

Chapter I: Courtly Poetry

The awareness to consider the position of women to be equal to men came about in the 12th century after their beauty was idealized in courtly love, a term coined by Gaston Paris in 1883 to describe that courtly love was celebrated in the poetry initiated by the French poets between c. 1100 and 1350 (Cuddon, 1991:202 & 1007). Additionally, Cuddon (1991:203) says that “the ideals of courtly love do not really manifest themselves in English literature until the 16th century (via Petrarch) in the great sonnet (q.v.) sequences of Sidney, Spencer and Shakespeare” who wrote under the Elizabethan Age (1485—1625). Before and during this age, the writing of poetry was part of the education of a gentleman, and the books of lyrics and sonnets that appeared contained work by numbers of different writers.

A. Petrarchan and English Sonnets

A sonnet, deriving from the Italian sonetto a ‘little sound’ or ‘song’ (Cuddon, 1991:895), is a kind of poetry consisting of 14 lines, arranged according to the following scheme:

- 1) the Italian sonnet (Petrarchan model) consists of 8 lines (the octave) and 6 lines (the sestet), rhyming ab ba ab ba—cd ec de or cd cd cd, or in any combination except a rhyming couplet.
- 2) The English sonnet consists of three quatrains and a couplet, rhyming ab ab, cd cd, ef ef—gg. This form is much used by Shakespeare.

B. Songs and Lyrics

Many poems can be classified as songs although they are not set to music (Cuddon, 1991:890). Songs basically refer to poems and their musical setting; poems for “singing or chanting, with or without musical accompaniment”. In addition, Cuddon says that “up until the 16th century, in Europe, poet and composer/musician were often one and the same”. Lyrics, for example, can be regarded to belong to this group.

Initially, the definition of a lyric was given by the Greeks who stated that it was “a song to be sung to the accompaniment of a lyre (lyra)”, but, now, the term is used to “describe a particular kind of poem in order to distinguish it from narrative or dramatic verse of any kind” (Cuddon, 1992:514). What's more, Cuddon (1992:514-5) affirms that

it is usually fairly short, not often longer than fifty or sixty lines, and often only between a dozen and thirty lines; and it is usually expresses the feelings and thoughts of a single speaker (not necessarily the poet himself) in a personal and subjective fashion.

When I Was Fair and Young

(Queen Elizabeth I, 1558-1603)

*When I was fair¹⁾ and young, and favor graced²⁾ me,
Of many was I sought, their mistress³⁾ for to be;
But I did scorn them all, and answered them
therefore,
"Go, go, go, seek some otherwhere, 05
Importune⁴⁾ me no more!"*

*How many weeping eyes I made to pine⁵⁾ with woe,
How many sighing hearts, I have no skill to show;
Yet I the prouder grew, answered them
therefore, 10
"Go, go, go, seek some otherwhere,
Importune me no more!"*

*Then spake fair Venus⁶⁾ son, that proud victorious
boy,
And said, "Fine dame⁷⁾, since that you be so coy, 15
I will so pluck your plumes⁸⁾ that you shall say no
more,
"Go, go, go, seek some otherwhere,
Importune me no more!"*

*When he had spake these words, such change 20
grew in my breast,
That neither night nor day since that, I could
take any rest.
Then lo! I did repent⁹⁾ that I had said before, 25
"Go, go, go, seek some otherwhere,
Importune me no more!"*



Vocabulary:

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. attractive; free from bias/dishonesty | 6. Venus → (Roman myth) goddess of love and beauty |
| 2. preferred | 7. lady; (arch) a woman of rank or authority |
| 3. lover | 8. a tuft of feathers worn as an ornament on the hat; a token of honour or distinction |
| 4. beg persistently; (obs) annoy | 9. feel sorry |
| 5. suffer | |

What Is Our Life?

(Sir Walter Raleigh, 1552–1618)

*What is our life? a play of passion;
Our mirth, the music of division¹⁾;
Our mothers' wombs the tiring-house²⁾ be
Where we are dressed for this short comedy.
Heaven the judicious³⁾ sharp spectator is, 05
That sits and marks⁴⁾ still⁵⁾ who doth act amiss⁶⁾;
Our graves that hide us from the searching sun
Are like drawn curtains when the play is done.
Thus march⁷⁾ we playing to our latest rest; 10
Only we die in earnest—that's no jest⁸⁾.*

Vocabulary:

- | | |
|--|-----------------|
| 1. the more rapid accompaniment to, or variation on, a musical theme | 4. records |
| | 5. continuously |

- | | |
|---|----------------|
| 2. dressing rooms | 6. wrongly |
| 3. showing or having good sense; sensible | 7. progression |
| | 8. joke |

To Plead My Faith Where Faith Had No Reward

(Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, 1566—1601)

*To plead¹⁾ my faith where faith had no reward,
To move remorse²⁾ where favor is not borne,
To heap complaints where she doth not regard—
Were fruitless, bootless³⁾, vain⁴⁾, and yield⁵⁾ but scorn.*

*I loved her whom all the world admired,
I was refused of her that can love none;
And my vain hopes, which far too high aspired⁶⁾,
Is dead, and buried, and for ever gone.*

*Forget my name, since you have scorned my love,
And womanlike⁷⁾ do not too late lament⁸⁾;
Since for your sake I do all mischief⁹⁾ prove,
I none accuse¹⁰⁾ nor nothing do repent.*

*I was fond as ever she was fair;
Yet loved I not more than I now despair:*

Vocabulary:

- | | |
|---------------------------------|---|
| 1. beg | 6. desire |
| 2. regret | 7. womanly |
| 3. useless; unavailing | 8. feel or express sorrow or regret for |
| 4. futile; senseless or foolish | 9. trouble |
| 5. turn out | 10. blame; to bring a charge against |

The Passionate Shepherd to His Love

(Christopher Marlowe, 1564-1593)

*Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove¹⁾
That valleys, groves, hills, and fields,
Woods, or steepy mountain yields. 04*

*And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals. 08*

*And I will make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies²⁾,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle³⁾
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle⁴⁾; 12*

*A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles⁵⁾ of the purest gold; 16*

*A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber⁶⁾ studs⁷⁾;
And if these pleasures may thee move⁸⁾,
Come live with me, and be my love. 20*

*The shepherds' swains⁹⁾ shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.* 24

Vocabulary:

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. test | 5. ornamental clasp on a shoe |
| 2. flowers and poems | 6. yellowish-brown |
| 3. long dress | 7. button-like object to fasten things |
| 4. (kind of) evergreen shrub with shiny leaves and sweet-smelling white flowers | 8. arouse the feelings of |
| | 9. lovers |

The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd
(Sir Walter Raleigh, 1552-1618)

*If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.* 04

*Time drives flocks from field to fold¹⁾
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold,
And Philome²⁾ becometh dumb;
The rest complains of cares to come.* 08

*The flowers do fade, and wanton³⁾ fields
To wayward⁴⁾ winter reckoning⁵⁾ yields;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall⁶⁾,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.* 12

*Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle and thy posies
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten
in folly⁷⁾ ripe, in reason rotten* 16

*Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.* 20

*But could youth last and love still' breed,
Had joys no date nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.* 24

Vocabulary:

- | | |
|------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. fenced field | 4. disobedient |
| 2. the nightingale | 5. calculating |
| 3. serving no useful purpose | 6. rancor, bitter feeling |
| | 7. foolishness |

A Lover's Vow

(Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, 1517-1547)

*Set me whereas the sun doth parch¹⁾ the green,
 Or where his beams may not dissolve²⁾ the ice,
 In temperate³⁾ heat, where he is felt and seen;
 With proud people, in presence sad and wise,
 Set me in base, or yet in high degree; 05
 In the long night, or in the shortest day;
 In clear weather; or where mists thickest be;
 In lusty youth, or when my hairs be gray;
 Set me in earth, in heaven, or yet in hell;
 In hill, in dale, or in the foaming flood; 10
 Thrall⁴⁾, or at large⁵⁾, alive whereso⁶⁾ I dwell;
 Sick or in health, in ill fame or in good;
 Yours will I be, and with that only thought
 Comfort myself-when that my hap⁷⁾ is naught.*

Vocabulary:

- | | | | |
|-----------|-------------|-----------------------------------|-----------------|
| 1) Scorch | 3) moderate | 5) at liberty, free | 7) good fortune |
| 2) melt | 4) enslaved | 6) (adv) wheresoever,
wherever | |

Shall I Compare Thee to a Summer's Day?

