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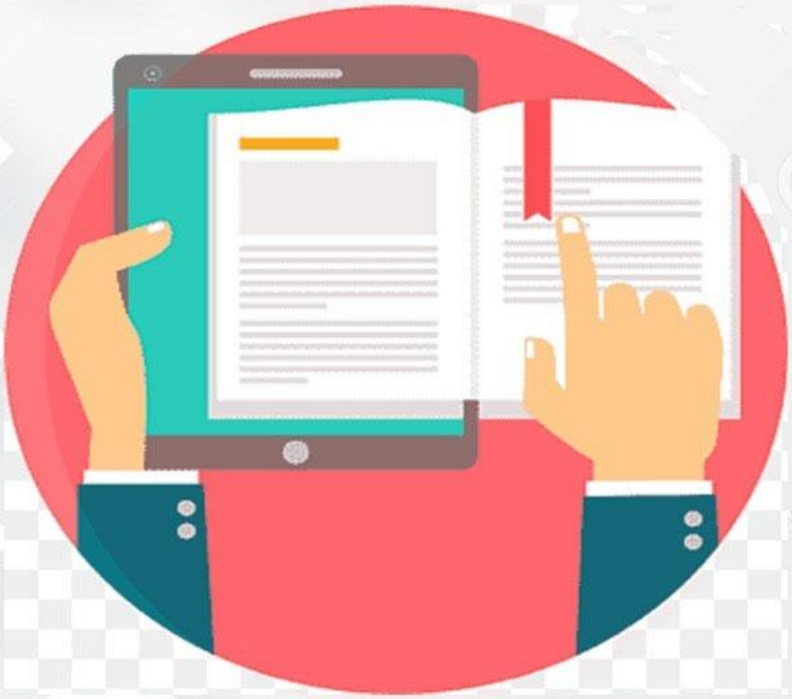
DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

ACADEMIC YEAR 2021-2022

ODD SEMESTER

REVISION STUDY MATERIAL



SUBJECT: LITERARY APPRECIATION

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CLASS: II B.A., ENGLISH

1. Dramatic monologue

Dramatic monologue is a literary form where the writer takes on the voice of a character and speaks through them. Although dramatic monologues also occur in theater and prose, the term most frequently refers to a poetic form where the poet creates a character who speaks without interruption. Within the poem's framework, the speaker reveals surprising information about their character or situation to an implied or explicit audience, often not intended to be the reader.

A dramatic monologue is also called a persona poem, and the character speaking in the poem is referred to as a "persona." The narrator of a persona poem or dramatic monologue is most frequently a person, but dramatic monologues can also be told by animals, objects, places, or abstract concepts (such as love or destiny).

Poets who write dramatic monologues or persona poems are occasionally referred to as monologists.

My Last Duchess:

BY ROBERT BROWNING

FERRARA

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,

Looking as if she were alive. I call

That piece a wonder, now; Fra Pandolf's hands

Worked busily a day, and there she stands.

Will't please you sit and look at her? I said

"Fra Pandolf" by design, for never read

Strangers like you that pictured countenance,

The depth and passion of its earnest glance,

But to myself they turned (since none puts by

The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)

And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,

How such a glance came there; so, not the first

Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
Her husband's presence only, called that spot
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek; perhaps
Fra Pandolf chanced to say, "Her mantle laps
Over my lady's wrist too much," or "Paint
Must never hope to reproduce the faint
Half-flush that dies along her throat." Such stuff
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
For calling up that spot of joy. She had
A heart—how shall I say?— too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, 'twas all one! My favour at her breast,
The dropping of the daylight in the West,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace—all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
Or blush, at least. She thanked men—good! But thanked
Somehow—I know not how—as if she ranked
My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
In speech—which I have not—to make your will
Quite clear to such an one, and say, "Just this
Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
Or there exceed the mark"—and if she let
Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set

Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse—

E’en then would be some stooping; and I choose

Never to stoop. Oh, sir, she smiled, no doubt,

Whene’er I passed her; but who passed without

Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;

Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands

As if alive. Will’t please you rise? We’ll meet

The company below, then. I repeat,

The Count your master’s known munificence

Is ample warrant that no just pretense

Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;

Though his fair daughter’s self, as I avowed

At starting, is my object. Nay, we’ll go

Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,

Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,

Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me!

My Last Duchess” Summary

The speaker (the Duke of Ferrara) directs the attention of a guest to a painting of his former wife, the Duchess of Ferrara, which hangs on the wall. The Duke praises the painting for looking so lifelike and then remarks on how hard the painter, Fra Pandolf, worked hard on it. The duke asks the guest to sit and look at the work. The duke then explains that he deliberately mentioned the name of the painter, because strangers like the emissary always look at the duchess’s painted face—with its deep, passionate, and earnest glance—and turn to the duke (and only the duke, since only he pulls back the curtain that reveals the painting) and act as though they would ask, if they dared, how an expression like that came into her face. The duke reiterates that the guest isn’t the first person to ask this question.

The duke continues by saying that it wasn’t only his presence that brought that look into the painted eyes of the duchess or the blush of happiness into her painted cheek; he suggests that perhaps Fra Pandolf had happened to compliment her by saying “her shawl drapes over her wrist too much” or “paint could never recreate the faint half-blush that’s fading on her throat.” The duke insists that the former duchess thought that polite comments like those were reason enough to blush, and criticizes her, in a halting way, for being too easily made happy or impressed. He also claims that

she liked everything and everyone she saw, although his description suggests that she was ogling everyone who crossed her path. The duke objects that, to his former duchess, everything was the same and made her equally happy, whether it was a brooch or present from him that she wore at her chest, the sun setting in the West, a branch of cherries which some interfering person snapped off a tree in the orchard for her, or the white mule she rode on around the terrace. He claims that she would say the same kind words or give the same blush in response to all of them. The duke also objects to her manner of thanking men, although he struggles to describe his concerns. Specifically, he complains that she values his pedigree and social position (his 900-year-old name) as equally important to anyone else's gifts to her.

The duke rhetorically asks whether anyone would actually lower themselves enough to argue with someone about their behavior. The duke imagines a hypothetical situation in which he would confront the former duchess: he says that even if he were good with words and were able to clearly say, "This characteristic of yours disgusts me," or, "Here you did too little or too much"—and if the former duchess had let herself be degraded by changing, instead of being stubborn and making excuses— that even then the act of confronting her would be beneath him, and he refuses to ever lower himself like that.

The duke then returns to his earlier refrain about his former wife's indiscriminate happiness and complains to his guest that, while the duchess did smile at him whenever they passed, she gave everyone else the same smile as well. The duke explains that she began smiling at others even more, so he gave orders and all her smiles stopped forever, presumably because he had her killed. Now she only lives on in the painting.

