholars needed ways to classify their findings. In 1735, the Swedish botanist Carl Linnaeus revolutionized the way plants, animals, and other objects from the natural world were named and classified by devising a binomial (two-name) system. King George III had a library of over 70,000 volumes, all carefully organized by subject. Even the new theology of the time, Deism, believed in a Creator who established the world with natural laws and then left it to tick on into eternity like a pocket watch. To the Enlightened mind, everything was classifiable.

Modern scientists continue to try to find answers to questions through scientific discovery and classification. One modern British anthropologist, David Miles, wrote a book compiling his quest to find the origins of the British people by tracing the population of Britain back through history. His book, *The Tribes of Britain*, begins in prehistoric times with a prologue spoken by the “Red Lady of Paviland,” an earth-stained skeleton discovered in Wales in 1826. When modern scientists investigated, they found the “lady” was actually a young man. Radiocarbon dating places the man as having lived in England when it was still a peninsula of Europe. More importantly, the skeleton’s bones contain DNA that matches the commonest present-day European. Scientists are faced with a conundrum: Are the people of England descendants of Upper Paleolithic hunters like the “Red Lady,” or do they stem from Neolithic Middle Eastern farmers who first domesticated animals and plants?

Which brings us to another question: If scientists are finally able to pinpoint the exact genetic map of the British people, does it really help Britons understand who they are? The following article is Bryan Appleyard’s review of Miles’s book. As you read, think about how Miles classifies his findings while also considering what Appleyard feels are missing in these classifications.





THE TRIBES OF BRITAIN

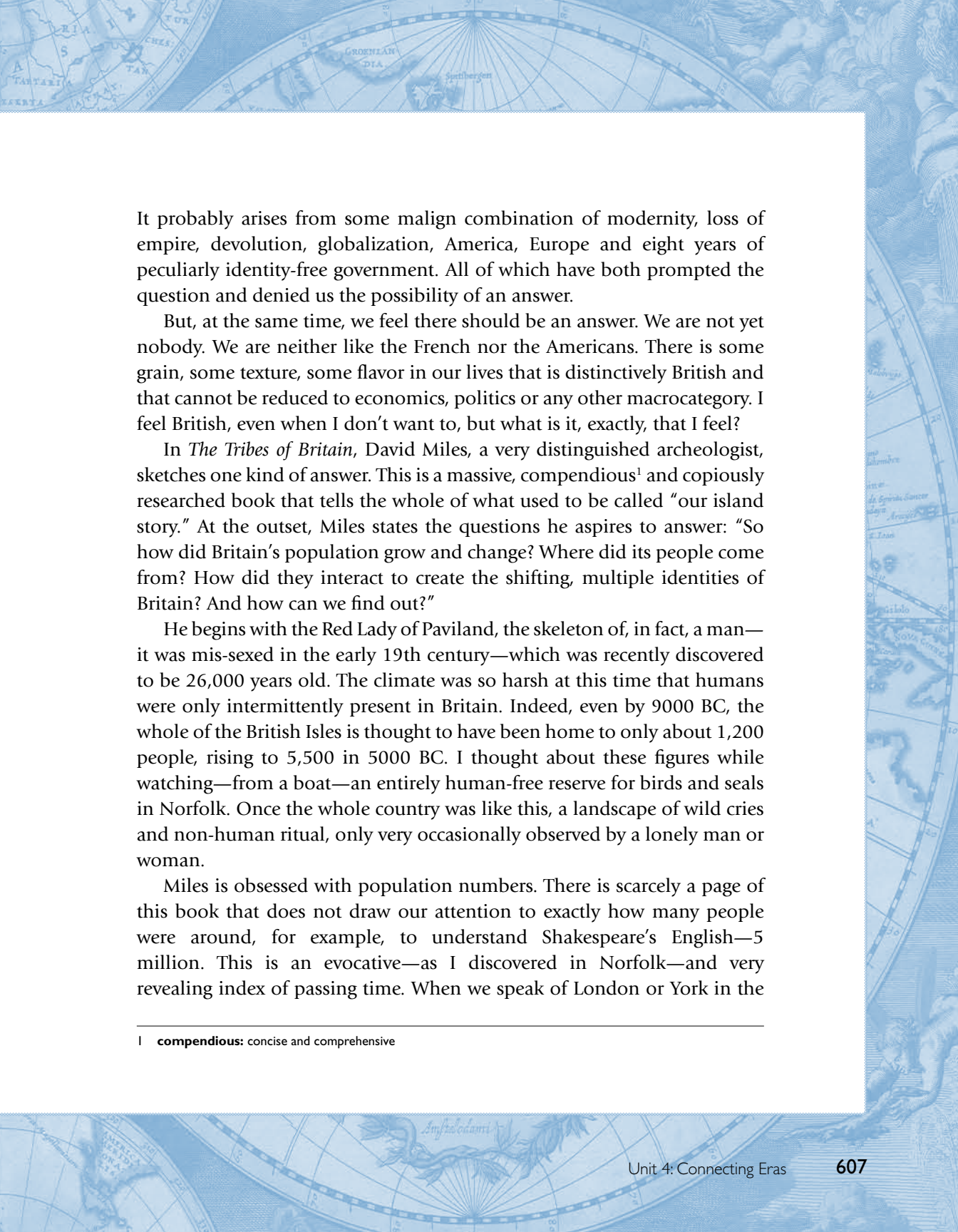
by David Miles



REVIEWED BY BRYAN APPLEYARD

“Who are we?” is a question that becomes unanswerable the moment it is asked. If we know who we are, we don’t ask. So if we don’t, we do.

The contemporary British have discovered they don’t know who they are, and so they keep asking the question. Why we should have succumbed to this identity crisis now is not easily explained.



It probably arises from some malign combination of modernity, loss of empire, devolution, globalization, America, Europe and eight years of peculiarly identity-free government. All of which have both prompted the question and denied us the possibility of an answer.

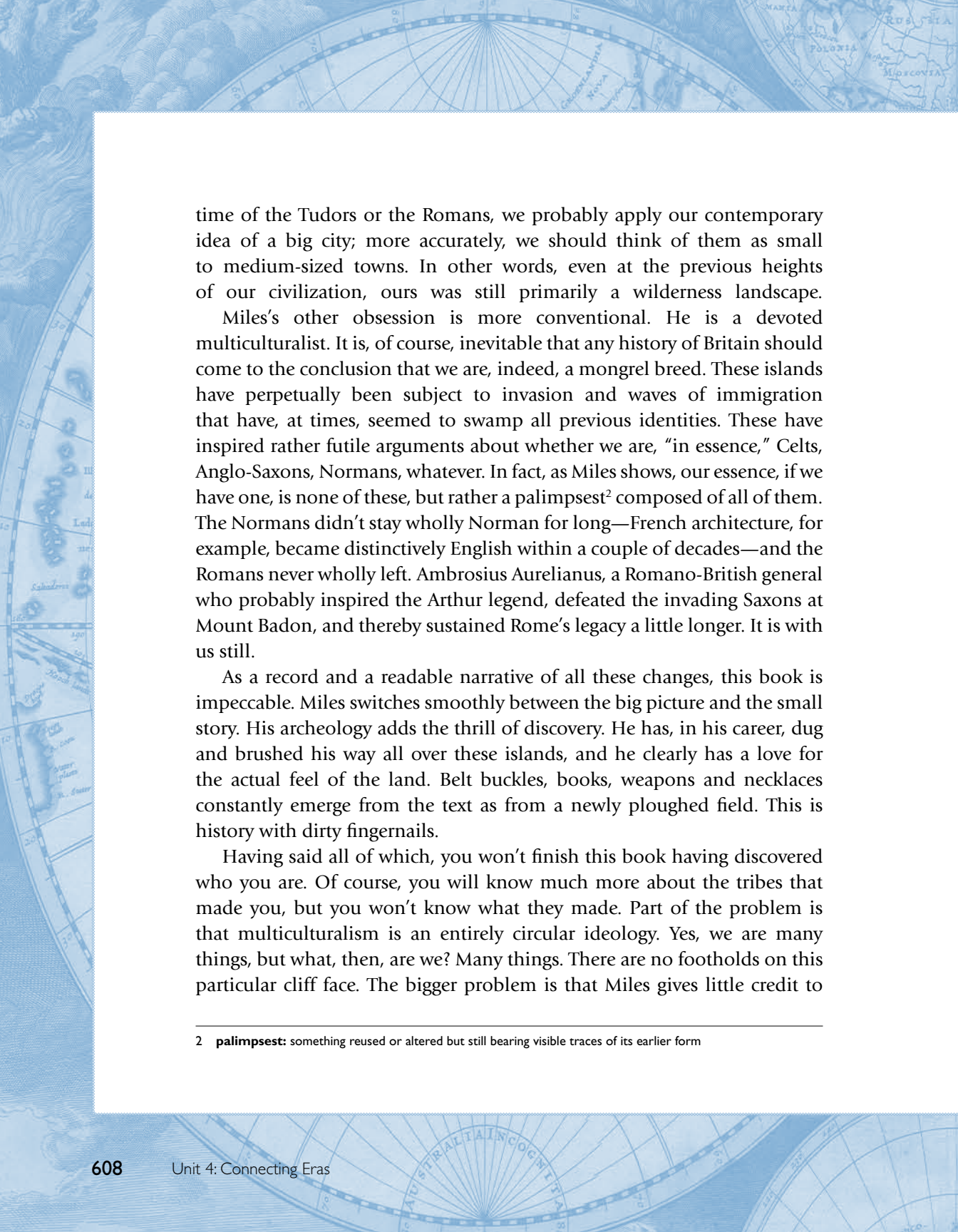
But, at the same time, we feel there should be an answer. We are not yet nobody. We are neither like the French nor the Americans. There is some grain, some texture, some flavor in our lives that is distinctively British and that cannot be reduced to economics, politics or any other macrocategory. I feel British, even when I don't want to, but what is it, exactly, that I feel?

In *The Tribes of Britain*, David Miles, a very distinguished archeologist, sketches one kind of answer. This is a massive, compendious¹ and copiously researched book that tells the whole of what used to be called "our island story." At the outset, Miles states the questions he aspires to answer: "So how did Britain's population grow and change? Where did its people come from? How did they interact to create the shifting, multiple identities of Britain? And how can we find out?"

He begins with the Red Lady of Paviland, the skeleton of, in fact, a man—it was mis-sexed in the early 19th century—which was recently discovered to be 26,000 years old. The climate was so harsh at this time that humans were only intermittently present in Britain. Indeed, even by 9000 BC, the whole of the British Isles is thought to have been home to only about 1,200 people, rising to 5,500 in 5000 BC. I thought about these figures while watching—from a boat—an entirely human-free reserve for birds and seals in Norfolk. Once the whole country was like this, a landscape of wild cries and non-human ritual, only very occasionally observed by a lonely man or woman.

Miles is obsessed with population numbers. There is scarcely a page of this book that does not draw our attention to exactly how many people were around, for example, to understand Shakespeare's English—5 million. This is an evocative—as I discovered in Norfolk—and very revealing index of passing time. When we speak of London or York in the

1 **compendious:** concise and comprehensive



time of the Tudors or the Romans, we probably apply our contemporary idea of a big city; more accurately, we should think of them as small to medium-sized towns. In other words, even at the previous heights of our civilization, ours was still primarily a wilderness landscape.

Miles's other obsession is more conventional. He is a devoted multiculturalist. It is, of course, inevitable that any history of Britain should come to the conclusion that we are, indeed, a mongrel breed. These islands have perpetually been subject to invasion and waves of immigration that have, at times, seemed to swamp all previous identities. These have inspired rather futile arguments about whether we are, "in essence," Celts, Anglo-Saxons, Normans, whatever. In fact, as Miles shows, our essence, if we have one, is none of these, but rather a palimpsest² composed of all of them. The Normans didn't stay wholly Norman for long—French architecture, for example, became distinctively English within a couple of decades—and the Romans never wholly left. Ambrosius Aurelianus, a Romano-British general who probably inspired the Arthur legend, defeated the invading Saxons at Mount Badon, and thereby sustained Rome's legacy a little longer. It is with us still.

As a record and a readable narrative of all these changes, this book is impeccable. Miles switches smoothly between the big picture and the small story. His archeology adds the thrill of discovery. He has, in his career, dug and brushed his way all over these islands, and he clearly has a love for the actual feel of the land. Belt buckles, books, weapons and necklaces constantly emerge from the text as from a newly ploughed field. This is history with dirty fingernails.

Having said all of which, you won't finish this book having discovered who you are. Of course, you will know much more about the tribes that made you, but you won't know what they made. Part of the problem is that multiculturalism is an entirely circular ideology. Yes, we are many things, but what, then, are we? Many things. There are no footholds on this particular cliff face. The bigger problem is that Miles gives little credit to

2 **palimpsest:** something reused or altered but still bearing visible traces of its earlier form

thought and imagination as makers of the nation. Newton is mentioned in passing, Shakespeare and Chaucer occasionally. But any book about British identity that does not mention David Hume, William Wordsworth, Christopher Wren and John Locke is courting the charge of, at the very least, eccentricity. Even Winston Churchill, surely a key condenser and creator of modern Britishness, only gets a couple of passing mentions.

The defense would be that this is a particular type of history: demographic, racial and economic, rather than cultural. If that is so, then the first half of the subtitle—Who Are We?—is misleading. It would be madness to think that such a question was anything other than cultural.

Furthermore, Miles does not really stay within his categories. He frequently strays into conventional history with tales of kings and battles, and it seems to me that as soon as you do that you stray into culture. The fact that Ambrosius Aurelianus resisted the Saxons and probably became King Arthur in the process is a more important aspect of our national identity than the population of Britain at the time. Equally, Shakespeare's distortions of history, to which Miles occasionally refers, are, in and of themselves, important. A good Arthur and a wicked Richard III are objective realities that helped make us who we are. Only to make the point that they are not "true" is shallow.

This is, in short, a good background book. Massively informative and earthily evocative, it does some of the preliminary work necessary to understand, if not cure, our current identity crisis. When you finish it, put it down and go to sleep. For Britain, like every other nation, was and is a dream from which, reluctantly, we seem to be waking. And in dreams begin responsibilities.



Critical Thinking: Classify

Ask Yourself

1. To what does Appleyard attribute his assertion that the British “don’t know who they are”? Explain what you think Appleyard means by each of the causes he lists. Classify them from most to least important cause.
2. Appleyard classifies Miles’ book as “demographic, racial, and economic.” What does he believe is missing? Do you agree?
3. David Miles is a scientist using DNA to connect the dots between an ancient skeleton and contemporary British citizens. If you were British, what would you hope to learn from his investigations?
4. Appleyard makes the point that Miles explains the inaccuracies in the legend of King Arthur and Shakespeare’s portrayal of an “evil” King Richard III but says the way Britons have reinterpreted these events has contributed more to the development of the modern British person than the historical truth. Do you agree or disagree with Appleyard? Explain your opinion.

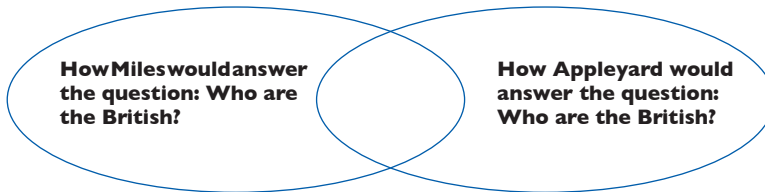
Examine the Writing

As a thinker and a writer, you use the skill of classification to help you organize complex ideas into a logical order your readers can understand. Choose one of the following topics related to the Enlightenment and write a well-organized essay.

1. Using examples from selections in this unit, identify elements which support the Enlightenment view that the world fits into neat categories. Include evidence that the writers also believed that imagination and creativity are important. Consider both content and writing style.
2. Appleyard and Miles approach the question “Who are the British?” in different ways. Compare and contrast their viewpoints and then draw your own conclusion about whose view makes the most sense to you.
3. Research the theology of Deism. Compare and contrast it with another religion such as Islam or Christianity. Does Deism seem to flow logically from Enlightened beliefs?
4. Devise a classification system to rate the works you read in this unit according to how well they support the tenets of the Enlightenment. Decide what your scale will be based on, such as content, style, and diction. Create a chart or graph to visually organize your conclusions.
5. Consider the positive and negative aspects of the need to classify data. How can it be helpful? When does it seem to be a fruitless exercise? Support your opinion with evidence from this unit as well as from the essay “The Tribes of Britain.”

Organize Your Thoughts

Creating a graphic organizer before writing can help you organize your thoughts. The example below is a Venn diagram which may be helpful to use when writing about number 2 on the previous page. Adapt the diagram as needed for use with other essay topics or create your own graphic organizer to help you classify similar ideas.



Get Active

Bryan Appleyard alludes to many people in British history who he believes have shaped the culture of Great Britain and helped define what it means to be British. But how has British culture shaped what it means to be American? If you grew up playing “Ring Around the Rosy,” have seen *Romeo and Juliet*, or know the words to “Yellow Submarine,” you have been impacted by British culture. As a class, make a list of people, events, and literature from Great Britain which you believe have impacted American culture. Include both historical and modern examples. Together, organize the examples from your list into categories, such as entertainment, fashion, or politics. Have class members research items from each category and present their findings, including a picture or other visual aid.



Claire Danes and Leonardo DiCaprio in *Romeo + Juliet* (1996)

Unit 5:

The Romantic Period



1798 to 1832

Eye on an Era

1798

William Wordsworth and Samuel Taylor Coleridge anonymously publish *Lyrical Ballads*.

1799

Trade unions are outlawed.

1799

Napoleon Bonaparte stages a *coup d'état* and takes over the French government.

1801

The first British census is conducted.

1801

Prime Minister William Pitt plans to push legislation that would remove restrictions on English Catholics. King George III does not allow this, saying such a law would break his oath to protect Protestantism. Pitt resigns as prime minister.

1801

The Act of Union creates the United Kingdom, which includes England, Scotland, and Ireland.

Under the banner cry of “Liberté, égalité, fraternité,” the French Revolution set off a series of events that would impact Britain and much of Europe in the eighteenth century.

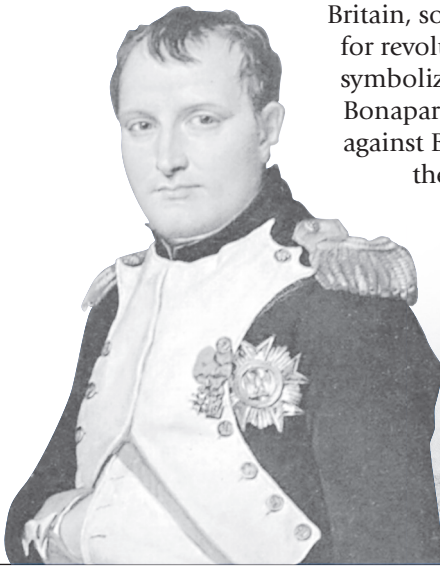
Inspired in part by the example of the American Revolution and the belief that men of reason could create a better world, the French overthrew and executed King Louis XVI in 1793. Declarations

of war between France and other European countries, including

Britain, soon followed. While King George III of England had little sympathy for revolutionaries, many of the English supported what these revolutions symbolized—freedom and a more progressive nation. When Napoleon Bonaparte took over the French government in 1799, he continued the war against Britain, and the battles between the two countries didn’t end until the Battle of Waterloo in 1815. While other countries experienced



King George III



Napoleon Bonaparte



1804

William Blake goes on trial for sedition because of statements he made against the king in a fight with a soldier.

1805

The Royal Navy defeats the French and Spanish fleets in the Battle of Trafalgar.

1807

Britain abolishes the slave trade and importing of slaves but does not prohibit slave trade in its colonies.

1804

Napoleon persuades Spain to join him in the war against Britain.



Struggle for Human Rights

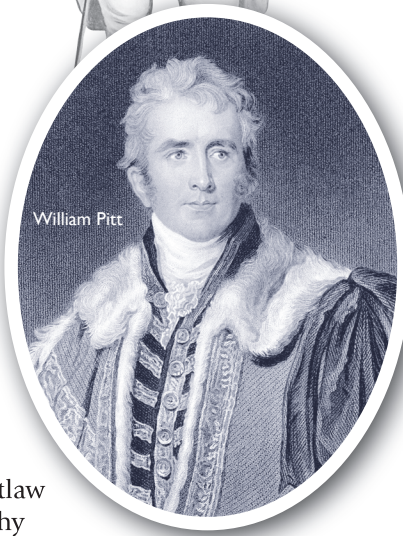
Although the British government during the Romantic Period was not particularly focused on protecting human rights, many factions emerged during this era that did see equality and liberty as something to fight for. One movement during the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries was the fight to restore equal rights to Catholics. Many restrictions had been placed on Catholics during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, including laws that allowed only members of the Church of England to hold public office. After England united with Ireland, the Irish Catholics pushed to remove these restrictions. The prime minister at the time, William Pitt, supported this, but King

King George III



George III refused to sign any sort of emancipation act, believing that it would go against his oath to uphold the validity of the Church of England. Finally, years of Catholic emancipation efforts culminated in the Catholic Relief Act of 1829, which repealed all the previous restrictions.

Abolition of the slave trade was another prominent movement during the Romantic Era. Although a ruling in 1772 had made it clear that the owning of slaves in England was prohibited, Britain was still involved in trading slaves among its colonies. In the 1780s, the Quakers were the first abolitionist group to petition to outlaw slavery. The harrowing autobiography



William Pitt

1811

The Regency Period begins (the time from 1811 to 1820); King George III is declared unfit to rule, and his son, the future George IV, becomes prince regent and is able to exercise virtually all the same powers.

1811

Luddite uprisings begin. Workers destroy textile looms and machinery in protest of the technological advances that are leaving them without work.

1812

The United States declares war on Great Britain.

1813

Jane Austen publishes *Pride and Prejudice* anonymously.

1814

The Treaty of Ghent brings an end to the war between the United States and Great Britain.





of Olaudah Equiano, a former slave, helped turn many British lawmakers against the slave trade. When William Wilberforce, a member of Parliament, joined the opposition, he was able to help draw attention to the issue. After many lengthy debates, the Slave Trade Act was passed in 1807, abolishing the slave trade in all parts of the British Empire. Wilberforce continued to fight for the complete abolishment of slavery (many British colonies were still allowed to own slaves even though trade had been outlawed) until his death in 1833, the same year that the Slavery Abolition Act was finally passed.

Industrial Revolution

Britain's growing reliance on technological innovations in the manufacturing of goods, particularly textiles, increased the country's production ability but brought about a diminished need for artisans and other craft workers. While the establishment of factories created jobs, it also created a greater schism between the social classes. The conservative government refused to become involved in regulating any part of the industries, leading to increased use of child labor, decreased quality of working conditions, and increased crime and poverty rates. Many of the writers during the Romantic Period were responding to these negative effects of industrialization in their work, seeking meaning in the natural world.



1815

The Duke of Wellington, Arthur Wellesley, defeats Napoleon at the Battle of Waterloo.

1816

George Gordon, Lord Byron, leaves England, never to return. He travels throughout Europe and eventually settles in Italy, living for a time with Percy Bysshe and Mary Shelley.

1818

Mary Shelley publishes *Frankenstein* anonymously.

1815

Britain passes the Corn Laws to protect British agriculture against foreign imports.

1816

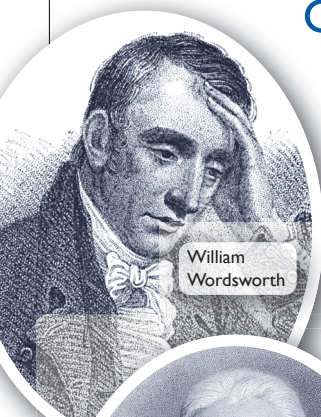
Samuel Taylor Coleridge publishes his poem *Kubla Khan*.



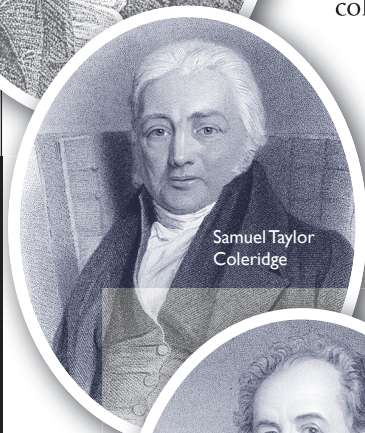
1820

King George III dies and George IV ascends the throne.

Origins of Romanticism



William Wordsworth



Samuel Taylor Coleridge



Johann Wolfgang Goethe

By the end of the eighteenth century, some English writers and artists were growing weary of the emphasis on reason and science prevalent during the Enlightenment Era. William Wordsworth and Samuel Taylor Coleridge, among others, believed that Enlightenment ideals suppressed human emotions and negated the significance of the individual. These authors rejected the political and scientific focus of that time, instead writing about the beauty of nature and the individual's interaction with it. Wordsworth and Coleridge's 1798 collection of poetry, *Lyrical Ballads*, inspired other writers to venture into the world of what would become known as romanticism.

Another major influence on English romantics was German writer Johann Wolfgang Goethe. His 1774 novel *The Sorrows of Young Werther*, whose hero is a young, sensitive, suffering artist, is often credited as being the catalyst for the Romantic Movement. Goethe also focused on local customs and traditions in his story, constantly linking the story to its cultural and geographical settings. This contributed to the romanticists' use of nationalism as a theme in many of their works.



1822

Percy Bysshe Shelley drowns in Italy.

1823

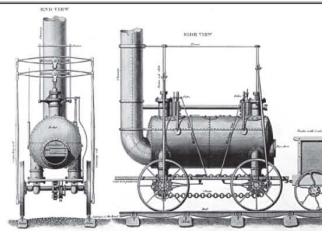
William Wilberforce founds the Society for the Mitigation and Gradual Abolition of Slavery.

1824

Ludwig van Beethoven premieres his *Ninth Symphony*.

1825

The world's first steam locomotive to carry passengers begins service in northeast England.



1824

Byron dies in Greece; his memoirs, deemed too scandalous for publication, are burned.



A Teen of the Time

Mary Whitlock balanced the basket of laundry on her hip as she stepped down into the basement kitchen of the Osbourne house. Nodding a greeting to the cook, who was kneading bread dough at the table, Mary walked into the small scullery, a room off the kitchen. She dropped the basket onto the dirty stone floor, sending afloat a burst of grey ash piled there from the many fireplaces throughout the house. She sneezed and then sighed as she set about the daylong task of soaking, washing, rinsing, hanging, and ironing.

Mary and her family had moved to Leeds to find work in the linen mills. She had first been hired as a maid-of-all-work when she was twelve years old. Then, the only servant to a middle-class family, Mary had helped the lady of the house with the most menial tasks—sweeping, cooking, and looking after children. She worked from 5 AM to 11 PM and slept on the cold kitchen floor.