(William Shakespeare, 1564-1616)

*Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate¹⁾;
 Rough winds do shake the darling²⁾ buds of May,
 And summer's lease³⁾ hath all too short a date:
 Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven shines, 05
 And often is his gold complexion dimmed,
 And every fair⁴⁾ from fair sometime declines,
 By chance or nature's changing course untrimmed:
 But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou own'st⁵⁾, 10
 Nor shall death brag⁶⁾ thou wand'rest in his shade,
 When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st.
 So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.*

Vocabulary:

- | | |
|----------------------|-----------------|
| 1. pleasant | 1. fair one |
| 2. wonderful | 2. ownest, have |
| 3. charter, contract | 3. boast |

Whoso List to Hunt

(Thomas Wyatt, 1503?–1542)

*Whoso¹⁾ list²⁾ to hunt, I know where is an hind³⁾,
 But as for me, alas, I may no more.
 The vain travail⁴⁾ hath wearied⁵⁾ me so sore
 I am of them that furthest come behind⁶⁾.
 Yet may I, by no means, my wearied mind
 Draw from the deer: but as she fleeth afore⁷⁾
 Fainting I follow. I leave off therefore,
 Since in a net I seek to hold the wind.
 Whoso list her hunt, I put him out of doubt,*

*As well as I, may spend his time in vain:
And graver⁹⁾ with diamonds in letters plain
There is written, her fair neck round about,
"Noli me tangere"⁹⁾, for Caesar's I am,
And wild for to hold, though I seem tame."*

Vocabulary:

1. (old use) whoever
2. likes
3. female deer
4. (archaic) pains of childbirth
5. become/make tired
6. the last of the (hind) pursuers
7. (archaic) before
8. carved
9. (Latin) do not touch me

On His Having Arrived to the Age of Twenty Three

(John Milton, 1608—1674)

*How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stolen of his wing my three and twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career;
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I too manhood am arrived so near;
And inward ripeness doth much less appear;
That some more timely-happy spirits indu'th.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow;
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven,
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Task-master's eye.*



John Milton, 1608—1674

CHAPTER II: Religiosity and Secularism

Wikipedia (<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Reliiosity>) writes that religiosity is revealing "how religious a person is, and less with how a person is religious (in terms of practicing certain rituals, retelling certain myths, revering certain symbols, or accepting certain doctrines about deities and afterlife)". Wijaya (1988:12) clarifies this idea by asserting that religiosity is more comprehensive than religion is. He uses Trio Bimbo's "Tuhan" as an example. This song, according to him, has a religious quality, and, therefore, it may be sung by those having different religions like Islam or Christianity. Or, it may also be convenient to say that this term in this section is used to refer to all poems which are regarded as sacred poems.

Secularism, on the other hand, in its extreme sense, is "an ideology that holds that religion has no place in public life" (<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Secularism>). Or, it may also be used to refer to, still according to Wikipedia, "a belief that human activities and decisions, especially political ones, should be based on evidence and fact rather than religious influence". Here, it is used to encompass all poems which address worldly or material issues as their main themes.

A. Metaphysical Poetry

The name was first used by Dr. Johnson (1709-1784) to refer to a certain style in a practice of poetry writing by the poets of the early seventeen century in Britain who all employed a similar fantastic form of their poetry: far-fetched¹⁾, unconventional metaphors called metaphysical conceits, that is, "a far-fetched (fantastic) metaphor in which a very unlikely connection between two things is established" (Peck & Coyle, 1992:23), e.g. Donne's description of lovers' souls as being like two legs of a pair of compasses in "A Valediction Forbidding Mourning". However, it should be understood that the poems do not bear any metaphysical philosophy²⁾ at all. Among others are John Donne (1572-1631), George Herbert (1573-1633), Henry Vaughan (1621-1695), Richard Crashaw (1613-1640), Abraham Cowley (1618-1667), and Andrew Marvell (1621-1678). The themes that most of these poets write are about secular and divine love. For this, Miller (et al, 1976:245) say if the metaphysical poets give emphasis on "intellect and wit".

Vertue¹⁾

(George Herbert, 1593-1633)

*Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The brida²⁾ of the earth and sky;
The dew shall weep thy³⁾ fall to night,*

¹⁾ improbable, being only remotely connected.

²⁾ the investigation of the world, or of what really exists, generally by means of rational argument rather than by direct or mythical intuition.

*Men reckon what it did and meant;
But trepidation of the spheres³⁾,
Though greater far, is innocent⁴⁾.* 10

*Dull sublunary⁵⁾ lovers' love
(Whose soul is sense⁶⁾) cannot admit
Absence, because it doth remove
Those things which elemented⁷⁾ it.* 15

*But we, by a love so much refined
That ourselves know not what it is,
Inter-assured of the mind⁸⁾,
Care less, eyes, lips, and hands to miss.* 20

*Our two souls, therefore, which are one,
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness⁹⁾ beat.*

*If they be two, they are two so 25
As stiff twin compasses are two:
Thy soul, the fixed foot, makes no show
To move, but doth, if th' other do.*

*And though it in the center sit,
Yet when the other far doth roam, 30
It leans and harkens after it,
And grows erect as that comes home.*

*Such wilt thou be to me, who must,
Like th' other foot, obliquely run;
Thy firmness makes my circle just¹⁰⁾,
And makes me end where I begun.* 35

Vocabulary:

- 1) common people
- 2) earthquake
- 3) In Ptolemaic astronomy, before telescopes were used in astronomical study, all planets were assumed to have orbits that were perfectly circular. Apparently irregularities that were actually caused by elliptical orbits were explained by the concept of trepidation, or a quivering of the bodies during orbit (Roberts & Jacobs, 1986:599).
- 4) harmless
- 5) living beneath the moon; earthly
- 6) the body as opposed to the mind or spirit
- 7) composed, made (it) up; constituted
- 8) each sure in mind that the other is faithful (Kennedy, 1982:305).
- 9) Gold is so malleable that, if beaten to the thickness of gold leaf (1/250,000 of one inch), one ounce of gold would cover 250 square feet faithful (Kennedy, 1982:305).
- 10) Perfect

The Pulley

(George Herbert, 1593—1633)

*When God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by—
Let us (said he) pour on him all we can;
Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span¹⁾.* 05

*So strength first made a way,
Then beauty flowed, then wisdom, honor, pleasure:
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that, alone of all His treasure,
Rest²⁾ in the bottom lay.* 10

*For if I should (said he)
Bestow this jewel also on My creature,
He would adore My gifts instead of Me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature:
So both should losers be.* 15

*Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness;
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
My toss him to My breast.* 20

Vocabulary:

- 1) that is, within the control of human beings
- 2) (a) repose, security; (b) all that remains

The Collar¹⁾

(George Herbert, 1593—1633)

*I stuck the board, and cry'd, No more.
I will abroad.
What? shall I ever sigh and pine?
My lines and life are free; free as the roe,
Loose as the winde, as large as store.* 05
*Shall I be still in suit²⁾?
Have I no harvest but a thorn
To let me bloud, and not restore
What I have lost with cordiall fruit?
Sure there was wine* 10
*Before my sighs did drie it: there was corn
Before my tears did drown it.
Is the yeare onely lost to me?
Have I no bayes³⁾ to crown it?
No flowers, no garlands gay? All blasted?
All wasted?* 15
*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* 20
*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,* 25
*While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
Away; take heed:
I will abroad.
Call in thy deaths head there: tie up thy fears.
He that forbears* 30
*To suit and serve his need,
Deserves his load.
But as I rav'd and grew more fierce and wilde
At every word,
Me thoughts I heard one calling, "Childe:"* 35
And I reply'd, "my lord."