The duke then asks the guest to stand up and to go with him to meet the rest of the guests downstairs. He also says that the Count, revealed here as the guest's master and the father of the duke's prospective bride-to-be, is so known for his generosity in matters of money that no request the duke could make for a dowry could be turned down. The duke also adds quickly that he has always insisted since the beginning of their discussions that the Count's beautiful daughter, and not the dowry, is his primary objective.

The duke ends his speech by demanding that he and the Count's emissary go downstairs together, and on their way, he directs the emissary's attention to a statue of the God Neptune taming a seahorse, which is a rare work of art that Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze specifically for him.

Structure and Form

'My Last Duchess' by Robert Browning is a dramatic monologue written in five sections and made up of rhyming couplets. The poem is written mostly in iambic pentameter. This means that the lines contain five sets of two beats, the first of which is unstressed and the second of which is stressed. There are a few examples of trochees and other stresses. Consider the final line of the poem as an example of iambic pentameter.

Literary Devices

Browning makes use of several literary devices in 'My Last Duchess.' These include but are not limited to:

Alliteration: occurs when the poet uses the same consonant sound at the beginning of words. For example, “look” and “looked” in line twenty-four.

Caesura: seen through pauses the poet uses in the middle of lines. For example: “Somehow—I know not how—as if she ranked.”

Enjambment: seen through line breaks. For example, the transition between lines two and three as well as lines five and six.

2. Elegy

An elegy is a sad poem, usually written to praise and express sorrow for someone who is dead. Although a speech at a funeral is a eulogy, you might later compose an elegy to someone you have loved and lost to the grave.

The purpose of this kind of poem is to express feelings rather than tell a story. Thomas Gray’s “Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard” is a poem that reflects on the lives of common people buried in a church cemetery, and on the nature of human mortality. The noun elegy was borrowed in the 16th century from Middle French élégie, from Latin elegīa, from Greek elegeia, from elegos “mournful poem or song.”

Funeral Blues by W.H. Auden

The poem is a morose, sad elegy that wonderfully describes the feelings associated with grieving. It’s filled with clever twists and heart-wrenching statements that give it a real poignancy, features that may explain the poem’s enduring popularity. It showcases Auden’s poetic ability to relate to human emotions.

Poem:

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,

Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,

Silence the pianos and with muffled drum

Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.

Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead

Scribbling on the sky the message ‘He is Dead’.

Put crepe bows round the white necks of the public doves,

Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.

He was my North, my South, my East and West,

My working week and my Sunday rest,

My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;

I thought that love would last forever: I was wrong.

The stars are not wanted now; put out every one,

Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun,

Pour away the ocean and sweep up the wood;

For nothing now can ever come to any good.

Summary

'Funeral Blues' by W.H. Auden is about the power of grief and the way that it influences people differently.

For someone like the speaker who has suffered a loss, the world is transformed. But to everyone else, nothing changes. Time doesn't slow down and no one cares what's happening. The indifference of the world plagues the speaker in this poem. They plead with the world to feel as they do, understand his grief, and even participate in it.

Themes

There are several important themes in W.H. Auden's'Funeral Blues'. These include grief/silence, isolation, and death. All three of these themes are tied together within the text as the speaker discusses what grief over the death of a loved one is like and how it separates one from the rest of the world. In the first lines, the speaker demands that everything quiet down and that all the "mourners come" to mourn. The speaker seeks out transformation in the world but is unable to find it. They are isolated in their loss and no one adequately respects that fact

Form and Tone

'Funeral Blues,' is a classic elegy. While the narrator does not go into specific detail about the loss suffered, the feelings of loss are very present. The text is referenced often in film and TV (such as in Four Weddings and a Funeral and Gavin and Stacey). Auden structured the poem in four, four-line stanzas known as quatrains. These quatrains follow an AABB rhyming pattern, changing end sounds as the poet saw fit. It is an atypically somber poem and is, therefore, a popular reading at funerals. Most of the poem is delivered through an omniscient, anonymous narrator. But as the lines go on, the amorphous loss becomes more personal the speaker makes use of first-person pronouns.

Analysis

"Funeral Blues" has an interesting composition history. It originally appeared as a song in a play Auden cowrote with Christopher Isherwood called The Ascent of F6. In this form the last two

stanzas were not included, and three others followed instead. The characters in the play were specifically invoked, and the play was an ironic statement on how "great men" are lionized after their deaths. The poem was then included in Auden's poetry collection of 1936 (sometimes under the book title Look, Stranger!, which Auden hated). The poem was titled "Funeral Blues" by 1937, when it was published in Collected Poems. Here it had been rewritten as a cabaret song to fit with the kind of burlesque reviews popular in Berlin, and it was intended for Hedli Anderson in a piece by Benjamin Britten. It is also sometimes referred to as "Funeral Blues (Stop All the Clocks)" due to its famous first line. It is perhaps most famous for its delivery by a character in the English comedy/drama Four Weddings and a Funeral, in which a character mourns his dead lover.

The poem in the format readers usually see it today is a dirge, or a lament for the dead. Its tone is much more somber than early iterations, and the themes more universal, although it speaks of an individual. It has four stanzas of four lines each with lines in varying numbers of syllables but containing about four beats each. Auden plays with the form a bit in the poem, and critics debate whether or not this was a manifestation of his tendency to do just that—whether he was simply playing around or intended a larger point.

As with many of his poems, there is a mingling of the high and the low. This is in the style of a classical elegy, though it features informal language and objects of everyday life such as a telephone. This mingling, writes one scholar, "is a powerful modernist move, one which suggests that only by embracing the modern world can art come to terms with the complexities of human experience."

The poem appears from the perspective of a man (seemingly the poet himself) deeply mourning the loss of a lover who has died. He begins by calling for silence from the everyday objects of life—the telephone and the clocks—and the pianos, drums, and animals nearby. He doesn't just want quiet, however; he wants his loss writ large. He wants the life of his lover—seemingly a normal, average man—to be proclaimed to the world as noble and valuable. He wants airplanes to write the message "He Is Dead" in the sky, crepe bows around doves, and traffic policemen wearing black gloves. What seems unbearable to him is the thought that this man's passing from life to death will be unmarked by anyone other than the poet.

In the third stanza the poet reminisces about how much the man who died meant to him. It is a beautifully evocative section that illustrates the bond between the two; note the theme of completeness in the language, which covers all four primary compass directions and all seven days of the week. Similarly, "noon" and "midnight" together cover, by synecdoche (parts standing for the whole), all hours of the day. The stanza, at the same time, reveals the tragedy of human life, which is that everyone must die and that almost everyone will experience being severed from a loved one; love does not, after all, last forever in this world.