When she turned sixteen, Mary found a better position with the Osbournes, an upper-class family with several servants. While she still had to work long hours, her pay was better, and she had a cozy room in the attic.

As Mary carried boiling water from the kitchen to a large cauldron in the scullery, she mulled over her plan to become a lady's maid for the young Miss Osbourne. As a lady's maid, Mary would have to be able to read and write, as well as be able to groom hair and mend clothes. Although Mary had attended a Sunday school that taught poor children to read the Bible, she still stumbled over large words, and her writing was dismal. As a lady's maid, she would travel with the family and wear Miss Osbourne's old clothing. But the best part would be *no more laundry*.

Mary pushed back the coils of dark brown hair running riot from her cap. She knew she had the qualities required in a lady's maid: enthusiasm, strength, discipline, reliability, and perhaps most important, pleasing features. Yesterday, the butcher's boy had asked her to go with him to the display of Chinese fireworks on Sunday night. She knew full well, however, that maids were not allowed to have followers, or boyfriends, or they would be dismissed from service. She was determined to do nothing that would be cause for dismissal. As a lady's maid, a whole new world would open to her. She would be able to meet men with better prospects. It wasn't going to be easy, but Mary Whitlock was going to make something of herself.



1829

The Catholic Emancipation Act is passed.

1832

The Reform Act is passed, extending voting rights to a greater percentage of the population.

1830

William IV becomes king when his brother, King George IV, dies.





Understanding the Romantic Period: Synthesize

The Romantic Period in British history embodied many of the same issues prevalent in our society today. People then were looking for new ways to understand nature and their relationship to it. The art, politics, and prevailing interests then, as now, reflected a desire to understand human diversity and a curiosity about human potential and emotion. It's not surprising that there are many Web sites welcoming visitors into the lives of the romantics, as at www.stjohns-chs.org/library/curriculum/English/romantic/rom.html. This site offers links to a wide range of information about the people, political movements, and historical and cultural events of the period. By using this Web site, you can gather the pertinent information about the Romantic Period from different sources and merge them into a coherent whole. Doing this is called *synthesis*.

Through synthesis, you can draw new, even unique, conclusions based on what you already know and any new information you learn. The Web site and other sources provide individual pieces of information, but it is up to you to formulate your own conclusions as a result of what you discover. You could use synthesis to write a research paper by following the steps below.

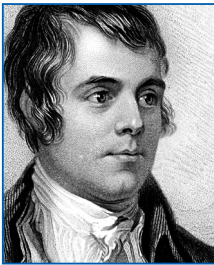
1. Gather published sources on the subject from magazines, books, and electronic sources.
2. Do research and take notes, recording your findings.
3. Evaluate these findings and form your own conclusions.
4. Synthesize these findings and your conclusions to form a thesis, such as:

In response to the Enlightenment, poets of the Romantic Period turned to nature, human emotion, and flights of fancy to create their poetry.

As you explore the Romantic Period, use synthesis to understand and appreciate the era.



Before You Read “To a Mouse”



ROBERT BURNS (1759–1796) rose from humble beginnings to become Scotland’s most famous poet. The son of a poor farmer, Burns toiled as a farm laborer himself until his father died, leaving him and his brother the small family farm. Falling in love inspired Burns to write his first poem—a love song. He continued writing in his spare time and in 1786 published *Poems, Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect*, a widely acclaimed volume that included the poem “To a Mouse.”

Burns had only a decade to enjoy his celebrity as Scotland’s “ploughman poet,” for he died before reaching his fortieth birthday.

His fame increased after his death, however, with a legion of fans in Scotland and elsewhere singing and reciting the poems of the man they affectionately called “Bobby” Burns. Even today, on New Year’s Eve, people all over the world join together to sing one of Burns’s best-known compositions, “Auld Lang Syne.”

Literary Lens

SPEAKER Burns’ poems are distinctive in part because of their speaker, the voice that communicates the poem. The speaker may be the poet, or it may be a personality the poet adopts temporarily. You can draw conclusions about the speaker’s background, personality, and attitudes based on the language and details that he or she uses in the poem.



THEME “To a Mouse” includes a famous theme that is often quoted. A theme is a general message about human experience that the specific details of a work convey. It may be directly stated in the work or merely implied by the details. For example, in a poem with details about a spectacular sunset, the theme may be “Nature is a source of wonder and joy.”

Burns’ Language

As the title of his first book of poetry indicates, Robert Burns wrote most of his poems in Scottish dialect, the version of English spoken in southern Scotland. His use of dialect, innovative in its day, helps capture the flavor of everyday life in rural Scotland. Like all dialects of English, Scottish dialect differs from standard English in its vocabulary, grammar, and pronunciation. Burns’ poetry adjusts spelling to reflect Scottish pronunciation; for example, to show that in Scottish dialect the word *eye* is pronounced like the long *e* in *bee*, the word is spelled *e’e*. As you read “To a Mouse,” use context clues and the footnotes to decipher the dialect.

Think Critically

Before you read, use critical thinking to deepen your understanding.

1. Do you think it is more likely that “To a Mouse” will represent the Romantic ideals or the ideals of the Enlightenment? Why do you think so?
2. Think about the dialects found in different regions in America. What makes each one distinct from the others?
3. Review some of the poems you’ve read in previous units. Identify the speaker of the poem, and draw conclusions about the speaker based on his or her word choice, syntax, and subject matter.



To a Mouse

Robert Burns

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE PLOUGH, NOVEMBER, 1785¹

cowering: *cringing*

timorous: *timid;
fearful*

Wee, sleekit,² **cow'rin**, **tim'rous** beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!³
5 I wad be laith⁴ to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle!⁵

I'm truly sorry man's **dominion**
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
10 Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
An' fellow mortal!

I doubt na, whiles, but⁶ thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun⁷ live!

dominion: *rule;
control*

-
- 1 **On . . . 1785:** According to Burns' brother, Burns composed the poem while he was actually holding the plough.
2 **sleekit:** sleek
3 **Wi' bickering brattle:** in a headlong scamper
4 **wad be laith:** would be loath, or reluctant
5 **pattle:** paddle used to clean a plough
6 **I doubt na, whiles, but:** I do not doubt sometimes that
7 **maun:** must



- 15 A daimen-icker in a thrave⁸
 'S a sma' request:
 I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,⁹
 And never miss 't!
- 20 Thy wee-bit housie, too, in ruin!
 Its silly wa's¹⁰ the win's are strewin'!
 An' naething, now, to big a new ane,¹¹
 O' foggage¹² green!
 An' bleak December's winds ensuin',

8 **A daimen . . . thrave:** an occasional ear of grain in a sheaf, or bundle

9 **lave:** rest

10 **silly wa's:** feeble walls

11 **big a new ane:** build a new one

12 **foggage:** rough grass or moss



Baith snell¹³ an' keen!
25 Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
An' weary winter comin' fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash! the cruel coulter¹⁴ passed
30 Out-through thy cell.

That wee-bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
Has cost thee mony¹⁵ a weary nibble!
Now thou's turned out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,¹⁶
35 To thole¹⁷ the winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld!¹⁸

foresight: thoughtful
planning for the future

But Mousie, thou art no thy lane,¹⁹
In proving **foresight** may be vain:
The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
40 Gang aft a-gley,²⁰
An' lea'e us nought²¹ but grief an' pain,
For promised joy.

prospects: outlooks

Still thou art blest compared wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
45 But och! I backward cast my e'e
On **prospects** drear!
An' forward though I canna see,
I guess an' fear!

13 **Baith snell:** both bitter

14 **coulter:** plough blade

15 **mony:** many

16 **But house or hald:** without house or land holdings

17 **thole:** endure

18 **cranreuch cauld:** cold frost

19 **no thy lane:** not alone

20 **Gang aft a-gley:** often go awry

21 **nought:** nothing

After You Read “To a Mouse”

Literary Lens: Theme

Consider what “To a Mouse” says about nature, as well as human expectations or destiny. Then, on a chart like the one below that you replicate on a sheet of paper, restate the poem’s theme. Below that theme, list the details from the poem that support it. Also, identify at least one implied theme in the poem, and list the details that support it.

Stated Theme:
Supporting Details:
Implied Theme:
Supporting Details:

Explore Context: Farming in Burns’ Scotland

What do the poem’s details tell you about farming in Burns’ day? Write a paragraph that refers to specific details in the poem to support your answer. Then do research on farming in Scotland in the late eighteenth century, and add a second paragraph that provides additional information about farming as an industry and occupation, as well as what role it played in British society during this time period.

Apply and Create: Character Sketch

Work with a group of three or four students to create a character sketch of the poem’s speaker. First, discuss what the poem’s details show about the speaker’s personality, background, and attitude toward life. Have one group member keep a list of details to include in your character sketch. Then, use your imagination and your knowledge of Burns and the period (pages 612–619) to add other details to your sketch. When you have all agreed on the details to include, work together on a one-page character sketch to present to classmates in written or oral form.

Read Critically

Reread these stanzas from “To a Mouse,” and answer the questions that follow.

I’m truly sorry man’s dominion
Has broken nature’s social union,
An’ justifies that ill opinion

10 Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
An’ fellow mortal!





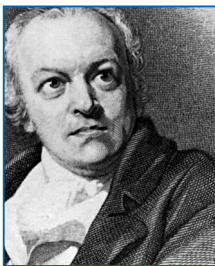
But Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
40 Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promised joy.

Still thou art blest compared wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
45 But och! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear!
An' forward though I canna see,
I guess an' fear!

1. What does the speaker mean by nature's "social union"? How has it been "broken," and how does he feel about breaking it?
2. What similarities and differences does the speaker see between himself and the mouse?
3. Romantic poets often saw nature as a source of spiritual comfort. Do you think the speaker here takes comfort from nature? Why or why not?



Before You Read *Selected Poetry of William Blake*



WILLIAM BLAKE (1757–1827) spent virtually all his life in London. The son of a poor shopkeeper, he was unable to obtain a formal education, but he showed such a talent for drawing that he was apprenticed to an engraver when he was fourteen. Eventually he and his wife—whom he taught to read, write, and engrave—ran a small business illustrating books. Struggling to earn a living like his father before him, Blake developed a lifelong sympathy for London’s poor.

Blake self-published his poetry along with his own engravings as illustrations. Isolated from the literary circles of his day, he developed his own style as he tried to capture the mystical visions he’d had since childhood—visions that viewed the universe as a place of contrasts. These contrasts are evident in his parallel poetry volumes *Songs of Innocence* and *Songs of Experience* and in his other famous works, such as *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*.

Literary Lens



SYM BOL To communicate his ideas, Blake often used symbols. A symbol is an object, a person, an animal, or anything else that represents something beyond what it is physically. For example, a mountain may represent nature or human achievement. Most symbols represent an abstract idea or range of ideas.

TONE Tone is the attitude that a writer or speaker conveys about his or her subject. For example, the tone of a poem may be happy, sad, or puzzled. In poetry, word choice, details, sentence structure, and sound devices such as rhythm and rhyme all help achieve a particular tone.

Blake’s Language

The poems in Blake’s *Songs of Innocence* express the views of an innocent child; those of his companion volume *Songs of Experience* express the disillusionment that comes with the loss of innocence. Typically, each poem in one volume parallels a contrasting poem in the other: for example, a poem about a sweet, innocent lamb has its parallel in a poem about a dangerous, frightening tiger (which Blake spells *tyger*). Blake is known for expressing complex ideas in simple language, but his language in *Songs of Innocence* is especially simple, capturing the impressions of a young, innocent child.

Think Critically

Before you read, use critical thinking to deepen your understanding.



1. Review what you read about the Industrial Revolution on page 615. Two of the poems you will read are about chimney sweepers. Based on what you know about the Industrial Age, how do you predict Blake will portray the life of a chimney sweeper?
2. What is a lamb sometimes used to symbolize? Where have you read examples of this type of symbolism?
3. Reread "To a Mouse." How would you describe its tone?

The Lamb

from Songs of Innocence

William Blake

Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life & bid thee feed,
By the stream & o'er the mead;¹
5 Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing wooly bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales² **rejoice!**
Little Lamb, who made thee?
10 Dost thou know who made thee?

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee!
He is calléd by thy name,
For he calls himself a Lamb;³
15 He is meek & he is mild,
He became a little child;
I a child & thou a lamb,
We are calléd by his name.
Little Lamb God bless thee.
20 Little Lamb God bless thee.

rejoice: to be filled
with delight

1 **mead:** meadow

2 **vales:** valleys

3 **For . . . Lamb:** Jesus is often called the Lamb of God.

The Tyger

from Songs of Experience

William Blake

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful **symmetry**?

symmetry: balanced
form

5 In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he¹ **aspire**?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

aspire: to have
ambitions; to yearn

10 And what shoulder, & what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

15 What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the **anvil**? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

anvil: iron block on
which heated metal
is shaped

20 When the stars threw down their spears
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

I **he**: the tiger's creator, about whom the first stanza asks questions

William Blake

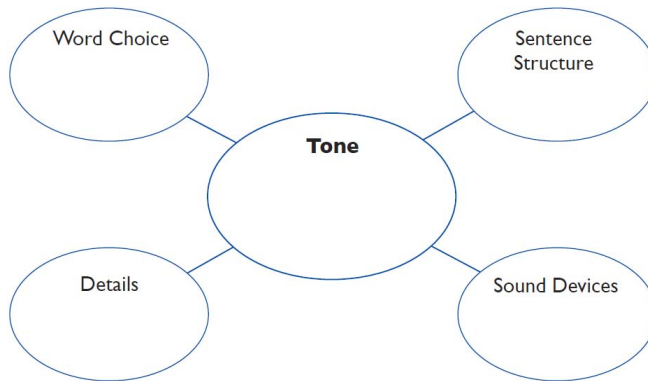
And so Tom awoke; and we rose in the dark
And got with our bags & our brushes to work.
Tho' the morning was cold, Tom was happy & warm;
So if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.

Unit 5

After You Read *Selected Poetry of William Blake*

Literary Lens: Tone

What is different about the tone in “The Lamb” and “The Tyger”? Gather your ideas about the tone of each poem in two cluster diagrams like the one shown below. In the center, identify the tone of the poem. In the other circles, list examples of word choice, details, sentence structure, and/or sound devices that help achieve that tone.



Explore Context: Child Laborers

What was life like for a child who labored daily as a chimney sweeper in Blake’s day? Write a paragraph about such a life, based on details in the two poems. Then do research to find out more about the practice of child labor during this era. Write a few more paragraphs in which you more fully describe the lot of a child laborer in England during the 1800s.

Apply and Create: Depict a Symbol

Have each member of a small group create a drawing that depicts the meaning of a different symbol in Blake’s poems. For example, one of you might draw the lamb in “The Lamb,” another might draw the tiger in “The Tyger,” and a third might draw the Angel in “The Chimney Sweeper” (*Songs of Innocence*). Discuss how effectively your drawings convey the meaning of each symbol.

Read Critically

Reread these lines from Blake's poems, and then answer the questions that follow.

from "The Lamb"

Little Lamb, who made thee?
10 Dost thou know who made thee?

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee!
He is called by thy name,
For he calls himself a Lamb;
15 He is meek & he is mild,
He became a little child;

from "The Tyger"

Did he smile his work to see?
20 Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

1. What contrasting characteristics of the lamb and the "tyger" do the two poems stress?
2. Why is it significant that the question "Who made thee?" is answered in "The Lamb" but not in "The Tyger"?
3. Reread Blake's poems (pages 626–629). How do "The Lamb" and "The Tyger," taken together, plus the two paired poems about the chimney sweeper help present Blake's vision? What do you think he is saying about the world by pairing in this way?



Before You Read *Selected Poetry of William Wordsworth*



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770–1850) grew up in northern England's Lake District, taking joy in the natural splendor all around him. His happy childhood was shattered by the untimely death of his parents, after which two uncles reluctantly took charge of the family. Sent to Cambridge University, Wordsworth later embarked on several walking tours, including one in France, where he sympathized with the democratic ideals of the early French Revolution, as well as the violence to come.

In 1795, Wordsworth began collaborating with a new friend, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, on a book that would revolutionize English poetry. Called *Lyrical Ballads*, this volume of romantic verse first appeared in 1798, with a revised edition two years later. By then Wordsworth had settled with his sister Dorothy back in his beloved Lake District, with Coleridge living nearby. Wordsworth married and continued writing. He was named Britain's poet laureate seven years before his death.

Literary Lens

LYRIC POETRY The Romantic Period is known for lyric poetry, which expresses the thoughts and feelings of a single speaker. Lyric poems tend to be short and musical; in fact, the term *lyric* comes from ancient Greece, when such poems were accompanied by a lyre, a U-shaped stringed instrument.



SONNET A sonnet is a lyric poem of fourteen lines with a specific rhyme scheme and meter (usually iambic pentameter—see page 249). Wordsworth writes Petrarchan, or Italian, sonnets, which break into an octave of eight lines with one set of end rhymes and a sextet of six lines with another set of end rhymes. The octave makes a main point that the sextet clarifies, emphasizes, or contradicts.

Wordsworth's Language

In a preface added to the 1800 edition of *Lyrical Ballads*, Wordsworth explains the focus of his contributions to the volume: "The principal object, then, proposed in these Poems was to choose incidents and situations from common life, and to relate or describe them, throughout, as far as was possible in a selection of language really used by men." Wordsworth uses simple language to state his thoughts and feelings. He does not, however, forsake vivid imagery and evocative devices, such as the use of metonymy, which substitutes an attribute or association for the thing meant, as in "...so feed /With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,/ Rash judgments, nor sneers... /Shall e'er prevail against us," in which *tongues* stands for *speech*.

Think Critically

Before you read, use critical thinking to deepen your understanding.

1. Based on what you've read about romanticism and romantic poetry in particular, how do you think Wordsworth's poems will differ from those you've read in previous units?
2. What natural setting has made a distinct impression on you? What words would you use to describe this setting?
3. In what ways does lyric poetry differ from ballads? Why do you think romantic poets chose to write lyric poetry, using such specific forms as sonnets?





Lines Composed a Few Miles
Above
*Tintern Abbey*¹

William Wordsworth

Five years have passed; 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
5 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.
The day is come when I again repose

secluded: isolated

1 **Tintern Abbey:** medieval church ruins in the valley of the Wye River in Wales

sportive: playful

pastoral: rural and
serene

beauteous:
beautiful

sublime: majestic;
awe-inspiring

10 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,² and lose themselves
'Mid groves and copses.³ Once again I see
15 These hedgerows, hardly hedgerows, 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
20 Of vagrant⁴ 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
25 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;
30 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,
35 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 burthen⁵ of the mystery,
40 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—

2 **clad . . . hue:** dressed in one green color

3 **copses:** thickets of bushes or small trees

4 **vagrant:** wandering

5 **burthen:** burden



Until, the breath of this corporeal frame⁶
45 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,
50 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
55 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 through the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!

60 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
65 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 roe⁷
70 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
75 (The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all.—I cannot paint

sylvan: in or relating
to the forest;
woodland

bounded: leaped

6 **corporeal frame:** body

7 **roe:** deer

raptures: states or
expressions of joy;
ecstasies

chasten: scold;
subdue

What then I was. The sounding cataract⁸
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
80 The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colors 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
85 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,⁹ nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
90 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
95 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,
100 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
105 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 recognize
110 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.

8 **cataract:** waterfall

9 **Faint I:** do I lose heart

Nor perchance¹⁰

115 If I were not thus taught, should I the more
 Suffer my genial spirits¹¹ to decay:
 For thou art with me here upon the banks
 Of this fair river; thou my dearest Friend,¹²
 My dear, dear Friend; and in thy voice I catch
 120 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,
 125 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
 130 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,
 135 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
 140 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
 145 For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,
 If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief
 Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts

rash: hasty;
 impetuous

intercourse:
 exchange; dealings

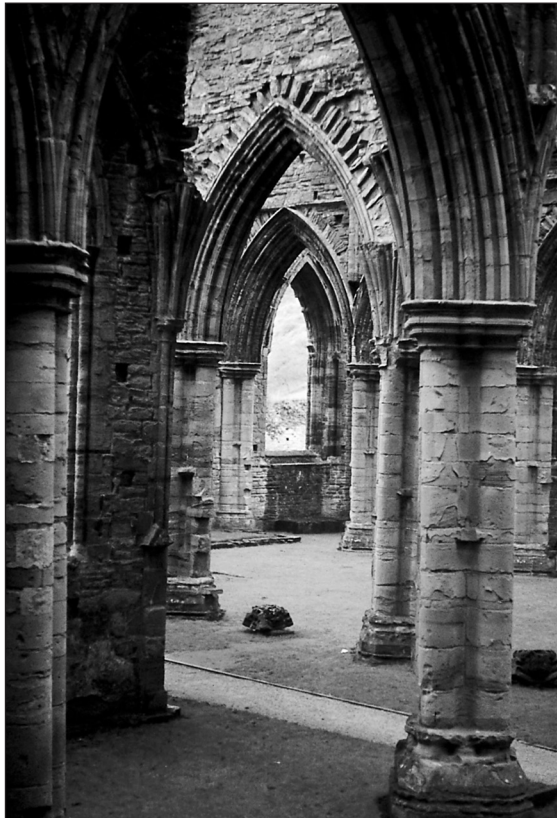
¹⁰ **perchance:** perhaps

¹¹ **Suffer my genial spirits:** allow my native powers

¹² **thou my dearest Friend:** the poet's sister Dorothy

exhortations: words
of encouragement;
urgings

Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my **exhortations**! Nor, perchance—
150 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
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I, so long
155 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
160 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!



Composed upon
*Westminster
Bridge,*¹

September 3, 1802

William Wordsworth

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty;
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
5 The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theaters, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully **steep**
10 In his first splendor, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses² seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

steep: to soak

1 **Westminster Bridge:** a bridge across the River Thames in London

2 **houses:** possibly a reference to the Houses of Parliament, located near Westminster Bridge

William Wordsworth

1 **boon:** a favor or benefit (the speaker considers giving the heart away a sordid benefit)
2 **Pagan . . . outworn:** a nonbeliever nurtured on an outdated belief
3 **lea:** meadow
4 **Proteus:** in Greek mythology, a minor sea god able to assume many shapes
5 **Triton . . . horn:** in Greek mythology, a minor sea god, usually shown blowing on a conch shell

I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud

William Wordsworth

- I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales¹ and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A **host**, of golden daffodils;
- 5 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.
- Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
10 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
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
15 A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund² company;
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:
- For oft, when on my couch I lie
20 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.
- host:** crowd; great number
- sprightly:** lively
- pensive:** deeply thoughtful, in a sad or dreamy way

1 **vales:** valleys

2 **jocund:** cheerful; jolly

After You Read *Selected Poetry of William Wordsworth*

Literary Lens: Petrarchan Sonnet

How well do Wordsworth's two sonnets illustrate a typical Petrarchan, or Italian, sonnet? In answering, consider the way they are organized as well as their meter and rhyme scheme.

Explore Context: Romantic Qualities

What ideas or qualities of romanticism do Wordsworth's poems display? Reread the information about romanticism on page 616, and list at least three romantic ideas or qualities on a checklist like the one below. Then do more research on romanticism, and add at least one more idea or quality to your list. Finally, evaluate Wordsworth's poems, checking off the romantic ideas and qualities they display and listing examples that illustrate each idea or quality you check.

✓	Romantic Idea / Quality	Example

Apply and Create: Lyric Choral Reading

In a small group, discuss the feelings that Wordsworth's four lyric poems express and the elements that make them musical, such as the sounds of words and pattern of meter and rhyme. Then choose one of the four poems and prepare it for a choral reading that brings out its musical qualities. Have some lines performed in group recitation and others by individuals, and include background music or sound effects if you think them appropriate. After rehearsing, perform your choral reading in class.

Read Critically

Reread these stanzas from "I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud," and answer the questions that follow.

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;



The waves beside them danced; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;



15 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:

20 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.



1. This poem was inspired by a walk Wordsworth took in the Lake District. Reread the information about the Lake District on page 632. Based on that information and this poem, what can you conclude about the significance of the Lake District in Wordsworth's life?
2. In his preface to *Lyrical Ballads*, Wordsworth says that poetry comes from “the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings,” but that the emotion is “recollected in tranquility.” Compare the above poem to “Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey” (pages 633–638) and describe how well each illustrates these ideas.
3. How is the speaker's attitude toward the daffodils similar to his reaction to what he sees in “Composed upon Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1802” (page 639)? How does it relate to his theme in “The World Is Too Much with Us” (page 640)?

Before You Read “Kubla Khan” and “The Rime of the Ancient Mariner”



SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (1772–1834) once escaped a bullying brother by running away from home, a frightening experience that he later drew on in writing his eerie, haunting poetry. The son of a poor clergyman in western England, Coleridge was sent to a charity school in London after his father died. He later attended Cambridge University, where he met fellow poet Robert Southey. The two planned to set up a Pantisocracy, a society in which all are equal in social position and responsibility. The plans never bore fruit, but Southey did introduce Coleridge to William Wordsworth—and thus began one of the most famous collaborations in literary history.

In 1798, Coleridge and Wordsworth published *Lyrical Ballads*, the poetry volume that established the Romantic Period in Britain. Coleridge went on to win fame as a literary critic, giving a series of popular lectures on Shakespeare and writing works like *Biographia Literaria*, his “literary biography.”

Literary Lens

SOUND DEVICES Coleridge is known for musical poetry. The sound devices he used include alliteration, the repetition of initial consonant sounds in nearby words, such as the *k* sounds in *Kubla Khan*; assonance, the repetition of vowel sounds in nearby words, such as the long *i* sounds in *twice five miles*; consonance, the repetition of consonant sounds at the end of nearby words, such as the *k* sounds in *drunk the milk*; and onomatopoeia, the use of words that imitate sounds, such as *growled* and *wail*.



NARRATIVE POETRY “The Rime of the Ancient Mariner” is a narrative poem. As in most narratives, the plot centers around a conflict and rises to a point of high tension—the climax. The plot then resolves itself.

Coleridge’s Language

In *Biographia Literaria*, Coleridge explains the approaches he and Wordsworth took in writing *Lyrical Ballads*. While Wordsworth would realistically capture nature and everyday experience, Coleridge would modify nature with “the colors of imagination” and write about “persons and characters supernatural, or at least romantic.” To help capture the exotic flavor of the romantic past, Coleridge uses archaic language in “The Rime of the Ancient Mariner,” the opening poem of *Lyrical Ballads*. Archaic verb forms such as *spoke* for *spoke*, archaic spellings like *rime* for *rhyme*, and archaic vocabulary, such as *eftsoons* for *at once*, set the tone.

Think Critically

Before you read, use critical thinking to deepen your understanding.

1. How do you think Coleridge’s poems might reflect the concerns of the Romantic Period you read about on page 616?
2. What are some examples of exotic settings you have encountered in fantasies or science fiction? Do you think Coleridge’s settings will be like these? In what way?
3. How do you think a “literary biography” would differ from a traditional biography? Why do you think Coleridge chose to write his *Biographia Literaria*?