Vocabulary:

- 1) According to Roberts and Jacobs (1986:793) it may mean (a) the collar worn by a member of the clergy; (b) the collar of the harness of a draught animal such as a horse; (c) a restraint placed on prisoners; (d) a pun on choler (yellow bile), a bodily substance thought to cause quick rages.
- 2) waiting upon a person of power to gain favor or position
- 3) laurel crowns to signify victory and honor

Peace

(George Herbert, 1593—1633)

*Sweet Peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly crave,
Let me once know.
I sought thee in a secret cave,
And asked, if Peace were there.
A hollow wind did seem to answer; No, 05
Go seek elsewhere.*

*I did; and going did a rainbow note.
Surely, thought I,
This is the lace of Peace's coat:
I will search out the matter. 10
But while I looked the clouds immediately
Did break and scatter.*

*Then went I to a garden and did spy
A gallant flower,
The crown imperial. Sure, said I, 15
Peace at the root must dwell.
But when I digged, I saw a worm devour
What showed so well.*

*At length I met a rev'rend good old man,
Whom when for Peace 20
I did demand, he thus began:
There was a Prince of old
At Salent¹⁾ dwelt, who lived with good increase
Of flock and fold.*

*He sweetly lived; yet sweetness did not save 25
His life from foes.
But after death out of his grave
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat;
Which many wond'ring at, got some of those
To plant and set. 30*

*It prospered strangely, and did soon disperse
Through all the earth:
For they that taste it do rehearse,
That virtue lies therein,
A secret virtue, bringing peace and mirth 35
By flight of sin.*

*Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
And grows for you;
Make bread of it: and that repose
And peace which ev'rywhere 40
With so much earnestness you do pursue,
Is only there.*

Note:

- 1) Jerusalem

Easter Wings

(George Herbert, 1593–1633)

*Lord, who createdst man in wealth and store^d,
Though foolishly he lost the same,
Decaying more and more,
Till he became
Most poor:
With thee
O let me rise
As larks, harmoniously,
And sing this day thy victories:
Then shall the fall further the flight in me.*

*My tender age in sorrow did begin:
And still with sicknesses and shame
Thou didst so punish sin,
That I became
Most thin.
With thee
Let me combine
And feel this day thy victory:
For, if I imp^d my wing on thine,
Affliction shall advance the flight in me.*

1. store, abundance

2. imp. A technical term used in falcon. Additional feathers were grafted (imped) onto a falcon's wings to improve its ability to fly.

B. Secular Poetry

Secular themes in poetry are mostly employed by the Cavalier poets during the reign of King Charles I (1625—1649). These poets are the Royalist supporters of King Charles I during the Civil War (1642—1651) who were fond of fashionable, extravagant clothing. They were opposed to the supporters of the Parliament called the Roundheads, who were actually the somber Puritans who liked to have short hair.

The Cavalier poets loved life and its pleasures, and cared little about religious devotion. Their attitude toward life can be compared to that of Italian Renaissance with the motto “Carpe Diem” or “Catch the Day”, which practically means “make pleasure while you are still alive, tomorrow you may be dead”. They abandoned the sonnet form, and they used lyrics to express their love of life, and their sorrow that life is so short. The best example for the expression of the Cavalier spirit can be found in Robert Herrick's poems. The other outstanding writers are Thomas Carew, John Suckling, and Richard Lovelace. However, their lyrics may not only center on love, they may also wrote poetry of war, honour, and their duty to the king or sometimes they combined all these themes. Miller (et al, 1976:245) say that the Cavalier poets give a stress on “grace and charm”. However, many other poets of different periods may also employ the same themes as explored by the Cavaliers.

To The Virgins, To Make Much Of Time
(Robert Herrick, 1591-1674)

*Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles today
Tomorrow will be dying.*

*The glorious lamp of heaven, the Sun, 05
The higher he's a-getting;
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.*

*That age is best which is the first, 10
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former.*

*Then be not coy, but use your time; 15
And while ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry.*

Short Measure

(From an Ode)
(Ben Jonson, 1572-1637)

*It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night—
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small porportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.*

Delight in Disorder

(Robert Herrick, 1591 – 1674)

*A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness.
A lawr¹⁾ about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction;
An erring lace, which here and there 05
Enthralls the crimson stomacher;
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribands²⁾ to flow confusedly;
A winning wave, deserving note, 10
In the tempestuous petticoat;
A careless shoestring, in whose tie
I see a wild civility;
Do more bewitch me than when art
Is too precise in every part.*

Vocabulary:

1) linen 2) ribbons (old use)

To Lucasta, On Going to the Wars
(Richard Lovelace, 1618–1658)

*Tell me not. Sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly*

*True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.*

*Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more.*

Lips and Eyes
(Thomas Carew, 1594–1640)

*In Celia's face a question did arise,
Which were more beautiful, her lips or eyes?
"We," said the eyes, "send forth those pointed darts*

*Which pierce the hardest adamantine hearts."
"From us," repli'd the lips, "proceed those blisses
Which lovers reap by kind words and sweet kisses."*

*Then wept the eyes, and from their springs did pour
Of liquid oriental pearl a shower;
Whereat the lips, moved with delight and pleasure,
Through a sweet smile unlock'd their pearly treasure*

*And bad Love judge, whether did add more grace
Weeping or smiling pearls to Celia's face.*

The Constant Lover
(Sir John Suckling, 1609-1641)

*Out upon it! I have loved
Three whole days together;
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.*

*Time shall molt away his wings
Ere he shall discover,
In the whole wide world again,
Such a constant lover.*

*But the spite on't is, no praise
Is due at all to me:
Love with me had made no stays
Had it any been but she.*

*Had it any been but she,
And that very face,
There had been at least ere this
A dozen dozen in her place.*

C. Religious Poetry

Most of the English Parliamentary supporters belong to religious poets. One of the outstanding figure is John Milton (1608-1674) who was not only a poet, but was also a Latin or Foreign Secretary official of the Commonwealth during the reign of Oliver Cromwell. He had been brought up according to the Puritan Principles. From an early age, he had loved music, poetry, and beauty in general. He had the imagination of the Renaissance (or in England: the Elizabethan Age) and the purity of his religion. He was educated at Christ's College, Cambridge where he was known as The Lady of Christ's. He wrote with the biblical theme in his long epic, 'Paradise Lost'. In his sorrowful pastoral elegy, 'Lycidas', he wrote the death by drowning of Edward King, who had been a student with him at Cambridge. He was drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish Seas, 1637. By occasion, in this elegy, he attacks the corrupted clergy and their lack of spirituality. Of course, the same theme may also be employed by any other poets of different periods.