In the fourth stanza the poet's anguish rings out even more fervently. Here he demands that Nature heed his grief, calling her to extinguish the stars and the moon and the sun and get rid of the ocean. He wants the world to reflect the emptiness within him. Human memorials to the dead will not be sufficient. There is no hope at the end of the poem; the reader is left with the very real and very bitter sense of the man's grief, since no end can be achieved without the poet's lover

3. Sonnet

Sonnet, fixed verse form of Italian origin consisting of 14 lines that are typically five-foot iambics rhyming according to a prescribed scheme

The sonnet is unique among poetic forms in Western literature in that it has retained its appeal for major poets for five centuries. The form seems to have originated in the 13th century among the Sicilian school of court poets, who were influenced by the love poetry of Provençal troubadours. From there it spread to Tuscany, where it reached its highest expression in the 14th century in the poems of Petrarch. His Canzoniere—a sequence of poems including 317 sonnets, addressed to his idealized beloved, Laura—established and perfected the Petrarchan (or Italian) sonnet, which remains one of the two principal sonnet forms, as well as the one most widely used. The other major form is the English (or Shakespearean) sonnet

The World Is Too Much With Us

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

The world is too much with us; late and soon,

Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;—

Little we see in Nature that is ours;

We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!

This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;

The winds that will be howling at all hours,

And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;

For this, for everything, we are out of tune;

It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be

A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;

So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,

Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;

Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;

Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn

The world is too much with us" is a sonnet by William Wordsworth, published in 1807, is one of the central figures of the English Romantic movement. The poem laments the withering connection between humankind and nature, blaming industrial society for replacing that connection with material pursuits. Wordsworth wrote the poem during the First Industrial Revolution, a period of technological and mechanical innovation spanning the mid 18^{th} to early 19^{th} centuries that thoroughly transformed British life.

“The World Is Too Much With Us” Summary

The material world—that of the city, our jobs, our innumerable financial obligations—controls our lives to an unhealthy degree. We are always rushing from one thing to the next; we earn money one day just to spend it the next. The result of this is that we have destroyed a vital part of our humanity: we have lost the ability to connect with and find tranquility in nature. In exchange for material gain, we have given away our emotions and liveliness. This ocean that reflects the moonlight on its surface, and the peaceful, momentarily windless night, which is like flowers whose petals are folded up in the cold—these natural features still exist, but we just can’t appreciate them. Our lives have nothing to do with the rhythms of the natural world. As a result, those rhythms have no emotional impact on us.

My God, I wish that I were raised in a culture that worshipped many gods, though that religion is now outdated. That way, standing on this pleasant patch of grass, I might be calmed and heartened by the image of the ocean before me. I might see the Greek god Proteus taking shape before my very eyes, or hear another Greek god, Triton, blow his legendary, spiral-grooved conch shell.

Form

This poem is one of the many excellent sonnets Wordsworth wrote in the early 1800s. Sonnets are fourteen-line poetic inventions written in iambic pentameter. There are several varieties of sonnets; “The world is too much with us” takes the form of a Petrarchan sonnet, modeled after the work of Petrarch, an Italian poet of the early Renaissance. A Petrarchan sonnet is divided into two parts, an octave (the first eight lines of the poem) and a sestet (the final six lines). The rhyme scheme of a Petrarchan sonnet is somewhat variable; in this case, the octave follows a rhyme scheme of ABBAABBA, and the sestet follows a rhyme scheme of CDCDCD. In most Petrarchan sonnets, the octave proposes a question or an idea that the sestet answers, comments upon, or criticizes.

Themes

The Beneficial Influence of Nature

Throughout Wordsworth’s work, nature provides the ultimate good influence on the human mind. All manifestations of the natural world—from the highest mountain to the simplest flower—elicit noble, elevated thoughts and passionate emotions in the people who observe these manifestations. Wordsworth repeatedly emphasizes the importance of nature to an individual’s intellectual and spiritual development. A good relationship with nature helps individuals connect to both the spiritual and the social worlds. As Wordsworth explains in The Prelude, a love of nature can lead to a love of humankind. In such poems as “The World Is Too Much with Us” (1807) and “London, 1802” (1807) people become selfish and immoral when they distance themselves from nature by living in cities. Humanity’s innate empathy and nobility of spirit becomes corrupted by artificial social conventions as well as by the squalor of city life. In contrast, people who spend a lot of time in nature, such as laborers and farmers, retain the purity and nobility of their souls.

Literary Devices in “The World is Too Much With Us”

Literary devices are used to bring richness and clarity to the texts. The writers use them to make their texts appealing and meaningful. Wordsworth, too, has employed some literary devices to bring uniqueness in this sonnet. The analysis of some of the literary devices used in this poem is given below.

Enjambment: It is defined as a thought in a verse that does not come to an end at a line break; rather, it rolls over to the next line. For Example,

"Great God! I'd rather be

A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn."

Personification: Personification is to attribute human characteristics to non-human or even inanimate objects. The poet has used personification at several places in this poem such as, "sea that bears her bosom to the moon"; "The winds that will be howling at all hours" and "sleeping flowers." All these expressions make nature possess human-like qualities like yearning for love, sleeping and soothing.

Allusions: Allusion is an indirect or direct reference to a person, place, thing or idea of historical, cultural, political or literary significance. This poem contains allusions to Greek mythology,

"Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;

Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

Imagery: The use of imagery makes the readers visualize the writer's feelings, emotions or ideas. Wordsworth has used images appealing to the sense of hearing such as, "winds that will be howling "to the sense of touch as "sleeping flowers;" and to the sense of sight as "Proteus rising from the sea."

Consonance: Consonance is the repetition of consonant sounds in the same line such as the sound of /s/ in "Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea" and /f/ and /t/ sounds in "For this, for everything, we are out of tune.

4. Ode

An ode is a form of poetry such as sonnet or elegy. Ode is a literary technique that is lyrical in nature, but not very lengthy. You have often read odes in which poets praise people, natural scenes, and abstract ideas. Ode is derived from a Greek word aeidein, which means to chant or sing. It is highly solemn and serious in its tone and subject matter, and usually is used with elaborate patterns of stanzas. However, the tone is often formal. A salient feature of ode is its uniform metrical feet, but poets generally do not strictly follow this rule though use highly elevated theme.

Ode to a Nightingale

BY JOHN KEATS

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

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

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret

Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs,
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

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

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

The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

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

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

Forlorn! The very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! The fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is fam’d to do, deceiving elf.

Adieu! Adieu! Thy plaintive anthem fades

Past the near meadows, over the still stream,

Up the hill-side; and now ‘tis buried deep

In the next valley-glades:

Was it a vision, or a waking dream?