Kubla Khan¹

OR, A VISION IN A DREAM. A FRAGMENT.²

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

In Xanadu³ did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
5 Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were **girdled** round:
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,⁴
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
10 And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic **chasm** which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!⁵
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
15 As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momentarily⁶ was forced:
20 Amid whose swift half-intermitted⁷ burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:⁸

girdled: *encircled;
bound*

chasm: *deep crack
in the earth; abyss*

-
- 1 **Kubla Khan:** great thirteenth-century ruler who founded the Mongol dynasty
2 **A Vision . . . Fragment:** Coleridge began writing the poem after waking from a vivid dream while under the influence of a powerful narcotic. He was interrupted while writing and later could not recall the rest of the lines he had composed in his dream.
3 **Xanadu:** Shangdu, Kubla Khan's summer capital in what is now northern China
4 **sinuous rills:** winding streams
5 **athwart a cedarn cover:** across a cover of cedar trees
6 **momently:** at every moment
7 **half-intermitted:** half-interrupted
8 **chaffy . . . flail:** grain with its husks being separated from it in the threshing process

meandering:
winding

prophesying:
predicting

And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momentarily the sacred river.
25 Five miles **meandering** with a mazy⁹ motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
30 Ancestral voices **prophesying** war!
The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
35 It was a miracle of rare device,¹⁰
A sunny pleasure dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer¹¹
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian¹² maid,
40 And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.¹³
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
45 That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
50 His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honeydew¹⁴ hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

9 **mazy:** like a maze; intricately winding

10 **device:** design

11 **dulcimer:** musical instrument played by striking the strings with light hammers

12 **Abyssinian:** from the African nation of Ethiopia

13 **Mount Abora:** probably Mount Amara, where Ethiopia's kings came from

14 **honeydew:** an ideally sweet or luscious food



The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

I can easily believe that there are more invisible than visible beings in the universe. But of their families, degrees, connections, distinctions, and functions, who shall tell us? How do they act? Where are they found? About such matters the human mind has always circled without attaining knowledge. Yet I do not doubt that sometimes it is well for the soul to contemplate as in a picture the image of a larger and better world, lest the mind, habituated to the small concerns of daily life, limit itself too much and sink entirely into trivial thinking. But meanwhile we must be on watch for the truth, avoiding extremes, so that we may distinguish certain from uncertain, day from night.

T. Burnet¹

¹ **T. Burnet:** a seventeenth-century English theologian

ARGUMENT

How a Ship having passed the Line² was driven by storms to the cold Country towards the South Pole; how the Ancient Mariner cruelly and in contempt of the laws of hospitality killed a Seabird and how he was followed by many strange Judgments; and in what manner he came back to his own Country.

Part I

mariner: sailor

*An ancient Mariner
meeteth three Gallants
bidden to a wedding
feast, and detaineth
one.*

It is an ancient **Mariner**,

And he stoppeth one of three.

"By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,

Now wherefore³ stopp'st thou me?

5 The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,

And I am next of kin;

The guests are met, the feast is set:

May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,

10 "There was a ship," quoth he.

"Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!"

Eftsoons⁴ his hand dropped he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—

The Wedding-Guest stood still,

15 And listens like a three years' child:

The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:

He cannot choose but hear;

And thus spake on that ancient man,

20 The bright-eyed Mariner.

"The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,

Merrily did we drop

*The Wedding-Guest is
spell-bound by the eye
of the seafaring man,
and constrained to
hear his tale.*

2 **Line:** the equator

3 **wherefore:** why

4 **Eftsoons:** at once; quickly

- Below the kirk,⁵ below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.
- 25 The Sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
- Went down into the sea.
Higher and higher every day,
30 Till over the mast at noon—"6
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.
- The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
35 Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.⁷
- The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
40 The bright-eyed Mariner.
- "And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.
- 45 With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
50 And southward aye⁸ we fled.
- And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:

*The Mariner tells how
the ship sailed southward
with a good wind and
fair weather, till it
reached the Line.*

*The Wedding-Guest
heareth the bridal music;
but the Mariner
continueth his tale.*

*The ship is drawn by a
storm toward the South
Pole.*

5 **kirk:** church

6 **Till . . . noon:** The sun's position indicates that the ship has reached the equator.

7 **minstrelsy:** group of musicians

8 **aye:** ever



And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

*The land of ice, and
of fearful sounds,
where no living thing
was to be seen.*

55 And through the drifts the snowy clifts⁹
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken¹⁰—
The ice was all between.

60 The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!¹¹

*Till a great seabird,
called the Albatross,
came through the
snow-fog, and was
received with great joy
and hospitality.*

65 At length did cross an Albatross,¹²
Thorough¹³ the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,¹⁴
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
70 The helmsman steered us through!

*And lo! the Albatross
proveth a bird of good
omen, and followeth
the ship as it returned
northward through
fog and floating ice.*

75 And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!¹⁵
In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,¹⁶
It perched for vespers¹⁷ nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moonshine."

9 **clifts:** cliffs

10 **ken:** know; perceive

11 **swound:** swoon; fainting fit

12 **Albatross:** a large seabird common in the Southern Hemisphere

13 **Thorough:** Through

14 **eat:** pronounced et, an old form of eaten

15 **hollo:** call

16 **shroud:** rope supporting a ship's mast

17 **vespers:** evenings

80 "God save thee, ancient Mariner,
From the fiends, that plague thee thus!—
Why look'st thou so?"—With my crossbow
I shot the Albatross.

*The ancient Mariner
inhospitably killeth the
pious bird of good
omen.*

Part II

The Sun now rose upon the right:¹⁸
Out of the sea came he,
85 Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
90 Came to the mariner's hollo!

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all **averred**, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
95 'Ah wretch!' said they, 'the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!'

*His shipmates cry out
against the ancient
Mariner for killing the
bird of good luck.*

averred: agreed

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious Sun uprist:¹⁹
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
100 That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

*But when the fog
cleared off, they justify
the same, and thus
make themselves
accomplices in the
crime.*

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow²⁰ followed free;
105 We were the first that ever burst
Into the silent sea.

*The fair breeze
continues; the ship
enters the Pacific
Ocean, and sails
northward, even till it
reaches the Line.*

Down dropped the breeze, the sails dropped down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;

*The ship hath been
suddenly becalmed.*

18 **The Sun . . . right:** The sun's position indicates that the ship is traveling north.

19 **uprist:** uprose

20 **furrow:** ship's wake



110 And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

115 Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

*And the Albatross begins
to be avenged.*

120 Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, every where
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
125 Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout²¹
The death-fires²² danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
130 Burnt green, and blue, and white.

*A Spirit had followed
them; one of the
invisible inhabitants of
this planet, neither
departed souls nor
angels; concerning
whom the learned Jew,
Josephus, and the
Platonic
Constantinopolitan,
Michael Psellus, may be
consulted. They are very
numerous, and there is
no climate or element
without one or more.*

And some in dreams assuréd were
Of the Spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom²³ deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

135 And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

21 **in reel and rout:** with dizzying, unpredictable motion

22 **death-fires:** St. Elmo's fire, a flamelike electrical effect seen at sea and considered a bad omen

23 **nine fathom:** fifty-four feet deep

Ah! well a-day!²⁴ what evil looks
140 Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

*The shipmates in their
sore distress, would
fain throw the whole
guilt on the ancient
Mariner: in sign
whereof they hang the
dead seabird round his
neck.*

Part III

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
145 A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye!
When, looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

*The ancient Mariner
beholdeth a sign in the
element afar off.*

At first it seemed a little speck,
150 And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.²⁵

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
155 As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged, and tacked²⁶ and veered.

With throats unslaked,²⁷ with black lips baked,
We could not laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
160 I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

*At its nearer approach,
it seemeth him to be a
ship; and at a dear
ransom he freeth his
speech from the bonds
of thirst.*

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call:
Gramercy!²⁸ they for joy did grin,
165 And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

A flash of joy;

24 **well a-day:** alas

25 **wist:** knew; perceived

26 **tacked:** zigzagged

27 **unslaked:** not quenched

28 **Gramercy:** great thanks



*And horror follows. For
can it be a ship that
comes onward without
wind or tide?*

170 See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal;²⁹
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

175 The western wave was all aflame,
The day was wellnigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

*It seemeth him but the
skeleton of a ship.*

180 And straight³⁰ the Sun was flecked with bars
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!),
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres?³¹

*And its ribs are seen as
bars on the face of the
setting Sun. The Spectre-
Woman and her
Deathmate, and no other
on board the skeleton
ship.*

185 Are those her ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that Woman's mate?

Like vessel, like crew!

190 Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,³²
The Nightmare Life-in-Death was she,

*Death and Life-in-Death
have dined for the ship's
crew, and she (the latter)
winneth the ancient
Mariner.*

195 Who thicks man's blood with cold.
The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;

29 **Hither . . . weal:** in this direction to help us

30 **straight:** straightaway; immediately

31 **gossameres:** spiderwebs

32 **leprosy:** a disease characterized by spreading patches of discolored skin

"The game is done! I've won! I've won!"
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

200 The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.³³

*No twilight within the
courts of the Sun.*

We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
205 My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb³⁴ above the eastern bar
210 The hornéd Moon,³⁵ with one bright star
Within the nether³⁶ tip.

*At the rising of the
Moon,*

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,³⁷
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a **ghastly** pang,
215 And cursed me with his eye.

One after another,

ghastly: horrid; ghostlike

Four times fifty living men
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan),
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

*His shipmates drop down
dead.*

220 The souls did from their bodies fly—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by
Like the whizz of my crossbow!

*But Life-in-Death begins
her work on the ancient
Mariner.*

33 **spectre-bark:** ghost ship

34 **clomb:** climbed

35 **hornéd Moon:** crescent moon

36 **nether:** lower

37 **star-dogged Moon:** the crescent moon with a star at its tip—a sailor's sign of coming evil



Part IV

*The Wedding-Guest
feareth that a Spirit is
talking to him;*

225

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

*But the ancient
Mariner assureth him
of his bodily life, and
proceedeth to relate
his horrible penance.*

230

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand so brown." —
Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!
This body dropped not down.

235

Alone, alone, all, all alone
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

*He despiseth the
creatures of the calm,*

The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

240

*And envieth that they
should live, and so
many lie dead.*

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

245

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or³⁸ ever a prayer had gushed,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

250

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
But the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

reek: *smell*

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor **reek** did they:

38 **or:** before

255 The look with which they looked on me
 Had never passed away.
 An orphan's curse would drag to hell
 A spirit from on high;
 But oh! more horrible than that
 260 Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
 Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse—
 And yet I could not die.

*But the curse liveth for him
 in the eye of the dead men.*

The moving Moon went up the sky,
 And nowhere did **abide**:
 265 Softly she was going up,
 And a star or two beside—
 Her beams bemoaned the sultry main,³⁹
 Like April hoar-frost⁴⁰ spread;
 But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
 270 The charmed water burnt away
 A still and awful red.

abide: remain

*In his loneliness and
 fixedness he yearneth towards
 the journeying Moon, and the
 stars that still sojourn, yet
 still move onward; and
 everywhere the blue sky
 belongs to them, and is their
 appointed rest, and their
 native country and their own
 natural homes, which they
 enter unannounced, as lords
 that are certainly expected,
 and yet there is a silent joy at
 their arrival.*

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
 I watched the water-snakes:
 They moved in tracks of shining white,
 275 And when they reared, the elfish light
 Fell off in hoary flakes.⁴¹

*By the light of the Moon he
 beholdeth God's creatures of
 the great calm.*

Within the shadow of the ship
 I watched their rich attire:
 Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
 280 They coiled and swam; and every track
 Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue
 Their beauty might declare:
 A spring of love gushed from my heart,

*Their beauty and their
 happiness.*

39 **bemoaned the sultry main:** mockingly defied the hot ocean (because the moon's pale light made the ocean seem cool)

40 **hoar-frost:** frozen dew

41 **when . . . flakes:** When they rose up, the water droplets falling off them glittered like flakes of frost.

He blesseth him in his
heart.

285 And I blessed them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.
The selfsame moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
290 The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

The spell begins to
break.

Part V

O sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
295 She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

By grace of the holy
Mother, the ancient
Mariner is refreshed
with rain.

The silly⁴² buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
300 and when I awoke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold.
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

305 I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

He heareth sounds
and seeth strange
sights and commotions
in the sky and the
element.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
310 It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.⁴³

The upper air burst into life;

42 **silly**: plain; simple

43 **sere**: dry

And a hundred fire-flags⁴⁴ sheen;⁴⁵
 315 To and fro they were hurried about!
 And to and fro, and in and out,
 The **wan** stars danced between.

 And the coming wind did roar more loud,
 And the sails did sigh like sedge;
 320 And the rain poured down from one black cloud;
 The Moon was at its edge.

 The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
 The Moon was at its side;
 Like waters shot from some high crag,
 325 The lightning fell with never a jag,
 A river steep and wide.

 The loud wind never reached the ship,
 Yet now the ship moved on!
 Beneath the lightning and the Moon
 330 The dead men gave a groan.

 They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
 Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
 It had been strange, even in a dream,
 To have seen those dead men rise.

 335 The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;
 Yet never a breeze up-blew;
 The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
 Where they were wont⁴⁶ to do;
 They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
 340 We were a ghastly crew.

 The body of my brother's son
 Stood by me, knee to knee:
 The body and I pulled at one rope,
 But he said naught⁴⁷ to me.

wan: sickly pale;
faint

*The bodies of the ship's crew
are inspirited, and the ship
moves on.*

44 **fire-flags:** the aurora australis, or southern lights; wavering bands of light seen in the night sky in the Southern Hemisphere

45 **sheen:** shone

46 **wont:** accustomed

47 **naught:** nothing

345 "I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"
Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest:
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corpses⁴⁸ came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

350 For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
355 Then darted to the Sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the skylark sing;
360 Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!⁴⁹

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
365 And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the Heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
370 In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
375 Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

49 **jargoning:** warbling

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The Spirit slid: and it was he
380 That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean:
385 But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
390 She made a sudden bound:
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swoond.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not⁵⁰ to declare;
395 But ere my living life returned,
I heard, and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

"Is it he?" quoth one, "Is this the man?
By Him who died on cross,⁵¹
400 With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

The Spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
405 Who shot him with his bow."

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he, "The man hath **penance** done,
And penance more will do."

The lonesome Spirit from the South Pole carries on the ship as far as the Line, in obedience to the angelic troop, but still requireth vengeance.

The Polar Spirit's fellow demons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong; and two of them relate, one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

penance: voluntary self-punishment inflicted for a wrongdoing

50 **have not:** am not able

51 **Him . . . cross:** Jesus Christ

435 For a charnel-dungeon fitter:⁵²
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away:
440 I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapped: once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
445 Of what had else been seen—

*The curse is finally
expiated.*

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round, walks on,
And turns no more his head;
450 Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
455 In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

460 Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

*And the ancient
Mariner beholdeth his
native country.*

O dream of joy! is this indeed
465 The lighthouse top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?

52 **For . . . fitter:** more suitable for a burial vault

Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbor-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
470 O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbor-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
475 And the shadow of the Moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.⁵³

480 And the bay was white with silent light
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colors came.

*The angelic spirits leave
the dead bodies,*

485 A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
O Christ! what saw I there!

*And appear in their own
forms of light.*

490 Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood!⁵⁴
A man all light, a seraph-man,⁵⁵
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand:
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
495 Each one a lovely light;

This seraph band, each waved his hand,

53 **weathercock:** weathervane

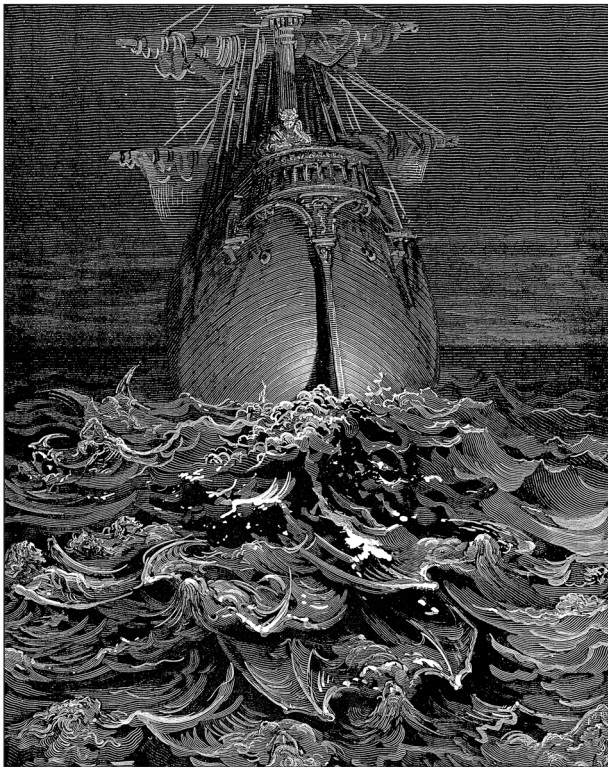
54 **holy rood:** the cross on which Christ was crucified

55 **seraph-man:** angel

No voice did they impart—
No voice; but O, the silence sank
Like music on my heart.
500 But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce⁵⁶ away,
And I saw a boat appear.

505 The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice:
It is the Hermit good!



56 **perforce:** of necessity



510 He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrive⁵⁷ my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

Part VII

*The Hermit of the
Wood*

515 This hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

520 He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump.
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,
"Why, this is strange, I trow!"⁵⁸
525 Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now?"

*Approacheth the ship
with wonder.*

"Strange, by my faith!" the Hermit said—
"And they answered not our cheer!
The planks look warped! and see those sails,
530 How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught⁵⁹ like to them,
Unless perchance it were
Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along;
535 When the ivy-tod⁶⁰ is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young."

57 **shrieve:** hear confession and grant absolution; pardon

58 **trow:** believe

59 **aught:** anything

60 **ivy-tod:** clump of ivy

"Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look—
(The Pilot made reply)
540 I am a-feared."—"Push on, push on!"
Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
545 And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reached the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

*The ship suddenly
sinketh.*

550 Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,⁶¹
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
555 Within the Pilot's boat.
Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of⁶² the sound.

*The ancient Mariner
is saved in the Pilot's
boat.*

560 I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
565 Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
"Ha! ha!" quoth he, "full plain I see
The Devil knows how to row."

61 **smote:** struck down

62 **telling of:** echoing



*The ancient Mariner
earnestly entreateth the
Hermit to shrieve him;
and the penance of life
falls on him.*

*And ever and anon
throughout his future
life an agony
constraineth him to
travel from land to
land;*

570 And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

575 "O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!"
The Hermit crossed his brow.⁶³
"Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou?"

580 Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woeful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

585 Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns:
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

590 I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

595 What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden-bower⁶⁴ the bride
And bride-maids singing are:
And hark, the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

600 O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seeméd there to be.

63 **crossed his brow:** made the sign of the cross on his forehead

64 **garden-bower:** private area for the bride

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
‘Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

605 To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

610 Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

*And to teach, by his
own example, love
and reverence to all
things that God made
and loveth.*

He prayeth best, who loveth best
615 All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,⁶⁵
620 Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest
Turned from the bridegroom’s door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man,
625 He rose the morrow morn.

65 **hoar:** grayish-white

After You Read “Kubla Khan” and “The Rime of the Ancient Mariner”

Literary Lens: Sound Devices

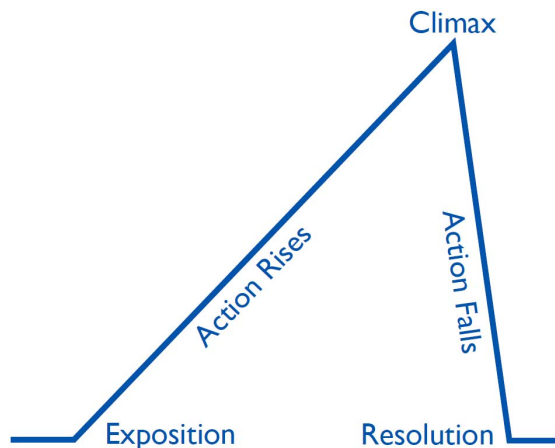
Explain how sound effects in “Kubla Khan” and “The Rime of the Ancient Mariner” capture the mood or atmosphere of a scene. Cite at least one example each of alliteration, assonance, consonance, and onomatopoeia.

Explore Context: Sailing Ships

Write a brief description of the ship and its route in “The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.” Include terms from the poem, such as *keel*, *prow*, and *the Line*, that come from the jargon, or special vocabulary, of sailors. Use context clues, Coleridge’s marginal notes, and the footnotes to help you understand the meaning of these terms. Then research more about sailing ships in the late eighteenth century, and revise and expand your description.

Apply and Create: Narrative Poetry

According to Coleridge’s account, he was reading about the real Kubla Khan when he dozed off and the ideas for a poem came to him. On waking, he began writing the poem but was interrupted by a visitor, so that “Kubla Khan” is only a fragment of a longer poem. How would you expand the fragment into a narrative poem? In a group of four, outline an expanded version that follows the plot diagram below. Have the plot events center around a conflict faced by Kubla Khan or one of his subjects.



Read Critically

Reread these lines from “Kubla Khan,” and answer the questions that follow.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
5 Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
10 And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
15 As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!

1. Reread the information about romanticism on page 616. What evidence in the passage above shows the romantic fascination with the mysterious and the supernatural?
2. How does the “romantic chasm” contrast with the “stately pleasure dome” decreed by Kubla Khan? What might that contrast suggest about nature?
3. How would you describe Xanadu to a friend?



Before You Read “She Walks in Beauty” and Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage



GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON (1788–1824), grew up in poverty before unexpectedly inheriting the title Baron Byron—providing him entry into Britain’s aristocratic elite. He attended the prestigious Harrow School and Cambridge University, made a “grand tour” of continental Europe, and settled in London, where he took his seat in the House of Lords. He also published the first two cantos of his long poem *Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage*, an overnight success whose brooding, unconventional hero had much in common with the poet himself.

For a time the toast of London, Byron scandalized society with his romantic escapades, radical politics, and dissipated ways. Criticism mounted until he left England in 1816, settling in Italy, near his friend and fellow poet-in-exile Percy Shelley. He continued winning fame for his poetry, including the third and fourth cantos of *Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage* and his brilliant verse satire *Don Juan*. He died of fever while helping the Greeks in their war of independence.

Literary Lens

METER Like most English poems before 1900, Byron’s poems include a pattern of rhythm, or meter. The basic unit of meter is the foot, and the most common foot is an iamb, an unstressed syllable (marked ~) followed by a stressed syllable (marked ´). The feet are separated by /. A line of three iambs is iambic trimeter; four, iambic tetrameter; five, iambic pentameter; six, iambic hexameter. This line, for example, is iambic tetrameter:

Šhe walk’s / ĩn beau / tŷ, líke / th ě níght

STANZAS Byron’s poems are written in stanzas, recurrent groups of lines with a particular pattern of meter and end-of-line rhyme. The pattern of rhyme, or rhyme scheme, is shown by assigning the same letter to the same rhyme; for instance, each stanza of “She Walks in Beauty” (page 673) has the rhyme scheme *ababab*.

Byron’s Language

Byron set the standard for the era’s passionate, restless, brooding figure known as the *Byronic hero*. Yet only some of Byron’s poems contain the emotionally charged language typical of romantic poetry. Many of his shorter poems, such as “She Walks in Beauty,” which opens with a graceful metaphor, are reminiscent of the love poems of Ben Jonson (pages 462–465), father of neoclassicism. Other works, such as the long poem *Don Juan*, use witty, satirical language reminiscent of Restoration poet Alexander Pope (pages 536–549).

Think Critically

Before you read, use critical thinking to deepen your understanding.

1. Review what you learned about Lord Byron. Based on his character and the type of poetry he wrote, what can you conclude about him?
2. Why do you think Byron adopted many of the same techniques as neoclassical poets? What similarities do neoclassicism and romanticism share? What are their differences?
3. Recall examples of “Byronic heroes” in romance novels, films, and TV shows you have seen. What makes such heroes appealing?

She Walks in Beauty

George Gordon, Lord Byron

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes¹ and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect² and her eyes:
5 Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to **gaudy** day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,³
10 Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet **eloquent**,
15 The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

gaudy: overly bright or
showy

eloquent: vividly
expressive

1 **climes:** climates; regions

2 **aspect:** appearance

3 **raven tress:** black lock of hair

from
Childe¹ Harold's
Pilgrimage

George Gordon, Lord Byron

from *Canto the Third*

XI

But who can view the ripened rose, nor² seek
To wear it? who can curiously behold
The smoothness and the sheen of beauty's cheek,
Nor feel the heart can never all grow old?
5 Who can contemplate fame through clouds unfold
The star which rises o'er her steep, nor climb?
Harold, once more within the **vortex** rolled
On with the giddy circle, chasing Time,
Yet with a nobler aim than in his youth's fond³ prime.

vortex: whirlpool

XII

10 But soon he knew himself the most unfit
Of men to herd with Man; with whom he held
Little in common; untaught to submit
His thoughts to others, though his soul was **quelled**,
In youth by his own thoughts; still uncompelled,
15 He would not yield **dominion** of his mind
To spirits against whom his own rebelled;
Proud though in desolation; which could find
A life within itself, to breathe without mankind.

quelled: subdued;
quieted

dominion: rule;
control

1 **Childe:** a candidate for knighthood during the Middle Ages

2 **nor:** and not

3 **fond:** foolish

XIII

Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends;
20 Where rolled the ocean, thereon was his home;
Where a blue sky, and glowing clime, extends,
He had the passion and the power to roam;
The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,
Were unto him companionship; they spake
25 A mutual language, clearer than the **tome** **tome:** large book
Of his land's tongue, which he would oft forsake
For nature's pages glassed⁴ by sunbeams on the lake.

XIV

Like the Chaldean,⁵ he could watch the stars,
Till he had peopled them with beings bright
30 As their own beams; and earth, and earth-born jars,⁶
And human frailties, were forgotten quite:
Could he have kept his spirit to that flight,⁷
He had been⁸ happy; but this clay will sink
Its spark immortal, envying it the light
35 To which it mounts, as if to break the link
That keeps us from yon heaven⁹ which woos us to its brink.