On His Blindness (John Milton, 1608–1674)

*When I consider how my light is spent¹⁾
Ere²⁾ half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged³⁾ with me useless, though my soul more bent⁴⁾
To serve therewith⁵⁾ my Maker, and present 05
My true account⁶⁾, lest⁷⁾ He returning chide⁸⁾,
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly⁹⁾ ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need 10
Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke¹⁰⁾, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly: thousands¹¹⁾ at his bidding speed¹²⁾,
And post o'er¹³⁾ land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."*

Vocabulary:

- | | |
|----------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1) used up | 8) rebuke, scold |
| 2) before (old use) | 9) foolishly |
| 3) placed | 10) burden |
| 4) inclined | 11) thousands of Angles |
| 5) with this | 12) travel hastily |
| 6) life | 13) over |
| 7) for fear that | |

Song On May Morning (John Milton, 1608–1674)

*Now the bright morning Star, Dayes harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
The Flowry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow Cowslip, and the pale Primrose.*

*Hail bounteous May that dost inspire
Mirth and youth, and warm desire,
Woods and Groves, are of thy dressing,
Hill and Dale, doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early Song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.*

The Destruction of Sennacherib

(Lord Byron, 1788–1824)

*The Assirians¹⁾ came down like the wolf on the fold²⁾,
And his cohort³⁾ were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheer⁴⁾ of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee⁵⁾.*

*Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host⁶⁾ with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow⁷⁾ lay withered and straw⁸⁾.*

*For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed⁹⁾ deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved¹⁰⁾, and for ever grew still!*

*And there lay the steed¹¹⁾ with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gaspings¹²⁾ lay white on the turf¹³⁾,
And cold as the spray¹⁴⁾ of the rocks-beating surf¹⁵⁾.*

*And there lay the rider distorted¹⁶⁾ and pale,
With the dew on his brow¹⁷⁾, and the rust on his mail¹⁸⁾;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.*

*And the widows of Ashur¹⁹⁾ are loud in their wail²⁰⁾,
And the idols²¹⁾ are broke in the temple of Baal²²⁾;
And the might of the Gentile²³⁾, unsmote²⁴⁾ by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!*

Note & Vocabulary

- 1) Assyria was a civilization centered on the Upper Tigris river, in Mesopotamia (Iraq)
- 2) originally, enclosure for sheep (here it is used metaphorically)
- 3) legion (orig., a group of from 300 to 600 soldier in ancient Rome)
- 4) flashing
- 5) the sea of Galilee (an ancient Roman province in what is now northern Israel)
- 6) crowd
- 7) (arch.) mourning
- 8) (arch.) strew, to let fall in separate pieces
- 9) swell up
- 10) breathe hard
- 11) horse
- 12) out of breath
- 13) grass
- 14) tiny shower
- 15) waves breaking in white foam on the shore
- 16) collapse
- 17) forehead

- 18)body armour of metal rings or plates
- 19)the supreme national god of Assyria
- 20)cry
- 21)deity, god
- 22)the chief god of Assyria
- 23)those who are not Jewish
- 24)(pp, smite) not be struck/hit

Chapter III: Pastoral Accounts

Another way to understand Britain is by exploring the images of pastoral life as conveyed in literature. Hornby (1980:613) states that the word “pastoral” pertains to “shepherds and country life” whereas Cuddon (1992:686) says that this word which is derived from Latin “is concerned with the lives of shepherds”, and furthermore, he asserts that pastoral literature “tends to be an idealization of shepherd life, and, by so being creates an image of a peaceful and uncorrupted existence; a kind of pre-lapsarian world”. According to Wikipedia (2009:par.3) pastoral literature encompasses “rural subject and aspects of life in the countryside among shepherds, cowherds and other farm workers that are often romanticized and depicted in a highly unrealistic manner”. In encyclopedia2.thefreedictionary.com (2009:par. 6), pastoral literature is said to deal with “shepherds or rural life, typically contrasting the innocence and serenity of the simple life with the misery and corruption of city or court life”. The works that amplify the pastoral tradition in the history of English literature have been, at least, seen since the late 16th century in the works of Marlowe, Spenser, or Shakespeare. In the Romantic Period in which intuition was emphasized over reason, pastoral life was still the concern of the poets. Blake, for example (Cuddon, 1992:690), used the shepherd as “a symbol of an innocence and unspoilt way of life” and Wordsworth made use of the country life as the representation of flawless nature and “the uncorrupted existence of countrymen” as the ideal model. In this period, the writers tended to represent life as it is not—unrealistic—which is the product of imagination rather than that of reason. The thoughts of French philosopher Jean Jacques Rousseau (1712—78) inspired the Romantic writers’ revolt against the ideas developed in the previous period. Rousseau (___, ___:71) teaches that “civilization made man evil”. He also introduces the idea of the “noble savage”, i.e. “the man of nature was the noblest man of all, uncorrupted by civilization” which “imposed rules of behavior”. Thus, man’s freedom is restricted by this civilization. Furthermore, he asserts that man’s attention was, then, given to the lives in the countryside because the city is the symbol of civilization, and hence, the center of corruption.

One outstanding form of poetry employed in the Romantic period is a ballad, which is “a form of narrative poetry” (literary.thinkquest.org, 2009:par.1), and, therefore, a ballad tells a story or in fact, it is fundamentally is “a song that tells a story and originally was a musical accompaniment to a dance” as it is derived from “the late Latin and Italian ballare” which means ‘to dance’ (Cuddon, 1992:77). There are basically two

kinds of ballads to distinguish, i.e. the folk or traditional ballad and the literary or lyrical ballad. The former is anonymous and transmitted orally from generation to generation, and the latter is not anonymous and popularly exploited by the poets of this literary movement. Wordsworth who “was England's Poet Laureate from 1843 until his death in 1850” (Wikipedia, 2008: par. 2) and is one of the leaders of this movement believes (____, ____:77) that Nature brings benefits in three ways: “it teaches us; (2) it cures us, especially when we are spiritually ill; and (3) it unites Man, Nature, and God”. In the preface to “Lyrical Ballads” (1798), which is accepted as “a central work of Romantic literary theory” (Wikipedia, 2008:par. 9), he introduces a definition of poetry as “the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings from emotions recollected in tranquility” which is still celebrated by many up to the present moment.

The Tables Turned

*An Evening Scene on the Same Subject
Composed 1798—Published 1798
(William Wordsworth, 1770—1850)*

*Up ! up ! my Friend, and quit your books;
Or surely you'll grow double:
Up ! up ! my Friend, and clear your looks:
Why all this toi¹⁾ and trouble?*

*The sun, above the mountain's head,
A freshening lustre²⁾ mellow³⁾
Through all the long green fields has spread,
His first sweet evening yellow.*

*Book ! 'tis a dull and endless strife⁴⁾:
Come, hear the woodland linnet⁵⁾,
How sweet his music ! on my life,
There's more of wisdom in it.*

*And hark ! how blithe⁶⁾ the throstle⁷⁾ sings!
He too, is no mean preacher:
Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your Teacher.*

*She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless—
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.*

*One impulse from a verna⁸⁾ wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages⁹⁾ can.*

*Sweet is the lore¹⁰⁾ which Nature brings;
Our meddling¹¹⁾ intellect
Mis-shapes the beauteous¹²⁾ forms of things :—
We murder to dissect¹³⁾.*



*Enough of Science and of Art;
Close up those barren leaves;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives.*

Vocabulary

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. hard work | 7. a sort of songbird, esp. the kind called song-thrush |
| 2. sheen, soft reflected light | 8. (of lit) of, in, as in, the season of spring |
| 3. rich in colour | 9. wise men |
| 4. trouble | 10. wisdom traditionally handed down |
| 5. a small brown songbird, common in Europe | 11. interfering |
| 6. (chiefly poets) gay and joyous | 12. (poet) beautiful |
| | 13. cut up (parts of an animal body, plant, etc) in order to study its structure |

Composed upon Westminster Bridge

September 3, 1802

(William Wordsworth, 1770—1850)

*Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth¹⁾, like a garment, wear²⁾
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep³⁾
In his first splendour; valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I⁴⁾, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth⁴⁾ at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!*

Note:

line 2 may mean a man who could pass by a sight that is so touching in its majesty would be dull of soul

Vocabulary:

1. doth wear(line 4): wears
2. usually 'to soak', here 'to cover completely'
3. I never saw
4. glides, moves along smoothly

The World Is too Much with Us

Composed ?.—Published 1807

(William Wordsworth, 1770—1850)

*The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This Sea that bars her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;*

