

“Words in Waves”

(Optional English textbook for B.A. First Year)



KARNATAKA SAMSKRIT UNIVERSITY

Pampa Mahakavi Road, Chamarajpet
Bengaluru - 560018. Ph: 080-26701303

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Chief Editor
Prof. Padmashekhar
Vice-Chancellor

Editor & Compiler
Dr. Vinay P.
Assistant Professor
Vice-Principal, Samskrit Degree Evening College

BOS Members:
Dr. B.S. Raghottamachar
Sri Ravi Joshi

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EDITORIAL

Karnataka Samskrit University is upon the mission to render Sanskrit learning and comparative research studies in all branches of Samskrit and related areas. Under the bough of the Varsity, several graduate and post-graduate programmes are being run successfully. As the norms go, a Language Paper is being incorporated in the graduate level, with the English being an option. It is with this view that the textbooks of English for First Year, Second Year and Optional English at graduate level is being prepared and presented herewith. It is with great pleasure and satisfaction that we are placing the *“Words in Waves”* before your hands. It is aimed to give an introduction to all facets of English literature to a student earnest to go into further details. I thank the Vice-Chancellor Prof. Padma Shekhar for all the support and encouragement. I also thank the Registrar Prof. M.K. Sridhar for his guidance and support. I thank the members of Board of Studies for their discerning choice of material prescribed for study. I thank Dr Vinay, Assistant Professor, Vice Principal of Samskrit Evening College for using his erudition and neat editing of the work together with relevant summaries, introductions and notes. I thank Mr. M. Ganesh for typesetting and neat layout of the book. I thank the staff and students of the Varsity, and all those who have made the books see the light of the day.

Dr. Veeranarayana N.K. Pandurangi

Director, Academics
Karnataka Samskrit University

CONTENTS

01	Prologue to Canterbury Tales	01
02	When I consider everything that grows	12
03	On his blindness	17
04	Collar	21
05	The Angsty Saint: 'The Collar'	26
06	Solitary Reaper	28
07	Ode to west wind	32
08	The rose of the world	44
09	Christmas	48
10	King Lear	51
11	Of Revenge	68
12	Oxford	72
13	A tragic incident at Ravenna	76
14	My Experiment with Truth	80

Prologue to Canterbury Tales

(First thirty lines)

- Geoffrey Chaucer

Introduction

Geoffrey Chaucer (c. 1343 - 25 October 1400), known as the Father of English literature, is widely considered the greatest English poet of the Middle Ages and was the first poet to be buried in Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey.

While he achieved fame during his lifetime as an author, philosopher, alchemist and astronomer, composing a scientific treatise on the astrolabe for his ten-year-old son Lewis, Chaucer also maintained an active career in the civil service as a bureaucrat, courtier and diplomat. Among his many works, which include *The Book of the Duchess*, *The House of Fame*, *The Legend of Good Women* and *Troilus and Criseyde*, he is best known today for *The Canterbury Tales*.

Chaucer was a crucial figure in developing the legitimacy of the vernacular, Middle English, at a time when the dominant literary languages in England were French and Latin.

In or around 1378, Chaucer began to develop his vision of an English poetry that would be linguistically accessible to all—obedient neither to the court, whose official language was French, nor to the Church, whose official language was Latin. Instead, Chaucer wrote in the vernacular, the English that was spoken in and around London in his day. Undoubtedly, he was

Bifel that, in that sesoun on a day,
 In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay¹² 20
 Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
 To Caunterbury with ful devout corage,
 At night was come in-to that hostelrye
 Wel¹³ nyne and twenty in a compaignye,
 Of sondry folk, by aventure¹⁴ y-falle¹⁵ 25
 In felawshipe, and pilgrims were they alle,
 That toward Caunterbury wolden ryde;
 The chambres and the stables weren wyde,
 And wel we weren esed atte beste.¹⁶
 And shortly, whan the sonne was to reste 30

Notes:

- Note 1. Its sweet showers.
- Note 2. Drought.
- Note 3. Such.
- Note 4. Wood.
- Note 5. Young shoots.
- Note 6. The sun left the sign of the Ram about the middle of April.
- Note 7. Hearts.
- Note 8. Foreign strands.
- Note 9. Distant saints.
- Note 10. Known.
- Note 11. Sick.
- Note 12. Lodged.
- Note 13. Full.
- Note 14. Chance.
- Note 15. Fallen

Note 16. Made comfortable in the best style.

Courtesy: English Poetry I: From Chaucer to Gray. The Harvard Classics. 1909–14.

Summary

The Canterbury Tales is written in Middle English, which bears a close visual resemblance to the English written and spoken today. In contrast, Old English (the language of Beowulf, for example) can be read only in modern translation or by students of Old English. Students often read The Canterbury Tales in its original language, not only because of the similarity between Chaucer's Middle English and our own, but because the beauty and humor of the poetry—all of its internal and external rhymes, and the sounds it produces—would be lost in translation.

The best way for a beginner to approach Middle English is to read it out loud. When the words are pronounced, it is often much easier to recognize what they mean in modern English. Most Middle English editions of the poem include a short pronunciation guide, which can help the reader to understand the language better. For particularly difficult words or phrases, most editions also include notes in the margin giving the modern versions of the words, along with a full glossary in the back. Several online Chaucer glossaries exist, as well as a number of printed lexicons of Middle English.

The Order of The Canterbury Tales

The line numbers cited in this SparkNote are based on the line numbers given in *The Riverside Chaucer*, the authoritative edition of Chaucer's works. The line numbering in *The Riverside Chaucer* does not run continuously throughout the entire *Canterbury Tales*, but it does not restart at the beginning of each tale, either. Instead, the tales are grouped together into fragments, and each fragment is numbered as a separate whole.

Nobody knows exactly in what order Chaucer intended to present the tales, or even if he had a specific order in mind for all of them. Eighty-two early manuscripts of the tales survive, and many of them vary considerably in the order in which they present the tales. However, certain sets of tales do seem to belong together in a particular order. For instance, the General Prologue is obviously the beginning, then the narrator explicitly says that the Knight tells the first tale, and that the Miller interrupts and tells the second tale. The introductions, prologues, and epilogues to various tales sometimes include the pilgrims' comments on the tale just finished, and an indication of who tells the next tale. These sections between the tales are called links, and they are the best evidence for grouping the tales together into ten fragments. But *The Canterbury Tales* does not include a complete set of

links, so the order of the ten fragments is open to question. The *Riverside Chaucer* bases the order of the ten fragments on the order presented in the Ellesmere manuscript, one of the best surviving manuscripts of the tale. Some scholars disagree with the groupings and order of tales followed in *The Riverside Chaucer*, choosing instead to base the order on a combination of the links and the geographical landmarks that the pilgrims pass on the way to Canterbury.

<http://www.sparknotes.com/lit/canterbury/context.html>

General Prologue: Introduction

Fragment 1, lines 1–42

Summary

Whan that Aprill with his shoures soote

The droghte of March hath perced to the roote . . .

The narrator opens the General Prologue with a description of the return of spring. He describes the April rains, the burgeoning flowers and leaves, and the chirping birds. Around this time of year, the narrator says, people begin to feel the desire to go on a pilgrimage. Many devout English pilgrims set off to visit shrines in distant holy lands, but even more choose to travel to Canterbury to visit the relics of Saint Thomas Becket in Canterbury Cathedral, where they thank the martyr for having helped them when they were in need. The narrator tells us that as he prepared to go on such a pilgrimage, staying at a tavern in Southwark called the Tabard Inn, a great company of twenty-nine travelers entered. The travelers were a diverse group who, like the narrator, were on their way to Canterbury. They happily agreed to let him join them. That night, the group slept at the Tabard, and woke up early the next morning to set off on their journey. Before continuing the tale, the narrator declares his intent to list and describe each of the members of the group.

Analysis

The invocation of spring with which the General Prologue begins is lengthy and formal compared to the language of the rest

of the Prologue. The first lines situate the story in a particular time and place, but the speaker does this in cosmic and cyclical terms, celebrating the vitality and richness of spring. This approach gives the opening lines a dreamy, timeless, unfocused quality, and it is therefore surprising when the narrator reveals that he's going to describe a pilgrimage that he himself took rather than telling a love story. A pilgrimage is a religious journey undertaken for penance and grace. As pilgrimages went, Canterbury was not a very difficult destination for an English person to reach. It was, therefore, very popular in fourteenth-century England, as the narrator mentions. Pilgrims traveled to visit the remains of Saint Thomas Becket, archbishop of Canterbury, who was murdered in 1170 by knights of King Henry II. Soon after his death, he became the most popular saint in England. The pilgrimage in *The Canterbury Tales* should not be thought of as an entirely solemn occasion, because it also offered the pilgrims an opportunity to abandon work and take a vacation.

In line 20, the narrator abandons his unfocused, all-knowing point of view, identifying himself as an actual person for the first time by inserting the first person-“I”-as he relates how he met the group of pilgrims while staying at the Tabard Inn. He emphasizes that this group, which he encountered by accident, was itself formed quite by chance (25–26). He then shifts into the first-person plural, referring to the pilgrims as “we” beginning in line 29, asserting his status as a member of the group.

The narrator ends the introductory portion of his prologue by noting that he has “tyme and space” to tell his narrative. His comments underscore the fact that he is writing some time after the events of his story, and that he is describing the characters

from memory. He has spoken and met with these people, but he has waited a certain length of time before sitting down and describing them. His intention to describe each pilgrim as he or she seemed to him is also important, for it emphasizes that his descriptions are not only subject to his memory but are also shaped by his individual perceptions and opinions regarding each of the characters. He positions himself as a mediator between two groups: the group of pilgrims, of which he was a member, and us, the audience, whom the narrator explicitly addresses as “you” in lines 34 and 38.

On the other hand, the narrator’s declaration that he will tell us about the “condicioun,” “degree,” and “array” (dress) of each of the pilgrims suggests that his portraits will be based on objective facts as well as his own opinions. He spends considerable time characterizing the group members according to their social positions. The pilgrims represent a diverse cross section of fourteenth-century English society. Medieval social theory divided society into three broad classes, called “estates”: the military, the clergy, and the laity. (The nobility, not represented in the General Prologue, traditionally derives its title and privileges from military duties and service, so it is considered part of the military estate.) In the portraits that we will see in the rest of the General Prologue, the Knight and Squire represent the military estate. The clergy is represented by the Prioress (and her nun and three priests), the Monk, the Friar, and the Parson. The other characters, from the wealthy Franklin to the poor Plowman, are the members of the laity. These lay characters can be further subdivided into landowners (the Franklin), professionals (the Clerk, the Man of Law, the Guildsmen, the Physician, and the Shipman), laborers

(the Cook and the Plowman), stewards (the Miller, the Manciple, and the Reeve), and church officers (the Summoner and the Pardoner). As we will see, Chaucer’s descriptions of the various characters and their social roles reveal the influence of the medieval genre of estates satire.