XV

But in Man's dwellings he became a thing
Restless and worn, and stern and wearisome,
Dropped as a wild-born falcon with clipt wing,
40 To whom the boundless air alone were home:
Then came his fit again, which to o'ercome,
As eagerly the barred-up bird will beat
His breast and beak against his wiry dome
Till the blood tinge his **plumage**, so the heat
45 Of his **impeded** soul would through his bosom eat. **plumage:** bird's
feathers, collectively

impeded: hindered;
delayed

4 **glassed:** made glasslike

5 **Chaldean:** a member of an ancient Middle Eastern tribe famous for its astronomers

6 **jars:** sources of discord; conflicts

7 **flight:** soaring thought or attitude

8 **had been:** would have been

9 **yon heaven:** that heaven; heaven over there

intemperate:
unchecked; excessive



|| **forbore to check:** did not try to control

After You Read “She Walks in Beauty” and Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage

Literary Lens: Stanza and Meter

Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage uses the Spenserian stanza, introduced by Edmund Spenser (pages 249–253) in his epic *The Faerie Queene*. Identify the meter and rhyme scheme of this type of stanza. Then copy a stanza of Byron’s poem, marking off the feet and stressed and unstressed syllables, and assigning letters to show the rhyme scheme. What is the overall effect of the longer last line in each stanza?

Explore Context: Napoleonic Wars

Like Byron himself, Childe Harold wanders continental Europe just after the end of the Napoleonic Wars. What does the excerpt from *Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage* suggest about the effect of the war on Europe and the mood of Europeans when the fighting ended? Research the Napoleonic Wars and write a paragraph answering that question.

Apply and Create: Stanza

In a group of four, create your own stanza using the same stanza form and meter as “She Walks in Beauty.” First choose rhyming words based upon the *ababab* rhyme scheme, and write them on a chart like the one below. Then write the first part of each line using iambic tetrameter. If you have trouble, change the rhyming words you chose. When you have polished your stanza, share it with classmates.

Beginning of line	End rhyme <i>a</i>
Beginning of line	End rhyme <i>b</i>
Beginning of line	End rhyme <i>a</i>
Beginning of line	End rhyme <i>b</i>
Beginning of line	End rhyme <i>a</i>
Beginning of line	End rhyme <i>b</i>

Read Critically

Reread this stanza from *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, and answer the questions that follow.

10 But soon he knew himself the most unfit
Of men to herd with Man; with whom he held
Little in common; untaught to submit
His thoughts to others, though his soul was quelled,
In youth by his own thoughts; still uncompelled,
15 He would not yield dominion of his mind
To spirits against whom his own rebelled;
Proud though in desolation; which could find
A life within itself, to breathe without mankind.



1. Explain how the details about the person described in this passage illustrate the personality, behavior, and attitude of a Byronic hero (page 672).
2. Contrast the style and emotions expressed here with those of “She Walks in Beauty” (page 673). How is *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* more typical of the ideas of romanticism?
3. Draw comparisons between the characters in *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* and Coleridge’s “The Rime of the Ancient Mariner” (pages 647–669). What do the two characters have in common?

Before You Read *Selected Poetry of Percy Bysshe Shelley*



PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792–1822), the son of a wealthy, well-born member of Parliament, began creating controversy when he was a student at Oxford University, from which he was eventually expelled. An ardent critic of England's conservative leaders, he admired the radical philosopher William Godwin, whom he met in London. Separated from his wife, Shelley fell in love with Godwin's daughter Mary, provoking a storm of controversy when he ran away with her to Switzerland. The death of his first wife allowed the couple to marry, and eventually they settled in Italy near Lord Byron, who helped spur Shelley's creativity.

In addition to some of the best lyric poetry in English, Shelley wrote verse drama and long poems like *Adonais*, his tribute to poet John Keats. Yet because of his ill repute in England, his work was largely ignored during his lifetime. After he drowned in a boating accident, Mary returned home, editing her husband's work and spending the rest of her life making sure his writing was recognized.

Literary Lens

APOSTROPHE AND PERSONIFICATION Many of Shelley's poems use apostrophe and personification. In apostrophe, a speaker addresses someone or something as if it can hear him or her when, in fact, it cannot. For example, the speaker in "To a Skylark" addresses the skylark, "Hail to thee!" Personification gives human qualities to something nonhuman; for example, the skylark is said to be singing a hymn.



TERZA RIMA "Ode to the West Wind" is written in terza rima, three-line stanzas that use the same rhyme in the first and third lines and then utilize the middle rhyme in the first and third lines of the next stanza to form a rhyme scheme *aba bcb cdc*, and so on. A rhymed couplet, or two-line stanza, then completes the sequence.

Shelley's Language

Shelley is known for emotion-charged language, with many exclamations punctuating the emotions expressed. Like other romantic poets, he uses archaic, or outdated, language and unusual word order to make his verse more poetic and powerful. Consider, for example, the second sentence of "To a Skylark," which begins "Bird thou never wert." Here, the archaic pronoun *thou* (for *you*) and verb *wert* (for *were*) combine in a sentence that inverts usual word order not only to maintain the meter but also to stress the speaker's emotional opinion that there never was a bird that poured out its heart in music as poignantly as the skylark.

Think Critically

Before you read, use critical thinking to deepen your understanding.

1. Reread Wordsworth's "I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud" (page 641) and note examples of personification in the poem. Why might personification be a fitting poetic technique for romantic poets?
2. How did Shelley's feelings about the British rulers in his day align with the characteristics of romanticism?





Ozymandias¹

Percy Bysshe Shelley

visage: face

I met a traveler from an antique² land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs³ of stone
Stand in the desert . . . Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered **visage** lies, whose frown,
5 And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tells that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them,⁴ and the heart that fed:
And on the pedestal these words appear:
10 "My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

1 **Ozymandias:** Greek title for Ramses II, pharaoh who ruled Egypt in the thirteenth century B.C. and was famous for his vast building program

2 **antique:** ancient

3 **trunkless legs:** legs separated from the rest of the body

4 **The hand that mocked them:** that is, the sculptor's hand that mocked Ozymandias's passions

Ode to the *West Wind*

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,

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

The wingéd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the Spring¹ shall blow

10 Her clarion² o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odors plain and hill:

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

1 **azure sister** . . . **Spring**: reviving wind that comes in spring

2 **clarion**: shrill trumpet



II

15 Thou on whose stream, mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled bough of Heaven and Ocean,

Angels³ of rain and lightning: there are spread
On the blue surface of thine aëry surge,
20 Like the bright hair uplifted from the head
Of some fierce Maenad,⁴ even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the **zenith's** height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou **dirge**

zenith: highest point
reached in the heavens
by a celestial body

dirge: funeral song

sepulcher: tomb

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
25 Will be the dome of a vast **sepulcher**,

Vaulted⁵ with all thy congregated might
Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: oh, hear!

III

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

Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,⁶
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

35 All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers⁷

chasms: deep cracks in
the earth; abysses

Cleave themselves into **chasms**, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear

3 **Angels:** messengers

4 **Maenad:** female worshipper of Dionysus, Greek god of wine

5 **Vaulted:** arched, like a church ceiling

6 **pumice . . . bay:** isle of light volcanic rock in the bay of an ancient Roman resort

7 **level powers:** surface



40 The sapless foliage of the ocean, know
Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil⁸ themselves: oh, hear!

IV

45 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

8 **despoil:** deprive of value; strip; rob



50 The comrade of thy wanderings over Heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
Scarce seemed 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!

55 A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

V

Make me thy lyre,⁹ even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

60 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 withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
65 And, by the **incantation** of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,
70 If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

incantation:
chanting

9 **lyre:** aeolian harp; instrument that produces musical sounds when the wind passes over it

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
5 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,
10 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;
15 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even¹
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of Heaven,
In the broad daylight
20 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,²
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear

profuse: pouring
forth; plentiful

unpremeditated:
unplanned

1 **even:** evening

2 **silver sphere:** the morning star



25 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
30 The moon rams out her beams, and Heaven is overflowed.
 What thou art we know not;
 What is most like thee?
 From rainbow clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see
35 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
40 To sympathy with hopes and fears it needed not:
 Like a high-born maiden
 In a palace tower,
 Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour
45 With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:³
 Like a glow-worm golden
 In a dell of dew,
 Scattering unbeholden
 Its aërial hue
50 Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view!
 Like a rose embowered
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflowered,⁴
 Till the scent it gives

3 **bower:** private room or area

4 **deflowered:** probably a dual meaning of “fertilized” and “fully open”

55 Makes faint with too much sweet those heavy-wingéd
thieves:⁵

Sound of **vernal** showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was

vernal: occurring in
spring

60 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass:

Teach us, Sprite⁶ or Bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine

65 That panted forth a flood of **rapture** so divine.

rapture: state of joy

Chorus Hymeneal,⁷
Or triumphal chant,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,⁸

70 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains⁹
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?

75 What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance¹⁰
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:

languor: lack of spirit

80 Thou lovest—but ne'er knew love's sad **satiety**.

satiety: state of
having more than
enough; fullness

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem

5 **thieves:** that is, the warm winds

6 **Sprite:** spirit

7 **Chorus Hymeneal:** wedding song

8 **vaunt:** boast

9 **fountains:** sources

10 **joyance:** joy; rejoicing

Things more true and deep
 Than we mortals dream,
 85 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;¹¹
 90 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,
 95 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,
 100 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
 105 The world should listen then—as I am listening now.



11 **fraught:** filled

After You Read *Selected Poetry of Percy Bysshe Shelley*

Literary Lens: Terza Rima

Copy the end rhymes from a numbered section of “Ode to the West Wind” to show that it is written in terza rima. How does the use of terza rima reflect the content of the poem? What effect does the terza rima have on the poem’s sound?

Explore Context: Ramses II

Write a one-paragraph biography of Ramses II, based on the details in “Ozymandias” and the first footnote, as well as additional research.

Apply and Create: Apostrophe and Personification Cartoon

In a group of five, gather examples of apostrophe and personification from one of Shelley’s poems in a chart like the one below. Each group member should then choose a different example and create a humorous cartoon that illustrates what it might look like if it were literally true.

Poem:	
Example	Apostrophe or Personification?

Read Critically

Reread these lines from “Ode to the West Wind,” and answer the questions that follow.

Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

55 A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!



1. How does the speaker feel about the wind? What does he want the wind to help him do?
2. Reread the details about romanticism on page 616. In what way does the speaker’s depiction of the west wind illustrate romantic thinking?
3. What do this poem and “To a Skylark” (page 685) have in common in terms of subject and emotions expressed?

Before You Read *Selected Poetry of John Keats*



JOHN KEATS (1795–1821), unlike his romantic contemporaries Byron and Shelley, was not an aristocrat. His mother was the daughter of a London stable owner, where his father groomed horses. Orphaned at fourteen, Keats was sent to apprentice with a doctor at a time when a career in medicine had none of the prestige it does today. His interests lay elsewhere, however. Striking up a friendship with the radical publisher Leigh Hunt, a friend of Shelley's, Keats was encouraged to give up medicine and devote himself to writing poetry.

Around the time Keats lost his beloved brother Tom to tuberculosis, he also met Fanny Brawne, the woman he would come to love deeply. Soon afterward, he wrote a remarkable number of brilliant poems in a very short time. Sick with tuberculosis himself, he went to Italy, hoping the warm climate would prolong his life. He died in Rome when he was just twenty-five; his famous epitaph reads, "Here lies one whose name was writ in water."

Literary Lens

ODE Among Keats' best-known poems are several odes, including two presented here. An ode is a long lyric poem that provides a thoughtful, personal meditation on a subject. Dignified in tone and style, most odes use apostrophe (page 679) to address their subject, which often becomes a symbol (page 625) by the poem's end. Odes that use a regular stanza pattern, like Keats', are called *Horatian odes* after the ancient Roman poet Horace.



SIMILE AND METAPHOR Like most romantic poets, Keats uses figurative language in the form of similes and metaphors. A simile compares two unlike things, stating the comparison with the word *like* or *as*: *The Grecian urn is like a sylvan historian*. A metaphor compares two unlike things by equating one with the other: *The Grecian urn is a sylvan historian*.

Keats' Language

Writing thoughtful, meditative poetry, Keats often employed abstract language to express his ideas. Yet Keats is also known for his vivid imagery and concrete language that creates mental pictures for readers by appealing to one or more of the five senses. This vivid sensory language helps clarify and support the abstract ideas he expresses. In the famous conclusion of "Ode on a Grecian Urn," for example, Keats tells us that "Beauty is truth, truth beauty." Readers are better able to perceive and accept this idea because of the many vital images that Keats provides earlier in the poem, images that show readers what he is now telling them.

Think Critically

Before you read, use critical thinking to deepen your understanding.

1. Keats wrote odes to things that made a considerable impression on him, such as seeing a nightingale or viewing a Grecian urn. If you were to write an ode today, what would you write about?
2. Based on the biographical information about Keats you read on this page, do you think Keats' poetry will be influenced by the events of his short life? Knowing that he was also a romantic poet, what qualities do you expect to find throughout his poems?
3. What do you think was meant by Keats' epitaph: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water"?

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 Apollo² hold.
5 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne;³
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene⁴
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
10 When a new planet swims into his ken;⁵
Or like stout Cortez⁶ 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.⁷

7 Darien: the Isthmus of Panama

When I Have Fears
That I May
Cease to Be

John Keats

teeming: full;
brimming over

When I have fears that I may cease to be
 Before my pen has glean'd my **teeming** brain,
 Before high piled books, in charact'ry,¹
 Hold like rich garner² the full-ripen'd grain;
 5 When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face,
 Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
 And think that I may never live to trace
 Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;
 And when I feel, fair creature of an hour,
 10 That I shall never look upon thee more,
 Never have relish in the fairy power
 Of unreflecting love;—then on the shore
 Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
 Till love and fame to nothingness do sink.

character'y: characters; handwritten letters of the alphabet

2 **garners:** storage bins for grain



Ode on a Grecian Urn

John Keats

1

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:
5 What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape
Of **deities** or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe¹ or the dales of Arcady?²
What men or gods are these? What maidens loath?³
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
10 What pipes and timbrels?⁴ What wild ecstasy?

unravish'd: *pure*

deities: *gods*

1 **Tempe:** lovely Greek valley that has come to represent any spot of rural beauty
2 **Arcady:** Arcadia, a region of Greece that has come to represent the ideal of rural contentment
3 **loath:** reluctant
4 **timbrels:** tambourines

2

ditties: *simple songs*

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
 Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
 Not to the sensual ear,⁵ but, more endear'd,
 Pipe to the spirit **ditties** of no tone:
 15 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,
 20 For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

3

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
 Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;⁶
 And, happy melodist, unwearied,
 For ever piping songs for ever new;
 25 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,⁷
 30 A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

4

lowing: *mooring*

citadel: *place of
safety; stronghold*

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
 To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
 Lead'st thou that heifer⁸ **lowing** at the skies,
 And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
 35 What little town by river or sea shore,
 Or mountain-built with peaceful **citadel**,
 Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?

5 **sensual ear:** the ear involved in the physical sense of hearing

6 **adieu:** good-bye

7 **cloy'd:** oversatisfied

8 **heifer:** young cow that has not yet had a calf

And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
40 Why thou art **desolate**, can e'er return.

desolate: *abandoned*

5

O Attic⁹ shape! Fair attitude! with brede¹⁰
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,¹¹
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
45 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
50 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

9 **Attic:** having the simple, graceful style associated with ancient Greece; Attica is the area of ancient Greece where Athens was located.

10 **brede:** braided or interwoven design

11 **overwrought:** ornamented all over

Ode to a *Nightingale* John Keats

1

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock¹ I had drunk,
 Or emptied some dull opiate the drains
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards² had sunk:
 5 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
 But being too happy in thine happiness,—
 That thou, light-winged Dryad³ of the trees,
 In some melodious plot
 Of beechen⁴ green, and shadows numberless,
 10 Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

2

O, for a draught of vintage!⁵ that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delv'd earth,
Tasting of Flora⁶ and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal⁷ song, and sunburnt mirth!

I **hemlock:** poisonous herb

2 **Lethe-wards:** toward Lethe, the river of forgetfulness in Hades, the underworld in Greek mythology

3 **Dryad:** in Greek mythology, a wood nymph

4 **beechen:** made of or formed by beech trees

5 **draught of vintage:** drink of wine

6 **Flora:** Roman goddess of flowers, or the flowers themselves

7 **Provençal:** from Provence, region in southern France famous during the Middle Ages for its troubadours, or singing poets

15 O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,⁸
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
20 And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

3

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;
25 Where palsy⁹ shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and **spectre**-thin, and dies;¹⁰
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs,
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
30 Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

spectre (*specter*):
ghost

4

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,¹¹
But on the viewless¹² wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
35 Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply¹³ the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;¹⁴
But here there is no light,

8 **Hippocrene:** water of inspiration that flowed from the fountain of the Muses, goddesses of the arts and sciences in Greek mythology

9 **palsy:** paralysis of a muscle that often results in involuntary spasms

10 **youth . . . dies:** a reference to Keats' brother Tom, who had died from tuberculosis the previous winter

11 **Not . . . pards:** not by getting drunk on wine, as mentioned in the second stanza; Bacchus, Roman god of wine, was often shown in a chariot drawn by leopards ("pards").

12 **viewless:** invisible

13 **haply:** perhaps

14 **Fays:** fairies



40 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous¹⁵ glooms and winding mossy ways.

5

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed¹⁶ darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
45 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;¹⁷
Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
50 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

6

Darkling¹⁸ I listen; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a mused¹⁹ rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
55 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—
60 To thy high **requiem** become a sod.

requiem: musical
composition
honoring the dead

15 **verdurous:** green with foliage

16 **embalmed:** perfumed

17 **eglantine:** sweetbriar or honeysuckle

18 **Darkling:** in the dark

19 **mused:** meditated

7

Thou wast 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:
 65 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;²⁰
 The same that oft-times hath
 Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
 70 Of perilous seas, in faery lands **forlorn**.

forlorn:
abandoned

8

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
 Adieu!²¹ the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is fam'd²² to do, deceiving elf.
 75 Adieu! adieu! thy **plaintive** anthem²³ fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley-glades.²⁴
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
 80 Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?

plaintive:
mournful; sad

20 **Ruth . . . alien corn:** In the Bible (Ruth 2:1–23), the young widow Ruth left her homeland to accompany her mother-in-law back to Judah, where the two worked in the grain (corn) fields.

21 **Adieu:** good-bye

22 **fam'd:** famed, reported

23 **anthem:** hymn

24 **valley-glades:** open spaces of valley

.....

After You Read *Selected Poetry of John Keats*

Literary Lens: Simile and Metaphor

On a chart like the one below, list two similes Keats uses to describe his feelings on reading "Chapman's Homer" and three metaphors he uses to describe the Grecian urn. Explain what quality or qualities each simile and metaphor conveys.

Similes	Qualities
Metaphors	Qualities

Explore Context: Keats' Life

Do research to find out more about Keats' life, focusing especially on his most productive year as a poet, 1819. What poems did Keats write in that year? What is known about the inspiration for those poems? Create a timeline with at least five important poems Keats wrote in that year and the events that helped inspire them.

Apply and Create: Musical Accompaniment

In a small group, discuss how "Ode to a Nightingale" fits the definition of a Horatian ode. Then work together to supply background music that you feel would help capture or enhance the mood of the poem, reflecting the changes in mood with different music as appropriate. The music can be your own composition or a recording.

Read Critically

Reread these lines from “Ode on a Grecian Urn,” and answer the questions below.

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;
25 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,
30 A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
35 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
40 Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

1. Briefly describe the two pictures on the front and back of the urn. At which point in the poem does the speaker begin viewing the second picture? What aspects of life might the two pictures represent?
2. Why will the boughs never shed their leaves, the melodist keep piping, the lovers keep panting, and the town stay empty? What does your answer reveal about Keats' view of art? How does that view relate to his conclusion that “Beauty is truth, truth beauty”?
3. What seems to be Keats' attitude toward ancient Greece and its culture? Cite details from at least two of his poems to support your assessment.

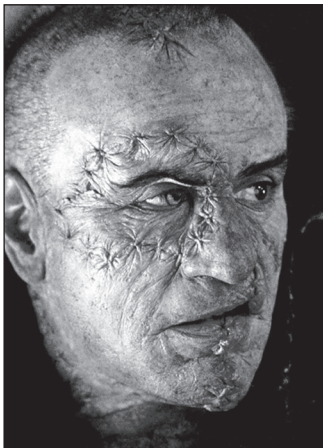


Exploring the Classics

Mary Shelley's Monster Speaks

"Cursed, cursed creator! Why did I live? Why, in that instant, did I not extinguish the spark of existence which you had so wantonly bestowed? I know not; despair had not yet taken possession of me; my feelings were those of rage and revenge. I could with pleasure have destroyed the cottage and its inhabitants, and have glutted myself with their shrieks and misery.

"When night came, I quitted my retreat, and wandered in the wood; and now, no longer restrained by the fear of discovery, I gave vent to my anguish in fearful howlings. I was like a wild beast that had broken the toils; destroying the objects that obstructed me, and ranging through the wood with a stag like swiftness. O! what a miserable night I passed! the cold stars shone in mockery, and the bare trees waved their branches above me: now and then the sweet voice of a bird burst forth amidst the universal stillness. All, save I, were at rest or in enjoyment: I, like the arch-fiend, bore a hell within me; and, finding myself unsympathised with, wished to tear up the trees, spread havoc and destruction around me, and then to have sat down and enjoyed the ruin.



"...There was none among the myriads of men that existed who would pity or assist me; and should I feel kindness towards my enemies? No: from that moment I declared everlasting war against the species, and, more than all, against him who had formed me, and sent me forth to this insupportable misery."

Robert De Niro as "The Creature" in Kenneth Branagh's 1994 *Frankenstein*, an adaptation of Shelley's classic



It is a cold and rainy night in Geneva, Switzerland, in 1816. Three writers huddle around a fire telling ghost stories for one another's amusement. Eighteen-year-old Mary Shelley, her husband, Percy, and their friend George Gordon, Lord Byron, have challenged one another to a literary duel. The one to write the most thrilling supernatural story would win. Percy, restless and distracted, soon gives up. Byron begins a short piece about a man who returns from the dead, but he does not finish it. The piece will later be expanded by John Polidori as "The Vampyre," predecessor to all subsequent vampire tales. The hands-down winner of the contest is Mary:

I placed my head on my pillow, I did not sleep, nor could I be said to think. My imagination unbidden, possessed and guided me. . . . I saw with shut eyes, but acute mental vision, the pale student of unhallowed arts standing before the thing he had put together, I saw the hideous phantasm of a man stretched out, and then, on the working of some powerful engine, show signs of life and stir with an uneasy, half vital motion. . . .



Thus was born the tortured scientist Victor Frankenstein, and his abused creation, a monster created from spare parts and electrical impulses. The concepts of electricity and warmth, theorized at that time by Sir Humphrey Davy, were woven into Mary Shelley's novel in a most ingenious and horrifying way. By using her knowledge of the electrochemical process known as galvanization—then thought to be the crucial element in animating life—she gave Frankenstein the tools to bring his monster to life in her novel. In doing so, she wrote not only a thrilling supernatural story but perhaps the first science fiction tale as well.



Connecting Eras: Synthesize

In this unit, you've experienced the Romantic Period as a time of rebelling against the emphasis on science and rational thought and instead focusing inward toward human emotion and outward toward the grandeur of nature. Music captured and inspired this era, as it does in our own. Writers, poets, artists, and musicians found inspiration in their natural surroundings and were driven by their emotions. The Romantic Period focused on expression, with a new appreciation for “the artist as creator.” The inspirational impact of this new point of reference is seen in composers as diverse as Ludwig van Beethoven and Richard Wagner. Beethoven, one of the most influential composers who ever lived, transitioned from the Classical Period to the Romantic Period. His symphonies during the Romantic Period exemplify heroic emotional struggles, among them his own loss of hearing. Wagner's compositions exemplify the period, including a break from the rigid structure of earlier periods and new, innovative chords and chord progressions.

Musicians continue to find inspiration in their surroundings and their own inner struggles. One such musician is the rapper Marshall Bruce Mathers III, also known as Slim Shady, but best known as Eminem. His subject matter and approach are decidedly of this era, but like the romantics, Eminem pushes the limits of the musical standards that have preceded him and searches his soul to create music that commands attention.

Zadie Smith is an award-winning British novelist best known for her novel *White Teeth*. Following is her 2002 interview with Eminem about music, life, and truth—along with her own insights. As you read excerpts from this interview in *VIBE Magazine*, think about how past musicians have influenced those who follow—how deep emotional responses are echoed from generation to generation. Then think about how Eminem's approach to creating music compares to the thinking of the artists and writers of the Romantic Period.



Zadie Smith



The Zen of Eminem

by Zadie Smith

Eminem has secured his place in the rap pantheon. Tupac, Biggie, and Pun are gone, and right now there just isn't anyone else but Eminem who can rhyme 14 syllables a line, enrage the U.S. Senate, play the dozens, spin a tale, write a speech, push his voice into every register, toy with rhythm, subvert a whole . . . genre, get metaphorical, allegorical, political, comical, and deeply, deeply personal—all in one groove of vinyl. Eminem is a word technician. He

makes words work for him, and he's never lazy. Most rappers can be branded: We play Snoop for that down-and-dirty feeling; when you want to nod your head and pop your collar, there's Dr. Dre; Nelly will give you the songs of home; Mos Def makes you want to start a revolution But Eminem, like Tupac before him, does a little of all these things. Like 'Pac, he does them with the integrity of an artist. This doesn't mean he's above the vulgar business of entertainment. It's just that elements of these two rappers are, in the sacred terminology of hip hop, kept real. Tupac sold himself only so far.

As unlikely as it seemed when we first met Eminem on *The Slim Shady LP*, he has demonstrated a similar attitude. Words matter to him. "The truth of the matter." This is his favorite phrase when he speaks. During an interview (in which he's oddly stilted and lost for words, the opposite of his persona on records), he says it nine times in an hour. His music shares Tupac's obsession with truthfully representing a group of disenfranchised people. "I love that Tupac cared about his people, from his background, his generation," Eminem says. . . . That role, being the truth-telling prophet to a generation, is troublesome. Some truths are hard and self-destructive. Some are conflicting to the point of schizophrenia. . . . These boys are both "mad at cha" and not mad. They [don't care] and they do.

And they're not in the business of committing crimes. They're rappers. "The fact that a man picks up a microphone—that's it, you see?" says Eminem. "That's what makes him a rapper. It's not a gun. It's a microphone." This is something the antirap contingent of the Senate has never understood. Eminem's show on the Anger Management Tour (he's on the same bill with Ludacris and Papa Roach) opens with a video montage of real American politicians condemning the dangerous social phenomenon that is Eminem. . . .

In the face of this kind of misplaced hysteria, good rappers don't back down. They defend the right to use words in the same way any novelist or filmmaker is free to do. They tell their personal truths. . . .

Keeping it real is a dangerous game. How real is real? Real in the lyrics, real in an interview? Real on the streets, real in the 'hood? The rap survivors—Dr. Dre and Master P—have determinedly drawn a line between the "realness" of their past lives and their right to live like any other music mogul: money and

a big house on the hill far from the ghetto. For Tupac, keeping it real was more perilous; it dogged his life and contributed to his death. With Eminem, the question came to a head two years ago as he became increasingly embroiled in the justice system. But meeting him now, it's clear that he will not be going the tragic Behind the Music route. . . . "I had a wake-up call with my almost going to jail . . . , like, slow down," he says. "It wasn't me trying to portray a certain image or live up to anything. That was me letting my anger get the best of me, which I've done many times. No more." This is the Anger Management Tour, after all, and Eminem in dress rehearsal is slick and professional.