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

Ode to a Nightingale” was written by the Romantic poet John Keats in the spring of 1819. At 80 lines, it is the longest of Keats’s odes (which include poems like “Ode on a Grecian Urn” and “Ode on Melancholy”). The poem focuses on a speaker standing in a dark forest, listening to the beguiling and beautiful song of the nightingale bird. This provokes a deep and meandering meditation by the speaker on time, death, beauty, nature, and human suffering (something the speaker would very much like to escape!). At times, the speaker finds comfort in the nightingale's song and at one point even believes that poetry will bring the speaker metaphorically closer to the nightingale. By the end of the poem, however, the speaker seems to be an isolated figure—the nightingale flies away, and the speaker unsure of whether the whole experience has been “a vision” or a “waking dream.”

“Ode to a Nightingale” Summary

My heart is in pain and my body feels numb and tired. I feel like I’ve drunk from the poisonous hemlock plant, or like I’ve just taken some kind of opiate drug and fallen into the waters of Lethe (the river in the ancient Greek mythological underworld that makes you forget everything). Nightingale, I’m not jealous of how happy you sound—I feel like this because I am too happy to hear you sing so freely and beautifully. You are like a Dryad—a mythical tree spirit—in your patch of overgrown greenery and shadows, singing summer’s song with all your might.

I wish I had some vintage wine that has been stored for years deep in the belly of the earth, wine that tastes of flowers and the countryside, of dancing, folk singing, and happy sunshine! If I could drink a bottle of wine that would transport me to warmer southern lands, one full of water from the mythical Hippocrene spring that grants poetic inspiration. The bubbles would play on the surface of the glass and in my wine-stained mouth. I could get drunk, forget the world, and escape with you, Nightingale, away into the dark forest.

I long to disappear, to forget what you, Nightingale, have never had to know. You live untouched by all the exhaustion, sickness, and worry that come with being part of the human world, where people sit and listen to each other groan in pain, where disease and old age are inevitable, and where youth fades and dies. For human beings, even just to think is to feel suffering, heavy sadness, and pain. In the human world beauty never lasts, and neither does love.

I will fly far away from the human world and to you! I don’t need to get a ride from Bacchus (the god of wine). No, I can fly on the wings of poetry instead—even if human consciousness might confuse me and slow me down. Nightingale, I’m already with you in my imagination! The night

is gentle, and the moon, the queen of the sky, is sitting on her throne surrounded by her stars. But it's dark where I'm standing, with only a small amount of light making its way through the lush but gloomy trees and winding, moss-covered paths.

I can't see the flowers in the forest around me, nor tell what fragrant plants hang from the trees. The darkness surrounds me, and I try to imagine what is growing in the surrounding space. It's spring time, and the forest is full of grass, shrubbery, and fruit-trees. There are hawthorns and sweet briars, and purple violets hiding under the mulch of leaves on the forest floor. And the musk-rose, with its luxurious scent, will be here soon, crowded by the humming mass of flies in the summer evening.

My mood darkens as I listen to your song, Nightingale. I've often romanticized death, written about and personified it in poetry, half-longing to die myself. Right now seems like a good time to die, to end the pain of human suffering while listening to you, Nightingale, let your ecstatic song pour out from your soul. If I died, you'd go on singing, but your song would be wasted on my ears.

You weren't born to die like me, immortal Nightingale! You don't have new generations of people breathing down your neck. The song I hear is the same one heard many, many years ago in the time of emperors and court jesters. Perhaps it's even unchanged since Biblical times, when Ruth (who stuck by her mother-in-law after she herself was widowed) stood in fields of corn. It's the same song that would charm open the windows of ships on dangerous seas, the same song that could be heard in the forlorn lands where fairies dwell.

Thinking about the word "forlorn" makes me feel like I'm alone again! Goodbye, Nightingale. My imagination can't trick me into thinking I can really fly away with you. Goodbye, Goodbye! Your song grows quiet as you fly past the meadows, over the nearby stream, and up the hill-side. Now you're in the next valley. Was this whole experience real or an illusion? The nightingale's song has gone. Am I awake or asleep?

Major Themes:

Death, immortality, mortality and poetic imaginations are some of the major themes of this ode. Keats says that death is an unavoidable phenomenon. He paints it in both negative and positive ways. On the one hand, its presence sucks the human spirit, while on the other hand, it offers the realm of free eternity. The poet also presents the life and melodious song of the nightingale in juxtaposition. To him, life is mortal, but the song of the nightingale is immortal. It has been a source of enjoyment for centuries and will stay so even after his demise. Though he keeps himself engaged in the beautiful and charming world of imaginations, he cannot stay there for good. Therefore, he accepts that imagination is just a short source of peace.

Literary Devices in "Ode to Nightingale"

Alliteration: Alliteration is the repetition of consonant sounds in the same line such as the sound of /th/ in "That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees".

Simile: A simile is a figure of speech used to compare something with something else to make its meaning clear. Keats has used simile in the second stanza, "Forlorn! The very word is like a bell." Here the poet is comparing forlorn to a bell.

Enjambment: Enjambment refers to the continuation of a sentence without a pause after the end of a line in a couplet or stanza. For example:

"My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,

Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains."

Imagery: The use of imagery makes the readers visualize the writer's feelings, emotions or ideas. Keats has used images to present a clear and vivid picture of his miserable plight such as, "though of hemlock I had drunk,", "Past the near meadows,", "Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves."

Assonance: Assonance is the repetition of same vowel sounds in the same lines of poetry such as the sound of /o/ in "In some melodious plot" and /i/ sound in "The voice I hear this passing night was heard."

Metaphor: There are two metaphors in this poem. The first one is used in line eleven, "for a beaker full of the warm south". Here he compares liquid with the southern country weather.

Personification: Personification is to give human qualities to non-human things. Keats has used personification in line twenty-nine, "where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes" as if the beauty is human and can see. The second example is in line thirty-six, "The Queen moon is on her throne."

Anaphora: It refers to the repetition initial words of sentences in sequence or in the whole stanza or even the poem. Keats has repeated the word "where" in the following lines to emphasize the existence of his imaginative world. For example:

"Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,

Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;

Where but to think is to be full of sorrow

And leaden-eyed despairs,

Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes."

Apostrophe: An apostrophe is a device used to call somebody from afar. The poet has used this device in line sixty-one, "Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird."

Poetic Devices in "Ode to Nightingale"

Poetic and literary devices are the same, but a few are used only in poetry.

Stanza: Stanza is a poetic form of some lines. There are eight stanzas in this poem with ten lines in each stanza.

Rhyme Scheme: The poem follows ABABCDECDE throughout the poem with iambic pentameter.

End Rhyme: End Rhyme is used to make the stanza melodious such as in the first stanza the rhyming words are, “pains”, “drains”, “drunk”, “sunk.”

Internal Rhyme: Internal Rhyme is rhyme within a line such as in the line, “To toll me back from thee to my sole self” two words “me” and “thee” rhyme with each other.