05

*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 wreathed horn.*

10

Matthew

(William Wordsworth, 1770—1850)

*IF Nature, for a favourite child,
In thee hath tempered so her clay,
That every hour thy heart runs wild,
Yet never once doth go astray,*

*Read o'er these lines; and then review
This tablet, that thus humbly rears
In such diversity of hue
Its history of two hundred years.*

*--When through this little wreck of fame,
Cipher and syllable! thine eye
Has travelled down to Matthew's name,
Pause with no common sympathy.*

10

*And, if a sleeping tear should wake,
Then be it neither checked nor stayed:
For Matthew a request I make
Which for himself he had not made.*

*Poor Matthew, all his frolics o'er,
Is silent as a standing pool;
Far from the chimney's merry roar,
And murmur of the village school.*

20

*The sighs which Matthew heaved were sighs
Of one tired out with fun and madness;
The tears which came to Matthew's eyes
Were tears of light, the dew of gladness.*

*Yet, sometimes, when the secret cup
Of still and serious thought went round,
It seemed as if he drank it up--
He felt with spirit so profound.*

*--Thou soul of God's best earthly mould!
Thou happy Soul! and can it be
That these two words of glittering gold
Are all that must remain of thee?*

30



Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Inscription for a Fountain on a Heath

(Samuel Taylor Coleridge , 1772-1834)

*This Sycamore, oft musical with bees,—
Such tents the Patriarchs loved! O long unharmed
May all its aged boughs o'er-canopy
The small round basin, which this jutting stone
Keeps pure from falling leaves! Long may the Spring,
Quietly as a sleeping infant's breath,
Send up cold waters to the traveller
With soft and even pulse! Nor ever cease
Yon tiny cone of sand its soundless dance,
Which at the bottom, like a Fairy's Page,
As merry and no taller, dances still,
Nor wrinkles the smooth surface of the Fount.
Here Twilight is and Coolness: here is moss,
A soft seat, and a deep and ample shade.
Thou may'st toil far and find no second tree.
Drink, Pilgrim, here: Here rest! and if thy heart
Be innocent, here too shalt thou refresh
Thy spirit, listening to some gentle sound,
Or passing gale or hum of murmuring bees!*

Claribel

(Alfred, Lord Tennyson, 1809—1892)

*Where Claribel low-lieth
The breezes pause and die,
Letting the rose-leaves fall:
But the solemn oak-tree sigheth,
Thick-leaved, ambrosial,
With an ancient melody
Of an inward agony,
Where Claribel low-lieth.*



*At eve the beetle boometh
Athwart the thicket lone:
At noon the wild bee hummeth
About the moss'd headstone:
At midnight the moon cometh,
And looketh down alone.
Her song the lintwhite swelleth,
The clear-voiced mavis dwelleth,
The callow throstle lispeth,
The slumbrous wave outwelleth,
The babbling rannel crispeth,
The hollow grot replieth
Where Claribel low-lieth.*

The Spring

(Thomas Carew, 1595--1639)

*Now that the winter's gone, the earth hath lost
Her snow-white robes, and now no more the frost
Candies the grass, or casts an icy cream
Upon the silver lake or crystal stream;
But the warm sun thaws the benumbed earth,
And makes it tender; gives a sacred birth
To the dead swallow; wakes in hollow tree
The drowsy cuckoo, and the humble-bee.
Now do a choir of chirping minstrels bring*



Thomas Carew

*In triumph to the world the youthful Spring:
 The valleys, hills, and woods in rich array
 Welcome the coming of the long'd-for May.
 Now all things smile, only my love doth lour;
 Nor hath the scalding noonday sun the power
 To melt that marble ice, which still doth hold
 Her heart congeal'd, and makes her pity cold.
 The ox, which lately did for shelter fly
 Into the stall, doth now securely lie
 In open fields; and love no more is made
 By the fireside, but in the cooler shade
 Amyntas now doth with his Chloris sleep
 Under a sycamore, and all things keep
 Time with the season; only she doth carry
 June in her eyes, in her heart January.*

Fragment 9: The Netherlands

(Samuel Taylor Coleridge , 1772-1834)

Water and windmills, greenness, Islets green;—
 Willows whose Trunks beside the shadows stood
 Of their own higher half, and willowy swamp:—
 Farmhouses that at anchor seem'd—in the inland sky
 The fog-transfixing Spires—
 Water, wide water, greenness and green banks,
 And water seen—

The Ecchoing Green

(William Blake, 1757—1827)

*The sun does arise,
 And make happy the skies;
 The merry bells ring
 To welcome the spring;
 The skylark and thrush,
 The birds of the bush,
 Sing louder around
 To the bell's cheerful sound,
 While our sports shall be seen
 On the Echoing Green.*

*Old John with white hair;
 Does laugh away care,
 Sitting under the oak,
 Among the old folk.
 They laugh at our play,
 And soon they all say:
 "Such, such were the joys
 When we all, girls and boys,
 In our youth time were seen
 On the Echoing Green."*

*Till the little ones, weary,
 No more can be merry;
 The sun does descend,
 And our sports have an end.
 Round the laps of their mothers
 Many sisters and brother,
 Like birds in their nest,
 Are ready for rest,
 And sport no more seen
 On the darkening Green.*

William Blake



The Shepherd

(William Blake, 1757—1827)

*How sweet is the Shepherd's sweet lot!
From the morn to the evening he strays;
He shall follow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be filled with praise.*

*For he hears the lamb's innocent call,
And he hears the ewe's tender reply;
He is watchful while they are in peace,
For they know when their Shepherd is nigh.*

No Buyers

(Thomas Hardy 1840—1928)

*A Load of brushes and baskets and cradles and chairs
Labours along the street in the rain:
With it a man, a woman, a pony with whiteybrown hairs. —
The man foots in front of the horse with a shambling sway
At a slower tread than a funeral train,
While to a dirge-like tune he chants his wares,
Swinging a Turk's-head brush (in a drum-major's way
When the bandmen march and play).*

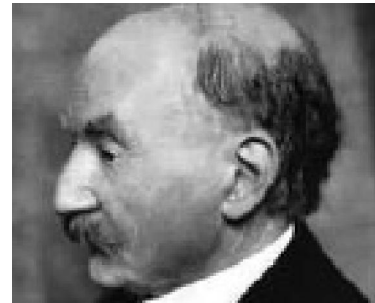
*A yard from the back of the man is the whiteybrown pony's nose:
He mirrors his master in every item of pace and pose:
He stops when the man stops, without being told,
And seems to be eased by a pause; too plainly he's old,
Indeed, not strength enough shows
To steer the disjointed waggon straight,
Which wriggles left and right in a rambling line,
Deflected thus by its own warp and weight,
And pushing the pony with it in each incline.*

*The woman walks on the pavement verge,
Parallel to the man:
She wears an apron white and wide in span,
And carries a like Turk's-head, but more in nursing-wise:
Now and then she joins in his dirge,
But as if her thoughts were on distant things,
The rain clams her apron till it clings. —
So, step by step, they move with their merchandize,
And nobody buys.*

To One Who Has Been Long in City Pent

(John Keats, 1795-1821)

*To one who has been long in city pent,
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven,—to breathe a prayer
Full in the smile of the blue firmament.
Who is more happy, when, with heart's content,
Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair
Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair
And gentle tale of love and languishment?
Returning home at evening, with an ear
Catching the notes of Philomel,—an eye
Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career;
He mourns that day so soon has glided by:
E'en like the passage of an angel's tear
That falls through the clear ether silently.*



D give Chapter IV:
Patriotic Vision

Brainy Quote (2009:par.1) defines ‘patriotism’ as “the passion which inspires one to serve one’s country” whereas TheFreeDictionary (2009:1) based on The American Heritage Dictionary of the English language, define it as “love and devotion to one’s country”, and Collins English Dictionary that it quotes says that patriotism is the “devotion to one’s own country and concern for its defence”. Thus, patriotism shows the devotion, love and sacrifice to one’s country. The poems under discussion in this section, although they depart from different milieu and experience, reveal how this sort of patriotic feelings is conveyed. Aspects of such patriotism as sympathy for those who are marginalized by others may also be revealed from the poems under discussion. Profound understanding will only be accomplished when the poems are placed within their context.