Courtesy: <http://www.sparknotes.com/lit/canterbury/section1.rhtml>

When I consider everything that grows

Sonnet No 15 – By William Shakespeare

Introduction

A sonnet is a poetic form which originated in Italy; Giacomo Da Lentini is credited with its invention.

The term sonnet is derived from the Italian word sonetto (from Old Provençal sonet a little poem, from son song, from Latin sonus a sound). By the thirteenth century it signified a poem of fourteen lines that follows a strict rhyme scheme and specific structure. Conventions associated with the sonnet have evolved over its history.

Writers of sonnets are sometimes called "sonneteers", although the term can be used derisively.

When English sonnets were introduced by Thomas Wyatt in the early 16th century, his sonnets and those of his contemporary the Earl of Surrey were chiefly translations from the Italian of Petrarch and the French of Ronsard and others. While Wyatt introduced the sonnet into English, it was Surrey who gave it a rhyming meter, and a structural division into quatrains of a kind that now characterizes the typical English sonnet. Having previously circulated in manuscripts only, both poets' sonnets were first published in Richard Tottel's *Songes and Sonnetts*, better known as *Tottel's Miscellany* (1557).

It was, however, Sir Philip Sidney's sequence *Astrophel and Stella* (1591) that started the English vogue for sonnet sequences. The

next two decades saw sonnet sequences by William Shakespeare, Edmund Spenser, Michael Drayton, Samuel Daniel, Fulke Greville, William Drummond of Hawthornden, and many others. This literature is often attributed to the Elizabethan Age and known as Elizabethan sonnets. These sonnets were all essentially inspired by the Petrarchan tradition, and generally treat of the poet's love for some woman, with the exception of Shakespeare's sequence of 154 sonnets. The form is often named after Shakespeare, not because he was the first to write in this form but because he became its most famous practitioner. The form consists of fourteen lines structured as three quatrains and a couplet. The third quatrain generally introduces an unexpected sharp thematic or imagistic "turn", the volta. In Shakespeare's sonnets, however, the volta usually comes in the couplet, and usually summarizes the theme of the poem or introduces a fresh new look at the theme. With only a rare exception, the meter is iambic pentameter, although there is some accepted metrical flexibility (e.g., lines ending with an extra-syllable feminine rhyme, or a trochaic foot rather than an iamb, particularly at the beginning of a line). The usual rhyme scheme is end-rhymed a-b-a-b, c-d-c-d, e-f-e-f, g-g.

William Shakespeare (26 April 1564 (baptised) - 23 April 1616) was an English poet, playwright, and actor, widely regarded as the greatest writer in the English language and the world's pre-eminent dramatist. He is often called England's national poet and the "Bard of Avon". His extant works, including some collaborations, consist of about 38 plays, 154 sonnets, two long narrative poems, and a few other verses, of which the authorship of some is uncertain. His plays have been translated into every major living language and are performed more often than those of any other playwright.

Shakespeare was born and brought up in Stratford-upon-Avon. At the age of 18, he married Anne Hathaway, with whom he had three children: Susanna, and twins Hamnet and Judith. Between 1585 and 1592, he began a successful career in London as an actor, writer, and part-owner of a playing company called the Lord Chamberlain's Men, later known as the King's Men. He

appears to have retired to Stratford around 1613 at age 49, where he died three years later. Few records of Shakespeare's private life survive, and there has been considerable speculation about such matters as his physical appearance, sexuality, religious beliefs, and whether the works attributed to him were written by others.

Shakespeare produced most of his known work between 1589 and 1613. His early plays were mainly comedies and histories and these works remain regarded as some of the best work produced in these genres. He then wrote mainly tragedies until about 1608, including *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *King Lear*, and *Macbeth*, considered some of the finest works in the English language. In his last phase, he wrote tragicomedies, also known as romances, and collaborated with other playwrights.

Many of his plays were published in editions of varying quality and accuracy during his lifetime. In 1623, John Heminges and Henry Condell, two friends and fellow actors of Shakespeare, published the First Folio, a collected edition of his dramatic works that included all but two of the plays now recognised as Shakespeare's. It was prefaced with a poem by Ben Jonson, in which Shakespeare is hailed, presciently, as "not of an age, but for all time". In the 20th and 21st century, his work has been repeatedly adopted and rediscovered by new movements in scholarship and performance. His plays remain highly popular today and are constantly studied, performed, and reinterpreted in diverse cultural and political contexts throughout the world.

Courtesy: Wikipedia

When I consider everything that grows

When I consider everything that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;

When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheered and check'd even by the selfsame sky,
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory;

Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay
To change your day of youth to sullied night;

And all in war with Time for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

Summary

Sonnet 15 is one of the "procreation" sonnets of those that are addressed to the fair lord. In it, the speaker contemplates that with time, the object of his poetry will age and lose his beauty. The solution in the final couplet is that the poet will immortalize the youth and beauty he experiences now in the fair lord in his

poetry, and thus "engraft you new." The term "engraft" refers to the process of a horticulturist grafting a new slip of wood onto an old root in order to create a new tree.

Sonnet 15 leads into Sonnet 16, also of the "procreation" set. Though Sonnet 15 suggests that immortality can be reached through the poet's "engrafting," Sonnet 16 returns again to the theme of procreation. The final couplet of Sonnet 15 describes how the whole world is "in war with Time for love of you," and Sonnet 16 opens with a plea that the fair lord also defend himself against Time. The speaker calls his rhyme "barren," drawing attention to the fact that although it is one way to immortalize the youth, it does not do as much good as procreation.

In lines 2-3, "this huge stage" is a metaphor for the world. It "presenteth naught but shows," meaning there is no real meaning to what we see in the world; all we see is illusory. Shakespeare likes this metaphor; for instance, we see it in his play *As You Like It*: "All the world's a stage / And all the men and women merely players." The "secret influence" of the stars refers to the invisible fluid that was thought to emanate from stars, influencing the actions of people on earth.

Lines 11-12 personify Time and decay, as they debate with each other the best way to destroy youth and beauty. But both work together to bring about "sullied night;" night here is described as dirty, in contrast to the "day of youth." Apparently, the whole world loves the fair lord's beauty, and is "in war with Time for love of you," to protect him against the ravages of time. Of course, this is a losing battle.

The theme of immortality achieved through poetry is Horatian, in that it is not the poet who gains it, but rather the subject of the verse. In Horace's *Odes* III, 30, 1-5, he writes: *exegi monumentum aere perennius*, meaning "I have finished a monument more lasting than bronze." In Sonnets 18 and 19, this option for immortality is put forth instead of procreation, which the speaker has been endorsing in the first 17 sonnets.

Courtesy: <http://www.gradesaver.com/shakespeares-sonnets/study-guide/summary-sonnet-15-when-i-consider-every-thing-that-grows>

On his blindness

- John Milton

Introduction

On His Blindness is one of the best known of the sonnets of John Milton. The last three lines (concluding with "They also serve who only stand and wait.") are particularly well known, though rarely in context.

The poem may have been written as early as 1652, although most scholars believe it was composed sometime between June and October 1655, when Milton's blindness was essentially complete

When Milton mentions "that one talent which is death to hide" he is specifically alluding to the parable of the talents in the Gospel of Matthew.

John Milton (9 December 1608 - 8 November 1674) was an English poet, polemicist, man of letters, and a civil servant for the Commonwealth of England under Oliver Cromwell. He wrote at a time of religious flux and political upheaval, and is best known for his epic poem *Paradise Lost* (1667), written in blank verse.

Milton's poetry and prose reflect deep personal convictions, a passion for freedom and self-determination, and the urgent issues and political turbulence of his day. Writing in English, Latin, Greek, and Italian, he achieved international renown within his lifetime, and his celebrated *Areopagitica* (1644)-written in condemnation of pre-publication censorship-is

among history's most influential and impassioned defences of free speech and freedom of the press.

William Hayley's 1796 biography called him the "greatest English author," and he remains generally regarded "as one of the preeminent writers in the English language," though critical reception has oscillated in the centuries since his death (often on account of his republicanism). Samuel Johnson praised *Paradise Lost* as "a poem which...with respect to design may claim the first place, and with respect to performance, the second, among the productions of the human mind," though he (a Tory and recipient of royal patronage) described Milton's politics as those of an "acrimonious and surly republican"

Courtesy: Wikipedia

On his blindness

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

Summary

In this sonnet, the speaker meditates on the fact that he has become blind (Milton himself was blind when he wrote this). He expresses his frustration at being prevented by his disability from serving God as well as he desires to. He is answered by "Patience," who tells him that God has many who hurry to do his bidding, and does not really need man's work. Rather, what is valued is the ability to bear God's "mild yoke," to tolerate

whatever God asks faithfully and without complaint. As the famous last line sums it up, "They also serve who only stand and wait."

This poem presents a carefully reasoned argument, on the basis of Christian faith, for the acceptance of physical impairment. The speaker learns that, rather than being an obstacle to his fulfillment of God's work for him, his blindness is a part of that work, and that his achievement lies in living patiently with it. (Milton himself went on to write his twelve-book epic poem, "Paradise Lost," after becoming blind.)

Courtesy: <http://medhum.med.nyu.edu/view/1129>

Collar

- George Herbert

Introduction

George Herbert (3 April 1593 - 1 March 1633) was a Welsh-born English poet, orator and Anglican priest. Herbert's poetry is associated with the writings of the metaphysical poets, and he is recognized as "a pivotal figure: enormously popular, deeply and broadly influential, and arguably the most skillful and important British devotional lyricist."

Born into an artistic and wealthy family, Herbert received a good education that led to his admission in 1609 as a student at Trinity College, Cambridge, where Herbert excelled in languages, rhetoric and music. He went to university with the intention of becoming a priest, but when eventually he became the University's Public Orator he attracted the attention of King James I and may well have seen himself as a future Secretary of State.[citation needed] In 1624 and briefly in 1625 he served in Parliament. After the death of King James, Herbert's interest in ordained ministry was renewed. In his mid-thirties he gave up his secular ambitions and took holy orders in the Church of England, spending the rest of his life as the rector of the little parish of St Andrews Church, Lower BemertonSalisbury. He was noted for unflinching care for his parishioners, bringing the sacraments to them when they were ill, and providing food and clothing for those in need. Henry Vaughan called him "a most glorious saint and seer". Never a healthy man, he died of consumption at the early age of 39.