There's no wilding out. Even D12 is all business. My impression watching him rehearse: serious. There's no Slim about him. If something's wrong onstage, he wants it fixed. And the seedy-sounding girl on "Superman" and "Drug Ballad" [is] a charming woman called Dina Rae who's hoping, she says, to be "a sort of white Ashanti, maybe." She has been on all three albums but has never performed the songs live ("They call me Track 13 Girl"). Rae's in awe of this opportunity and the man who gave it to her. I ask for a description. "Sweet. Lovely. Shy." Like he's a puppy.

When I am finally ushered into the presence of the Most Evil Rapper Alive, he's not like his cohorts on TV. I've just watched 48 hours of MTV waiting for him to arrive in Buffalo from Detroit, so I know. Rappers wear diamonds, endorse everything, and talk a lot. Eminem doesn't even look like himself on TV. . . . He talks quietly, rarely, and only makes eye contact when the questions are about other people or rappers he admires. He does not shill ("I couldn't do that, I wouldn't," he says. "I mean, I drink a whole lot of [a popular soda], but I wouldn't sponsor it. That's not what I'm about"). Nor does he spend lavishly. He has a car—a car. A leased Mercedes-Benz. He's dressed exactly like the millions of adolescents he represents: sweatpants, a white T-shirt, and a baseball cap. No more, no less. No jewels of any kind. The other thing I learned from MTV: Rappers always tell you they are the greatest. Most rappers.

VIBE: So tell me something about this new album.

Eminem: I learned how to ride a beat better, like, that's what I wanted to focus on doing. On the last album, I hadn't completely mastered it yet, to sink into the beat? That's what I don't like about that second album—I'd listen, and

I'd be like, Why am I so far behind that beat? [voice rising] The first album was TERRIBLE—like, I was playing catch-up with the beat constantly.

VIBE: You talk a lot about ease in this record. Is it easy to write these raps?

Eminem: Well, actually, I'd be lying if I said it was easy. The truth of the matter is, it's not. Sometimes I'll spend hours on a single rhyme, or days, or I'll give up and come back to it later. . . . Even if I have my ideas stacked, if I'm flooded with ideas, I'm always trying to figure out how to make it better, make it smoother—that's how it is. Unless you're just somebody who doesn't care. A lot of people don't care. You can make a lot of money in rap these days without caring . . .

For every Eminem or Mos Def, for every rapper trying to push the medium

Rappers 50 Cent, Eminem,
and LL Cool J



forward, 20 branded rappers are selling you their lifestyle: the poolside life, the gangsta life, the playa life. Image is everything (the video is everything), nobody cares about the words. We can assume that P. Diddy (“Don’t worry if I write rhymes, I write checks”) simply doesn’t care as much as the man who wrote, in “Square Dance”:

Nothing moves me more than a groove that soothes me, nothing
soothes me more than a groove that boosts me, nothing boosts
me more, or suits me beautifully / There’s nothing you can do to
me, stab me, shoot me / Psychotic, hypnotic product, I got it, the
antibiotic, ain’t nobody hotter and so on / And yada yada, God—I
talk a lotta of hem de lay la la la, oochie walla walla um dah da
dah da dah but you gotta gotta / Keep movin’, there’s more music
to make . . .

. . . Ask Eminem about his writing, and he can’t understand why you took him so seriously in the first place. He’s like the Zen master who tells his disciple that enlightenment can be found in a pile of dog dung, and then shakes his head in dismay as the young man gets his hands dirty. . . . On the records, moralist Eminem commands people to say what you say and stand by it, but at the same time, he defends the right to his own peculiar double standard. “It’s like, I’ve grown up a lot the past two years, and I’ve learned that you got to be able to separate the truth from entertainment to an extent,” he says. “Like, I’m always gonna be real with myself, and people should know the difference. Not always, when I’m joking and when I’m not—but for the most part, they should know what’s entertainment and what’s not.”

So it’s our responsibility, not the artist’s? You mean, wait—let me get this right: We’re responsible for our own morality? . . . This concept of personal responsibility, I imagine, might be a little too Zen-like for the fiercely Christian, antirap Senate contingent. But Eminem isn’t devoid of parental, protective instincts. In “Stan,” he satirized his own fears about wielding negative influence, but those fears are real. He knows how many people listen to him. “Truthfully,” he says, sinking down in his seat, “I really don’t watch that much

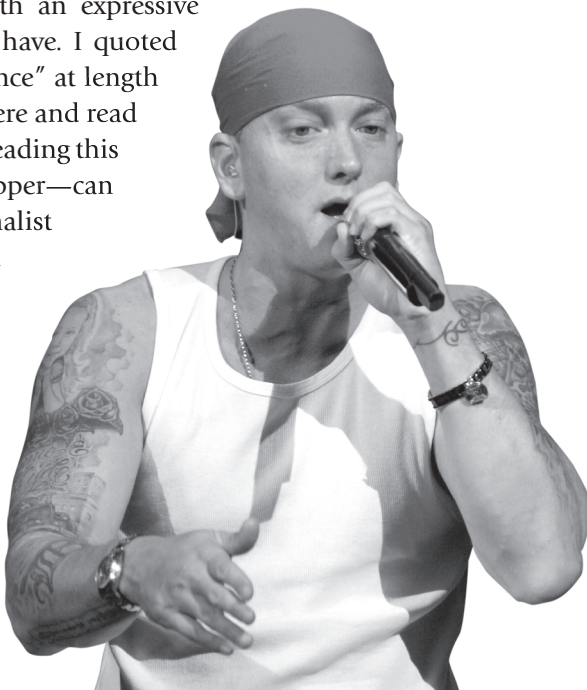
TV anymore. I can't stand to see myself all the time like that." His lyrics suggest he's bemused by how awful people think he is, but he's also capable of thinking that way about himself. . . . It is Em's daughter, Hailie, age 6, who inspires both his most positive lyrics and his life choices. She makes him think differently.

When asked The Women in Rap Lyrics Question and how he squares it with bringing up a daughter, Eminem is suddenly impassioned. "See, that's where the separation is, right there," he says. ". . . But the other truth of the matter is, whenever I do say something bad about women like that, it usually is an emotion that I'm going through at the time. And," he adds softly, "my experience with women has not been great, man. I have not had the greatest women in my life. So all I can do is be the best father that I can and try to instill in Hailie the best values, because I do care about what is said around her and done around her." But does she listen to the music? "Sure she listens to it," he says. "And she did a song with me, 'My Dad's Gone Crazy.' But in the second verse, there's a part that's really pretty bad, so I made her a clean version. . . ."

Eminem seems tired, as if he's in a 24-hour battle with the world, another Tupac-like trait. . . . Nothing about America's love-hate relationship with him is a surprise anymore. And, dear reader, imagine for a moment having a relationship like that with a whole country. But he is evolving, despite the pressure. Work and parenthood make him calm. He talks enthusiastically about one day moving over to producing and the new life that might engender: "Getting gas for my car like a normal person, walking down the street!" He speaks almost wistfully about his days as a "really hungry underground MC" About 9/11: "That was, like, a dark day. It's a subject I couldn't really bring myself to make fun about—then I'd just have no. . . morals or scruples at all." [A]bout fame, the subject he's most eloquent about: "If I was the type of person who got in it for the money and fame, I would have quit after the first album." Em fears the alienation his money has produced. On the album, he worries that he has

sold his soul, that he's trapped. But again, there are contradictions: He says he wants to say goodbye to Hollywood—"I just wanna leave this game with level head intact"—but he has also just made a movie with Kim Basinger, a semiautobiographical effort that he's proud of. "Acting was hard, though," he muses, "not second nature, like rapping. I might do another, but not one where I'm in every scene and the whole movie's riding on me." If he stays in the game, he wants to be cast because of his acting skills, not his rap reputation.

Thing is, people love the way he raps. Even when they're agonizing over the content, they can't get enough of the form. To these people, I can confirm Dina Rae's judgment: Sweet. Lovely. Shy. But even if he wasn't, so what? . . . Eminem's life and opinions are not his art. His art is his art. Sometimes people with bad problems make good art. The interesting question is this: When the problems go, does the art go, too? Oh, and if that word "art" is still bothering you in the context of a white-trash rapper from Detroit, here's a quick, useful definition of an artist: someone with an expressive talent most of us do not have. I quoted the lyric from "Square Dance" at length for a reason. Look back there and read it again. Hey you, the kid reading this article, wanting to be a rapper—can you do that? Hey, journalist who believes rap is a social deviancy—can you do that?



Critical Thinking: Synthesize

Ask Yourself

1. What did you know about Eminem or rap music before reading this article? What new information did you acquire? Do you have any new opinions about Eminem and rap music as a result of reading this article?
2. Explain what you think Eminem means when he says, “The fact that a man picks up a microphone—that’s it, you see? That’s what makes him a rapper. It’s not a gun. It’s a microphone.” To what do you think Eminem is referring? What is your opinion about society’s perception of rap musicians versus what Eminem says is the reality?
3. In this article, Smith writes, “So it’s our responsibility, not the artist’s? You mean, wait—let me get this right: We’re responsible for our own morality?” What is Smith implying about the consumer’s responsibility regarding rap music? What do you think the consumer’s responsibility has to do with the music produced by the rap industry?
4. Smith says, “Eminem’s life and opinions are not his art. His art is his art. Sometimes people with bad problems make good art. The interesting question is this: When the problems go, does the art go, too?” Can you relate this question to any of the selections you’ve read in this unit? How would you answer Smith’s question?

Examine the Writing

As a reader and thinker, you use the skill of synthesizing to help you form a deeper understanding of a text by thinking about what you read and including what you already know and your new ideas to form an opinion. As a writer, you provide an opportunity for your readers to do the same. Choose one of the following topics related to the Romantic Period and the Smith essay and write a well-organized essay of your own.

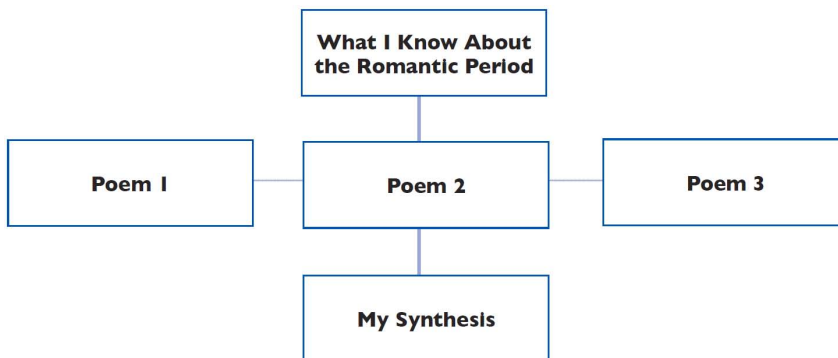
1. Review the selections from this unit and look for elements that allow them to be clearly identified as romantic literature. Choose three poems by three different authors. Then think about how the poets write about nature, their surroundings, and their emotions. Synthesize this information with your own thoughts about the poems.
2. Choose one of the poets from the unit and compare what you know about him with what you know about Eminem. How was each influenced by his surroundings? Support your ideas with evidence from the selection and the essay “The Zen of Eminem” as well as from additional research.
3. Eminem, like the poets of the Romantic Period, uses words that spring from emotions. Compare and contrast Eminem’s lyrics provided in the essay and/or

additional lyrics with the poems in the unit. What can you conclude about the inspiration of the poets in the unit compared with that of Eminem's?

4. Research how the message of rap music has evolved and how rap artists' images have changed over time. How does the evolution of rap music parallel the movement from the Enlightenment to the Romantic Period?
5. Both the philosophy and values of the Romantic Period and the origin of rap music are steeped in a rejection of the establishment. Research both the Romantic Period and the history of rap music. How do the philosophies and values of each compare?

Organize Your Thoughts

Creating a graphic organizer before writing can help you organize your thoughts. The example below is a diagram that may be helpful to use when writing about number 1 in "Examine the Writing." Adapt the diagram as needed for use with other essay topics or create your own graphic organizer to help you synthesize similar ideas.



Get Active

Zadie Smith discusses how Eminem's music is influenced by his emotions and experiences. To further understand how individuals have unique and personal ways of synthesizing information, form small groups and discuss the important ideas of the article as they relate to the Romantic Period. Together, write a short summary of your ideas. Take the summary you have created as a group, and individually synthesize your own perceptions and insights. Create a rap based on these. Return to your small groups to perform your raps.

Unit 6: The Victorian Age



Eye on an Era

1832

The Reform Act of 1832 reapportions the representation in Parliament to more accurately reflect the makeup of the country. Any male owning a house worth at least ten pounds a year has the right to vote.



1837

Victoria becomes queen at the age of eighteen.



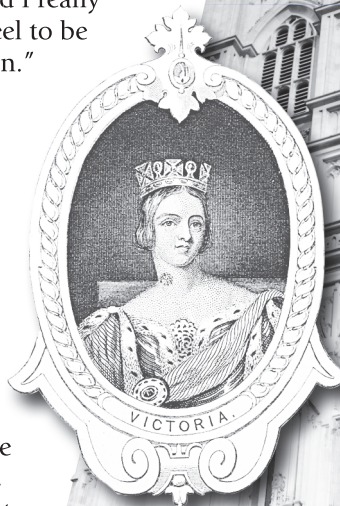
On June 28, 1838, 400,000 people gathered outside Westminster Abbey in London to mark the coronation of nineteen-year-old Victoria.



Like the monarchs before her, she received the crown, rings, scepter (an ornamental staff), and orb (a golden globe topped by a cross) that symbolized her royal office. In her diary, the young queen described the day as the proudest of her life. She wrote of the assembled citizens:

"Their good humour and excessive loyalty was beyond everything, and I really cannot say how proud I feel to be the Queen of such a nation."

Unlike the monarchs she followed, whose reigns were marred by scandal, Victoria was a model of honor and virtue. Her coronation ushered in the most prosperous era in British history. During her reign (1837–1901), Great Britain expanded its empire around the globe. Queen Victoria was the first British monarch to be more a figurehead than a political leader, but she still spoke out on important issues such as social reform and education, and she won the hearts and loyalty of her subjects.



1847

Emily Brontë's *Wuthering Heights* and Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre* are published.

1848

Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels publish *The Communist Manifesto*.

1850

Alfred, Lord Tennyson becomes Poet Laureate of Great Britain.



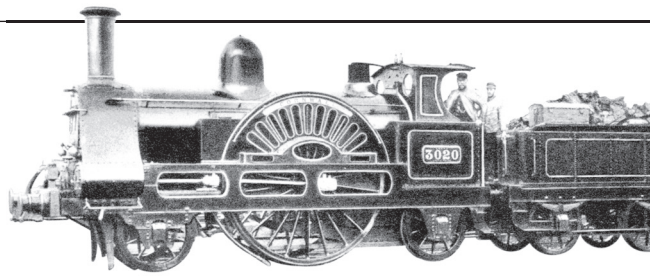
1851

The Great Exhibition, also known as the World's Fair, opens in London and shows off technological innovations to more than six million visitors from around the world.



The Industrial Revolution

Scientific and technological innovations led to a growing economy and the transformation of British life in the nineteenth century. The expansion of the railway system, the invention of the internal combustion engine, and the ability to generate power electrically all contributed to the growth of industry. Towns around Britain that were once small factory towns quickly became large manufacturing cities as workers flocked to find jobs at the cotton and textile mills springing up around the country.



Imperialism

During the nineteenth century, Great Britain acquired colonies around the world that added more than 400 million people to the British Empire. Britain's unchallenged power at sea put it in control of all the major trade routes, and its avoidance of European conflicts allowed it to focus on dominating India, South Africa, Burma, Egypt, Uganda, Kenya, and other countries.

1858

Queen Victoria is crowned Empress of India; Britain declares permanent control of the country.

1860

Great Expectations, by Charles Dickens, is published.

1863

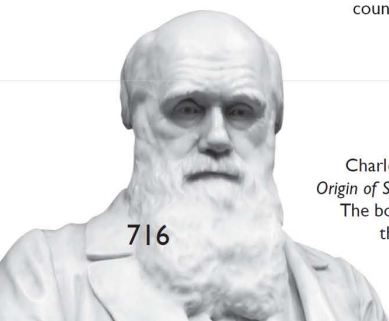
The world's first subway service begins in London. Steam-driven trains operating underneath London streets give the system its name: "The Underground."

1859

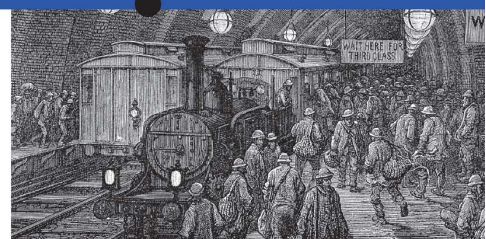
Charles Darwin's *On the Origin of Species* is published. The book introduces the theory of evolution.

1861

Prince Albert dies of typhoid fever, sending Queen Victoria into mourning that will last the rest of her life.

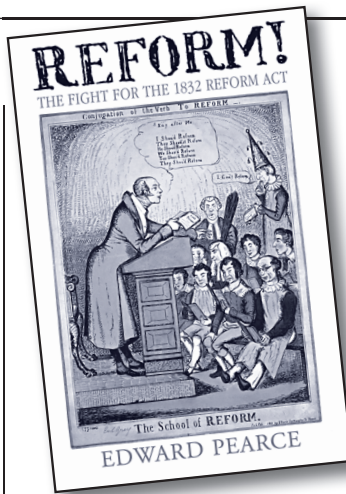


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Growing Concern About the Future

Progress had its dark side, however. The proliferation of factories created a growing working class from whom more and more was demanded—often under horrific conditions. The use of child laborers became widespread. The divide in the British class system deepened. A middle class began to emerge that could afford the goods being produced, but the people producing the goods were increasingly discontented. As the century drew to a close, Britain's reputation was looking somewhat tarnished.



Need for Reform

As the working class expanded, the government could no longer ignore its needs. Parliament passed laws that increased the number of British citizens who could vote. By the end of the nineteenth century, most men over the age of twenty-one were eligible voters. Reforms throughout the nineteenth century limited workers' hours

and assured them meal breaks. By the 1860s, the average workday was ten hours long. In an effort to remove children from factories and place them in schools, the government took a greater role in education, passing laws that required public schooling to be available. It also passed acts to ensure the safety of those living and working in Great Britain. Boards of health were created that monitored sanitation and waste disposal, new building regulations were put into place, and slums were demolished.



1870

Forster's Education Act of 1870 is passed, setting the groundwork for universal education of children from five to thirteen years old. Prior to this act, education is primarily a private issue.

1875

Public Health Act of 1875 is passed. New housing must have running water and an internal drainage system. Streets must be paved and properly lit.





Lingering Romanticism

Although Romanticism began at the turn of the nineteenth century, its effects were long-lasting. The few passionate voices raised against the emphasis on science and logic became literary giants. The works of Byron, Keats, and Shelley influenced a new generation of poets, including Alfred, Lord Tennyson and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. These Romantics focused on truth gleaned from feeling and human experience. Mid-century, however, new voices began to challenge this emphasis. Darwin's theories set forth in 1859 focused the world on science and reason once again. Religious adherents, spiritualists, and steadfast romantics were at odds with Darwin. He called into question their basic belief systems.



Alfred, Lord Tennyson



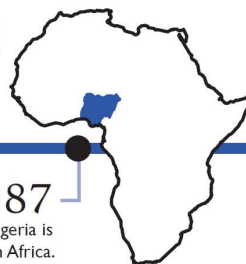
Elizabeth Barrett Browning



1883
Britain takes control of Egypt.

1884
European nations gather at the Berlin Conference to regulate colonization of and trade in Africa. This leads to various countries scrambling to establish control on the continent.

1887
The British colony of Nigeria is established in Africa.



A Teen of the Time

Charlotte Melbourne braced herself against the cold wind as she walked briskly down the narrow streets. The pungent smells of urine and garbage leapt from the pavement. She shivered in spite of the wool coat she wore on top of petticoats and skirts, bloomers and corset—all required garb for a virtuous seventeen-year-old in 1878. Charlotte lengthened her stride and tried to keep up with her father's pace. Today he was to campaign for election to the House of Commons in Parliament.

Charlotte's eyes were drawn to the rows of houses lining the gates of Manchester's textile factories. The factories' stacks belched smoke day and night—the houses, streets, and people walking by wore a layer of soot.

Charlotte stopped suddenly, barely avoiding a collision with a grimy boy in rags. He hurried toward a woman standing in a sagging doorway. In her arms, she clutched a whimpering baby. Charlotte wondered if the boy was returning from working at the factory. Under the law, children as young as nine worked up to ten hours a day running dangerous weaving machines. Some workers had lost fingers or hands operating the looms.

Charlotte considered the contrasts between the lives of these working people and her own comfortable life in Victoria Park, an upper-middle-class suburb of Manchester. Charlotte's father was a lawyer who campaigned for the rights of women and workers. Charlotte attended a new high school for girls where she studied history, geography, and algebra. She dreamed of attending a women's college or of training at Florence Nightingale's school for nurses.

Charlotte's father stopped in a small square and climbed on top of a chair. His clear bass voice resonated through the cold air as he promised shorter hours and better pay for factory workers. These working-class men had only recently been given the opportunity to vote, a right once held only by the upper class. Charlotte was amazed to see people in the crowd crying as they listened to her father's speech. A surge of emotion took flight in her chest, a feeling of winged hope.



1894

Britain takes control of Zimbabwe.

1899 (to 1902)

The Second Boer War forces two Boer republics in South Africa to become British colonies, leading to world distaste for Britain's foreign policy and desire for international control.



1895

Oscar Wilde's *The Ideal Husband* and *The Importance of Being Earnest* are published.



1901

Queen Victoria dies at the age of eighty-one. She is succeeded by her son, Edward VII.



Understanding the Victorian Age: Analyze

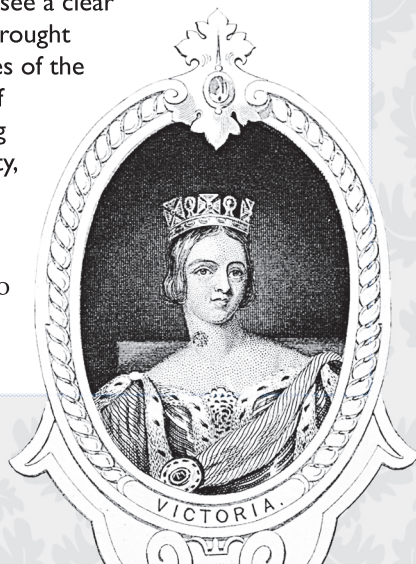
The Victorian Web (www.victorianweb.org) provides information on the whole of England during Queen Victoria's reign (1832–1901). However, the whole of Victorian England is a very broad subject, so the home page of this award-winning site offers choices for users to look into discrete parts of Victorian life: political history, social history, gender matters, philosophy, religion, science, technology, and other topics. This process of breaking a subject into its parts and studying how they relate to one another and the whole is called *analysis*.

You can use analysis to illuminate virtually every subject. You can analyze a historical era according to the elements within it, as The Victorian Web does. You can analyze an era's literature according to genres; you can analyze a writer's life according to its stages; or you can analyze a specific piece of literature according to the elements that work together to create the effects of the whole.

The most valuable analysis draws meaning about the whole from the connections of the parts. For example, one article on The Victorian Web discusses changes in leisure activities—from modest town fairs at which both peasants and gentry mingled to more raucous leisure activities for the working class alone. The article connects two parts of Victorian life—leisure and the repetitive work patterns of industrialization:

A Frenchman who witnessed a football game in Derby in 1829, was moved to remark, "if Englishmen call this playing, it would be impossible to say what they would call fighting." ... Here we see a clear connection between the modification of leisure brought about by the new environment and work practices of the early Victorian town. ... This new labor process of unprecedented regularity and intensity of working hours produced a new formation of leisure activity, whereby the patterns of the 1830s saw noisy drunken riot alternating with sullen silent work.

As you explore Victorian literature, use analysis to find meaning and understanding.



Before You Read *Selected Poetry of Alfred, Lord Tennyson*



ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (1809–1892) was one of the most admired figures in Victorian society. His poetry, at times optimistic and at times melancholy, reflected the contrasting attitudes of the times. The fourth of twelve children, Tennyson sought refuge in poetry. By age eighteen he had published his first poems. He won a prize for his verses during his first year at Cambridge University but was forced to leave school without a degree when he ran out of money. The next several years proved difficult for Tennyson. The father of the woman he loved did not approve of the match, and the marriage was postponed for twelve years. Poverty, poor health, and

bad reviews plagued him. Most difficult of all was the death of his best friend, Arthur Henry Hallam. This loss inspired an outpouring of poems, including the elegy *In Memoriam, A.H.H.*, considered Tennyson's masterpiece. In 1850, Queen Victoria appointed Tennyson Poet Laureate of Great Britain.

Literary Lens



Mood Tennyson's works provide strong examples of mood, the feeling or atmosphere that a writer creates. In poetry, elements such as imagery, word choice, and sound devices work together to create mood. Words such as *joyous*, *pessimistic*, and *suspenseful* might describe the mood of a work of literature.

Tennyson's Language

Tennyson grew up reading William Wordsworth and other Romantic poets, and he maintained their use of elevated poetic language. His poems often use sound devices such as alliteration, assonance, and consonance. For example, in line 24 of "The Lady of Shalott," he uses the word *hath* instead of *has*. Most Victorians expected such formal language in poetry.

Think Critically

Before you read the four poems that follow, use critical thinking to deepen your understanding.

1. Tennyson drew from medieval legends and classical literature for the subjects of the first two poems presented here. What do those choices imply about his literary influences?
2. Skim "The Lady of Shalott" on the following pages. Analyze the poem's form. How is it organized? Within each part, what patterns can you see?



Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Part I

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold¹ and meet the sky;
And through the field the road runs by
5 To many-towered Camelot;²
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow³
Round an island there below,
 The island of Shalott.

10 Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Through the wave that runs forever
By the island in the river
 Flowing down to Camelot.

15 Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers⁴
 The Lady of Shalott.

20 By the margin, willow-veiled,
Slide the heavy barges trailed
By slow horses; and unhailed
The shallop⁵ flitteth silken-sailed
 Skimming down to Camelot:
But who hath seen her wave her hand?

1 **wold:** rolling plain

2 **Camelot:** the location of King Arthur's court

3 **blow:** bloom

4 **imbowers:** more commonly spelled *embowers*; means “surrounds”

5 **shallop:** small open boat

25 Or at the **casement** seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott?

casement: *hinged window that opens like a door*

Only **reapers**, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
30 Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
Down to towered Camelot;
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling **sheaves** in uplands airy,
35 Listening, whispers "'Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

reapers: *people who harvest crops*

sheaves: *bundles of grain tied together after reaping*

Part II

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colors gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
40 A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
45 The Lady of Shalott.