The Dead

(Rupert Brooke, 1887-1915)

*These hearts were woven¹⁾ of human joys and cares,
Washed marvelously²⁾ with sorrow, swift³⁾ to mirth⁴⁾.
The years had given **them** kindness. Dawn was theirs,
And sunset, and the colours of the earth.
These had seen movement, and heard music; known 05
Slumber⁵⁾ and waking; loved; gone proudly friended⁶⁾;
Felt the quick stir⁷⁾ of wonder; sat alone⁸⁾;
Touched flowers and furs and cheeks. All this is ended.*

*There are waters blown by changing winds to laughter 10
And lit by the rich skies, all day. And after,
Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves that dance
And wandering loveliness. He leaves a white
Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance⁹⁾.
A width, a shining peace, under the night.*

Vocabulary:

- | | |
|----------------------------------|---------------|
| 1) were put together | 6) friendship |
| 2) magnificently | 7) excitement |
| 3) quick | 8) meditation |
| 4) being merry, happy and bright | 9) brightness |
| 5) sleep soundly | |



Futility

(Wilfred Owen, 1893—1918)

*Move him into the sun—
Gently its touch awoke him once,
At home, whispering of fields unsown.
Always it woke him, even in France,
Until this morning and this snow.
If anything might rouse him now
The kind old sun will know.*

*Think how it wakes the seeds,—
Woke, once, the clays of a cold star.
Are limbs, so dear-achieved, are sides,
Full-nerved—still warm—too hard to stir?
Was it for this the clay grew tall?
—O what made fatuous sunbeams toil
To break earth's sleep at all?*

The Call

(Jessie Pope, 1868—1941)

Who's for the trench—
Are you, my laddie?
Who'll follow French—
Will you, my laddie?
Who's fretting to begin,
Who's is going out to win?
And who wants to save his skin—
Do you, my laddie?

Who's for the khaki suit—
Are you, my laddie?
Who longs to charge and shoot—
Do you, my laddie?
Who's keen on getting fit,
Who means to show his grit,
And who'd rather wait a bit—
Would you, my laddie?

Who'll learn the Empire's thanks—
Will you, my laddie?
Who'll swell the victor's ranks—
Will you, my laddie?
When that procession comes,
Banners and rolling drums—
Who'll stand and bite his thumbs—
Will you, my laddie?

Vocab: "The Call"

Laddie = lad (a young man)

Fretting = worrying

Longs = desire very much

Grit = quality of courage & endurance

**Thought of a Briton on
The Subjugation of Switzerland**

(William Wordsworth, 1770—1850)

Composed probably early in 1807.—Published 1807

*Two Voices are there; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains; each a mighty Voice:
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!
There came a Tyrant, and with holy glee 05
Thou fought'st against him; but hast vainly striven:
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft:
Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left; 10
For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would it be
That Mountain floods should thunder as before,
And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful Voice be heard by thee!*

Suicide in the Trenches

(Siegfried Sassoon, 1886—1967)

I knew a simple soldier boy
Who grinned at life in empty joy,
Slept soundly through the lonesome dark,
And whistled early with the lark.

In winter trenches, cowed and glum,
With crumps and lice and lack of rum,
He put a bullet through his brain.
No one spoke of him again.

You smug-faced crowds with kindling eye
Who cheer when soldier lads march by,
Sneak home and pray you'll never know
The hell where youth and laughter go.

Vocab: "Suicide in the Trenches"

Grinned = broad smile

Lark = animal bird

Cowed and glum = feeling sad, tired loss of hope

Crumps and lice = sores and insects

Rum = alcoholic drink, a sort of relief for the soldier which made him forget the bitter moments of the war

Smug-faced crowds = happy crowds to be safe from wars, not like the soldiers

Kindling = pity

The hell = referring to the wars

Vocab: "A Message from Tony Blair to the People of Iraq"

Stanza 3

Precision bombing = accurate bombing

Pose = Create

Stanza 7

Senseless = foolish

Stanza 10

Plumes = something suggesting a feather by its shape

Stanza 11

Billowing = (lit.) great wave of

Conflagration = great & destructive fire

Stanza 13

Desecration = using (something) in a wicked way

Stanza 14

Depleted = used up

Pulse = (fig) throb/thrill of life /emotion

Stanza 15

Impede = hinder/get in the way of

Stanza 17

Round the clock = all day and night

Stanza 19

Carnage = (lit) killing of many people

Vocab: "Twas the Night before Baghdad"

Stanza 4

Battering ram = (mil) big, heavy log with an iron head used in older times for breaking down walls

Stanza 5

The Fedayin = ('martyrs'), one of the main supports for Saddam Hussein's regime; Hussein's elite force which also performs political police functions

Clatter = news

Stanza 6

heartening = giving courage to

Stanza 8

The WMD = Weapons of Mass Destruction (the US National Intelligence only released a tiny fragment of information on the Iraq WMD)

Stanza 11

Shed = cause to flow

Stanza 12

Oblivious = unaware of

Bloodcurdling = sending feeling of horror

Chimes = (fig) Bush's voice is compared to the rings of series of notes of a bell

Stanza 16

Jerk = (slang) foolish person

Stanza 17

Don = (old use) put on clothing

Duck = move quickly to avoid being seen or hit

Anthem₁ for Doomed Youth

(Wilfred Owen, 1893—1918)

What passing-bells² for these who die as cattle?
Only the monstrous anger of the guns.
Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle
Can patter out³ their hasty orisons.⁴
No mockeries⁵ now for them; no prayers nor bells;
Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs, —
The shrill, demented⁶ choirs of wailing shells;
And bugles⁷ calling for them from sad shires.⁸
What candles⁹ may be held to speed them all?
Not in the hands of boys but in their eyes
Shall shine the holy glimmers of goodbyes.
The pallor¹⁰ of girls' brows shall be their pall;
Their flowers the tenderness of patient minds,
And each slow dusk¹¹ a drawing-down of blinds.¹²

September - October, 1917

Notes:

- 1 Anthem - perhaps best known in the expression "The National Anthem;" also, an important religious song (often expressing joy); here, perhaps, a solemn song of celebration
- 2 passing-bells - a bell tolled after someone's death to announce the death to the world
- 3 patter out - rapidly speak
- 4 orisons - prayers, here funeral prayers
- 5 mockeries - ceremonies which are insults. Here Owen seems to be suggesting that the Christian religion, with its loving God, can have nothing to do with the deaths of so many thousands of men
- 6 demented - raving mad
- 7 bugles - a bugle is played at military funerals (sounding the last post)
- 8 shires - English counties and countryside from which so many of the soldiers came
- 9 candles - church candles, or the candles lit in the room where a body lies in a coffin
- 10 pallor - paleness
- 11 dusk has a symbolic significance here
- 12 drawing-down of blinds - normally a preparation for night, but also, here, the tradition of drawing the blinds in a room where a dead person lies, as a sign to the world and as a mark of respect. The coming of night is like the drawing down of blinds.

A Message from Tony Blair to the People of Iraq

(a week after the start of the attacks by US and UK forces, March 2003)

(David Roberts)

Look into my honest eyes.

Listen to my honest lies.

Look into my angel face.
Just hear the sincerity in my voice.

I want you all to understand
the better future we have planned.
We bomb with Christian love, not Christian hate.
We come,
not to conquer,
but to liberate.

It is essential, and I want to make this very clear,
that our first aim is to make the world a safer place.
And with precision bombing you need have no fear.
And though you've not actually uttered threatening words
to Britain and America, or indeed the world,
and though you haven't acted yet,
we believe you pose a threat
a threat that cannot be ignored.