Throughout his life, he wrote religious poems characterized by a precision of language, a metrical versatility, and an ingenious use of imagery or conceits that was favoured by the metaphysical school of poets. Charles Cotton described him as a "soul composed of harmonies". Some of Herbert's poems have endured as popular hymns, including "King of Glory, King of Peace" (Praise): "Let All the World in Every Corner Sing" (Antiphon) and "Teach me, my God and King" (The Elixir). Herbert's first biographer, Izaak Walton, wrote that he composed "such hymns and anthems as he and the angels now sing in heaven".

Courtesy: Wikipedia

The Collar

I struck the board, and cried, "No more;
I will abroad!
What? shall I ever sigh and pine?
My lines and life are free, free as the road,
Loose as the wind, as large as store.
Shall I be still in suit?
Have I no harvest but a thorn
To let me blood, and not restore
What I have lost with cordial fruit?
Sure there was wine
Before my sighs did dry it; there was corn
Before my tears did drown it.
Is the year only lost to me?
Have I no bays to crown it,
No flowers, no garlands gay? All blasted?
All wasted?
Not so, my heart; but there is fruit,
And thou hast hands.
Recover all thy sigh-blown age
On double pleasures: leave thy cold dispute
Of what is fit and not. Forsake thy cage,
Thy rope of sands,

Which petty thoughts have made, and made to thee
Good cable, to enforce and draw,
 And be thy law,
While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
 Away! take heed;
 I will abroad.
Call in thy death's-head there; tie up thy fears;
 He that forbears
 To suit and serve his need
 Deserves his load."
But as I raved and grew more fierce and wild
 At every word,
Methought I heard one calling, Child!
 And I replied My Lord.

Summary

If you've read George Herbert's 'The Collar,' you may have found the beginning of the poem a bit off-putting. It begins abruptly, with a display of seemingly unfounded aggression. For no reason the reader's aware of, the poetic narrator starts by throwing a bit of a tantrum, flailing limbs as he 'struck the board' and yelling 'No more; / I will abroad!' He asks whether he'll always be in the apparently miserable state he's in, but he finally concludes that 'my lines and life are free' for him to do as he pleases.

With that conclusion drawn, the narrator asks if he should stay in his current situation, then, and deal with all his resources (i.e. 'wine,' 'corn') being spent. The narrative voice also doesn't seem to have anything to show for all those misspent resources. Accordingly, he comes to his next question -- if he still possibly has time to recover what he's already lost. The poetic narrator decides there is indeed enough time; that is, provided he fills what time he has remaining with 'double pleasures' to make up

for those he missed out on while he still worried about right and wrong.

The narrator comes to the realization that he's been trapped in his present situation, allowing his own 'petty thoughts' of goodness and duty to distract him from reality. To make things worse, he also realizes that he's simply refused to acknowledge the issue for a long time. At this point, the narrative voice decides it's time for action and comments on how people who refuse to change their fortunes deserve them. However, as the poem draws to a close and it seems the narrator would just keep ranting and raving, there's a surprising twist. The agitated and plaintive narrative voice is instantly calmed by faithfully responding to that of God.

The Angsty Saint: Analyzing Herbert's 'The Collar'

George Herbert (1593-1633), English poet, priest, and Anglican saint.

Many of us can most likely remember a time (probably somewhere around our teen years) when we were rebellious and full of angst. If we can recall, we probably also made what we thought were reasonably passionate speeches defending our foul moods and unruly behavior. What might've sounded reasonable to us, though, most likely came off as extremely disorganized and not very well thought-out.

George Herbert reflected this lack of organization with 'The Collar' because this poem is very much like a teenage rant. The poetic narrator is angry and sulking because he's discovering that life's not fair, so the poem itself is disorganized: though he uses iambic meter, Herbert has various numbers of iambs per line with no discernible pattern.

In this way, 'The Collar' is quite unlike Herbert's other works, which are typically well-structured in all aspects (i.e. diction, meter, etc.). However, it still shows his handiwork as a piece of metaphysical poetry, a genre of verse works from the 17th century marked by their use of complex imagery to explore primarily concepts of love or religion. Herbert is considered one of the masters of this genre, and 'The Collar' is largely responsible for that reputation.

The Downside of Being Good?

You might be familiar with the white collars worn by priests or

other clergy members, and this particular article of clothing is what Herbert uses in the title of the poem to represent not only the attire but the entire burden of those taking religious orders. The narrator asks 'Shall I be still in suit?' - using the clothing of the profession as a way of examining whether or not he should remain as a clergyman.

He asks this question because he's begun to realize how mentally, spiritually, and even physically demanding life as a spiritual leader can be. What's worse, though, is the poetic narrator doesn't feel he has anything to show for all his spent effort and resources ('cordial fruit'): 'Is the year only lost to me? / Have I no bays to crown it, / No flowers, no garlands gay? All blasted? / All wasted?' This of course only fuels his self-pity and his desire to reclaim what he feels his service to the Church has stolen from him.

Courtesy: <http://study.com/academy/lesson/the-collar-by-george-herbert-summary-analysis.html>

should be written to provide pleasure through a rhythmic and powerful expression of emotion and leave readers with 'a spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings' long after it is read. Let's take a look at the text of the poem and then discuss what it might mean.

Solitary Reaper

- William Wordsworth

Introduction

William Wordsworth is one of the most important English poets and a founder of the Romantic Movement of English literature, a style of writing that focuses on emotion and imagination . Wordsworth became known as a 'Lakeland Poet' because of the area where he lived, which is renowned for its beautiful, wild landscapes, charming pastures, and countless lakes. He was often called a 'nature poet' because of his emphasis on the connection between humans and the natural world. He became widely successful and was named poet laureate of England in 1843.

'The Solitary Reaper' was written on November 5, 1805 and published in 1807 in the collection Poems, in Two Volumes. This poem is unique because, while most of Wordsworth's work is based closely on his own experiences, 'The Solitary Reaper' is based on the experience of someone else: author and friend Thomas Wilkinson, as described in his Tours to the British Mountains.

The poem, like most of Wordsworth's poetry, is distinguished by its straightforward use of language and meter as well as its natural theme and imagery. It reflects Wordsworth's belief in the importance of the natural world, the power of memory and the human mind, and his first principle of poetry: that poetry

The Solitary Reaper

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

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

Will no one tell me what she sings?--
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?

Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

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

Summary

The poem begins with the speaker asking readers to behold a young girl 'reaping and singing by herself' in a field. The song the girl sings is a sad song, and anyone passing by, the speaker says, should either stop and listen or 'gently pass' so as not to disturb her. He is so struck by the sad beauty of her song that the whole valley seems to overflow with its sound.

In the second stanza, the speaker compares the girl's singing to that of a nightingale and a cuckoo bird. He says that the song she sings is more welcome than any a nightingale might sing to weary travelers in the desert, and the sound of her voice is more thrilling to hear than the cuckoo-bird in spring. He is utterly enchanted, although as we see in the next stanza, he cannot understand the language of the song and so cannot say what the song is about.

In the third stanza, the speaker tries to imagine what the song might be about. Given its sad tune, he speculates that her song might be about some past sorrow, pain or loss 'of old, unhappy things' or battles fought long ago. Or perhaps, he says, it is a humbler, simpler song about some present sorrow, pain, or loss, a 'matter of to-day.'

Courtesy: <http://study.com/academy/lesson/william-wordsworths-the-solitary-reaper-summary-analysis-quiz.html>

Ode to west wind

- BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Introduction

Percy Bysshe Shelley (4 August 1792 - 8 July 1822) was one of the major English Romantic poets, and is regarded by some as among the finest lyric, as well as epic, poets in the English language. A radical in his poetry as well as in his political and social views, Shelley did not see fame during his lifetime, but recognition for his poetry grew steadily following his death. Shelley was a key member of a close circle of visionary poets and writers that included Lord Byron; Leigh Hunt; Thomas Love Peacock; and his own second wife, Mary Shelley, the author of *Frankenstein*.

Shelley is perhaps best known for such classic poems as *Ozymandias*, *Ode to the West Wind*, *To a Skylark*, *Music*, *When Soft Voices Die*, *The Cloud* and *The Masque of Anarchy*. His other major works include a groundbreaking verse drama *The Cenci* (1819) and long, visionary poems such as *Queen Mab* (later reworked as *The Daemon of the World*), *Alastor*, *The Revolt of Islam*, *Adonaïs*, *Prometheus Unbound* (1820) - widely considered to be his masterpiece - and his final, unfinished work *The Triumph of Life* (1822).

Shelley's close circle of friends included some of the most important progressive thinkers of the day, including his father-in-law, the philosopher William Godwin and Leigh Hunt. Though Shelley's poetry and prose output remained steady throughout

his life, most publishers and journals declined to publish his work for fear of being arrested for either blasphemy or sedition. Shelley's poetry sometimes had only an underground readership during his day, but his poetic achievements are widely recognized today, and his advanced political and social thought impacted the Chartist and other movements in England, and reach down to the present day. Shelley theories of economics and morality, for example, had a profound influence on Karl Marx; his early - and perhaps first - writings on nonviolent resistance influenced both Leo Tolstoy and Mahatma Gandhi.

Shelley became a lodestar to the subsequent three or four generations of poets, including important Victorian and Pre-Raphaelite poets such as Robert Browning and Dante Gabriel Rossetti. He was admired by Oscar Wilde, Thomas Hardy, George Bernard Shaw, Bertrand Russell, W. B. Yeats, Upton Sinclair and Isadora Duncan. Henry David Thoreau's civil disobedience was apparently influenced by Shelley's non-violence in protest and political action. Shelley's popularity and influence has continued to grow in contemporary poetry circles.

Ode to the West Wind

I

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed
The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow
Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill:
Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh hear!

II

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

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
On the blue surface of thine aëry surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head
Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge
Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might
Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: oh hear!

III

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams,
Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,
All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers
Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know
Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves: oh hear!

IV

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;

A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share
The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be
The comrade of thy wanderings over Heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
Scarce seem'd a vision; I would ne'er have striven
As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!
A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bow'd
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

V

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies
Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!
Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like wither'd leaves to quicken a new birth!
And, by the incantation of this verse,
Scatter, as from an unextinguish'd hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawaken'd earth
The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

Summary

The poem Ode to the West Wind can be divided in two parts: the first three cantos are about the qualities of the 'Wind' and each ends with the invocation 'Oh hear!'. The last two cantos give a relation between the 'Wind' and the speaker.

First Canto

The first stanza begins with the alliteration 'wild West Wind'(1.1). The form of the apostrophe makes the wind also a personification. However, one must not think of this 'Ode' as an optimistic praise of the wind; it is clearly associated with autumn. The first few lines contain sinister elements, such as 'leaves dead'(l. 2), the aspect of death being highlighted by the inversion which puts 'dead' (l. 2) at the end of the line. These leaves haunt as 'ghosts' (l. 3) that flee from something that panics them.