And moving through a mirror clear⁶
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
50 Winding down to Camelot;
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village churls,⁷
And the red cloaks of market girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

55 Sometimes a troop of **damsels** glad,
An **abbot** on an ambling pad,⁸

damsels: *young unmarried women*

abbot: *head monk at a monastery*

6 **mirror clear:** The weaver of a tapestry works from the back. He or she uses a mirror to see what the tapestry looks like from the front.

7 **surly village churls:** peasants

8 **pad:** horse

Sometimes a curly shepherd lad,
 Or long-haired **page** in crimson clad,
 Goes by to towered Camelot;
 60 And sometimes through the mirror blue
 The knights come riding two and two:
 She hath no loyal knight and true,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Part III

The gemmy¹¹ bridle glittered free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
85 The bridle bells rang merrily
As he rode down to Camelot;
And from his blazoned baldric¹² slung

12 **blazoned baldric:** heavily decorated sash



A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armor rung,
90 Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jeweled shone the saddle leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burned like one burning flame together,
95 As he rode down to Camelot;
As often through the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

100 His broad clear brow in sunlight glowed;
On **burnished** hooves his war horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flowed
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
 As he rode down to Camelot.

105 From the bank and from the river
He flashed into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lira,"¹³ by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

110 She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces through the room,
She saw the water lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
 She looked down to Camelot.

115 Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror cracked from side to side;
"The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

burnished:
polished

Part IV

In the stormy east wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
120 The broad stream in his banks complaining,

13 "Tirra lira": nonsense filler lyric such as *la la*

Heavily the low sky raining,
Over towered Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
125 And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse
Like some bold seër in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance—
130 With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
135 The Lady of Shalott.



John William Waterhouse's *The Lady of Shalott* 1888, (Tate Gallery, London).

Lying, robed in snowy white
 That loosely flew to left and right—
 The leaves upon her falling light—
 Through the noises of the night
 140 She floated down to Camelot;
 And as the boat-head wound along
 The willowy hills and fields among,
 They heard her singing her last song,
 The Lady of Shalott.
 145 Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
 Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
 Till her blood was frozen slowly,
 And her eyes were darkened wholly,
 Turned to towered Camelot.
 150 For ere she reached upon the tide
 The first house by the waterside,
 Singing in her song she died,
 The Lady of Shalott.

 Under tower and balcony,
 155 By garden wall and gallery,
 A gleaming shape she floated by,
 Dead-pale between the houses high,
 Silent into Camelot.
 Out upon the wharfs they came,
 160 Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
 And round the prow they read her name,
 The Lady of Shalott.

 Who is this? and what is here?
 And in the lighted palace near
 165 Died the sound of royal cheer;
 And they crossed themselves for fear,
 All the kights at Camelot:
 But Lancelot mused a little space;
 He said, "She has a lovely face;
 170 God in his mercy lend her grace,
 The Lady of Shalott."



ULYSSES¹

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

mete: give out

dole: distribute

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,
5 That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees:² all times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
10 Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades³
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,
15 Myself not least, but honor'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'
20 Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever 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

1 **Ulysses:** speaker in this poem; one of the leaders of the Greeks in the siege of Troy during the Trojan War; spent ten years after the war trying to return home to Ithaca

2 **to the lees:** to the bottom of the cup; completely

3 **Hyades:** in Greek mythology, the daughters of Atlas who weep out of grief for the death of their brother Hyas; constellation named after them is believed to signify coming of rain



Joseph Noel Paton's *Ulysses on Ogygia*, 1864.

25 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,
 30 And this gray spirit yearning in desire
 To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
 Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

 This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
 To whom I leave the **scepter** and the isle—
 35 Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
 This labor, 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, centered in the sphere

scepter: staff held
 by royalty that
 symbolizes authority

prudence: ability
 to govern with skill
 and good judgment



40 Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet⁴ adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.
There lies the port: the vessel puffs her sail:
45 There gloom the dark, broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought,⁵ 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;
50 Old age hath yet his honor 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:
55 The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
60 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,⁶
And see the great Achilles,⁷ whom we knew.
65 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
70 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

abides: continues
without fading

temper: frame of
mind

4 **meet:** appropriate

5 **wrought:** archaic past tense of "work"

6 **Happy Isles:** Islands of the Blessed, where dead heroes live in eternity

7 **Achilles:** Greek warrior killed in the Trojan War

from *In Memoriam, A.H.H.*

Obit MDCCCXXXIII

Alfred, Lord Tennyson



1

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.

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

10 Let Love clasp Grief lest both be drowned,
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,
15 "Behold the man that loved and lost,
But all he was is overworn."

7

Dark house, by which once more I stand
Here in the long unlovely street,
Doors, where my heart was used to beat
20 So quickly, waiting for a hand,
A hand that can be clasped no more—
Behold me, for I cannot sleep,
And like a guilty thing I creep
At earliest morning to the door.
25 He is not here; but far away
The noise of life begins again,
And ghastly through the drizzling rain
On the bald street breaks the blank day.

82

30 I wage not any feud with Death
 For changes wrought on form and face;
 No lower life that earth's embrace
 May breed with him, can fright my faith.

 Eternal process moving on,
 From state to state the spirit walks;
 35 And these are but the shatter'd stalks,
 Or ruin'd **chrysalis** of one.

 Nor blame I Death, because he bare
 The use of virtue out of earth:
 I know transplanted human worth
 40 Will bloom to profit, elsewhere.

 For this alone on Death I wreak
 The wrath that **garners** in my heart;
 He put our lives so far apart
 We cannot hear each other speak.

chrysalis: hard
outer shell that
forms around a
butterfly or insect
during the pupa
stage of its life cycle

garners: collects

130

45 Thy voice is on the rolling air;
 I hear thee where the waters run;
 Thou standest in the rising sun,
 And in the setting thou art fair.

 What art thou then? I cannot guess;
 50 But tho' I seem in star and flower
 To feel thee some **diffusive** power,
 I do not therefore love thee less:

 My love involves the love before;
 My love is vaster passion now;
 55 Tho' mix'd with God and Nature thou,
 I seem to love thee more and more.

 Far off thou art, but ever nigh;
 I have thee still, and I rejoice;
 I prosper, circled with thy voice;
 60 I shall not lose thee tho' I die.

diffusive:
characteristic of
diffusion, the
spreading of
substances

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

5 But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,²
10 And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For though from out our bourne³ of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
15 I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost⁴ the bar.

4 **crost:** alternative spelling of *crossed*

After You Read *Selected Poetry of Alfred, Lord Tennyson*

Literary Lens: Mood

Choose two of the four poems to analyze. Determine what mood each poem conveys. Make a chart like the one below to identify the elements that help create that mood: imagery, sound devices, or word choice.

Poem	Mood	Element(s) That Create the Mood	Examples from Poem

Explore Context: Legend

Romantic writers often paid tribute to a beloved or celebrated person, a legend, or a long-ago era. Research and write a one- or two-paragraph summary of one of these subjects of Tennyson's poetry: Arthur Henry Hallam, the legend of the Lady of Shalott, or Ulysses.

Apply and Create: Tribute

In a group of four, choose a famous person, a legend, or an era in the distant past to pay tribute to artistically. Decide what form your tribute will take (essay, PowerPoint presentation, or song, for example). Then decide the mood you would like the tribute to convey. Create at least a part of your tribute and present it to the class.

Read Critically

Reread these lines from "Crossing the Bar" and answer the questions that follow. Support your answers with details from the passage.

Twilight and evening bell,
10 And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
 When I embark;
For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
 The flood may bear me far,
15 I hope to see my Pilot face to face
 When I have crost the bar.

1. How would you describe the speaker's attitude toward "the dark" in line 10?
2. Who might "my Pilot" represent in line 15?
3. What do you think the voyage alluded to in these lines represents?



Before You Read “My Last Duchess” and “Sonnet 43”



ROBERT BROWNING (1812–1889) and **ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING** (1806–1861) are famous both for their individual contributions to literature and for their legendary romance. Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett were both drawn to poetry early in life. When the two poets met in 1845, each already had an established writing career. In fact, Robert began corresponding with Elizabeth because she had written a poem in

praise of his work. They soon fell in love and eloped to Italy. For fifteen years, they enjoyed a happy marriage. Having been ill for many years, Elizabeth died in 1861. Robert returned to London with their young son and continued writing until his death in 1889.

Literary Lens



DRAMATIC MONOLOGUE Robert Browning is famous for his dramatic monologues, poems in which the speaker describes an intense emotional experience to one or more listeners who remain silent. The reader “hears” only one side of the conversation, gaining insight into the speaker’s character and motivation.

The Brownings’ Language

Like Tennyson, Elizabeth Barrett Browning made use of elevated, formal language in her poetry. To some degree, this is also true of her husband. But Robert Browning’s poetic style was also greatly influenced by his early interest in writing plays. This led to his use of the dramatic monologue, which combines the formality of rhyming verse with conversational speech. At first, critics attacked this style. But over time, Browning received praise for his unique contribution to Victorian poetry.

Think Critically

Before you read the two poems that follow, use critical thinking to deepen your understanding.

1. Robert Browning loosely based the poem “My Last Duchess” on events that took place in sixteenth-century Italy when a duke had to negotiate with an emissary to marry the daughter of a powerful count. Use your understanding of dramatic monologue to predict who will be the speaker in Browning’s poem and who will be the silent listeners.
2. Recall what you learned about sonnets in Unit 3. How do you think Elizabeth Barrett Browning’s sonnet may differ from a sonnet written by Shakespeare or another male poet?
3. Think about love poems you’ve read or songs about love you’ve heard. What do they have in common?



My Last *Duchess*

Robert Browning

Ferrara¹

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
 Looking as if she were alive. I call
 That piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf's hands
 Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
 5 Will 't please you sit and look at her? I said
 "Frà 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
 10 The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
 And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,²
 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
 15 Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps
 Frà Pandolf chanced to say "Her mantle laps
 Over my lady's wrist too much," or "Paint
 Must never hope to reproduce the faint
 Half-flush that dies along her throat": such stuff
 20 Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
 For calling up that spot of joy. She had

I **Ferrara**: city in northern Italy; the speaker of the poem is the Duke of Ferrara. In this dramatic monologue, the duke is negotiating the terms of his next marriage while pointing out artwork in his home.

2 **durst:** dared

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.
 25 Sire, 'twas all one! My favor 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
 30 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
 35 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
 40 Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set
 Her wits to yours, forsooth,³ 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
 45 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**
 50 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,
 55 Taming a sea horse, thought a rarity,
 Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me!

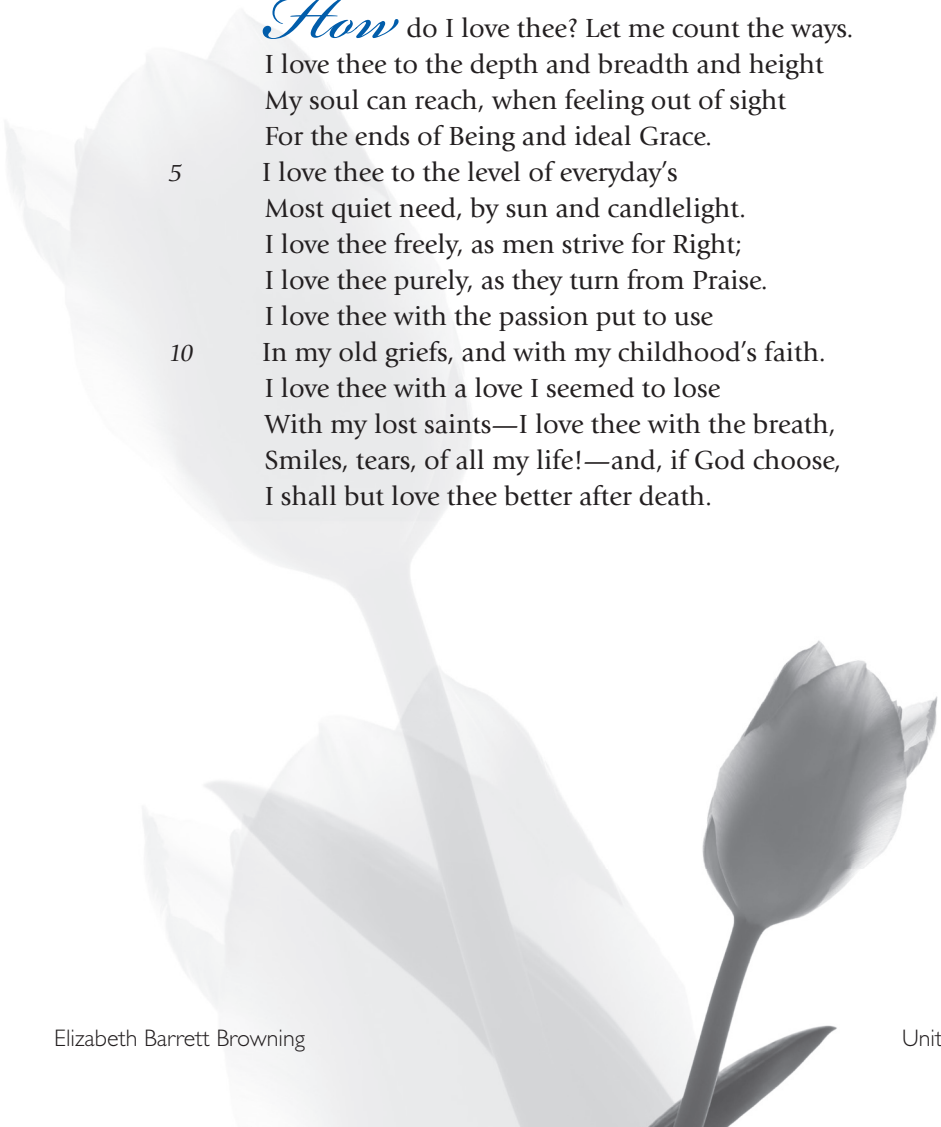
munificence:
excessive generosity

3 **forsooth:** archaic expression of indignation, similar to "indeed!"



Sonnet 43

Elizabeth Barrett Browning



How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
5 I love thee to the level of everyday's
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
10 In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints—I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

After You Read “My Last Duchess” and “Sonnet 43”

Literary Lens: Dramatic Monologue

In dramatic monologues, speakers often reveal personal qualities they are not aware of. Create a chart like the one below to contrast your view of the speaker in “My Last Duchess” with what he probably thinks of himself. Cite lines from the poem to support your responses.

Your View of the Speaker	Lines That Support	Speaker’s View of Himself	Lines That Support

Explore Context: Romanticism

Robert Browning had a fondness for the Romantic poetry of Lord Byron and Percy Bysshe Shelley. Like Browning, these men traveled extensively and lived abroad for periods of time. Find out more about the travels of all three writers, and decide what might have made this kind of lifestyle so attractive to the Romantic poets.

Apply and Create: Share Experiences Through Poetry

Both of the Brownings use poetry to reveal thoughts and feelings—those of a character (the Duke of Ferrara) and those of the poet herself. While Robert Browning uses dramatic monologue to address listeners other than the reader, Elizabeth Barrett Browning’s sonnets speak directly to the reader. Choose the form that you believe has the greater impact. Write a poem in that form revealing the emotions of a speaker who has survived a natural disaster.

Read Critically

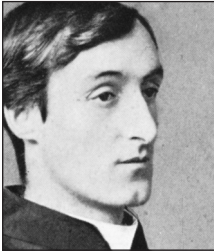
Reread the following excerpts from “My Last Duchess.” Answer the questions that follow, and support your answers with details from the poem.

- 1 That’s my last Duchess painted on the wall,
 Looking as if she were alive
- 21 . . . 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. . . .
- 43 . . . 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. . . .

1. What is the speaker doing at the beginning of the poem?
2. What feelings about his wife does the speaker reveal in these lines?
3. What clues in these lines indicate what may befall the Duchess?



Before You Read *Selected Poetry of Gerard Manley Hopkins*



GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS (1844–1889) was a poet of extraordinary innovation who influenced generations of modern poets long after his death. Growing up in an artistic family, Hopkins showed early promise as both an artist and a writer. A deeply religious man, he converted to Catholicism during his time at Oxford University. Torn between his religious convictions and his poetry, he burned much of his early work as a symbolic gesture upon entering the Jesuit order. He did not write again until a fellow priest encouraged him to do so years later. The sonnets he submitted for publication in 1881 were rejected, and he never attempted to publish again. In 1918, twenty-nine years after his death, friend and poet Robert Bridges arranged to have Hopkins' work published. Hopkins' contribution to poetry was not fully appreciated until 1931.

Literary Lens



SPRUNG RHYTHM *Rhythm* refers to the pattern of stressed and unstressed syllables in a line of poetry. Before and during the Victorian Era, poets tended to use strict patterns of rhythm in their work. Hopkins, however, wanted his poems to reflect the natural rhythms of speech, using what we call *sprung rhythm*. This form has a fixed number of stressed syllables but varying numbers of unstressed syllables. Sometimes, there are several syllables in a row of the same stressed or unstressed value. In some poems, Hopkins even provided accent marks to guide the reader.

Hopkins' Language

In addition to breaking with the traditional rhythms of Victorian verse, Hopkins also coined, or invented, new words to capture the unique qualities he found in nature. He often achieved this effect by joining two existing words. *Leafmeal* and *couple-color* are two examples.

Think Critically

Before you read the two poems that follow, use critical thinking to deepen your understanding.



1. Apply what you know about the author to the work itself. How might his life as a Jesuit priest influence his poetry?
2. Think about the poems you have read so far in Unit 6. Have most of them followed a traditional pattern of rhythm?
3. What do you think Hopkins' intention was in leaving the traditional rhythm of his contemporaries behind and using *sprung rhythm*?

Pied
Beauty Gen

Gerard Manley Hopkins



Glory be to God for **dappled** things—

dappled: *spotted*

For skies of couple-color as a brinded¹ cow;

For rose-moles all in stipple² upon trout that swim;

Fresh-firecoal chestnut-falls; finches' wings;

5 Landscape plotted and pieced—fold, fallow, and plough;

And all trades, their gear and tackle and trim.

All things **counter**, original, spare, strange;

counter: *in opposition*

Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)

With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;

10 He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change:

Praise him.

brinded: archaic form of *brindled*; streaked or spotted with a darker color

2 **in stipple:** effect created by small spots

Gerard Manley Hopkins

Márgaré, are you griéving
Over Goldengrove unleaving?
Leáves, like the things of man, you
With your fresh thoughts care for, can you?
Áh! ás the heart grows older
It will come to such sights colder
By and by, nor spare a sigh
Though worlds of wanwood¹ leafmeal² lie;
And yet you *will* weep and know why.
Now no matter, child, the name:
Sórrów's spríngs áre the same.
Nor mouth had, no nor mind, expressed
What heart heard of, ghost³ guessed:
It ís the blight⁴ man was born for,
It is Margaret you mourn for.

4 **blight:** condition that causes withering and death

After You Read *Selected Poetry of Gerard Manley Hopkins*

Literary Lens: Coined Words

Both “Pied Beauty” and “Spring and Fall” contain many words that Hopkins coined himself. Choose one of the poems to reread, and identify at least three coined words. Write definitions of the coined words using context clues. Make a graphic organizer like the one below to record the words and definitions.

Word	Definition

Explore Context: The Natural World

Although Hopkins shared a deep love of nature with many of the Romantic poets, his attitude toward nature was very different. Compare “I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud” by William Wordsworth (see page 641) with “Pied Beauty.” Which poet is more focused on human emotions inspired by nature? Which poet focuses less on humans and more on nature itself?

Apply and Create: Everyday Sprung Rhythm

Hopkins used sprung rhythm to capture the cadence of natural speech. In small groups, work on the following activity to find the rhythm in common conversation. First, choose a scene from a movie to watch as a group. Each member should transcribe, or write down, all the dialogue in the scene. Then have each group member label the stressed and unstressed syllables in the dialogue, using (´) for every stressed syllable and (~) for every unstressed syllable. Compare the results, analyzing the speech patterns. How do they compare to Hopkins’ poems?

Read Critically

Reread these lines from “Spring and Fall.” Then answer the questions that follow.

Márgarét, are you griéving
Over Goldengrove unleaving?
Leáves, líke the things of man, you
With your fresh thoughts care for, can you?
5 Áh! ás the heart grows older
It will come to such sights colder
By and by, nor spare a sigh
Though worlds of wanwood leafmeal lie;
And yet you *will* weep and know why.

1. Do you think the speaker is addressing Margaret or thinking about her?
2. What does the speaker think is the cause of Margaret’s grief?
3. What meaning is implied by the title of the poem?



Before You Read “Malachi’s Cove”



ANTHONY TROLLOPE (1815–1882), a widely read novelist of the Victorian Period, became famous for creating believable characters and convincing dialogue. His writing focused on the effects of the class system on individuals, and he became a leader in the realism movement. Born to a well-to-do family whose finances became shaky during Trollope’s youth, the boy took a steady job with the post office and worked there for many years. His need to earn a living while writing fostered a disciplined writing schedule. As a result, Trollope produced a steady stream of novels, short stories, and nonfiction pieces.

Literary Lens



REALISM Realism is a style of fiction writing in which everyday life is depicted with detailed accuracy. Characters’ experiences seem drawn from real life. Dialogue reflects everyday speech rather than formal language. Many realist writers of Trollope’s time focused attention on the lower class. Realism has had a lasting influence on fiction writers to this day.

SETTING The setting of a work of fiction is the time and place in which the action takes place. Setting can play a major role in a story’s development. It can reveal information about how the characters live and why events turn out the way they do.

Trollope’s Language

Anthony Trollope uses language to “paint” a complete picture of his characters and setting. In order to present his characters truthfully, Trollope often uses dialect, or the unique way in which people of a certain location speak. Dialect infuses the characters with life and personality while also giving clues about their backgrounds.

Think Critically

Before you read the story that follows, use critical thinking to deepen your understanding.

1. Recall what you just read about Trollope’s use of realism in his fiction. Then skim the first paragraph of “Malachi’s Cove.” How is the description of the setting realistic?
2. How do you predict the description of the setting will relate to the description of characters in the story?
3. Think about how American writers such as Mark Twain use dialect to show differences in cultural, social, and even economical backgrounds among their characters. What differences might Trollope’s use of dialect reveal in “Malachi’s Cove,” which takes place in one of Britain’s poorest counties?

Malachi's Cove

Anthony Trollope

On the northern coast of Cornwall, between Tintagel and Bossiney, down on the very margin of the sea, there lived not long since an old man who got his living by saving seaweed from the waves, and selling it for manure. The cliffs there are bold and fine, and the sea beats in upon them from the north with a grand violence. I doubt whether it be not the finest morsel of cliff scenery in England, though it is beaten by many portions of the west coast of Ireland, and perhaps also by spots in Wales and Scotland. Cliffs should be nearly **precipitous**, they should be broken in their outlines, and should barely admit here and there of an insecure passage from their summit to the sand at their feet. The sea should come, if not up to them, at least very near to them, and then, above all things, the water below them should be blue, and not of that dead leaden colour which is so familiar to us in England. At Tintagel all these requisites are there, except that bright blue colour which is so lovely. But the cliffs themselves are bold and well broken, and the margin of sand at high water is very narrow,—so narrow that at spring tides there is barely a footing there.

precipitous:
extremely steep

Close upon this margin was the cottage or hovel of Malachi Trenglos, the old man of whom I have spoken. But Malachi, or old Glos, as he was commonly called by the people around him, had not built his house absolutely upon the sand. There was a fissure in the rock so great that at the top it formed a narrow ravine, and so complete from the summit to the base that it afforded an opening

workhouse at Camelford. For rheumatism had afflicted him, old age had bowed him till he was nearly double, and by degrees he became unable to attend the donkey on its upward passage to the world above, or even to assist in rescuing the **coveted** weed from the waves.

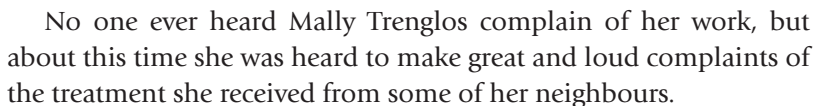
coveted: *strongly
desired*

At the time to which our story refers Trenglos had not been up the cliff for twelve months, and for the last six months he had done nothing towards the furtherance of his trade, except to take the money and keep it, if any of it was kept, and occasionally to shake down a bundle of fodder for the donkey. The real work of the business was done altogether by Mahala Trenglos, his granddaughter.

Mally Trenglos was known to all the farmers round the coast, and to all the small tradespeople in Camelford. She was a wild-looking, almost unearthly creature, with wild-flowing, black, uncombed hair, small in stature, with small hands and bright black eyes; but people said that she was very strong, and the children around declared that she worked day and night, and knew nothing of fatigue. As to her age there were many doubts. Some said she was ten, and others five-and-twenty, but the reader may be allowed to know that at this time she had in truth passed her twentieth birthday. The old people spoke well of Mally, because she was so good to her grandfather; and it was said of her that though she carried to him a little gin and tobacco almost daily, she bought nothing for herself;—and as to the gin, no one who looked at her would accuse her of meddling with that. But she had no friends, and but few acquaintances among people of her own age. They said that she was fierce and ill-natured, that she had not a good word for anyone, and that she was, complete at all points, a thorough little vixen.

The young men did not care for her; for, as regarded dress, all days were alike with her. She never made herself smart on Sundays. She was generally without stockings, and seemed to care not at all to exercise any of those feminine attractions which might have been hers had she studied to attain them. All days were the same to her in regard to dress; and, indeed, till lately, all days had, I fear, been the same to her in other respects. Old Malachi had never been seen inside a place of worship since he had taken to live under the cliff.

But within the last two years Mally had submitted herself to the teaching of the clergyman at Tintagel, and had appeared at church



It was known that she went with her complaints to Mr. Polwarth; and when he could not help her, or did not give her such instant help as she needed, she went—ah, so foolishly!—to the office of a certain attorney at Camelford, who was not likely to prove himself a better friend than Mr. Polwarth.

Now the nature of her injury was as follows. The place in which she collected her seaweed was a little cove; the people had come to call it Malachi's Cove, from the name of the old man who lived there;—which was so formed that the margin of the sea therein could only be reached by the passage from the top down to Trenglos's hut. The breadth of the cove when the sea was out might perhaps be two hundred yards, and on each side the rocks ran out in such a way that both from north and south the domain of Trenglos was guarded from intruders. And this locality had been well chosen for its intended purpose.