I tell you frankly that so great is the threat
that act we must, while there is still time,
or we may live to reap the bitter harvest
of regret.

I'm sure you will appreciate
that we have the right
to remove regimes
that we dislike.
We have the right to assassinate.
We have the right to decide your fate.

So the purpose of our mission,
now that war has started,
is also perfectly clear:
we come to bring you hope
and take away your fear.

Your army, as you know, is hopelessly outgunned.
Resistance by your soldiers is completely senseless.
We'll simply massacre. We'll wipe them out.
They cannot touch us. They're defenceless.

We wreck your homes, your lives, your infrastructure.
You needed help.
Without it you would have had no future.

Our peace, justice and democracy
you will soon enjoy and celebrate.
Remember, we come,
not to conquer,
but to liberate.

Your cities shake and thunder with our bombs.
Tumbling buildings. Plumes of flames.
Roaring jets and shrieking men.
The crash of glass and children's screams.
We see the mushroom clouds again.
Now you can appreciate the genius of our civilisation.
Remember, this isn't war:
it's liberation.

We destroyed your tv station. We cut your phones.
Your power and water supplies we cut.
We destroy public buildings and private homes.
You see billowing smoke and conflagration.
But it isn't war:
it's liberation.

Your hospitals overflow. They cannot cope.
We are killing you softly with our love.
Death and destruction are everywhere.
Your future fills with hope.

And if you cannot comprehend this desecration.
Just try to understand,
it isn't war:
it's liberation.

Cruise missiles, depleted uranium,
pulse, cluster and bunker buster bombs
may shock you.
And perhaps, you're just a little awed.
But please understand we come to help
and this is your reward.

Regrettably we can treat nothing as sacred:
it is a fact of war.
No artefact of God or man,
no suffering, no pain, no law
can impede the progress of our plan.

One advantage of our attack
is that we will build for you
a new Iraq.
So don't worry about the scale of the destruction.
Our companies will make it all as new
and your oil will pay for reconstruction.

Look to the future.
Your children will not easily forget
how we came to help.
Round the clock bombing
may have left them traumatised
and perhaps a little mad,
but soon we are sure they'll realise
just what luck they've had.

Some ask if I'm untouched by human suffering.
I can tell you my sleep is undisturbed,
though I deeply mourn the thousands killed.
I am not shaken,
and I am not stirred.

So finally I say,
that for a brighter future
a little bombing is a small price to pay.

Ignore the carnage, terror and destruction.
Our purpose
is not
domination or exploitation.

This is not
a war of conquest.
It's a war of liberation.

28 March-9 April 2003

'Twas the night before Baghdad
(Cynthia Anderson)
Mother of a soldier

'Twas the night before Baghdad
And all through the base
Not a heartbeat was silent
Not a smile on one face

The soldiers at attention
Fists raised in the air
Saddam is a monster!
We must all go there!

So we loaded our planes
With our guns and our tanks
And we sent all the soldiers
To Kuwaits outer banks

From Kuwait, from Turkey
From Saudi and more
With battering rams
We knocked on his door

The Fedayin heard
All the military clatter
And ran to Saddam
To ask what was the matter

Don't worry he said
With a heartening ring
They financed my reign
They won't do this thing

We bombed all the buildings
Til the fires were glowing
While Baby Bush yelled
Keep the oil pipes flowing!

He should be a magician
Our Baby Bush, cuz you see
He created the biggest illusion
The WMD's

He lied to us all
About terror and pain
When all that he's after
Is monetary gain

For Daddy, and Barbara
And Baby Bush too
There is no such thing

As too much oil revenue

Some people believe
That it's for our own good
To bomb and to kill
To shed innocent blood

They sleep in their beds
Oblivious to lies
While we who have wakened
Hear bloodcurdling cries

Cries of our fathers,

Our brothers and sons
Sent to fight in a war
That cannot be won

We liberated them!
Our Baby Bush chimes
That is why they attack us
Time after time

With Christmas upon us
He steps up his work
Of campaigning again
The self serving jerk!

He'll don his flight suit
He'll have all his fun
Wishing "Merry Christmas! Keep fighting!"
And to all....Duck and Run!

This Is No Case of Petty Right or Wrong
(Edward Thomas)

This is no case of petty right or wrong
That politicians or philosophers
Can judge. I hate not Germans, nor grow hot
With love of Englishmen, to please newspapers.
Beside my hate for one fat patriot
My hatred of the Kaiser is love true: –
A kind of god he is, banging a gong.
But I have not to choose between the two,
Or between justice and injustice. Dinned
With war and argument I read no more
Than in the storm smoking along the wind
Athwart¹ the wood. Two witches' cauldrons roar.
From one the weather shall rise clear and gay;
Out of the other an England beautiful
And like her mother that died yesterday.
Little I know or care if, being dull,
I shall miss something that historians
Can rake out of the ashes when perchance²
The phoenix³ broods serene above their ken.
But with the best and meanest Englishmen
I am one in crying, God save England, lest
We lose what never slaves and cattle blessed.
The ages made her that made us from dust:
She is all we know and live by, and we trust

She is good and must endure, loving her so:
And as we love ourselves we hate her foe.

26 December, 1915

1 athwart - across

2 perchance - perhaps

3 phoenix - legendary bird that was able to grow again from its own ashes

Chapter V: Non Anglo-Celtic Experience

There have been migrants to what is now known as Britain for more than two thousand years. They helped to create the foundations of the country. People that move to this country are often known as immigrants, refugees, sojourners (people that stay temporarily) and, more recently, asylum seekers and illegal migrants. Some settle permanently, some stay for just a short while and then move on. Others return to their roots. Immigration has continued largely because of Britain's appeal as a place of security and opportunity.

Between AD43 and 411 Britain was part of the Roman Empire. During this 400 year period people came from all over the known world as soldiers, merchants and administrators but especially from France, Germany and Eastern Europe. Angles, Saxons, Jutes and Vikings followed.

The needs of industry and empire called for a growing clerical workforce. From the mid 19th century, German clerks were attracted to Britain by the higher wages paid here. Other Europeans also crossed the channel in the second half of the 19th century.

The flow of refugees has been continuous since the end of the Second World War. Many of those who arrived in the 1950s, 1960s and 1970s have become permanent communities. Those displaced by the conflict of the war were followed by Chinese leaving Mao Tse Tung's communist regime, refugees from the Hungarian Revolution of 1956, Jews escaping the Middle East, Kenyan and Ugandan Asians and Vietnamese Boat People. More recently still there have been refugees from the former Yugoslavia and Rumania, from Afghanistan, West Africa and Zimbabwe. Some have returned home. Many more are going through the long process of trying to gain legal entry into a country in which they hope to find a future. Migrants have also played an important role in determining how the country looks.

Halfe–Caste
(John Agard, 1949–)

Excuse me
standing on one leg
I'm half-caste.

Explain yuself
wha yu mean
when yu say half-caste
yu mean when Picasso
mix red an green
is a half-caste canvas?
explain yuself
wha yu mean
when yu say half-caste
yu mean when light an shadow
mix in de sky
is a half-caste weather?
well in dat case
england weather
nearly always half-caste
in fact some o dem cloud
half-caste till dem overcast
so spiteful dem don't want de sun pass
ah rass?
explain yuself
wha yu mean
when yu say half-caste
yu mean tchaikovsky
sit down at dah piano
an mix a black key



Biography

Playwright, poet, short-story and children's writer **John Agard** was born on 21 June 1949 in British Guiana (now Guyana). He worked for the *Guyana Sunday Chronicle* newspaper as sub-editor and feature writer before moving to England in 1977, where he became a touring lecturer for the Commonwealth Institute, travelling to schools throughout the UK to promote a better understanding of Caribbean culture. In 1993 he was appointed Writer in Residence at the South Bank Centre, London, and became Poet in Residence at the BBC in London, an appointment created as part of a scheme run by the Poetry Society in London. He also played a key role in the 'Windrush' season of programmes in 1998. He won the Paul Hamlyn Award for Poetry in 1997 and has travelled extensively throughout the world performing his poetry.

wid a white key
is a half-caste symphony?