'chariotest' (l. 6) is the second person singular. The 'corpse within its grave' (l. 8) in the next line is in contrast to the 'azure sister of the Spring' (l. 9) – a reference to the east wind – whose 'living hues and odours' (l.12) evoke a strong contrast to the colours of the fourth line of the poem that evoke death. In the last line of this canto the west wind is considered the 'Destroyer' (l. 14) because it drives the last signs of life from the trees, and the 'Preserver' (l.14) for scattering the seeds which will come to life in the spring.

Second Canto

The second canto of the poem is much more fluid than the first one. The sky's 'clouds' (l. 16) are 'like earth's decaying leaves' (l. 16). They are a reference to the second line of the first canto ('leaves dead', l. 2). They also are numerous in number like the dead leaves. Through this reference the landscape is recalled again. The 'clouds' (l. 16) are 'Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean' (l. 17). This probably refers to the fact that the line between the sky and the stormy sea is indistinguishable and the whole space from the horizon to the zenith is covered with trailing storm clouds. The 'clouds' can also be seen as 'Angels of rain' (l. 18). In a biblical way, they may be messengers that bring a message from heaven down to earth through rain

and lightning. These two natural phenomena with their "fertilizing and illuminating power" bring a change.

Line 21 begins with 'Of some fierce Maenad ...' (l. 21) and again the west wind is part of the second canto of the poem; here he is two things at once: first he is 'dirge/Of the dying year' (l. 23f) and second he is "a prophet of tumult whose prediction is decisive"; a prophet who does not only bring 'black rain, and fire, and hail' (l. 28), but who 'will burst' (l. 28) it. The 'locks of the approaching storm' (l. 23) are the messengers of this bursting: the 'clouds'.

Shelley also mentions that when the West Wind blows, it seems to be singing a funeral song about the year coming to an end and that the sky covered with a dome of clouds looks like a 'sepulchre' i.e. a burial chamber or grave for the dying year or the year which is coming to an end.

Shelley in this canto "expands his vision from the earthly scene with the leaves before him to take in the vaster commotion of the skies". This means that the wind is now no longer at the horizon and therefore far away, but he is exactly above us. The clouds now reflect the image of the swirling leaves; this is a parallelism that gives evidence that we lifted "our attention from the finite world into the macrocosm". The 'clouds' can also be compared with the leaves; but the clouds are more unstable and bigger than the leaves and they can be seen as messengers of rain and lightning as it was mentioned above.

Third Canto

This refers to the effect of west wind in the water. The question that comes up when reading the third canto at first is what the subject of the verb 'saw' (l. 33) could be. On the one hand there is the 'blue Mediterranean' (l. 30). With the 'Mediterranean' as subject of the canto, the "syntactical movement" is continued and there is no break in the fluency of the poem; it is said that 'he lay, / Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams,/Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay, / And saw in sleep old palaces and towers' (l. 30–33). On the other hand it is also possible that the lines of this canto refer to the 'wind' again. Then the verb that

belongs to the 'wind' as subject is not 'lay', but the previous line of this canto, that says 'Thou who didst waken ... And saw' (l. 29, 33). But whoever - the 'Mediterranean' or the 'wind' - 'saw' (l. 33) the question remains whether the city one of them saw, is real and therefore a reflection on the water of a city that really exists on the coast; or the city is just an illusion. Pirie is not sure of that either. He says that it might be "a creative you interpretation of the billowing seaweed; or of the glimmering sky reflected on the heaving surface". Both possibilities seem to be logical. To explain the appearance of an underwater world, it might be easier to explain it by something that is realistic; and that might be that the wind is able to produce illusions on the water. With its pressure, the wind "would waken the appearance of a city". From what is known of the 'wind' from the last two cantos, it became clear that the 'wind' is something that plays the role of a Creator. Whether the wind creates real things or illusions does not seem to be that important. Baiae's bay (at the northern end of the Gulf of Naples) actually contains visible Roman ruins underwater (that have been shifted due to earthquakes.) Obviously the moss and flowers are seaweed. It appears as if the third canto shows - in comparison with the previous cantos - a turning-point. Whereas Shelley had accepted death and changes in life in the first and second canto, he now turns to "wistful reminiscence [, recalls] an alternative possibility of transcendence". From line 26 to line 36 he gives an image of nature. But if we look closer at line 36, we realise that the sentence is not what it appears to be at first sight, because it obviously means 'so sweet that one feels faint in describing them'. This shows that the idyllic picture is not what it seems to be and that the harmony will certainly soon be destroyed. A few lines later, Shelley suddenly talks about 'fear' (l. 41). This again shows the influence of the west wind which announces the change of the season.

Fourth Canto

Whereas the cantos one to three began with 'O wild West Wind' (l. 1) and 'Thou...' (l. 15, 29) and were clearly directed to the wind, there is a change in the fourth canto. The focus is no more

on the 'wind', but on the speaker who says 'If I... ' (l. 43f). Until this part, the poem has appeared very anonymous and was only concentrated on the 'wind' and its forces so that the author of the poem was more or less forgotten. Pirie calls this "the suppression of personality" which finally vanishes at that part of the poem. It becomes more and more clear that what the author talks about now is himself. That this must be true, shows the frequency of the author's use of the first-person pronouns 'I' (l. 43, 44, 48, 51, 54), 'my' (l. 48, 52) and 'me' (l. 53). These pronouns appear nine times in the fourth canto. Certainly the author wants to dramatise the atmosphere so that the reader recalls the situation of canto one to three. He achieves this by using the same pictures of the previous cantos in this one. Whereas these pictures, such as 'leaf', 'cloud' and 'wave' have existed only together with the 'wind', they are now existing with the author. The author thinks about being one of them and says 'If I were a ...' (l. 43ff). Shelley here identifies himself with the wind, although he knows that he cannot do that, because it is impossible for someone to put all the things he has learned from life aside and enter a "world of innocence". That Shelley is deeply aware of his closedness in life and his identity shows his command in line 53. There he says 'Oh, lift me up as a wave, a leaf, a cloud' (l. 53). He knows that this is something impossible to achieve, but he does not stop praying for it. The only chance Shelley sees to make his prayer and wish for a new identity with the Wind come true is by pain or death, as death leads to rebirth. So, he wants to 'fall upon the thorns of life' and 'bleed' (l. 54).

At the end of the canto the poet tells us that 'a heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bow'd' (l. 55). This may be a reference to the years that have passed and 'chained and bowed' (l. 55) the hope of the people who fought for freedom and were literally imprisoned. With this knowledge, the West Wind becomes a different meaning. The wind is the 'uncontrollable' (l. 47) who is 'tameless' (l. 56).

One more thing that one should mention is that this canto sounds like a kind of prayer or confession of the poet. This confession does not address God and therefore sounds very impersonal.

Shelley also changes his use of metaphors in this canto. In the first cantos the wind was a metaphor explained at full length. Now the metaphors are only weakly presented – 'the thorns of life' (l. 54). Shelley also leaves out the fourth element: the fire. In the previous cantos he wrote about the earth, the air and the water. The reader now expects the fire – but it is not there. This leads to a break in the symmetry.

Fifth Canto

Again the wind is very important in this last canto. At the beginning of the poem the 'wind' was only capable of blowing the leaves from the trees. In the previous canto the poet identified himself with the leaves. In this canto the 'wind' is now capable of using both of these things mentioned before.

Everything that had been said before was part of the elements - wind, earth and water. Now the fourth element comes in: the fire.

There is also a confrontation in this canto: whereas in line 57 Shelley writes 'me thy', there is 'thou me' in line 62. This "signals a restored confidence, if not in the poet's own abilities, at least in his capacity to communicate with [...] the Wind".

It is also necessary to mention that the first-person pronouns again appear in a great frequency; but the possessive pronoun 'my' predominates. Unlike the frequent use of the 'I' in the previous canto that made the canto sound self-conscious, this canto might now sound self-possessed. The canto is no more a request or a prayer as it had been in the fourth canto – it is a demand. The poet becomes the wind's instrument – his 'lyrce' (l. 57). This is a symbol of the poet's own passivity towards the wind; he becomes his musician and the wind's breath becomes his breath. The poet's attitude towards the wind has changed: in the first canto the wind has been an 'enchanter' (l. 3), now the wind has become an 'incantation' (l. 65).

And there is another contrast between the two last cantos: in the fourth canto the poet had articulated himself in singular: 'a leaf' (l. 43, 53), 'a cloud' (l. 44, 53), 'A wave' (l. 45, 53) and 'One too like thee' (l. 56). In this canto, the "sense of personality as

vulnerably individualised led to self-doubt” and the greatest fear was that what was ‘tameless, and swift, and proud’ (l. 56) will stay ‘chain’d and bow’d’ (l. 55). The last canto differs from that. The poet in this canto uses plural forms, for example, ‘my leaves’ (l. 58, 64), ‘thy harmonies’ (l. 59), ‘my thoughts’ (l. 63), ‘ashes and sparks’ (l. 67) and ‘my lips’ (l. 68). By the use of the plural, the poet is able to show that there is some kind of peace and pride in his words. It even seems as if he has redefined himself because the uncertainty of the previous canto has been blown away. The ‘leaves’ merge with those of an entire forest and ‘Will’ become components in a whole tumult of mighty harmonies. The use of this ‘Will’ (l. 60) is certainly a reference to the future. Through the future meaning, the poem itself does not only sound as something that might have happened in the past, but it may even be a kind of ‘prophecy’ (l. 69) for what might come - the future.

At last, Shelley again calls the Wind in a kind of prayer and even wants him to be ‘his’ Spirit: he says: ‘My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!’ (l. 62). Like the leaves of the trees in a forest, his leaves will fall and decay and will perhaps soon flourish again when the spring comes. That may be why he is looking forward to the spring and asks at the end of the last canto ‘If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?’ (l. 70). This is of course a rhetorical question because spring does come after winter, but the “if” suggests that it might not come if the rebirth is strong and extensive enough, and if it is not, another renewal-spring-will come anyway. Thus the question has a deeper meaning and does not only mean the change of seasons, but is a reference to death and rebirth as well. It also indicates that after the struggles and problems in life, there would always be a solution. It shows us the optimistic view of the poet about life which he would like the world to know. It is an interpretation of his saying ‘If you are suffering now, there will be good times ahead.’ But the most powerful call to the Wind are the lines: “Drive my dead thoughts over the universe/like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!” Here Shelley is imploring-or really chanting to-the Wind to blow away all of his useless thoughts

so that he can be a vessel for the Wind and, as a result, awaken the Earth.