Iambic Pentameter: It is a type of meter consisting of five iambs. The poem comprises iambic pentameter such as, “My Heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains.”

5. Confessional poetry

Confessional poetry or “Confessionalism” is a style of poetry that emerged in the United States during the late 1950s and early 1960s. It is sometimes classified as a form of Postmodernism.It has been described as poetry of the personal or “I”, focusing on extreme moments of individual experience, the psyche, and personal trauma, including previously and occasionally still taboo matters such as mental illness, sexuality, and suicide, often set in relation to broader social themes.

Daddy by Sylvia Plath

You do not do, you do not do

Any more, black shoe

In which I have lived like a foot

For thirty years, poor and white,

Barely daring to breathe or Achoo.

Daddy, I have had to kill you.

You died before I had time——

Marble-heavy, a bag full of God,

Ghastly statue with one gray toe

Big as a Frisco seal

And a head in the freakish Atlantic

Where it pours bean green over blue

In the waters off beautiful Nauset.

I used to pray to recover you.

Ach, du.

In the German tongue, in the Polish town
Scraped flat by the roller
Of wars, wars, wars.
But the name of the town is common.
My Polack friend

Says there are a dozen or two.
So I never could tell where you
Put your foot, your root,
I never could talk to you.
The tongue stuck in my jaw.

It stuck in a barb wire snare.
Ich, ich, ich, ich,
I could hardly speak.
I thought every German was you.
And the language obscene

An engine, an engine
Chuffing me off like a Jew.
A Jew to Dachau, Auschwitz, Belsen.
I began to talk like a Jew.
I think I may well be a Jew.

The snows of the Tyrol, the clear beer of Vienna
Are not very pure or true.

With my gipsy ancestress and my weird luck
And my Taroc pack and my Taroc pack
I may be a bit of a Jew.

I have always been scared of you,
With your Luftwaffe, your gobbledygoo.
And your neat mustache
And your Aryan eye, bright blue.
Panzer-man, panzer-man, O You——

Not God but a swastika
So black no sky could squeak through.
Every woman adores a Fascist,
The boot in the face, the brute
Brute heart of a brute like you.

You stand at the blackboard, daddy,
In the picture I have of you,
A cleft in your chin instead of your foot
But no less a devil for that, no not
Any less the black man who

Bit my pretty red heart in two.
I was ten when they buried you.
At twenty I tried to die
And get back, back, back to you.
I thought even the bones would do.

But they pulled me out of the sack,

And they stuck me together with glue.

And then I knew what to do.

I made a model of you,

A man in black with a Meinkampf look

And a love of the rack and the screw.

And I said I do, I do.

So daddy, I'm finally through.

The black telephone's off at the root,

The voices just can't worm through.

If I've killed one man, I've killed two——

The vampire who said he was you

And drank my blood for a year,

Seven years, if you want to know.

Daddy, you can lie back now.

There's a stake in your fat black heart

And the villagers never liked you.

They are dancing and stamping on you.

They always knew it was you.

Daddy, daddy, you bastard, I'm through.

Analysis of "Daddy"

Stanza 1: A first line repeated, a declaration of intent, the first sounds of oo—this is the train setting off on its final death march. The black shoe is a metaphor for the father. Inside, trapped for 30 years, is the narrator, about to escape.

Stanza 2: But she can only free herself by killing her "daddy," who does resemble the poet's actual father, Otto, who died when she was 8. His toe turned black from gangrene. He eventually had to have his leg amputated due to complications of diabetes. When young Plath heard this news, she

said, “I’ll never speak to God again.” Here, the bizarre, surreal imagery builds up—his toe is as big as a seal, and the grotesque image of her father has fallen like a statue.

Stanza 3: The personal weaves in and out of the allegory. The statue’s head is in the Atlantic, on the coast at Nauset Beach, Cape Cod, where the Plath family used to holiday. The father icon stretches across the USA. The imagery is temporarily beautiful: bean green over blue water. The speaker says she used to pray to get her father back, restored to health.

Stanza 4: We move on to Poland and the second world war. There’s a mix of the factual and fictional. Otto Plath was born in Grabow, Poland, a common name, but spoke German in a typical autocratic fashion. This town has been razed in many wars adding strength to the idea that Germany (the father) has demolished life.

Stanza 5: Again, the narrator addresses the father as you, a direct address which brings the reader closer to the action. I never could talk to you seems to come right from the daughter’s heart. Plath is hinting at a lack of communication, instability and paralysis. Note the use of the line endings two, you, and you—the train building up momentum.

Stanza 6: The use of barb wire snare ratchets up the tension. The narrator is in pain for the first time. The German ich (I) is repeated four times as if her sense of self-worth is in question (or is she recalling the father shouting I,I,I,I?). And is she unable to speak because of the shock or just difficulty with the language? The father is seen as an all-powerful icon, representing all Germans.

Stanza 7: As the steam engine chugs on, the narrator reveals that this is no ordinary train she is on. It is a death train taking her off to a concentration camp, one of the Nazi death factories where millions of Jews were cruelly gassed and cremated during World War II. The narrator now identifies fully with the Jews.

Stanza 8: Moving on into Austria, the country where Plath’s mother was born, the narrator reinforces her identity—she is a bit of a Jew because she carries a Taroc (Tarot) pack of cards and has gypsy blood in her. Perhaps she is a fortune teller able to predict the fate of people? Plath was keenly interested in the Tarot card symbols. Some believe that certain poems in her book Ariel use similar occult symbology.

Stanza 9: Although Plath’s father was never a Nazi in real life, her narrator again focuses on the second world war and the image of the Nazi soldier. Part nonsense nursery rhyme, part dark lyrical attack, the girl describes the ideal Aryan male. One of the aims of the Nazis was to breed out unwanted genetic strains to produce the perfect German, an Aryan. This one happens to speak gobbledygoo, a play on the word gobbledygook, meaning excessive use of technical terms. The Luftwaffe is the German air force. Panzer is the name for the German tank corps.

Stanza 10: Yet another metaphor—father as a swastika, the ancient Indian symbol used by the Nazis. In this instance, the swastika is so big it blacks out the entire sky. This could be a reference to the air raids over England during the war when the Luftwaffe bombed many cities and turned the sky black. Lines 48-50 are controversial but probably allude to the fact that powerful despotic males, brutes in boots, often demand the attraction of female victims.

Stanza 11: Perhaps the most personal of stanzas. This image breaks through into the poem, and the reader is taken into a kind of classroom (her father Otto was a teacher) where daddy stands. The devil is supposed to have a cleft foot, but here, he has a cleft chin. The narrator isn't fooled.

Stanza 12: She knows that this is the man who tore her apart, reached inside, and left her split, a divided self. Sylvia's father died when she was 8, filling her with rage against God. And at 20, Plath attempted suicide for the first time. Did she want to re-unite with her father?