There was a rush of the sea into the cove, which carried there large, drifting masses of seaweed, leaving them among the rocks when the tide was out. During the equinoctial winds of the spring and autumn the supply would never fail; and even when the sea was calm the long, soft, salt-bedewed, trailing masses of the weed could be gathered there when they could not be found elsewhere for miles along the coast. The task of getting the weed from the breakers was often difficult and dangerous,—so difficult that much of it was left to be carried away by the next incoming tide. Mally doubtless did not gather half the crop that was there at her feet. What was taken by the returning waves she did not regret; but when **interlopers** came upon her cove, and gathered her wealth—her grandfather's wealth—beneath her eyes, then her heart was broken. It was this interloping, this intrusion, that drove poor Mally to the Camelford attorney. But, alas, though the Camelford attorney took Mally's money, he could do nothing for her, and her heart was broken!

interlopers: people who do not belong; intruders

She had an idea, in which no doubt her grandfather shared, that the path to the cove was, at any rate, their property. When she was told that the cove, and sea running into the cove, were not the freeholds of her grandfather, she understood that the statement might



be true. But what then as to the use of the path? Who had made the path what it was? Had she not painfully, wearily, with exceeding toil, carried up bits of rock with her own little hands, that her grandfather's donkey might have footing for his feet? Had she not scraped together crumbs of earth along the face of the cliff that she might make easier to the animal the track of that rugged way? And now, when she saw big farmer's lads coming down with other donkeys,—and, indeed, there was one who came with a pony; no boy, but a young man, old enough to know better than rob a poor old man and a young girl,—she reviled the whole human race, and swore that the Camelford attorney was a fool.

Any attempt to explain to her that there was still weed enough for her was worse than useless. Was it not all hers and his, or, at any rate, was not the sole way to it his and hers? And was not her trade stopped and impeded? Had she not been forced to back her laden donkey down, twenty yards she said, but it had, in truth, been five, because Farmer Gunliffe's son had been in the way with his thieving pony? Farmer Gunliffe had wanted to buy her weed at his own price, and because she had refused he had set on his thieving son to destroy her in this wicked way.

"I'll hamstring the beast the next time as he's down here!" said Mally to old Glos, while the angry fire literally streamed from her eyes.

Farmer Gunliffe's small homestead—he held about fifty acres of land—was close by the village of Tintagel, and not a mile from the cliff. The sea-wrack, as they call it, was pretty well the only manure within his reach, and no doubt he thought it hard that he should be kept from using it by Mally Trenglos and her obstinacy.

"There's heaps of other coves, Barty," said Mally to Barty Gunliffe, the farmer's son.

"But none so nigh, Mally, nor yet none that fills 'emselves as this place."

Then he explained to her that he would not take the weed that came up close to hand. He was bigger than she was, and stronger, and would get it from the outer rocks, with which she never meddled. Then, with scorn in her eye, she swore that she could get it where he durst not venture, and repeated her threat of hamstringing the pony. Barty laughed at her wrath, jeered her because of her wild hair, and called her a mermaid.



"And the sky's free to all, but I mustn't get up on the top of your big barn to look at it," said Mally, who was standing among the rocks with a long hook in her hand. The long hook was the tool with which she worked in dragging the weed from the waves. "But you ain't got no justice nor yet no sperrit,⁴ or you wouldn't come here to vex an old man like he."

"I didn't want to vex him, nor yet to vex you, Mally. You let me be for a while, and we'll be friends yet."

"Friends!" exclaimed Mally. "Who'd have the likes of you for a friend? What are you moving them stones for? Them stones belongs to grandfather." And in her wrath she made a movement as though she were going to fly at him.

"Let him be, Mally," said the old man; "let him be. He'll get his punishment. He'll come to be drowned some day if he comes down here when the wind is in shore."

"That he may be drowned then!" said Mally, in her anger. "If he was in the big hole there among the rocks, and the sea running in at half tide, I wouldn't lift a hand to help him out."

"Yes, you would, Mally; you'd fish me up with your hook like a big stick of seaweed."

She turned from him with scorn as he said this, and went into the hut. It was time for her to get ready for her work, and one of the great injuries done her lay in this,—that such a one as Barty Gunliffe should come and look at her during her toil among the breakers.

It was an afternoon in April, and the hour was something after four o'clock. There had been a heavy wind from the north-west all the morning, with gusts of rain, and the seagulls had been in and out of the cove all the day, which was a sure sign to Mally that the incoming tide would cover the rocks with weed. The quick waves were now returning with wonderful celerity⁵ over the low reefs, and the time had come at which the treasure must be seized if it was to be garnered on that day. By seven o'clock it would be growing dark, at nine it would be high water, and before daylight the crop would be carried out again if not collected. All this Mally understood very well, and some of this Barty was beginning to understand also.

As Mally came down with her bare feet, bearing her long hook in

4 **sperrit:** dialect for *spirit*, meaning "courage"

5 **celerity:** swiftness



knew every hole and corner and every spot of vantage. The waves were her friends, and she could use them. She could measure their strength, and knew when and where it would cease.

Mally was great down in the salt pools of her own cove,—great, and very fearless. As she watched Barty make his way forward from rock to rock, she told herself, gleefully, that he was going astray. The curl of the wind as it blew into the cove would not carry the weed up to the northern buttresses of the cove; and then there was the great hole just there—the great hole of which she had spoken when she wished him evil.

And now she went to work, hooking up the dishevelled hairs of the ocean, and landing many a cargo on the extreme margin of the sand, from whence she would be able in the evening to drag it back before the invading waters would return to reclaim the spoil.

And on his side also Barty made his heap up against the northern buttresses of which I have spoken. Barty's heap became big and still bigger, so that he knew, let the pony work as he might, he could not take it all up that evening. But still it was not as large as Mally's heap. Mally's hook was better than his fork, and Mally's skill was better than his strength. And when he failed in some haul Mally would jeer him with a wild, weird laughter, and shriek to him through the wind that he was not half a man. At first he answered her with laughing words, but before long, as she boasted of her success and pointed to his failure, he became angry, and then he answered her no more. He became angry with himself, in that he missed so much of the plunder before him.

The broken sea was full of the long straggling growth which the waves had torn up from the bottom of the ocean, but the masses were carried past him, away from him,—nay, once or twice over him; and then Mally's weird voice would sound in his ear, jeering him. The gloom among the rocks was now becoming thicker and thicker, the tide was beating in with increased strength, and the gusts of wind came with quicker and greater violence. But still he worked on. While Mally worked he would work, and he would work for some time after she was driven in. He would not be beaten by a girl.

The great hole was now full of water, but of water which seemed to be boiling as though in a pot. And the pot was full of floating masses—large treasures of seaweed which were thrown to and fro

[illegible]



But Barty Gunliffe knew no better, and she watched him as he endeavoured to steady himself on the treacherously slippery edge of the pool. He fixed himself there and made a haul, with some small success. How he managed it she hardly knew, but she stood still for a while watching him anxiously, and then she saw him slip. He slipped, and recovered himself;—slipped again, and again recovered himself.

“Barty, you fool!” she screamed; “if you get yourself pitched in there, you’ll never come out no more.”

Whether she simply wished to frighten him, or whether her heart relented and she had thought of his danger with dismay, who shall say? She could not have told herself. She hated him as much as ever,—but she could hardly have wished to see him drowned before her eyes.

“You go on, and don’t mind me,” said he, speaking in a hoarse, angry tone.

“Mind you!—Who minds you?” retorted the girl. And then she again prepared herself for her work.

But as she went down over the rocks with her long hook balanced in her hands she suddenly heard a splash, and, turning quickly round, saw the body of her enemy tumbling amidst the eddying waves in the pool. The tide had now come up so far that every succeeding wave washed into it and over it from the side nearest to the sea, and then ran down again back from the rocks, as the rolling wave receded, with a noise like the fall of a **cataract**. And then, when the surplus water had retreated for a moment, the surface of the pool would be partly calm, though the fretting bubbles would still boil up and down, and there was ever a simmer on the surface, as though, in truth, the caldron were heated. But this time of comparative rest was but a moment, for the succeeding breaker would come up almost as soon as the foam of the preceding one had gone, and then again the waters would be dashed upon the rocks, and the sides would echo with the roar of the angry wave.

Instantly Mally hurried across to the edge of the pool, crouching down upon her hands and knees for security as she did so. As a wave receded, Barty’s head and face was carried near to her, and she could see that his forehead was covered with blood. Whether he were alive or dead she did not know. She had seen nothing but his blood, and

cataract: *waterfall*



over his mouth to see if he breathed, and as she looked at him she knew that he was beautiful.

What would she not give that he might live? Nothing now was so precious to her as his life,—as this life which she had so far rescued from the waters. But what could she do? Her grandfather could scarcely get himself down over the rocks, if indeed he could succeed in doing so much as that. Could she drag the wounded man backwards, if it were only a few feet, that he might lie above the reach of the waves till further assistance could be procured?

She set herself to work and she moved him, almost lifting him. As she did so she wondered at her own strength, but she was very strong at that moment. Slowly, tenderly, falling on the rocks herself so that he might fall on her, she got him back to the margin of the sand, to a spot which the waters would not reach for the next two hours.

Here her grandfather met them, having seen at last what had happened from the door.

"Dada," she said, "he fell into the pool yonder, and was battered against the rocks. See there at his forehead."

"Mally, I'm thinking that he's dead already," said old Glos, peering down over the body.

"No, Dada, he is not dead; but mayhap he's dying. But I'll go at once up to the farm."

"Mally," said the old man, "look at his head. They'll say we murdered him."

"Who'll say so? Who'll lie like that? Didn't I pull him out of the hole?"

"What matters that? His father'll say we killed him."

manifest: *obvious*

It was **manifest** to Mally that whatever anyone might say hereafter her present course was plain before her. She must run up the path to Gunliffe's farm and get necessary assistance. If the world were as bad as her grandfather said, it would be so bad that she would not care to live longer in it. But be that as it might, there was no doubt as to what she must do now.

So away she went as fast as her naked feet could carry her up the cliff. When at the top she looked round to see if any person might be within ken,⁷ but she saw no one. So she ran with all her speed along the headland of the corn-field which led in the direction of

7 **within ken:** in view



Then the wife shrieked out that her child had been murdered, and Mally, looking round into the faces of the three, saw that her grandfather's words had come true. They suspected her of having taken the life in saving which she had nearly lost her own.

She looked round at them with awe in her face, and then, without saying a word, preceded them down the path. What had she to answer when such a charge as that was made against her? If they chose to say that she pushed him into the pool, and hit him with her hook as he lay amidst the waters, how could she show that it was not so?

Poor Mally knew little of the law of evidence, and it seemed to her that she was in their hands. But as she went down the steep track with a hurried step—a step so quick that they could not keep up with her—her heart was very full—very full and very high. She had striven for the man's life as though he had been her brother. The blood was yet not dry on her own legs and arms, where she had torn them in his service. At one moment she had felt sure that she would die with him in that pool. And now they said that she had murdered him! It may be that he was not dead, and what would he say if ever he should speak again? Then she thought of that moment when his eyes had opened, and he had seemed to see her. She had no fear for herself, for her heart was very high. But it was full also—full of scorn, disdain, and wrath.

When she had reached the bottom she stood close to the door of the hut waiting for them, so that they might precede her to the other group, which was there in front of them, at a little distance on the sand.

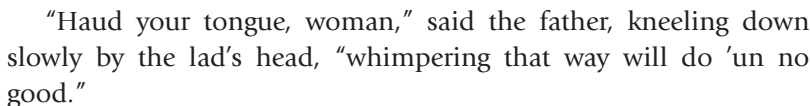
"He is there, and Dada is with him. Go and look at him," said Mally.

The father and mother ran on stumbling over the stones, but Mally remained behind by the door of the hut.

Barty Gunliffe was lying on the sand where Mally had left him, and old Malachi Trenglos was standing over him, resting himself with difficulty upon a stick.

"Not a move he's moved since she left him," said he, "not a move. I put his head on the old rug as you see, and I tried 'un with a drop of gin, but he wouldn't take it—he wouldn't take it."

"Oh, my boy! my boy!" said the mother, throwing herself beside her son upon the sand.



Then having gazed for a minute or two upon the pale face beneath him, he looked up sternly into that of Malachi Trenglos.

The old man hardly knew how to bear this terrible inquisition.

"He would come," said Malachi; "he brought it all upon hisself."

"Who was it struck him?" said the father.

"Sure he struck hissself, as he fell among the breakers."

"Liar!" said the father, looking up at the old man.

"They have murdered him!—They have murdered him!" shrieked the mother.

"Haud your peace, woman!" said the husband again. "They shall give us blood for blood."

Mally, leaning against the corner of the hovel, heard it all, but did not stir. They might say what they liked. They might make it out to be murder. They might drag her and her grandfather to Camelford gaol,⁸ and then to Bodmin, and the gallows; but they could not take from her the conscious feeling that was her own. She had done her best to save him—her very best. And she had saved him!

She remembered her threat to him before they had gone down on the rocks together, and her evil wish. Those words had been very wicked; but since that she had risked her life to save his. They might say what they pleased of her, and do what they pleased. She knew what she knew.

Then the father raised his son's head and shoulders in his arms, and called on the others to assist him in carrying Barty towards the path. They raised him between them carefully and tenderly, and lifted their burden on towards the spot at which Mally was standing. She never moved, but watched them at their work; and the old man followed them, hobbling after them with his crutch.

When they had reached the end of the hut she looked upon Barty's face, and saw that it was very pale. There was no longer blood upon the forehead, but the great gash was to be seen there plainly, with its jagged cut, and the skin livid and blue round the orifice. His light brown hair was hanging back, as she had made it to hang when she had gathered it with her hand after the big wave had passed over

8 **gaol:** jail



them. Ah, how beautiful he was in Mally's eyes with that pale face, and the sad scar upon his brow! She turned her face away, that they might not see her tears; but she did not move, nor did she speak.

But now, when they had passed the end of the hut, shuffling along with their burden, she heard a sound which stirred her. She roused herself quickly from her leaning posture, and stretched forth her head as though to listen; then she moved to follow them. Yes, they had stopped at the bottom of the path, and had again laid the body on the rocks. She heard that sound again, as of a long, long sigh, and then, regardless of any of them, she ran to the wounded man's head.

"He is not dead," she said. "There; he is not dead."

As she spoke Barty's eyes opened, and he looked about him.

"Barty, my boy, speak to me," said the mother.

Barty turned his face upon his mother, smiled, and then stared about him wildly.

"How is it with thee, lad?" said his father. Then Barty turned his face again to the latter voice, and as he did so his eyes fell upon Mally.

"Mally!" he said, "Mally!"

It could have wanted nothing further to any of those present to teach them that, according to Barty's own view of the case, Mally had not been his enemy; and, in truth, Mally herself wanted no further triumph. That word had vindicated her, and she withdrew back to the hut.

"Dada," she said, "Barty is not dead, and I'm thinking they won't say anything more about our hurting him."

Old Glos shook his head. He was glad the lad hadn't met his death there; he didn't want the young man's blood, but he knew what folk would say. The poorer he was the more sure the world would be to trample on him. Mally said what she could to comfort him, being full of comfort herself.

She would have crept up to the farm if she dared, to ask how Barty was. But her courage failed her when she thought of that, so she went to work again, dragging back the weed she had saved to the spot at which on the morrow she would load the donkey. As she did this she saw Barty's pony still standing patiently under the rock, so she got a lock of fodder and threw it down before the beast.



"Is that Mally?" said Gunliffe.

"Yes, it is Mally; and how is Barty, Mr. Gunliffe?"

"You must come to 'un yourself, now at once," said the farmer. "He won't sleep a wink till he's seed you. You must not say but you'll come."

"Sure I'll come if I'm wanted," said Mally.

Gunliffe waited a moment, thinking that Mally might have to prepare herself, but Mally needed no preparation. She was dripping with salt water from the weed which she had been dragging, and her elfin locks were streaming wildly from her head; but, such as she was, she was ready.

"Dada's in bed," she said, "and I can go now, if you please."

Then Gunliffe turned round and followed her up the path, wondering at the life which this girl led so far away from all her sex. It was now dark night, and he had found her working at the very edge of the rolling waves by herself, in the darkness, while the only human being who might seem to be her protector had already gone to his bed.

When they were at the top of the cliff, Gunliffe took her by her hand and led her along. She did not comprehend this, but she made no attempt to take her hand from his. Something he said about falling on the cliffs, but it was muttered so lowly that Mally hardly understood him. But, in truth, the man knew that she had saved his boy's life, and that he had injured her instead of thanking her. He was now taking her to his heart, and as words were wanting to him, he was showing his love after this silent fashion. He held her by the hand as though she were a child, and Mally tripped along at his side asking him no questions.

When they were at the farmyard gate he stopped there for a moment.



"Mally, my girl," he said, "he'll not be content till he sees thee, but thou must not stay long wi' him, lass. Doctor says he's weak like, and wants sleep badly."

Mally merely nodded her head, and then they entered the house. Mally had never been within it before, and looked about with wondering eyes at the furniture of the big kitchen. Did any idea of her future destiny flash upon her then, I wonder? But she did not pause here a moment, but was led up to the bedroom above stairs, where Barty was lying on his mother's bed.

"Is it Mally herself?" said the voice of the weak youth.

"It's Mally herself," said the mother, "so now you can say what you please."

"Mally," said he, "Mally, it's along of you that I'm alive this moment."

"I'll not forget it on her," said the father, with his eyes turned away from her. "I'll never forget it on her."

"We hadn't a one but only him," said the mother, with her apron up to her face.

"Mally, you'll be friends with me now?" said Barty.

To have been made lady of the manor of the cove for ever, Mally couldn't have spoken a word now. It was not only that the words and presence of the people there cowed her and made her speechless, but the big bed, and the looking-glass, and the unheard-of wonders of the chamber, made her feel her own insignificance. But she crept up to Barty's side, and put her hand upon his.

"I'll come and get the weed, Mally; but it shall all be for you," said Barty.

"Indeed, you won't then, Barty dear," said the mother; "you'll never go near the awesome place again. What would we do if you were took from us?"

"He mustn't go near the hole if he does," said Mally, speaking at last in a solemn voice, and imparting the knowledge which she had kept to herself while Barty was her enemy; "'specially not if the wind's any way from the nor'ard."

"She'd better go down now," said the father.

Barty kissed the hand which he held, and Mally, looking at him as he did so, thought that he was like an angel.

"You'll come and see us tomorrow, Mally," said he.



"I'll never forget it on her—never," the father had said.

Those words stuck to her from that moment, and seemed to sound in her ears all the night. How glad she was that Barty had come down to the cove,—oh, yes, how glad! There was no question of his dying now, and as for the blow on his forehead, what harm was that to a lad like him?

"But Father shall go with you," said Mrs. Gunliffe, when Mally prepared to start for the cove by herself. Mally, however, would not hear of this. She could find her way to the cove whether it was light or dark.

"Mally, thou art my child now, and I shall think of thee so," said the mother, as the girl went off by herself.

Mally thought of this, too, as she walked home. How could she become Mrs. Gunliffe's child; ah, how?

I need not, I think, tell the tale any further. That Mally did become Mrs. Gunliffe's child, and how she became so the reader will understand; and in process of time the big kitchen and all the wonders of the farmhouse were her own. The people said that Barty Gunliffe had married a mermaid out of the sea; but when it was said in Mally's hearing, I doubt whether she liked it; and when Barty himself would call her a mermaid, she would frown at him, and throw about her black hair, and pretend to cuff him with her little hand.

Old Glos was brought up to the top of the cliff, and lived his few remaining days under the roof of Mr. Gunliffe's house; and as for the cove and the right of seaweed, from that time forth all that has been supposed to attach itself to Gunliffe's farm, and I do not know that any of the neighbours are prepared to dispute the right.

After You Read “Malachi’s Cove”

Literary Lens: Realism

Look back through the story. Create a chart like the one below to record an example of each element of realism.

Element	Example
Well-Defined Characters	
Detailed Setting	
Dialect	

Explore Context: Industrialization

Many Victorian fiction writers felt the urge to teach moral lessons in their works. Their hope was to influence people’s behavior toward one another, thereby creating a more compassionate society. Though the characters in “Malachi’s Cove” live in a rural area of England, how might their story be used to teach lessons to people living in industrialized cities? Write a paragraph or two reflecting on this question.

Apply and Create: Setting Images

In a small group, find passages in the story that contain detailed descriptions of the setting. Next, locate photographs or fine art images that you think reflect these descriptions. The images can be from Cornwall or from other parts of the world. Explain to the class how these images correlate to the setting in the story.

Read Critically

Reread these paragraphs from “Malachi’s Cove.” Answer the questions that follow and support your answers with details from the passage.

What could she do now? She could not carry him; and in fifteen minutes the sea would be up where she was sitting. He was quite insensible and very pale, and the blood was coming slowly—very slowly—from the wound on his forehead. Ever so gently she put her hand upon his hair to move it back from his face; and then she bent over his mouth to see if he breathed, and as she looked at him she knew that he was beautiful.

What would she not give that he might live? Nothing now was so precious to her as his life,—as this life which she had so far rescued from the waters. But what could she do? Her grandfather could scarcely get himself down over the rocks, if indeed he could succeed in doing so much as that. Could she drag the wounded man backwards, if it were only a few feet, that he might lie above the reach of the waves till further assistance could be procured?

1. What aspects of the situation did you predict would happen? Explain.
2. Given what you know about Mally up to this point in the story, does it seem possible that she will be able to save Barty? Why or why not?
3. If Mally had not saved Barty, how would the story’s lesson have changed?



Before You Read “Christmas Storms and Sunshine”



ELIZABETH GASKELL (1810–1865), like Anthony Trollope, was a realist writer. She focused on everyday events and the values of the society she observed. Gaskell’s early hardships formed the basis of her lifelong sympathy for the less fortunate. Her mother died when she was an infant, and her father sent her to be raised by an aunt in a rural village. There Gaskell learned to appreciate small-town life and the natural world around her. Though she saw her father only occasionally, he tutored her in the study of languages and instilled in her a love of reading. Though certainly not as well known as Charles Dickens or Charlotte Brontë, her contemporaries, Elizabeth Gaskell

was praised by both authors during her lifetime. In recent years, her work has gained more attention and popularity.

Literary Lens

OMNISCIENT POINT OF VIEW Stories are often told from the third-person point of view, which means that the narrator is an outside observer. Some third-person narrators are omniscient, or all-knowing. They see into the minds of more than one character. Omniscient narrators were popular during the Victorian Era. They allowed authors to reveal the inner thoughts of a variety of characters.



CONFLICT In any work of fiction, a conflict between opposing forces moves the plot forward. A conflict can be external, as between two characters who disagree, or it can be internal, as when an individual struggles to solve a personal problem.

Gaskell’s Language

Gaskell’s narrators have an unusually strong presence in her stories; one critic even called her narrators “intrusive.” In “Christmas Storms and Sunshine,” for example, the narrator includes parenthetical comments about the characters and also expresses opinions about their actions and motives. Though the narrator is never identified, the reader comes to think of the narrator as another character.

Think Critically

Before you read the story that follows, use critical thinking to deepen your understanding.

1. Predict how the opinionated narrator of “Christmas Storms and Sunshine” will influence your understanding of the story and the characters.
2. How do you imagine the story would be different if it were written from first-person point of view? Why do you think Gaskell chose to write from the third-person omniscient perspective?



Christmas Storms and Sunshine

Elizabeth Gaskell

bigoted: prejudiced;
intolerant

In the town of—(no matter where) there circulated two local newspapers (no matter when). Now the *Flying Post* was long established and respectable—alias **bigoted** and Tory;¹ the *Examiner* was spirited and intelligent—alias new-fangled and democratic. Every week these newspapers contained articles abusing each other; as cross and peppery as articles could be, and evidently the production of irritated minds, although they seemed to have one stereotyped commencement,—“Though the article appearing in last week’s *Post* (or *Examiner*) is below contempt, yet we have been induced,” &c.,² &c., and every Saturday the Radical shopkeepers shook hands together, and agreed that the *Post* was done for, by the slashing, clever *Examiner*; while the more dignified Tories began by regretting that Johnson should think that low paper, only read by a few of the vulgar, worth wasting his wit upon; however the *Examiner* was at its last gasp.

It was not though. It lived and flourished; at least it paid its way, as one of the heroes of my story could tell. He was chief compositor, or whatever title may be given to the head-man of the mechanical part of a newspaper. He hardly confined himself to that department.

1 **Tory:** Britain’s Conservative Party

2 **&c.:** et cetera

Once or twice, unknown to the editor, when the manuscript had fallen short, he had filled up the vacant space by compositions of his own; announcements of a forthcoming crop of green peas in December; a grey thrush having been seen, or a white hare, or such interesting phenomena; invented for the occasion, I must confess; but what of that? His wife always knew when to expect a little specimen of her husband's literary talent by a peculiar cough, which served as prelude; and, judging from this encouraging sign, and the high-pitched and emphatic voice in which he read them, she was inclined to think, that an "Ode to an early Rose-bud," in the corner devoted to original poetry, and a letter in the correspondence department, signed "Pro Bono Publico,"³ were her husband's writing, and to hold up her head accordingly.



3 **Pro Bono Publico:** Latin phrase meaning "for the public good"



I never could find out what it was that occasioned the Hodgsons to lodge in the same house as the Jenkinses. Jenkins held the same office in the Tory paper as Hodgson did in the Examiner, and, as I said before, I leave you to give it a name. But Jenkins had a proper sense of his position, and a proper reverence for all in authority, from the king down to the editor and sub-editor. He would as soon have thought of borrowing the king's crown for a nightcap, or the king's sceptre for a walking-stick, as he would have thought of filling up any spare corner with any production of his own; and I think it would have even added to his contempt of Hodgson (if that were possible), had he known of the "productions of his brain," as the latter fondly alluded to the paragraphs he inserted, when speaking to his wife.

Jenkins had his wife too. Wives were wanting to finish the completeness of the quarrel, which existed one memorable Christmas week, some dozen years ago, between the two neighbours, the two compositors. And with wives, it was a very pretty, a very complete quarrel. To make the opposing parties still more equal, still more well-matched, if the Hodgsons had a baby ('such a baby!—a poor, puny little thing'), Mrs. Jenkins had a cat ("such a cat! a great, nasty, miowling tom-cat, that was always stealing the milk put by for little Angel's supper"). And now, having matched Greek with Greek, I must proceed to the tug of war. It was the day before Christmas; such a cold east wind! such an inky sky! such a blue-black look in people's faces, as they were driven out more than usual, to complete their purchases for the next day's festival.

Before leaving home that morning, Jenkins had given some money to his wife to buy the next day's dinner.

"My dear, I wish for turkey and sausages. It may be a weakness, but I own I am partial to sausages. My deceased mother was. Such tastes are hereditary. As to the sweets—whether plum-pudding or mince-pies—I leave such considerations to you; I only beg you not to mind expense. Christmas comes but once a year."

And again he had called out from the bottom of the first flight of stairs, just close to the Hodgsons' door ("such **ostentatiousness**," as Mrs. Hodgson observed), "You will not forget the sausages, my dear?"