Conclusion

This poem is a highly controlled text about the role of the poet as the agent of political and moral change.[according to whom?] This was a subject Shelley wrote a great deal about, especially around 1819, with this strongest version of it articulated the last famous lines of his "Defence of Poetry": "Poets are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present; the words which express what they understand not; the trumpets which sing to battle, and feel not what they inspire; the influence which is moved not, but moves. Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world."

Courtesy: Wikipedia

THE ROSE OF THE WORLD

- by W B Keats

Introduction

William Butler Yeats (13 June 1865 - 28 January 1939) was an Irish poet and one of the foremost figures of 20th century literature. A pillar of both the Irish and British literary establishments, in his later years he served as an Irish Senator for two terms. Yeats was a driving force behind the Irish Literary Revival and, along with Lady Gregory, Edward Martyn, and others, founded the Abbey Theatre, where he served as its chief during its early years. In 1923, he was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature as the first Irishman so honoured for what the Nobel Committee described as "inspired poetry, which in a highly artistic form gives expression to the spirit of a whole nation." Yeats is generally considered one of the few writers who completed their greatest works after being awarded the Nobel Prize; such works include *The Tower* (1928) and *The Winding Stair and Other Poems* (1929). Yeats was a very good friend of American expatriate poet and Bollingen Prize laureate Ezra Pound. Yeats wrote the introduction for Rabindranath Tagore's *Gitanjali*, which was published by the India Society.

He was born in Sandymount, Ireland and educated there and in London; he spent his childhood holidays in County Sligo. In 1773, his great, great grandfather Benjamin Yeats married Mary Butler. Following their marriage, they kept the name Butler in the family name. Mary was a descendant of the Butler of Ormond family from the Neigham (pronounced Nyam) Gowran branch of

the family. They were descendants of the first Earls of Ormond. He studied poetry in his youth and from an early age was fascinated by both Irish legends and the occult. Those topics feature in the first phase of his work, which lasted roughly until the turn of the 20th century. His earliest volume of verse was published in 1889, and its slow-paced and lyrical poems display Yeats's debts to Edmund Spenser, Percy Bysshe Shelley, and the poets of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. From 1900, Yeats's poetry grew more physical and realistic. He largely renounced the transcendental beliefs of his youth, though he remained preoccupied with physical and spiritual masks, as well as with cyclical theories of life.

Courtesy: Wikipedia

THE ROSE OF THE WORLD

HO dreamed that beauty passes like a dream?
For these red lips, with all their mournful pride,
Mournful that no new wonder may betide,
Troy passed away in one high funeral gleam,
And Usna's children died.

We and the labouring world are passing by:
Amid men's souls, that waver and give place
Like the pale waters in their wintry race,
Under the passing stars, foam of the sky,
Lives on this lonely face.

Bow down, archangels, in your dim abode:
Before you were, or any hearts to beat,
Weary and kind one lingered by His seat;
He made the world to be a grassy road
Before her wandering feet

Summary

Yeats contests the cliché that beauty "passes like a dream," noting that beauty has been responsible for major tragedies of human violence, including the sack of Troy and the death of Usna's children. He insinuates that Maud Gonnet's beauty is capable of inspiring such destruction as well.

Yeats then suggests that while most human life passes by like a dream, Maud Gonnet's "lonely face" lives on. He even insists that immortal beings - archangels - bow down before Gonnet's unchanging beauty, suggesting that her being existed alongside God before the world began. The world, indeed, is a mere grassy path created for her to tread.

Analysis

Yeats wrote this poem to Maud Gonnet, with whom he was deeply in love. He often compares her to Helen of Troy, arguing that her beauty, like Helen's, is capable of wrecking turmoil between nations. Indeed, as Gonnet is a representative of Ireland, this comparison suggests that her beauty embodies the strife between Ireland and England, which is especially fitting given that Gonnet was a fierce Irish nationalist. The reference to Usna's children in the same stanza likens her to Deirdre, an Irish heroine who was destined to bring suffering on the area of Ulster, because too many men fell in love with her.

Before its publication, George Russell objected to the final stanza of the poem (the poem had originally only had two stanzas). He thought that it lowered the quality of the poem because it added a sentimental note. This last stanza is closely tied to the circumstances under which the poem was written - after Yeats and Gonnet had gone hiking together. The final lines - "He made the world to be a grassy road / Before her wandering feet" - seem to allude to this hike. Moreover, the concept of "wandering" possibly captures Yeats's perennial frustration that Gonnet would not take him as a lover or a husband.

Courtesy: <http://www.gradesaver.com/poems-of-wb-yeats-the-rose/study-guide/summary-the-rose-of-the-world>.

CHRISTMAS

- Toru Dutt

Introduction

Toru Dutt (Bengali) (March 4, 1856 - August 30, 1877) was an Indian poet who wrote in English and French. She was born to father Govin Chunder Dutt and mother Kshetramoni of the Rambagan Dutt family. Toru was the youngest child after sister Aru and brother Abju. Romesh Chunder Dutt, writer and Indian civil servant, was their cousin. Their family became Christians in 1862.

In England she continued her higher French Studies. While living in Cambridge between 1871-3 she attended the Higher Lectures for Women at the University. Toru Dutt met and befriended Mary Martin, the daughter of Reverend John Martin of Sidney Sussex College. The friendship that developed between the two girls at this time continued in their correspondence after Toru's return to India. A collection of Toru Dutt's correspondence includes her letters written from England to her cousins in India.

Toru Dutt was a natural linguist and in her short life became proficient in Bengali, English, French and, later on, Sanskrit. She left behind an impressive collection of prose and poetry. Her two novels, the unfinished Bianca or The Young Spanish Maiden written in English and Le Journal de Mademoiselle d'Arvers, written in French, were based outside India with non-Indian protagonists. Her poetry comprises A Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields consisting of her translations into English of French poetry, and Ancient Ballads and Legends of Hindustan

which compiles her translations and adaptations from Sanskrit literature.

A Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields was published in 1876 without preface or introduction. At first this collection attracted little attention. When her collection of Sanskrit translations Ancient Ballads and Legends of Hindustan was published posthumously in 1882 Edmund Gosse wrote an introductory memoir for it. In this he wrote of Toru Dutt: "She brought with her from Europe a store of knowledge that would have sufficed to make an English or French girl seem learned, but which in her case was simply miraculous."

Courtesy: Wikipedia

CHRISTMAS

The sky is dark, the snow descends:
Ring, bells, ring out your merriest chime!
Jesus is born; the Virgin bends
Above him. Oh, the happy time!
No curtains bright-festooned are hung,
To shield the Infant from the cold;
The spider-webs alone are slung
Upon the rafters bare and old.
On fresh straw lies the little One,
Not in a palace, but a farm,
And kindly oxen breathe upon
His manger-bed to keep it warm.
White wreaths of snow the roofs attire,
And o'er them stars the blue adorn,
And hark! In white the angel-quire
Sings to the Shepherds, 'Christ is born.'

KING LEAR

- William Shakespeare

Introduction

William Shakespeare (26 April 1564 (baptised) - 23 April 1616) was an English poet, playwright, and actor, widely regarded as the greatest writer in the English language and the world's pre-eminent dramatist. He is often called England's national poet and the "Bard of Avon". His extant works, including some collaborations, consist of about 38 plays, 154 sonnets, two long narrative poems, and a few other verses, of which the authorship of some is uncertain. His plays have been translated into every major living language and are performed more often than those of any other playwright.

Shakespeare was born and brought up in Stratford-upon-Avon. At the age of 18, he married Anne Hathaway, with whom he had three children: Susanna, and twins Hamnet and Judith. Between 1585 and 1592, he began a successful career in London as an actor, writer, and part-owner of a playing company called the Lord Chamberlain's Men, later known as the King's Men. He appears to have retired to Stratford around 1613 at age 49, where he died three years later. Few records of Shakespeare's private life survive, and there has been considerable speculation about such matters as his physical appearance, sexuality, religious beliefs, and whether the works attributed to him were written by others.

Shakespeare produced most of his known work between 1589 and 1613. His early plays were mainly comedies and histories

and these works remain regarded as some of the best work produced in these genres. He then wrote mainly tragedies until about 1608, including Hamlet, Othello, King Lear, and Macbeth, considered some of the finest works in the English language. In his last phase, he wrote tragicomedies, also known as romances, and collaborated with other playwrights.

Many of his plays were published in editions of varying quality and accuracy during his lifetime. In 1623, John Heminges and Henry Condell, two friends and fellow actors of Shakespeare, published the First Folio, a collected edition of his dramatic works that included all but two of the plays now recognised as Shakespeare's. It was prefaced with a poem by Ben Jonson, in which Shakespeare is hailed, presciently, as "not of an age, but for all time". In the 20th and 21st century, his work has been repeatedly adopted and rediscovered by new movements in scholarship and performance. His plays remain highly popular today and are constantly studied, performed, and reinterpreted in diverse cultural and political contexts throughout the world.

Courtesy: Wikipedia

KING LEAR

ACT I

SCENE I. King Lear's palace.

Enter KENT, GLOUCESTER, and EDMUND

KENT : I thought the king had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall.

GLOUCESTER : It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weighed, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

KENT : Is not this your son, my lord?

GLOUCESTER : His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

KENT : I cannot conceive you.

GLOUCESTER : Sir, this young fellow's mother could: whereupon she grew round-wombed, and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

KENT : I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

GLOUCESTER : But I have, sir, a son by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came something saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged. Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

EDMUND : No, my lord.

GLOUCESTER : My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

EDMUND : My services to your lordship.

KENT : I must love you, and sue to know you better.

EDMUND : Sir, I shall study deserving.

GLOUCESTER : He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again. The king is coming.

Sennet. Enter KING LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, and Attendants.

KING LEAR : Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloucester.

GLOUCESTER : I shall, my liege.

Exeunt GLOUCESTER and EDMUND

KING LEAR : Meantime we shall express our darker purpose. Give me the map there. Know

that we have divided In three our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent To shake all cares and business from our age; Conferring them on younger strengths, while we Unburthen'd crawl toward death. Our son of Cornwall, And you, our no less loving son of Albany, We have this hour a constant will to publish Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy, Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love, Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn, And here are to be answer'd. Tell me, my daughters,-- Since now we will divest us both of rule, Interest of territory, cares of state,-- Which of you shall we say doth love us most? That we our largest bounty may extend Where nature doth with merit challenge. Goneril, Our eldest-born, speak first.

GONERIL : Sir, I love you more than words can wield the matter; Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty; Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare; No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour; As much as child e'er loved, or father found; A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable; Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

CORDELIA : [Aside] What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent.