Stanza 13: A crucial stanza, where the girl 'creates' male number two, based on the father. The narrator is pulled out of the sack, and 'they' stick her back together with glue. Bones out of a sack—Sylvia Plath was 'glued' back together by doctors after she failed her suicide attempt but was never the same again. In the poem, this suicide attempt is a catalyst for action. The girl creates a model (a voodoo-like doll?), a version of her father. This replica strongly resembles Plath's husband, Ted Hughes. He has a Meinkampf look (Mein Kampf is the title of Adolf Hitler's book, which means my struggle) and is not averse to torture.

Stanza 14: Sylvia Plath and Ted Hughes were married, hence the line with I do, I do. The speaker addresses daddy again, for the last time. There'll be no more communication, no voices from the past. Note the emphasis on "black" again. This telephone belongs to the father.

Stanza 15: The penultimate five lines. The speaker has achieved her double killing, both father and husband have been dispatched. The latter is referred to as a vampire who has been drinking her blood for seven years. It's as if the narrator is reassuring her father that all is well now. He can lie back in readiness. For what?

Stanza 16: The father's fat black heart is pierced by a wooden stake, just like a vampire, and the villagers are thoroughly happy about it. A bit of a bizarre image to end on. But, just who are the villagers? Are they the inhabitants of a village in the allegory, or are they a collective of Sylvia Plath's imagination? Either way, the father's demise has them dancing and stamping on him almost jovially. To put the lid on things, the girl declares daddy a bastard. The exorcism is over, and the conflict resolved**.**

Literary Devices in "Daddy"

Assonance: Assonance is the repetition of vowel sounds in the same line such as the sound of /a/ in "They are dancing and stamping on you" and the sound of /e/ in "I was ten when they buried you".

Metaphor: It is a figure of speech in which an implied comparison is made between the different objects. The poet has compared her father, husband and most men, in general with, 'Black shoe'; 'Ghastly statue'; 'Panzer- man' and 'Vampire'.

Personification: Personification is to give human qualities to inanimate objects. The poet describes her father as a train taking her to a concentration camp. For example,

"An engine, an engine

Chuffing me off like a Jew."

Onomatopoeia: It refers to the word which imitates the natural sounds of the things. For example, 'achoo' and 'ich'.

Enjambment: Enjambment refers to the continuation of a sentence without the pause beyond the end of a line, couplet or stanza. For example,

"There's a stake in your fat black heart

And the villagers never liked you."

Alliteration: Alliteration is the repetition of consonant sounds in the same line such as the sound of /m/ in "I made a model of you," and the sound of /h/ in "Daddy, I have had to kill you".

Imagery: Imagery is used to make readers perceive things involving their five senses. For example, "Any more, black shoe, In which I have lived like a foot"; "And your Aryan eye, bright blue" and "But they pulled me out of the sack."

Consonance: Consonance is the repetition of consonant sounds in the same line such as the sound of /k/ in "I began to talk like a Jew" and the sound of /r/ in "Are not very pure or true".

Simile: It is a figure of speech used to compare and to make the meanings clear to the readers. There are two similes used in this poem. For example, "Big as a Frisco seal". The father's toe is compared to a massive San Francisco's seal. In the sixth stanza, "I began to talk like a Jew" the poet compares herself with the Jews

Poetic Devices in "Daddy

Stanza: A stanza is a poetic form of some lines. There are 80 lines in this poem with sixteen stanzas.

Quintin: A Quintin is a five lined stanza. Here, each stanza consists of five lines.

Rhyme Scheme: There is no specific rhyme scheme used in this poem.

End Rhyme: End Rhyme is used to make the stanza melodious. The examples of end rhymes are most lines that end with 'oo' sound. For example, "blue/you" and "true/Jew."

6. Haiku

Haiku is a type of short form poetry originally from Japan. Traditional Japanese haiku consist of three phrases that contain a kireji, or "cutting word"17 on (phonetic units similar to syllables) in a 5, 7, 5 pattern,and a kigo, or seasonal reference. Similar poems that do not adhere to these rules are generally classified as senryū.Haiku originated as an opening part of a larger Japanese poem called renga. These haiku written as an opening stanza were known as hokku and over time writers began to write them as stand-alone poems. Haiku was given its current name by the Japanese writer Masaoka Shiki at the end of the 19thcentury.

The Old Pond by Matsuo Bashō

Furu ike ya

Kawazu tobikomu

Mizu no oto

The literal translation of the words of this haiku poem, by Robert Hass, is:

Old pond…

A frog jumps in

Water's sound

Summary:

In this haiku poem, there are only three images. One is a static image of an old pond. The second one is a dynamic image of a frog jumping into the pond. Lastly, there is an auditory image that presents the sound that is generated from a frog jumping into the pond-water. While reading the haiku, one has to be imaginative to get to the core of the poem. To begin with, the pond in the poem is an old water body. It seems people have either abandoned the pond or it is there for a long time. Thereafter, the frog that jumps into the pond presents two things, the season and the reason for its jumping. Lastly, the water's sound creates a resonance in a reader's mind. This sound has some deeper meaning

Meaning

This haiku contains manifold meaning inside its brevity and compactness. To begin with, the literal meaning of the Japanese text is of great importance. As it gives the key to the inner meaning of the text. In the first phrase, "Furu" means old, and "ike" means pond. Here, "ya" is a "kireji" or "cutting word". Thereafter, in the second phrase, "kawazu" means frog, and "tobikomu" means "jumping into". In the last phrase, "mizu" means water, and "oto" stands for sound. Here, "no" is a phoneme or an "On". In Japanese, "On" stands for "sound". In this way, the literal meaning of the text, in Standard English, is "Old pond—frog jumping into—water's sound."

Structure

'The Old Pond' consists of a total of 17 syllables. In the first phrase, there are 5 syllables and in the second phrase, there are 7 syllables. The last phrase has 5 syllables. Structurally, a haiku poem has a "kireji" or cutting word. Here, the cutting word is in the first phrase. It is "ya" that marks a shift in the poem. Another important element of a haiku is "kigo". "Kigo" means a word or phrase associated with a particular season, used in traditional forms of Japanese poetry. In this haiku, the "kigo" is the "frog". Generally, In Asia, the frog is associated with the Monsoon season. But, here, as Bashō portrays the scene, there are no sounds except that of the water. So, the kigo in this poem refers to the Spring season.

Literary Devices

There are some important literary devices in this haiku poem. Firstly, the “pond” is a metaphor for the subconscious mind. It can also be a metaphorical reference to the soul. Whereas, the “old pond” seems to be an example of personification. Here, Bashō personifies the pond. Thereafter, in the second phrase, the frog acts as a metaphor. Here, it embodies any external stimulus that incites the human mind to think. Lastly, the “water’s sound” contains an onomatopoeia. The poet uses the sound to portray an image. Moreover, there is also metonymy in this phrase. Here, the poet presents the effect to refer to the cause.