"I should have liked to have had something above common, Mary," said Hodgson, as they too made their plans for the next day,

ostentatiousness:
*pretentious act done to
attract attention*



law yet, for all their Reform Bill, ma'am. My poor precious love of a Tommy, is he hurt? and is his leg broke for taking a mouthful of scraps, as most people would give away to a beggar,—if he'd take 'em?" wound up Mrs. Jenkins, casting a contemptuous look on the remnant of a scrag end of mutton.

Mary felt very angry and very guilty. For she really pitied the poor limping animal as he crept up to his mistress, and there lay down to bemoan himself she wished she had not beaten him so hard, for it certainly was her own careless way of never shutting the cupboard-door that had tempted him to his fault. But the sneer at her little bit of mutton turned her penitence to fresh wrath, and she shut the door in Mrs. Jenkins's face, as she stood caressing her cat in the lobby, with such a bang, that it wakened little Tom, and he began to cry.

Everything was to go wrong with Mary to-day. Now baby was awake, who was to take her husband's dinner to the office? She took the child in her arms, and tried to hush him off to sleep again, and as she sung she cried, she could hardly tell why,—a sort of reaction from her violent angry feelings. She wished she had never beaten the poor cat; she wondered if his leg was really broken. What would her mother say if she knew how cross and cruel her little Mary was getting? If she should live to beat her child in one of her angry fits?

It was of no use lullabying while she sobbed so; it must be given up, and she must just carry her baby in her arms, and take him with her to the office, for it was long past dinner-time. So she pared the mutton carefully, although by so doing she reduced the meat to an **infinitesimal** quantity, and taking the baked potatoes out of the oven, she popped them piping hot into her basket with the etceteras of plate, butter, salt, and knife and fork.

It was, indeed, a bitter wind. She bent against it as she ran, and the flakes of snow were sharp and cutting as ice. Baby cried all the way, though she cuddled him up in her shawl. Then her husband had made his appetite up for a potato pie, and (literary man as he was) his body got so much the better of his mind, that he looked rather black at the cold mutton. Mary had no appetite for her own dinner when she arrived at home again. So, after she had tried to feed baby, and he had fretfully refused to take his bread and milk, she laid him down as usual on his quilt, surrounded by playthings, while she sided away, and chopped suet for the next day's pudding. Early

infinitesimal:
extremely small

thirteen, who attended to the house in her mother's absence, as daily cook in gentlemen's families. Fanny was more especially considered the attendant of the upstairs lodgers (who paid for the use of the kitchen, "for Jenkins could not abide the smell of meat cooking"), but just now she was fortunately sitting at her afternoon's work of darning stockings, and hearing Mrs. Hodgson's cry of terror, she ran to her sitting-room, and understood the case at a glance.

"He's got the croup!⁵ Oh, Mrs. Hodgson, he'll die as sure as fate. Little brother had it, and he died in no time. The doctor said he could do nothing for him—it had gone too far. He said if we'd put him in a warm bath at first, it might have saved him; but, bless you! he was never half so bad as your baby." Unconsciously there mingled in her statement some of a child's love of producing an effect; but the increasing danger was clear enough.

"Oh, my baby! my baby! Oh, love, love! don't look so ill; I cannot bear it. And my fire so low! There, I was thinking of home, and picking currants, and never minding the fire. Oh, Fanny! what is the fire like in the kitchen? Speak."

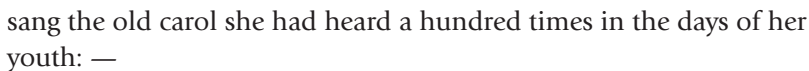
"Mother told me to screw it up, and throw some slack⁶ on as soon as Mrs. Jenkins had done with it, and so I did. It's very low and black. But, oh, Mrs. Hodgson! let me run for the doctor—I cannot abear to hear him, it's so like little brother."

Through her streaming tears Mary motioned her to go; and trembling, sinking, sick at heart, she laid her boy in his cradle, and ran to fill her kettle.

Mrs. Jenkins, having cooked her husband's snug little dinner, to which he came home; having told him her story of pussy's beating, at which he was justly and dignifiedly (?) indignant, saying it was all of a piece with that abusive *Examiner*; having received the sausages, and turkey, and mince pies, which her husband had ordered; and cleaned up the room, and prepared everything for tea, and coaxed and duly bemoaned her cat (who had pretty nearly forgotten his beating, but very much enjoyed the petting); having done all these and many other things, Mrs. Jenkins sat down to get up the real lace cap. Every thread was pulled out separately, and carefully stretched: when, what was that? Outside, in the street, a chorus of piping children's voices

5 **croup:** respiratory infection in children that causes breathing difficulties and coughing

6 **slack:** small pieces of coal



As Joseph was a walking he heard an angel sing,
 "This night shall be born our heavenly King.
 He neither shall be born in housen nor in hall,
 Nor in the place of Paradise, but in an ox's stall.
 He neither shall be clothed in purple nor in pall,⁷
 But all in fair linen, as were babies all:
 He neither shall be rocked in silver nor in gold,
 But in a wooden cradle that rocks on the mould,"⁸ &c.

She got up and went to the window. There, below, stood the group of grey black little figures, relieved against the snow, which now enveloped everything. "For old sake's sake," as she phrased it, she counted out a halfpenny apiece for the singers, out of the copper bag, and threw them down below.

The room had become chilly while she had been counting out and throwing down her money, so she stirred her already glowing fire, and sat down right before it—but not to stretch her lace; like Mary Hodgson, she began to think over long-past days, on softening remembrances of the dead and gone, on words long forgotten, on holy stories heard at her mother's knee.

"I cannot think what's come over me to-night," said she, half aloud, recovering herself by the sound of her own voice from her train of thought—"My head goes wandering on them old times. I'm sure more texts have come into my head with thinking on my mother within this last half hour, than I've thought on for years and years. I hope I'm not going to die. Folks say, thinking too much on the dead betokens we're going to join 'em; I should be loth to go just yet—such a fine turkey as we've got for dinner to-morrow, too!"

Knock, knock, knock, at the door, as fast as knuckles could go. And then, as if the comer could not wait, the door was opened, and Mary Hodgson stood there as white as death.

"Mrs. Jenkins!—oh, your kettle is boiling, thank God! Let me have the water for my baby, for the love of God! He's got croup, and is dying!"

7 **pall:** expensive cloth

8 **mould:** ground



Mrs. Jenkins turned on her chair with a wooden inflexible look on her face, that (between ourselves) her husband knew and dreaded for all his pompous dignity.

"I'm sorry I can't oblige you, ma'am; my kettle is wanted for my husband's tea. Don't be afeared, Tommy, Mrs. Hodgson won't venture to intrude herself where she's not desired. You'd better send for the doctor, ma'am, instead of wasting your time in wringing your hands, ma'am—my kettle is engaged."

Mary clasped her hands together with passionate force, but spoke no word of entreaty to that wooden face—that sharp, determined voice; but, as she turned away, she prayed for strength to bear the coming trial, and strength to forgive Mrs. Jenkins.

Mrs. Jenkins watched her go away meekly, as one who has no hope, and then she turned upon herself as sharply as she ever did on any one else.

"What a brute I am, Lord forgive me! What's my husband's tea to a baby's life? In croup, too, where time is everything. You crabbed old vixen, you!—any one may know you never had a child!"

She was down stairs (kettle in hand) before she had finished her self-upbraiding; and when in Mrs. Hodgson's room, she rejected all thanks (Mary had not the voice for many words), saying, stiffly, "I do it for the poor babby's sake, ma'am, hoping he may live to have mercy to poor dumb beasts, if he does forget to lock his cupboards."

But she did everything, and more than Mary, with her young inexperience, could have thought of. She prepared the warm bath, and tried it with her husband's own thermometer (Mr. Jenkins was as punctual as clockwork in noting down the temperature of every day). She let his mother place her baby in the tub, still preserving the same rigid, **affronted** aspect, and then she went upstairs without a word. Mary longed to ask her to stay, but dared not; though, when she left the room, the tears chased each other down her cheeks faster than ever. Poor young mother! how she counted the minutes till the doctor should come. But, before he came, down again stalked Mrs. Jenkins, with something in her hand.

"I've seen many of these croup-fits, which, I take it, you've not, ma'am. Mustard plaisters is very sovereign, put on the throat; I've been up and made one, ma'am, and, by your leave, I'll put it on the poor little fellow."

affronted: insulted



Mary could not speak, but she signed her grateful assent.

It began to smart while they still kept silence; and he looked up to his mother as if seeking courage from her looks to bear the stinging pain; but she was softly crying, to see him suffer, and her want of courage reacted upon him, and he began to sob aloud. Instantly Mrs. Jenkins's apron was up, hiding her face: "Peep-bo, baby," said she, as merrily as she could. His little face brightened, and his mother having once got the cue, the two women kept the little fellow amused, until his plaister had taken effect.

"He's better,—oh, Mrs. Jenkins, look at his eyes! how different! And he breathes quite softly—"

As Mary spoke thus, the doctor entered. He examined his patient. Baby was really better.

"It has been a sharp attack, but the remedies you have applied have been worth all the Pharmacopoeia⁹ an hour later.—I shall send a powder," &c. &c.

Mrs. Jenkins stayed to hear this opinion; and (her heart wonderfully more easy) was going to leave the room, when Mary seized her hand and kissed it; she could not speak her gratitude. Mrs. Jenkins looked affronted and awkward, and as if she must go upstairs and wash her hand directly.

But, in spite of these sour looks, she came softly down an hour or so afterwards to see how baby was.

The little gentleman slept well after the fright he had given his friends; and on Christmas morning, when Mary awoke and looked at the sweet little pale face lying on her arm, she could hardly realize the danger he had been in.

When she came down (later than usual), she found the household in a commotion. What do you think had happened? Why, pussy had been a traitor to his best friend, and eaten up some of Mr. Jenkins's own especial sausages; and gnawed and tumbled the rest so, that they were not fit to be eaten! There were no bounds to that cat's appetite! he would have eaten his own father if he had been tender enough. And now Mrs. Jenkins stormed and cried—"Hang the cat!"

Christmas Day, too! and all the shops shut! "What was turkey without sausages?" gruffly asked Mr. Jenkins.

"Oh, Jem!" whispered Mary, "hearken what a piece of work he's

9 **Pharmacopoeia:** medicinal drugs listed in standard pharmacy reference books



making about sausages,—I should like to take Mrs. Jenkins up some of mother's; they're twice as good as bought sausages."

"I see no objection, my dear. Sausages do not involve intimacies, else his politics are what I can no ways respect."

"But, oh, Jem, if you had seen her last night about baby! I'm sure she may scold me for ever, and I'll not answer. I'd even make her cat welcome to the sausages." The tears gathered to Mary's eyes as she kissed her boy.

"Better take 'em upstairs, my dear, and give them to the cat's mistress." And Jem chuckled at his saying.

Mary put them on a plate, but still she loitered.

"What must I say, Jem? I never know."

"Say—I hope you'll accept of these sausages, as my mother—no, that's not grammar;—say what comes uppermost, Mary, it will be sure to be right."

So Mary carried them upstairs and knocked at the door; and when told to "come in," she looked very red, but went up to Mrs. Jenkins, saying, "Please take these. Mother made them." And was away before an answer could be given.

Just as Hodgson was ready to go to church, Mrs. Jenkins came downstairs, and called Fanny. In a minute, the latter entered the Hodgsons' room, and delivered Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins's compliments and they would be particular glad if Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson would eat their dinner with them.

"And carry baby upstairs in a shawl, be sure," added Mrs. Jenkins's voice in the passage, close to the door, whither she had followed her messenger. There was no discussing the matter, with the certainty of every word being overheard.

Mary looked anxiously at her husband. She remembered his saying he did not approve of Mr. Jenkins's politics.

"Do you think it would do for baby?" asked he.

"Oh, yes," answered she, eagerly; "I would wrap him up so warm."

"And I've got our room up to sixty-five already, for all it's so frosty," added the voice outside.

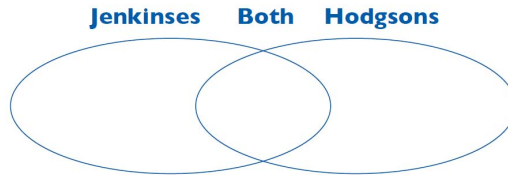
Now, how do you think they settled the matter? The very best way in the world. Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins came down into the Hodgsons' room, and dined there. Turkey at the top, roast beef at the bottom,



After You Read “Christmas Storms and Sunshine”

Literary Lens: Conflict

Create a Venn diagram like the one below to explore the differences and similarities between the members of the two families. Identify the main conflict in the story—a conflict based on differences. Then identify how the similarities aid in the resolution of the conflict.



Explore Context: Changing Class Structure

In the Victorian Period, industrialization led to the rise of the middle class. Middle-class citizens were given the right to vote during this time, making the upper class feel less powerful. What evidence of this can you find in “Christmas Storms and Sunshine”? Use details from the story and the timeline at the beginning of Unit 6 (see pages 714–719) to write a brief description of the changing class structure in Victorian society.

Apply and Create: Omniscient Point of View

Literature is not the only art form that employs narrators: think of a television show or movie you have seen that utilizes narration. Some programs have narrators who simply report the events. Other narrators insert themselves into the action. Try your hand at writing the first scene of a television or movie screenplay using an omniscient narrator who, like Gaskell’s narrator, shares opinions about the characters and events of the story. Form groups to act out your scenes for the class.

Read Critically

Reread the passage below and answer the questions that follow.

Now, how do you think they settled the matter? The very best way in the world. Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins came down into the Hodgsons’ room, and dined there. Turkey at the top, roast beef at the bottom, sausages at one side, potatoes at the other. Second course, plum-pudding at the top, and mince pies at the bottom.

And after dinner, Mrs. Jenkins would have baby on her knee; and he seemed quite to take to her; she declared he was admiring the real lace on her cap, but Mary thought (though she did not say so) that he was pleased by her kind looks and coaxing words. Then he was wrapped up and carried carefully upstairs to tea, in Mrs. Jenkins’s room. And after tea, Mrs. Jenkins, and Mary, and her husband, found out each other’s mutual liking for music. . . .

1. What causes the two families to end up sharing their meal?
2. What does the narrator’s opinion add to the event described?
3. Mrs. Jenkins says that the baby likes the real lace on her cap. What does this reveal about her character?



Before You Read “Dover Beach”



MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822–1888) was an essayist and social critic in addition to being a poet. The son of an educator, young Arnold surprised many with his lack of interest in studies. A mischievous, fun-loving student, he was barely accepted at university. Yet at the same time, he was writing poetry that received honors. Instrumental in Arnold’s development as a writer was the poet William Wordsworth, a friend of the family. In later years, Arnold was moved to write about England’s social problems. It was his passionate belief that through a familiarity with arts and culture, people of the era could rise above their feelings of alienation.

Literary Lens



THEME As was the case with many Victorian writers, theme—an artist’s overriding message—played a major role in Matthew Arnold’s poetry. Typically, a theme is not stated directly but inferred or alluded to.

tone The attitude a writer takes toward the subject is called *tone*. Unlike mood, which refers to the atmosphere the writer creates, tone refers to the feelings expressed by the writer. Tone is established through word choice, imagery, and details.

Arnold’s Language

Many Victorian poems display drama and intense emotion to convey ideas. In contrast, “Dover Beach” has a controlled, quiet quality. Arnold’s images of the sea create a reflective mood in the reader as the speaker ponders life and love with uneasiness, sadness, and hope.

Think Critically

Before you read the poem that follows, use critical thinking to deepen your understanding.

1. In the Victorian Era, scientific discoveries and theories created a questioning of religious beliefs and a quest for understanding the ways of the world. Why might Arnold use the image of the sea to reflect on these struggles?
2. Predict what images a poet might call upon when watching the open sea at night.

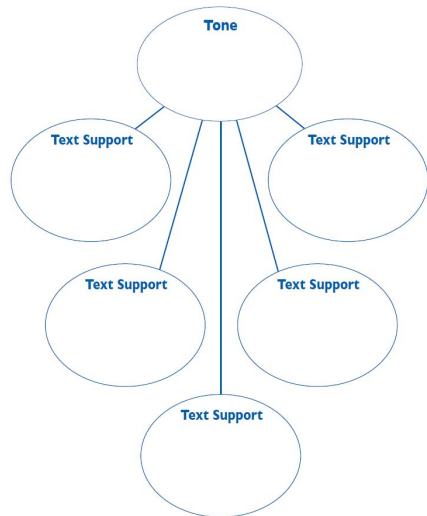
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After You Read “Dover Beach”

Literary Lens: Tone

Decide how you would describe the tone conveyed by “Dover Beach.” Then reread the poem, looking for words or descriptive phrases that support your answer. Create a web diagram like the one to the right to record this information.



Explore Context: Growing Concern About the Future

Victorian England prospered in the wake of industrialization and scientific developments. But as the world quickly changed, many felt isolated from the way of life they’d come to know. Write one or two paragraphs describing the specific ways that the poem’s speaker expresses isolation and longing.

Apply and Create: Theme

“Dover Beach” is arguably Arnold’s most famous poem. Its themes and stark imagery have held universal appeal for generations of readers. Working in pairs, find poems written in the last decade that treat similar themes. Read the poems aloud to the class, and discuss their similarities to “Dover Beach.”

Read Critically

Read this excerpt from “To Marguerite—Continued,” another Arnold poem. Answer the questions below. Support your answers with details from the passage.

Yes! in the sea of life enisled,
With echoing straits between us thrown,
Dotting the shoreless watery wild,
We mortal millions live *alone*.
The islands feel the enclosing flow,
And then their endless bounds they
know

Oh! then a longing like despair
Is to their farthest caverns sent;
For surely once, they feel, we were
Parts of a single continent!
Now round us spreads the watery plain—
Oh might our marges meet again!

1. To what is Arnold comparing humans in this poem?
2. Does the speaker feel that humans choose isolation or that they long to be connected? Cite phrases from the poem to support your answer.
3. How is “To Marguerite—Continued” similar in theme and imagery to “Dover Beach”?

Before You Read *Selected Poetry of A. E. Housman*



A. E. HOUSMAN (1859–1936) was a writer whose concise, well-crafted poems were admired by other poets as well as the general public. Housman, who grew up in the English countryside, had his share of early misfortunes. His mother died when he was twelve, and his relationship with his father was a source of emotional anxiety. He was an excellent scholar and attended Oxford University on a scholarship—only to fail his graduation exams. Working as a clerk in London, he began writing poems about his early years in the country. His collection of poems, *A Shropshire Lad*, contains sixty-three poems, including the two you will read on the following pages, about the joys

and sorrows he experienced as a youth.

Literary Lens

METER Meter is the repetition of a regular rhythmic unit in poetry. Each unit is called a *foot* and consists of one stressed syllable and one or two unstressed syllables. Meter helps to emphasize the musical quality of words and phrases. To figure out the meter of a poem, a marking system is often used to show which syllables are stressed (') and which are unstressed (~).



RHYME SCHEME Rhyme scheme refers to the pattern of end rhyme in a stanza or entire poem. Rhyme scheme can be analyzed by assigning a letter of the alphabet to each line. Lines that rhyme receive the same letter.

Smart lad, to slip betimes away	<i>a</i>
From fields where glory does not stay	<i>a</i>
And early though the laurel grows	<i>b</i>
It withers quicker than the rose.	<i>b</i>

Housman's Language

Housman's style of writing reflects his sentimental subject matter. Straightforward language and simple imagery combine with rhyme and meter to produce verses that are uncomplicated yet sincere.

Think Critically

Before you read the two poems that follow, use critical thinking to deepen your understanding.

1. Note the titles of the two Housman poems. What experiences in Housman's youth do you think inspired these poems?
2. Recall "In Memoriam," the poem you read earlier in the unit (see page 731). How might "To an Athlete Dying Young" also pay tribute to a friend?

TO AN ATHLETE Dying Young

A. E. Housman

The time you won your town the race
We chaired¹ you through the market-place;
Man and boy stood cheering by,
And home we brought you shoulder-high.

5 Today, the road all runners come,
Shoulder-high we bring you home,
And set you at your threshold down,
Townsmen of a stiller town.

Smart lad, to slip betimes² away
 10 From fields where glory does not stay
 And early though the laurel grows
 It withers quicker than the rose.

15 Eyes the shady night has shut
 Cannot see the record cut,
 And silence sounds no worse than cheers
 After earth has stopped the ears:

Now you will not swell the rout³
Of lads that wore their honours out,
Runners whom renown outran
20 And the name died before the man.

l **chaired:** carried triumphantly on a chair

2 **betimes:** early

3 **rou:** crowd

So set, before its echoes fade,
The fleet foot on the sill⁴ of shade,
And hold to the low lintel⁵ up
The still-defended challenge-cup.

25 And round that early laurelled head
Will flock to gaze the strengthless dead
And find unwithered on its curls
The garland briefer than a girl's.



4 **sill:** slab of stone or wood at the foot of a window or door

5 **lintel:** beam across top of door frame

A. E. Housman

When I was one-and-twenty
10 I heard him say again,
 "The heart out of the bosom
 Was never given in vain;
 'Tis paid with sighs a plenty
 And sold for endless rue."²
15 And I am two-and-twenty,
 And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true.

2 **rue:** regret

After You Read *Selected Poetry of A. E. Housman*

Literary Lens: Rhyme Scheme

Using a graphic organizer like the one below, identify the rhyme schemes of “To an Athlete Dying Young” and “When I Was One-and-Twenty.” To do this, analyze the last word of each line in the first stanza of both poems. Then mark the rhyme scheme you hear, using the letter system explained on page 785. How do the two rhyme schemes differ?

“To an Athlete Dying Young”	Rhyme Scheme	“When I Was One-and-Twenty”	Rhyme Scheme
race		twenty	
place		say	
by		guineas	
shoulder-high		away	
		rubies	
		free	

Explore Context: Philosophy of the Romantics

A. E. Housman believed that because poetry is based on emotion, it cannot be explained or analyzed. Do you agree? In what way is this idea compatible with the philosophy of the Romantic poets of the earlier nineteenth century? Answer these questions in a short essay.

Apply and Create: Meter

Reread one of Housman’s poems, noting the meter used. (See page 785 for marking meter.) Choose a favorite song and identify its meter. Present your findings to the rest of the class.

Read Critically

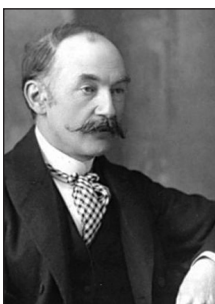
Reread these lines from “To an Athlete Dying Young.” Answer the questions that follow and support your answers with details from the poem.

- 5 Today, the road all runners come,
 Shoulder-high we bring you home,
 And set you at your threshold down,
 Townsmen of a stiller town.
- Smart lad, to slip betimes away
- 10 From fields where glory does not stay
 And early though the laurel grows
 It withers quicker than the rose.



1. According to the speaker, what disappointment will the young athlete never know?
2. The word *dying* appears nowhere in the poem, only in the title. What phrases might be interpreted as references to death?
3. Connect to the emotions expressed in the poem. How would people today respond to the untimely death of an athlete? Would their sentiments resemble those of the speaker?

Before You Read *Selected Poetry of Thomas Hardy*



THOMAS HARDY (1840–1928), one of the literary giants in the final decades of the Victorian Era, was primarily known as a novelist. It was later in his career that he solidified his reputation as a poet. While a practicing architect, Hardy found time to publish his first novel anonymously in 1871. In 1874, he received critical success for his novel *Far from the Madding Crowd*. His subsequent novels *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* and *Jude the Obscure* were criticized by many for what they viewed as sympathetic portrayals of immorality. Disheartened and angry, he turned his back on fiction and began to focus on his poetry. Hardy's work closely examines the individual's relationship to nature and society.

Literary Lens



IMAGERY Imagery refers to the words and phrases that create sensory experiences for the reader. Imagery is often visual, but images can also appeal to the senses of sound, touch, taste, and smell. In “The Darkling Thrush,” Hardy puts the power of imagery to full use.

IRONY Irony is a contrast between what is expected and what actually occurs. It often takes the form of a sudden twist in the flow of events or images. Hardy uses irony throughout “Ah, Are You Digging on My Grave?”

Hardy's Language

Because Thomas Hardy wrote so many poems over the course of his life, it's hard to pin down a single style. His poems show great variety in terms of rhyme and meter, the use of speaker, and the moods created. Some poems, such as “The Darkling Thrush,” are lyrical—a single speaker expresses personal thoughts and feelings in a contemplative way. Other poems, such as “Ah, Are You Digging on My Grave?” contain dialogue and have a dramatic quality.

Think Critically

Before you read the two poems that follow, use critical thinking to deepen your understanding.



1. Hardy's writing closely examines the individual in relationship to nature and society. Combine this with the knowledge you've gained about the Victorian Period. What ideas might Hardy try to convey about life in the poems you are about to read?
2. Hardy wrote “The Darkling Thrush” at the end of the nineteenth century. Skim the poem, picking up key phrases. Predict what the tone might be and how Hardy might feel about this important milestone.

I leant upon a coppice¹ gate
 When Frost was spectre-gray,
 And Winter's dregs made desolate
 The weakening eye of day.
 5 The tangled bine-stems scored the sky
 Like strings of broken lyres,²
 And all mankind that haunted nigh
 Had sought their household fires.



2 **lyres:** musical instruments similar to harps



10 The land's sharp features seemed to be
 The Century's corpse outleant,³
 His crypt the cloudy canopy,
 The wind his death-lament.
 The ancient pulse of germ and birth
 Was shrunken hard and dry,
15 And every spirit upon earth
 Seemed fervorless as I.

 At once a voice arose among
 The bleak twigs overhead
 In a full-hearted evensong⁴
20 Of joy illimited;⁵
 An aged thrush, frail, gaunt, and small,
 In blast-beruffled plume,
 Had chosen thus to fling his soul
 Upon the growing gloom.

25 So little cause for carolings
 Of such ecstatic sound
 Was written on terrestrial things
 Afar or nigh around,
 That I could think there trembled through
30 His happy good-night air
 Some blessed Hope, where of he knew
 And I was unaware.

3 **outleant:** outstretched

4 **evensong:** evening song; evening prayers

5 **illimited:** unlimited

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

20 “Then, who is digging on my grave?
 Say—since I have not guessed!”
 —“O it is I, my mistress dear,
 Your little dog, who still lives near,
 And much I hope my movements here
 Have not disturbed your rest?”

25 "Ah, yes! *You* dig upon my grave . . .
 Why flashed it not on me
 That one true heart was left behind!
 What feeling do we ever find
 To equal among human kind
 30 A dog's fidelity!"

"Mistress, I dug upon your grave
 To bury a bone, in case
 I should be hungry near this spot
 When passing on my daily trot.
 35 I am sorry, but I quite forgot
 It was your resting-place."