LEAR : Of all these bounds, even from this line to this, With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd, With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads, We make thee lady: to thine and Albany's issue Be this perpetual. What says our second daughter, Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

REGAN : Sir, I am made Of the self-same metal that my sister is, And prize me at her worth. In my true heart I find she names my very deed of love; Only she comes too short: that I profess Myself an enemy to all other joys, Which the most precious square of sense possesses; And find I am alone felicitate In your dear highness' love.

CORDELIA : [Aside] Then poor Cordelia! And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's More richer than my tongue.

KING LEAR : To thee and thine hereditary ever Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom; No less in space, validity, and pleasure, Than that conferr'd on Goneril. Now, our joy, Although the last, not least; to whose young love The vines of France and milk of Burgundy Strive to be interest'd; what can you say to draw A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

CORDELIA : Nothing, my lord.

KING LEAR : Nothing!

CORDELIA : Nothing.

KING LEAR : Nothing will come of nothing: speak again.

CORDELIA : Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty According to my bond; nor more nor less.

KING LEAR : How, how, Cordelia! mend your speech a little, Lest it may mar your fortunes.

CORDELIA : Good my lord, You have begot me, bred me, loved me: I Return those duties back as are right fit, Obey you, love you, and most honour you. Why have my sisters husbands, if they say They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed, That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry Half my love with him, half my care and duty: Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters, To love my father all.

KING LEAR : But goes thy heart with this?

CORDELIA : Ay, good my lord.

KING LEAR : So young, and so untender?

CORDELIA : So young, my lord, and true.

KING LEAR : Let it be so; thy truth, then, be thy dower: For, by the sacred radiance of the sun, The mysteries of Hecate, and the night; By all the operation of the orbs From whom we do exist, and cease to be; Here I disclaim

all my paternal care, Propinquity and property of blood, And as a stranger to my heart and me Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous Scythian, Or he that makes his generation messes To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and relieved, As thou my sometime daughter.

KENT : Good my liege,--

KING LEAR : Peace, Kent! Come not between the dragon and his wrath. I loved her most, and thought to set my rest On her kind nursery. Hence, and avoid my sight! So be my grave my peace, as here I give Her father's heart from her! Call France; who stirs? Call Burgundy. Cornwall and Albany, With my two daughters' dowers digest this third: Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her. I do invest you jointly with my power, Pre-eminence, and all the large effects That troop with majesty. Ourself, by monthly course, With reservation of an hundred knights, By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain The name, and all the additions to a king; The sway, revenue, execution of the rest, Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm, This coronet part betwixt you. Giving the crown.

KENT : Royal Lear, Whom I have ever honour'd as my king, Loved as my father, as my master follow'd, As my great patron thought on in my prayers,--

KING LEAR : The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.

KENT : Let it fall rather, though the fork invade The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly, When Lear is mad. What wilt thou do, old man? Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak, When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's bound, When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom; And, in thy best consideration, cheque This hideous rashness: answer my life my judgment, Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least; Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sound Reverbs no hollowness.

KING LEAR : Kent, on thy life, no more.

KENT : My life I never held but as a pawn To wage against thy enemies; nor fear to lose it, Thy safety being the motive.

KING LEAR : Out of my sight!

KENT : See better, Lear; and let me still remain The true blank of thine eye.

KING LEAR : Now, by Apollo,--

KENT : Now, by Apollo, king, Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

KING LEAR : O, vassal! miscreant! Laying his hand on his sword
ALBANY CORNWALL Dear sir, for bear.

KENT : Do: Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon thy foul disease. Revoke thy doom;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my
throat, I'll tell thee thou dost evil.

KING LEAR : Hear me, recreant! On thine allegiance,
hear me! Since thou hast sought to make
us break our vow, Which we durst never
yet, and with strain'd pride To come
between our sentence and our power,
Which nor our nature nor our place can
bear, Our potency made good, take thy
reward. Five days we do allot thee, for
provision To shield thee from diseases of
the world; And on the sixth to turn thy
hated back Upon our kingdom: if, on the
tenth day following, Thy banish'd trunk be
found in our dominions, The moment is thy
death. Away! by Jupiter, This shall not be
revoked.

KENT : Fare thee well, king: sith thus thou wilt
appear, Freedom lives hence, and
banishment is here. To CORDELIA The
gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly
said! To REGAN and GONERIL And
your large speeches may your deeds
approve, That good effects may spring

from words of love. Thus Kent, O princes,
bids you all adieu; He'll shape his old
course in a country new.

Exit

Flourish. Re-enter GLOUCESTER, with KING OF
FRANCE, BURGUNDY, and Attendants

GLOUCESTER : Here's France and Burgundy, my noble
lord.

KING LEAR : My lord of Burgundy. We first address
towards you, who with this king Hath
rivall'd for our daughter: what, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?

BURGUNDY : Most royal majesty, I crave no more than
what your highness offer'd, Nor will you
tender less.

KING LEAR : Right noble Burgundy, When she was dear
to us, we did hold her so; But now her
price is fall'n. Sir, there she stands: If aught
within that little seeming substance, Or all
of it, with our displeasure pieced, And
nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

BURGUNDY : I know no answer.

KING LEAR : Will you, with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd
with our oath, Take her, or leave her?

BURGUNDY : Pardon me, royal sir; Election makes not up on such conditions.

KING LEAR : Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that made me, I tell you all her wealth. To KING OF FRANCE For you, great king, I would not from your love make such a stray, To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you To avert your liking a more worthier way Than on a wretch whom nature is ashamed Almost to acknowledge hers.

KING OF FRANCE : This is most strange, That she, that even but now was your best object, The argument of your praise, balm of your age, Most best, most dearest, should in this trice of time Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle So many folds of favour. Sure, her offence Must be of such unnatural degree, That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection Fall'n into taint: which to believe of her, Must be a faith that reason without miracle Could never plant in me.

CORDELIA : I yet beseech your majesty,-- If for I want that glib and oily art, To speak and purpose not; since what I well intend, I'll do't before I speak,--that you make known It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness, No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step, That hath deprived me of your grace and favour;

But even for want of that for which I am richer, A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue As I am glad I have not, though not to have it Hath lost me in your liking.

KING LEAR : Better thou Hadst not been born than not to have pleased me better.

KING OF FRANCE: Is it but this,--a tardiness in nature Which often leaves the history unspoke That it intends to do? My lord of Burgundy, What say you to the lady? Love's not love When it is mingled with regards that stand Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her? She is herself a dowry.

BURGUNDY : Royal Lear, Give but that portion which yourself proposed, And here I take Cordelia by the hand, Duchess of Burgundy.

KING LEAR : Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

BURGUNDY : I am sorry, then, you have so lost a father That you must lose a husband.

CORDELIA : Peace be with Burgundy! Since that respects of fortune are his love, I shall not be his wife.

KING OF FRANCE: Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being poor; Most choice, forsaken; and most loved, despised! Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon: Be it lawful I take up what's cast away. Gods, gods! 'tis strange that

from their cold'st neglect My love should
kindle to inflamed respect. Thy dowerless
daughter, king, thrown to my chance, Is
queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy
Can buy this unprized precious maid of
me. Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though
unkind: Thou lovest here, a better where
to find.

KING LEAR : Thou hast her, France: let her be thine; for
we Have no such daughter, nor shall ever
see That face of hers again. Therefore be
gone Without our grace, our love, our
benison. Come, noble Burgundy.

Flourish. Exeunt all but KING OF FRANCE, GONERIL,
REGAN, and CORDELIA

KING OF FRANCE: Bid farewell to your sisters.

CORDELIA : The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you
are; And like a sister am most loath to call
Your faults as they are named. Use well
our father: To your professed bosoms I
commit him But yet, alas, stood I within
his grace, I would prefer him to a better
place. So, farewell to you both.

REGAN : Prescribe not us our duties.

GONERIL : Let your study Be to content your lord,
who hath received you At fortune's alms.

You have obedience scanted, And well are
worth the want that you have wanted.

CORDELIA : Time shall unfold what plaited cunning
hides: Who cover faults, at last shame them
derides. Well may you prosper!

KING OF FRANCE: Come, my fair Cordelia.

Exeunt KING OF FRANCE and CORDELIA

GONERIL : Sister, it is not a little I have to say of what
most nearly appertains to us both. I think
our father will hence to-night.

REGAN : That's most certain, and with you; next
month with us.

GONERIL : You see how full of changes his age is; the
observation we have made of it hath not
been little: he always loved our sister most;
and with what poor judgment he hath now
cast her off appears too grossly.

REGAN : 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath ever
but slenderly known himself.

GONERIL : The best and soundest of his time hath been
but rash; then must we look to receive from
his age, not alone the imperfections of long-
engrafted condition, but therewithal the
unruly waywardness that infirm and
choleric years bring with them.

REGAN : Such unconstant starts are we like to have
from him as this of Kent's banishment.

GONERIL : There is further compliment of leavetaking between France and him. Pray you, let's hit together: if our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

REGAN : We shall further think on't.

GONERIL : We must do something, and i' the heat.

Exeunt

Summary

Lear, the aging king of Britain, decides to step down from the throne and divide his kingdom evenly among his three daughters. First, however, he puts his daughters through a test, asking each to tell him how much she loves him. Goneril and Regan, Lear's older daughters, give their father flattering answers. But Cordelia, Lear's youngest and favorite daughter, remains silent, saying that she has no words to describe how much she loves her father. Lear flies into a rage and disowns Cordelia. The king of France, who has courted Cordelia, says that he still wants to marry her even without her land, and she accompanies him to France without her father's blessing.

Lear quickly learns that he made a bad decision. Goneril and Regan swiftly begin to undermine the little authority that Lear still holds. Unable to believe that his beloved daughters are betraying him, Lear slowly goes insane. He flees his daughters' houses to wander on a heath during a great thunderstorm, accompanied by his Fool and by Kent, a loyal nobleman in disguise.

Meanwhile, an elderly nobleman named Gloucester also experiences family problems. His illegitimate son, Edmund, tricks him into believing that his legitimate son, Edgar, is trying to kill him. Fleeing the manhunt that his father has set for him, Edgar disguises himself as a crazy beggar and calls himself "Poor Tom." Like Lear, he heads out onto the heath.

When the loyal Gloucester realizes that Lear's daughters have turned against their father, he decides to help Lear in spite of the danger. Regan and her husband, Cornwall, discover him helping Lear, accuse him of treason, blind him, and turn him out to wander the countryside. He ends up being led by his disguised son, Edgar, toward the city of Dover, where Lear has also been brought.

In Dover, a French army lands as part of an invasion led by Cordelia in an effort to save her father. Edmund apparently becomes romantically entangled with both Regan and Goneril, whose husband, Albany, is increasingly sympathetic to Lear's cause. Goneril and Edmund conspire to kill Albany.