Analysis of The Old Pond

Line 1

The old pond-

The haiku, using **Fumiko Saisho’s** translation, begins with the image of the old pond. It can be somewhere in a forest or far from human habitation. Bashō associates no other sound with this image. So, the pond is probably at a distance, in tranquility and silence. Moreover, it is old. Being an ancient creature, it has survived the ravages of time. Burdened with the experience of the long years, the pond exists as a sage. The poet somehow connects himself with this pond. There is a closeness in their nature. Both are silent and at peace.

The old pond seems to be a symbol of the subconscious mind. It is there inside everyone. Like the old pond, it exists in silence. Moreover, the poet refers to the subconscious mind of an old person. Here, the old man is undoubtedly the poet himself.

Line 2

A frog jumps in,

Suddenly a frog breaks the tranquility of the pond. It doesn’t start to croak in its usual pattern. The frog simply jumps into the pond. Why does the frog jump into the pond? One has to ask this question first before moving to the climax of this haiku. The frog might have jumped into the pond, not for breeding or laying eggs as it’s not the season of monsoon. So, one thing is clear that the frog does it for its biological instinct. It seems as if the water of the pond rejuvenates the frog. So, it jumps into the pond naturally without any biological urge or chemical upsurge inside its body. Like the frog, a person also needs solace to give time to his mind and soul. Thus, the frog jumping into the water can be a symbolic reference to meditation.

Line 3

Sound of the water.

In the last line of the haiku, the sound becomes an interesting part of the imagery. The sound is not artificial. An external stimulus is responsible for the creation of sound. When the frog jumps into the water, it generates a short-staying sound. It isn’t shrill. Yet it’s not deep. The texture of the

water’s sound lies somewhere in the middle. The poet’s mind gets alert after hearing the song but it doesn’t break his concentration. Rather it heightens his trance and takes him to a next level. One can think about it differently.

While cooking a very special dish, one has to use every material in a specific amount. If anything goes beyond its certain concentration, the dish doesn’t taste good. The opposite is also true. Here, in this haiku, the sound of the water is that special ingredient that must be used in a sound amount. Thus, it can heighten the level of the poet’s mediation.

7. Ballad

The term 'Ballad' derived from the French 'ballare', meaning 'to dance', originally signified a dance song, that is, a song sung to the accompaniment of dance. Ballads did not exist in all countries, at any rate, not before the Medievalism. The primitive, popular ballad is an off-shoot of the ring-dance, which originated in Provence about 1100 and spread over a great part of Western Europe. The performers in a ring-dance danced to the accompaniment of their own singing each in turn improvising a rhymed couplet, called 'refrain' in which the whole company joined. It was later on that the story-element was introduced in the song and the refrain disappeared. The bard would recite the exploits of the heroes’ battle and members of the dance party would sing the refrain only.

Thus the popular ballads had a communal origin but the mature ballads were undoubtedly the works of individual poets. This is all about the origin of the ballads. Today ballad means a song that tells a story. The primitive ballads possessed no marks of authorship and were the outcome of tradition among people. It passed from mouth to mouth and was unwritten. In course of ages the old ballads, mutilated and changed in this process of handing down, found their way in print. Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry is a huge Collection of ballads.

The term 'Ballad' is today loosely applied to all poems written in what is called "ballad metre." i.e., four-lined stanzas with iambic tetrameter and trimeter, rhyming alternately. Hence what are today called artificial ballads as distinguished from primitive popular sort, are also included in this class. These artificial ballads are simply imitations of the artless, Simple, narrative form of their original literary prototypes. But the conditions of the society which produced the popular ballads have ceased to exist to be general after the fifteenth century.

About the literary characteristics of the popular ballads, it may be noted that their main charm lies in their native simplicity and primitive feeling. The ballad has its own rules of diction, tricks of phrasing and conventional refrains. The ease and sincerity of the genuine poetry are there. Love of the earth and primal human qualities are the main subjects of the ballads. But the variety is immense. Homely pathos, old-time magic, a fierce love of independence, a brooding sense of tragedy - these pervade the Chevy Chase, the Bonny Earl of Murray; love of out-door life and the changing seasons meet us in the Robin Hood ballads. The ballads frequently borrow the stories from the romances but its alliance is more with older epics than romances.

The common characteristics of the ballad and epic are singleness of aim, a unity of story, while the romances are a sum-total of story upon story. The ballad is rich in dramatic elements. To sum

up: "Its interest lies in the peculiar thrill of the dramatically told story, as it comes to us in the ballads composed to be sung or chanted, not printed and read. Humble as it is in form, the ballad is a wildling from the garden of chivalry; it has a touch of race, a fugitive, often tragically beauty that appeals to all who have hearts for romance. By revealing something of this to the eighteenth century. Percy's Relinquish of ancient English Poetry gave a powerful impulse to the Romantic Revival".

The fifteenth century had an abundant crop of ballads. Indeed, it was the field - day of ballads. Of course, two stand out prominently by their beauty and literary merit, and may be considered here in detail. Chevy Chase is the oldest and first of epical ballads. Its subject is half-historical, being the struggle between Percy of Northumberland and the Douglas of Scotland in the beginning of the fifteenth century - a subject on which many popular Scottish ballads exist. The story is told with a truthfulness of feeling and minuteness of details and it is singularly free from ornamentation of style. It moved Sir Philip Sidney who wrote in 1581, "I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas that I found not my heart more moved that with a trumpet." The Nutbrozwn Maid tells the story of love of a dark lady, who is a baron's daughter for a supposed squire's son, who tried the sincerity of her passion by false stories and being convinced of it, man ultimately reveals that he is also an earl's son and marries her. There is no question of a popular composition; it was probably the work of the lady herself. There is a fine dramatic dialogue between the lady and her lover who gives himself out as an outlaw. The style is simple and unadorned. There is the refrain which is a 'must' in a ballad. In its simplicity and homeliness of feeling it is a fine specimen of a popular ballad.

Sir Patrick Spens
By Scottish Anonymous

The King sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blood-red wine;
“O where shall I get a skeely skipper
To sail this ship or mine?”

Then up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the King’s right knee:
“Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sailed the sea.”

The King has written a broad letter,
And sealed it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

“To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o’er the foam;

The King's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis thou must fetch her home."

The first line that Sir Patrick read,
A loud laugh laughed he;
The next line that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his ee.

"O who is this has done this deed,
Has told the King of me,
To send us out at this time of the year,
To sail upon the sea?

"Be it wind, be it wet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the foam;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis we must fetch her home."