The despairing Gloucester tries to commit suicide, but Edgar saves him by pulling the strange trick of leading him off an imaginary cliff. Meanwhile, the English troops reach Dover, and the English, led by Edmund, defeat the Cordelia-led French. Lear and Cordelia are captured. In the climactic scene, Edgar duels with and kills Edmund; we learn of the death of Gloucester; Goneril poisons Regan out of jealousy over Edmund and then kills herself when her treachery is revealed to Albany; Edmund's betrayal of Cordelia leads to her needless execution in prison; and Lear finally dies out of grief at Cordelia's passing. Albany, Edgar, and the elderly Kent are left to take care of the country under a cloud of sorrow and regret

Courtesy: <http://www.sparknotes.com/shakespeare/lear/summary.html>

Of Revenge

- Francis Bacon

Introduction

Francis Bacon, 1st Viscount St. Alban, Kt QC PC (22 January 1561 - 9 April 1626), was an English philosopher, statesman, scientist, jurist, orator, essayist and author. He served both as Attorney General and Lord Chancellor of England. After his death, he remained extremely influential through his works, especially as philosophical advocate and practitioner of the scientific method during the scientific revolution.

Bacon has been called the father of empiricism. His works established and popularised inductive methodologies for scientific inquiry, often called the Baconian method, or simply the scientific method. His demand for a planned procedure of investigating all things natural marked a new turn in the rhetorical and theoretical framework for science, much of which still surrounds conceptions of proper methodology today.

Bacon was knighted in 1603, and created Baron Verulam in 1618 and Viscount St. Alban in 1621; as he died without heirs, both peerages became extinct upon his death. He died of pneumonia, supposedly contracted while studying the effects of freezing on the preservation of meat.

Courtesy: Wikipedia

Of Revenge

Revenge is a kind of wild justice; which the more man's nature runs to, the more ought law to weed it out. For as for the first wrong, it doth but offend the law; but the revenge of that wrong putteth the law out of office. Certainly, in taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over, he is superior; for it is a prince's part to pardon. And Solomon, I am sure, saith, "It is the glory of a man to pass by an offence." That which is past is gone, and irrevocable; and wise men have enough to do with things present and to come; therefore they do but trifle with themselves, that labor in past matters. There is no man doth a wrong for the wrong's sake; but thereby to purchase himself profit, or pleasure, or honor, or the like. Therefore why should I be angry with a man for loving himself better than me?

And if any man should do wrong merely out of ill-nature, why, yet it is but like the thorn or briar, which prick and scratch, because they can do no other. The most tolerable sort of revenge is for those wrongs which there is no law to remedy; but then let a man take heed the revenge be such as there is no law to punish; else a man's enemy is still before hand, and it is two for one. Some, when they take revenge, are desirous the party should know whence it cometh. This is the more generous. For the delight

seemeth to be not so much in doing the hurt as in making the party repent. But base and crafty cowards are like the arrow that flieth in the dark. Cosmus, duke of Florence, had a desperate saying against perfidious or neglecting friends, as if those wrongs were unpardonable; "You shall read (saith he) that we are commanded to forgive our enemies; but you never read that we are commanded to forgive our friends." But yet the spirit of Job was in a better tune: "Shall we (saith he) take good at God's hands, and not be content to take evil also?" And so of friends in a proportion. This is certain, that a man that studieth revenge keeps his own wounds green, which otherwise would heal and do well. Public revenges are for the most part fortunate; as that for the death of Caesar; for the death of Pertinax; for the death of Henry the Third of France; and many more. But in private revenges it is not so. Nay rather, vindictive persons live the life of witches; who, as they are mischievous, so end they infortunate. (1625)

Summary

"On Revenge" (1625) is a typical, highly logical Bacon argument against private revenge and acknowledges that "public revenges are for the most part fortunate." The language is direct and free of convoluted syntax.

Bacon's chief argument is that revenge is a perversion of the law--the first wrong is governed by the law (but it's offensive), but the act of revenge is outside the law. Immediately appealing to a sense of moral superiority, Bacon points out that ignoring a wrong makes a man superior to the person who committed the first wrong. And, in an attempt to add common sense to the mix of reasons, Bacon points out that wise men have enough to do with the present and the future. Since a wrong in the past cannot be made right, it's best to concentrate on trying to influence the present and future.

Bacon continues to appeal to common sense in his argument that no man seeks to do harm for its own sake (we can argue that one) and that getting mad at someone for trying to better himself is not a worthwhile exercise. And if a man does harm because he's just bad, well, that's his nature, and his ill nature dictates his actions.

If, Bacon argues, one engages in revenge that has no lawful remedy, then that revenge might be tolerable, but he warns that the person seeking revenge should make sure there is no law that will punish him. And it's only right that the person one is seeking revenge upon understands that he's the target because that knowledge may make him sorry for his original action.

Bacon ends the essay pointing out that public revenge on bad leaders is "for the most part fortunate" but reminds his reader that private revenge is "unfortunate."

Courtesy: <http://www.enotes.com/homework-help/critical-appreciation-essay-revenge-by-francis-304500>

Oxford

- William Hazlitt

Introduction

William Hazlitt (1778-1830) developed a variety of identities as a writer: essayist, philosopher, critic of literature, drama, and painting, biographer, political commentator, and polemicist. What unites this variety is his dramatic and passionate intelligence, his unswerving commitment to individual and political liberty, and his courageous opposition to established political and cultural power. Hailed in 1819 as 'one of the ablest and most eloquent critics of our nation', Hazlitt was also reviled for his political radicalism by the conservative press of the period. His writing engages with many of the important cultural and political debates of a revolutionary period, and retains its power both to provoke and move the reader.

Courtesy: <http://ukcatalogue.oup.com/product/9780199552528.do>

"Oxford"¹

Rome has been called the "Sacred City":-- might not our Oxford be called so too? There is an air about it, resonant of joy and hope: it speaks with a thousand tongues to the heart: it waves its mighty shadow over the imagination: it stands in lowly sublimity, on the "hill of ages"; and points with prophetic fingers to the sky: it greets the eager gaze from afar, "with glistening spires and pinnacles adorned," that shine with an internal light as with the lustre of setting suns; and a dream and a glory hover round its head, as the spirits of former times, a throng of intellectual shapes, are seen retreating or advancing to the eye of memory: its streets are paved with the names of learning that can never wear out: its green quadrangles breathe the silence of thought, conscious of the weight of yearnings innumerable after the past, of loftiest aspirations for the future: Isis babbles of the Muse, its waters are from the springs of Helicon, its Christ-Church meadows, classic, Elysian fields! -- We could pass our lives in Oxford without having or wanting any other idea -- that of the place is enough. We imbibe the air of thought; we stand in the presence of learning. We are admitted into the Temple of Fame, we feel that we are in the sanctuary, on holy ground, and "hold high converse with the

mighty dead." The enlightened and the ignorant are on a level, if they have but faith in the tutelary genius of the place. We may be wise by proxy and studious by prescription. Time has taken upon himself the labour of thinking; and accumulated libraries leaves us leisure to be dull. There is no occasion to examine the buildings, the churches, the colleges, by the rules of architecture, to reckon up the streets, to compare it with Cambridge (Cambridge lies out of the way, on one side of the world) -- but woe to him who does not feel in passing through Oxford that he is in "no mean city," that he is surrounded with the monuments and lordly mansions of the mind of man, out vying in pomp and splendour the courts and palaces of princes, rising like an exhalation in the night of ignorance, and triumphing over barbaric foes, saying, "All eyes shall see me, and all knees shall bow to me!" -- as the shrine where successive ages came to pay their pious vows, and slake the sacred thirst of knowledge, where youthful hopes (and endless flight) soared to truth and good, and where the retired and lonely student brooded over historic or over fancy's page, imposing high tasks for himself, framing high destinies for man -- the lamp, the mine, the well-head from which the spark of learning was kindled, its stream flowed, its treasures were spread out through the remotest corners of the land and to distant nations. Let him then who is fond of indulging in a dream-like existence go to Oxford and stay there, let him study this magnificent spectacle, the same under all aspects with its mental twilight tempering the glare of noon, or mellowing the silver moonlight; let him wander in her sylvan suburbs, or linger in her cloistered halls; but let him not catch the din of scholars or teachers, or dine or sup with them, or speak a word to any of the privileged inhabitants; for if he does, the spell will be broken, the poetry

and the religion gone, and the place of enchantment will melt from his embrace into thin air!

NOTES:

- 1 Hazlitt's "Oxford" was first published in the London Magazine, No., 1823 and can be found reproduced in Selected Essays as edited by Geoffrey Keynes (London: Nonsuch Press, 1930).

A TRAGIC INCIDENT AT RAVENNA

- Lord Byron

Introduction

George Gordon Byron, 6th Baron Byron, later George Gordon Noel, 6th Baron Byron, FRS (22 January 1788 - 19 April 1824), commonly known simply as Lord Byron, was an English poet and a leading figure in the Romantic movement. Among Byron's best-known works are the lengthy narrative poems Don Juan and Childe Harold's Pilgrimage and the short lyric She Walks in Beauty.

Byron is regarded as one of the greatest British poets, and remains widely read and influential. He travelled widely across Europe, especially in Italy where he lived for seven years. Later in life, Byron joined the Greek War of Independence fighting the Ottoman Empire, for which many Greeks revere him as a national hero. He died one year later at age 36 from a fever contracted while in Messolonghi in Greece. Often described as the most flamboyant and notorious of the major Romantics, Byron was both celebrated and castigated in life for his aristocratic excesses, including huge debts, numerous love affairs with more than one gender, rumours of a scandalous liaison with his half-sister, and self-imposed exile.

He also fathered the Countess Ada Lovelace, whose work on Charles Babbage's Analytical Engine is considered a founding document in the field of computer science, and Allegra Byron, who died in childhood - as well as, possibly, Elizabeth Medora Leigh out of wedlock.

Courtesy: Wikipedia

"A Tragic Incident At Ravenna"

In a Letter to Thomas Moore:

Ravenna: December 9, 1820.

I OPEN my letter to tell you a fact, which will show the state of this country better than I can. The commandant of the troops is now lying dead in my house. He was shot at a little past eight o'clock, about two hundred paces from my door. I was putting on my great-coat to visit Madame la Contessa G when I heard the shot. On coming into the hall, I found all my servants on the balcony, exclaiming that a man was murdered. I immediately ran down, calling on Tita (the bravest of them) to follow me. The rest wanted to hinder us from going, as it is the custom for everybody here, it seems, to run away from 'the stricken deer'.

However, down we ran, and found him lying on his back, almost, if not quite, dead with five wounds; one in the heart, two in the stomach, one in the finger, and the other in the arm. Some soldiers cocked their guns, and wanted to hinder me from passing. However we passed, and I found Diego, the adjutant, crying over him like a child -- a surgeon, who said nothing of his profession -- a priest, sobbing a frightened prayer -- and the

commandant, all this time, on his back, on the hard, cold pavement, without light or assistance, or anything around him but confusion and dismay.

As nobody could, or would, do anything but howl and pray, and as no one would stir a finger to move him, for fear of consequences, I lost my patience -- made my servant and a couple of the mob take up the body -- sent off two soldiers to the guard -- despatched Diego to the Cardinal with the news, and had the commandant carried upstairs into my own quarter. But it was too late, he was gone -- not at all disfigured -- bled inwardly -- not above an ounce or two came out.

I had him partly stripped -- made the surgeon examine him, and examined him myself. He had been shot by cut balls, or slugs. I felt one of the slugs, which had gone through him, all but the skin. Everybody conjectures why he was killed, but no one knows how. The gun was found close by him -- an old gun, half filed down.

He only said, 'O Dio!' and 'Gesu!' two or three times, and appeared to have suffered very little. Poor fellow ! he was a brave officer, but had made himself much disliked by the people. I knew him personally, and had met with him often at conversazioni and elsewhere. My house is full of soldiers, dragoons, doctors, priests, and all kinds of persons -- though I have now cleared it, and clapt sentinels at the doors. To-morrow the body is to be moved. The town is in the greatest confusion, as you may suppose.

You are to know that, if I had not had the body moved, they would have left him there till morning in the street, for fear of consequences. I would not choose to let even a dog die in such

a manner, without succour:-- and, as for consequences, I care for none in a duty.

Yours, & c.

P.S. The lieutenant on duty by the body is smoking his pipe with great composure. -- A queer people this.

--Lord Byron (1788-1824).

Child Marriage Chapter III from “ My Experiment with Truth”

- By M K Gandhi

Introduction

Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi (2 October 1869 - 30 January 1948) was the preeminent leader of Indian independence movement in British-ruled India. Employing nonviolent civil disobedience, Gandhi led India to independence and inspired movements for civil rights and freedom across the world. The honorific Mahatma (Sanskrit: "high-souled", "venerable")- applied to him first in 1914 in South Africa, -is now used worldwide. He is also called Bapu (Gujarati: endearment for "father", "papa") in India.

Born and raised in a Hindu merchant caste family in coastal Gujarat, western India, and trained in law at the Inner Temple, London, Gandhi first employed nonviolent civil disobedience as an expatriate lawyer in South Africa, in the resident Indian community's struggle for civil rights. After his return to India in 1915, he set about organising peasants, farmers, and urban labourers to protest against excessive land-tax and discrimination. Assuming leadership of the Indian National Congress in 1921, Gandhi led nationwide campaigns for easing poverty, expanding women's rights, building religious and ethnic amity, ending untouchability, but above all for achieving Swaraj or self-rule.

Gandhi famously led Indians in challenging the British-imposed salt tax with the 400 km (250 mi) Dandi Salt March in 1930, and

later in calling for the British to Quit India in 1942. He was imprisoned for many years, upon many occasions, in both South Africa and India. Gandhi attempted to practise nonviolence and truth in all situations, and advocated that others do the same. He lived modestly in a self-sufficient residential community and wore the traditional Indian dhoti and shawl, woven with yarn hand-spun on a charkha. He ate simple vegetarian food, and also undertook long fasts as a means to both self-purification and social protest.

Gandhi's vision of a free India based on religious pluralism, however, was challenged in the early 1940s by a new Muslim nationalism which was demanding a separate Muslim homeland carved out of India. Eventually, in August 1947, Britain granted independence, but the British Indian Empire was partitioned into two dominions, a Hindu-majority India and Muslim Pakistan. As many displaced Hindus, Muslims, and Sikhs made their way to their new lands, religious violence broke out, especially in the Punjab and Bengal. Eschewing the official celebration of independence in Delhi, Gandhi visited the affected areas, attempting to provide solace. In the months following, he undertook several fasts unto death to promote religious harmony. The last of these, undertaken on 12 January 1948 at age 78, also had the indirect goal of pressuring India to pay out some cash assets owed to Pakistan. Some Indians thought Gandhi was too accommodating. Nathuram Godse, a Hindu nationalist, assassinated Gandhi on 30 January 1948 by firing three bullets into his chest at point-blank range.

Indians widely describe Gandhi as the father of the nation. His birthday, 2 October, is commemorated as Gandhi Jayanti, a national holiday, and world-wide as the International Day of Nonviolence.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth is the autobiography of Mohandas K. Gandhi, covering his life from early childhood through to 1921. It was written in weekly instalments and published in his journal Navjivan from 1925 to 1929. Its English translation also appeared in installments in his other journal

Young India. It was initiated at the insistence of Swami Anand and other close co-workers of Gandhi, who encouraged him to explain the background of his public campaigns. In 1999, the book was designated as one of the "100 Best Spiritual Books of the 20th Century" by a committee of global spiritual and religious authorities

Courtesy: Wikipedia

Child Marriage Chapter III from “My Experiment with Truth”

III. CHILD MARRIAGE Much as I wish that I had not to write this chapter, I know that I shall have to swallow many such bitter draughts in the course of this narrative. And I cannot do otherwise, if I claim to be a worshipper of Truth It is my painful duty to have to record here my marriage at the age of thirteen. As I see the youngsters of the same age about me who are under my care, and think of my own marriage, I am inclined to pity myself and to congratulate them on having escaped my lot. I can see no moral argument in support of such a preposterously early marriage. Let the reader make no mistake. I was married, not betrothed. For in Kathiawad there are two distinct rites--betrothal and marriage. Betrothal is a preliminary promise on the part of the parents of the boy and the girl to join them in marriage, and it is not inviolable. The death of the boy entails no widowhood on the girl. It is an agreement purely between the parents, and the children have no concern with it. Often they are not even informed of it. It appears that I was betrothed thrice, though without my knowledge. I was told that two girls chosen for me had died in turn, and therefore I infer that I was betrothed three times. I have a faint recollection, however, that the third betrothal took place

in my seventh year. But I do not recollect having been informed about it. In the present chapter I am talking about my marriage, of which I have the clearest recollection. It will be remembered that we were three brothers. The first was already married. The elders decided to marry my second brother, who was two or three years my senior; a cousin, possibly a year older; and me, all at the same time. In doing so there was no thought of our welfare, much less of our wishes. It was purely a question of their convenience and economy. Marriage among Hindus is no simple matter. The parents of the bride and the bridegroom often bring themselves to ruin over it. They waste their substance, they waste their time. Months are taken up over the preparations--in making clothes and ornaments and in preparing budgets for dinners. Each tries to outdo the other in the number and variety of courses to be prepared. Women, whether they have a voice or no, sing themselves hoarse, even get ill, and disturb the peace of their neighbours. These in their turn quietly put up with all the turmoil and bustle, all the dirt and filth, representing the remains of the feasts, because they know that a time will come when they also will be behaving in the same manner. It would be better, thought my elders, to have all this bother over at one and the same time. Less expense and greater eclat. For money could be freely spent if it had only to be spent once instead of thrice. My father and my uncle were both old, and we were the last children they had to marry. It is likely that they wanted to have the last best time of their lives. In view of all these considerations, a triple wedding was decided upon, and as I have said before, months were taken up in preparation for it. It was only through these preparations that we got warning of the coming event. I do not think it meant to me anything more than the prospect of good

clothes to wear, drum beating, marriage processions, rich dinners, and a strange girl to play with. The carnal desire came later. I propose to draw the curtain over my shame, except for a few details worth recording. To these I shall come later. But even they have little to do with the central idea I have kept before me in writing this story. So my brother and I were both taken to Porbandar from Rajkot. There are some amusing details of the preliminaries to the final drama--e.g. smearing our bodies all over with turmeric paste--but I must omit them. ⁹ My father was a Diwan, but nevertheless a servant, and all the more so because he was in favor with the Thakore Saheb. The latter would not let him go until the last moment. And when he did so, he ordered for my father special stage coaches, reducing the journey by two days. But the fates had willed otherwise. Porbandar is 120 miles from Rajkot--a cart journey of five days. My father did the distance in three, but the coach toppled over in the third stage, and he sustained severe injuries. He arrived bandaged all over. Both his and our interest in the coming event was half destroyed, but the ceremonies had to be gone through. For how could the marriage dates be changed? However, I forgot my grief over my father's injuries in the childish amusement of the wedding. I was devoted to my parents. But no less was I devoted to the passions that flesh is heir to. I had yet to learn that all happiness and pleasure should be sacrificed in devoted service to my parents. And yet, as though by way of punishment for my desire for pleasure, an incident happened which has ever since rankled in my mind, and which I will relate later. Nishkulanand sings: 'Renunciation of objects, without the renunciation of desires, is short-lived, however hard you may try.' Whenever I sing this song or hear it sung, this bitter untoward incident rushes to my memory and fills me with

shame. My father put on a brave face in spite of his injures, and took full part in the wedding. As I think of it, I can even today call before my mind's eye the place where he sat as he went through the different details of the ceremony. Little did I dream then that one day I should severely criticize my father for having married me as a child. Everything on that day seemed to me right and proper and pleasing. There was also my own eagerness to get married. And as everything that my father did then struck me as beyond reproach, the recollection of those things is fresh in my memory. I can picture to myself, even today, how we sat on our wedding dais, how we performed the Saptapadi, /1/ how we, the newly wedded husband and wife, put the sweet Kansar/ 2/ into each other's mouth, and how we began to live together. And oh! that first night. Two innocent children all unwittingly hurled themselves into the ocean of life. My brother's wife had thoroughly coached me about my behaviour on the first night. I do not know who had coached my wife. I have never asked her about it, nor am I inclined to do so now. The reader may be sure that we were too nervous to face each other. We were certainly too shy. How was I to talk to her, and what was I to say? The coaching could not carry me far. But no coaching is really necessary in such matters. The impressions of the former birth are potent enough to make all coaching superfluous. We gradually began to know each other, and to speak freely together. We were the same age. But I took no time in assuming the authority of a husband. /1/ 'Saptapdi' are seven steps a Hindu bride and bridegroom walk together, making at the same time promises of mutual fidelity and devotion, after which the marriage becomes irrevocable. /2/ 'Kansar' is a preparation of wheat which the pair partake of together after the completion of the ceremony.

1. Facets of Language as prescribed by Bangalore University for the first Two semesters. (20 marks)
2. Translation 10 marks . (English to Sanskrit or Sanskrit to English).