They hoisted their sails on Monenday morn,
With all the speed they may;
And they have landed in Noroway
Upon a Wodensday

They had not been a week, a week,
In Noroway but twae,
When that the lords of Noroway
Began aloud to say, –

"Ye Scottishmen spend all our King's gowd,
And all our Queenis fee."
"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!
So loud I hear ye lie.

"For I brought as much of the white monie
As gane my men and me,
And a half-fou of the good red gowd
Out o'er the sea with me.

"Make ready, make ready, my merry men all,
Our good ship sails the morn."
"Now, ever alack, my master dear
I fear a deadly storm.

"I saw the new moon late yestreen
With the old moon in her arm;
And if we go to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm."

They had not sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brake and the top-masts lap,
It was such a deadly storm;
And the waves came o'er the broken ship
Till all her sides were torn.

"O where will I get a good sailor
Will take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall top-mast
To see if I can spy land?"

"O here am I, a sailor good,
Will take the helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall top-mast,
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land."

He had not gone a step, a step,
A step but barely ane,
When a bolt flew out of the good ship's side,
And the salt sea came in.

"Go fetch a web of the silken cloth,
Another of the twine,
And wap them into our good ship's side,
And let not the sea come in."

They fetched a web of the silken cloth,
Another of the twine,
And they wapp'd them into the good ship's side,
But still the sea came in.

O loth, both, were our good Scots lords
To wet their cork-heel'd shoon,
But long ere all the play was play'd
They wet their hats aboon.

And many was the feather-bed
That fluttered on the foam;
And many was the good lord's son
That never more came home.

The ladies wrang their fingers white,
The maidens tore their heair,

All for the sake of their true loves,
For them they'll see nae mair.

O lang, lang may the maidens sit
With their gold combs in their hair,
All waiting for their own dear loves,
For them they'll see nae mair.

O forty miles of Aberdeen,
'Tis fifty fathoms deep;
And there lies good Sir Patrick Spens,
With the Scots lords at his feet.

Summary of Sir Patrick Spens

Popularity of "Sir Patrick Spens": The ballad "Sir Patrick Spens" by Scottish anonymous, is a highly popular ballad among the Child Ballads. Its origin is Scotland yet it is popular around the globe. It is stated that it first appeared in 1765 through receipt of two copies from Scotland. Yet its authorship stayed anonymous. It was first published in *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* edited by Bishop Thomas Percy.

"Sir Patrick Spens" As a Representative of Chivalry and Tragedy: The balled beings with the Scottish King, Dunfermline, asking his advisors to take up the captaincy of the ship as per their navigation skills. When Sir Patrick Spens is recommended, the King asks him to fetch the Norwegian princess, though, he laughs it off, thinking the time unsuitable for such a venture. Yet, he ventures out on Monday and reaches Norwegian land soon after two days. On reaching Norway, he rather faces consternation of the accusation of lavishing all money of the Scottish king. Despite his protests, nobody pays attention to him. In this situation, he sets sail to Scotland despite the prediction of the risky storm. Soon the ship faces the storm that is about to wreck the ship. The crew tries to repair the ship with twine and silk but it stays unrepaired at several places. The crew fears that they would get wet and lords become terrified from the prospects of drowning at the sea. Back in Scotland, the ladies also experience disappointment. Soon, they learn that their lords are lying at the bottom of the sea, for the ship was drowned near Aberdeen.

Major Themes in "Sir Patrick Spens": Chivalry, obedience, and love are three important themes of this ballad. The theme of chivalry is clear from the very first two stanzas where the king calls for Sir Patrick Spens to whom the entire Scotland considers a brave and courageous sailor. When he comes and takes up the responsibility of bringing the Norwegian princess, he does not think that he would face any resistance except the protest of spending the royal gold. Out of love for his king and his honesty, he decides to return despite drowning the entire crew and people on board near the city of Aberdeen. This shows his obedience and love for the king as well as the homeland.

Analysis of Literary Devices Used in "Sir Patrick Spens"

Literary devices refer to the specific tools that the writers use in their writings to convey their message appealingly. Anonymous has also inserted some literary devices in this poem to enhance his writing. The analysis of the devices used in this poem is as follows.

1. Assonance: Assonance is the repetition of vowel sounds in the same line such as the sound of /i/ in “Drinking the blood-red wine;/ “O where shall I get a skeely skipper / To sail this ship or mine?” and the sound of /o/ in “To Noroway, to Noroway, / To Noroway ov’r the foam” and “O who is this has done this deed / He told the king of me.”
2. Alliteration: Alliteration is the repetition of consonant sounds in the same line such as the sound of /l/ in “loud laugh laughed”, the sound of /m/ in “my men” and the sound of /g/ in “gurly grew.”
3. Consonance: Consonance is the repetition of consonant sounds in the same line such as the sound of /s/ and /l/ in “When a bolt flew out of the good ship’s side” or “O loth, both, were our good scots lords” and the sound of /m/ in “That never more came home.”
4. Enjambment: It is defined as a thought in verse that does not come to an end at a line break; rather, it rolls over to the next line. For example;

   O lang, lang may the maidens sit
   With their gold combs in their hair,
   All waiting for their own dear loves,
   For them they’ll see nae mair.

5. Imagery: Imagery is used to make readers perceive things involving their five senses. Anonymous has used imagery in this poem such as “O lang, lang may the maidens sit”, “O forty miles of Aberdeen” and “And many was the feather-bed.”
6. Metaphor: It is a figure of speech in which an implied comparison is made between the objects that are different in nature. The poet has used the metaphors wind, hail, sleet, and the moon for different purposes.
7. Personification: Personification is to give human qualities to inanimate objects. The poet has personified the moon, the sea and the wind as if they were life and emotions of their own.
8. Rhetorical Question: The poem shows the use of rhetorical questions in the second and the third stanzas.

   The King sits in Dunfermline town,
   Drinking the blood-red wine;
   “O where shall I get a skeely skipper
   To sail this ship or mine?”

9. Simile: The poem shows the use of a simile such “For I brought as much of the white monie / As gane my men and me.”
10. Symbolism: Symbolism is using symbols to signify ideas and qualities, giving them symbolic meanings that are different from the literal meanings. Here the poem has used the symbols of waves, sea, ship, and moon to show different characteristics of the Scots and the Scottish land.

Analysis of Poetic Devices Used in “Sir Patrick Spens”

Some of the poetic devices used in this poem a few are used only in poetry. Here is the analysis of

1. Diction: The poem shows somewhat archaic diction with a tragic tone.

2. Quatrain: It is a stanza having four lines borrowed from Persian poetry. Every stanza in the poem is a quatrain.
3. Rhyme Scheme: The poem follows the ABCB rhyme scheme in all of its stanzas.
4. Stanza: A stanza is a poetic form of some lines. There are twenty-five stanzas with each having four verses.