Explain yusef
wha yu mean
Ah listening to yu wid de keen
half of mih ear
Ah looking at yu wid de keen
half of mih eye
an when I'm introduced to yu
I'm sure you'll understand
why I offer yu half-a-hand
an when I sleep at night
I close half-a-eye
consequently when I dream
I dream half-a-dream
an when moon begin to glow
I half-caste human being
cast half-a-shadow
but yu must come back tomorrow
wid de whole of yu eye
an de whole of yu ear
an de whole of yu mind.

an I will tell yu
de other half
of my story.

June 11, 2005

Presents from my Aunts in Pakistan

(Moniza Alvi, 1954—)

They sent me a salwar kameez
peacock-blue,
and another
glistening like an orange split open,
embossed slippers, gold and black
points curling.
Candy-striped glass bangles
snapped, drew blood.
Like at school, fashions changed
in Pakistan -
the salwar bottoms were broad and stiff,
then narrow.
My aunts chose an apple-green sari,
silver-bordered
for my teens.

I tried each satin-silken top -
was alien in the sitting-room.
I could never be as lovely
as those clothes -
I longed
for denim and corduroy.
My costume clung to me



Biography

Moniza Alvi (born February 2, 1954) is a Pakistani-British poet and writer. She was born in Lahore, Pakistan. She was the daughter of a Pakistani father and an English mother. Her father moved to Hertfordshire in England when she was a few months old. She didn't revisit Pakistan until after the publication of her first book of poems - 'The Country over my Shoulder' - from which this poem comes. She worked for several years as a high school teacher she is now a freelance writer and tutor.

and I was aflame,
I couldn't rise up out of its fire,
half-English,
unlike Aunt Jamila.

I wanted my parents' camel-skin lamp -
switching it on in my bedroom,
to consider the cruelty
and the transformation
from camel to shade,
marvel at the colours
like stained glass.

My mother cherished her jewellery -
Indian gold, dangling, filigree,
But it was stolen from our car.
The presents were radiant in my wardrobe.
My aunts requested cardigans
from Marks and Spencers.

My salwar kameez
didn't impress the schoolfriend
who sat on my bed, asked to see
my weekend clothes.
But often I admired the mirror-work,
tried to glimpse myself
in the miniature
glass circles, recall the story
how the three of us
sailed to England.
Prickly heat had me screaming on the way.
I ended up in a cot
In my English grandmother's dining-room,
found myself alone,
playing with a tin-boat.

I pictured my birthplace
from fifties' photographs.
When I was older
there was conflict, a fractured land
throbbing through newsprint.
Sometimes I saw Lahore -
my aunts in shaded rooms,
screened from male visitors,
sorting presents,
wrapping them in tissue.

Or there were beggars, sweeper-girls
and I was there -
of no fixed nationality,
staring through fretwork
at the Shalimar Gardens.

Search for My Tongue

(Sujata Bhatt, 1956—)

You ask me what I mean
by saying I have lost my tongue.
I ask you, what would you do
if you had two tongues in your mouth,
and lost the first one, the mother tongue,
and could not really know the other,
the foreign tongue.

You could not use them both together
even if you thought that way,
And if you lived in a place you had to
speak a foreign tongue,
your mother tongue would rot,
rot and die in your mouth
until you had to spit it out.

I thought I spit it out
but overnight while I dream,

મને હુતું કે આબ્બી જીભ આબ્બી ભાષા
(munay hutoo kay aakhee jeebh aakhee bhasha)

મે થૂંકી નાબી છે
(may thoonky nakhi chay)

પરંતુ રાત્રે સ્વપ્નામાં મારી ભાષા પાછી આવે છે
(parantoo rattray svupnama mari bhasha pachi aavay chay)

ફૂલની જેમ મારી ભાષા મારી જીભ
(foolnee jaim mari bhasha nmari jeebh)

મોઢામાં બીલે છે
(modhama kheelay chay)

ફૂલની જેમ મારી ભાષા મારી જીભ
(fullnee jaim mari bhasha mari jeebh)

મોઢામાં પાકે છે
(modhama pakay chay)

It grows back, a stump of a shoot
grows longer, grows moist, grows strong veins,
it ties the other tongue in knots,
the bud opens, the bud opens in my mouth,
it pushes the other tongue aside,
Everytime I think I've forgotten,
I think I've lost the mother tongue,
it blossoms out of my mouth.



Biography

Sujata Bhatt was born in Ahmedabad, India, in 1956. She grew up in Pune, India, and in the United States. She received her MFA from the Writers' Workshop at the University of Iowa, and now lives in Germany with her husband and daughter. She is the recipient of various awards, including the Commonwealth Poetry Prize (Asia) and the Cholmondeley Award.

Sujata Bhatt has been a Lansdowne Visiting Writer at the University of Victoria, in British Columbia, Canada, and a Visiting Fellow at Dickinson College in Pennsylvania. More recently she was Poet-in-Residence at The Poetry Archive in London, (www.poetryarchive.org), where more information about her can be found. Her work has been widely anthologised, broadcast on radio and television, and has been translated into more than 20 languages. She is a frequent guest at literary festivals throughout the world.

Inglan is a Bitch

w'en mi jus' come to Landan toun
mi use to work pan di andahgroun
but workin' pan di andahgroun
y'u don't get fi know your way aroun'

Inglan is a bitch
dere's no escapin' it
Inglan is a bitch
dere's no runnin' whey fram it

mi get a lickle jab in a big 'otell
an' awftha a while, mi woz doin' quit well
dem staat mi aaf as a dish-washah but
w'en mi tek a stack, mi noh tun clack -
watchah!

Inglan is a bitch
dere's no escapin' it
Inglan is a bitch
no baddah try fi hide fram it

w'en dem gi' you di lickle wage packit
fus dem rab it wid dem big taxi rackit
y'u haffi struggle fi mek en's mett an'
w'en y'u goh a y'u bed y'u jus' cant sleep

Inglan is a bitch

if y'u si how mi wok y'u woulda sey mi crazy

Inglan is a bitch
dere's no escapin' it
Inglan is a bitch
y'u betta face up to it

dem have a lickle facktri up inna Brackly
inna disya facktri all dem dhu is pack crackry
fi di laas fifteen years dem get mi laybah
now awftah fifteen years mi fall out a fayvah

Inglan is a bitch
dere's no escapin' it
Inglan is a bitch
dere's no runnin' whey fram it

mi know dme have work, work in abundant
yet still, dem mek mi redundant
now, at fifty-five mi gettin' quite ol'
yet still, dem sen' mi fi goh draw dole

Inglan is a bitch
dere's no escapin' it
Inglan is a bitch fi true
is whey wi a goh dhu 'bout it?



Linton Kwesi Johnson was born in 1952 in Chapelton, Jamaica. He moved to London in 1963 to be with his mother and went on to read Sociology at Goldsmiths College, University of London.

He joined the Black Panther movement in 1970, organising a poetry workshop and working with Rasta Love, a group of poets and percussionists. He joined the Brixton-based Race Today Collective in 1974. His first book of poems, *Voices of the Living and the Dead*, was published by the Race Today imprint in 1974. His second book, *Dread, Beat An' Blood* (1975) includes poems written in Jamaican dialect, and was released as a record in 1978. He is widely regarded as the father of 'dub poetry', a term he coined to describe the way a number of reggae DJs blended music and verse.

De Souza Prabhu

No, I'm not going to
delve deep down and discover
I'm really de Souza Prabhu
even if Prabhu was no fool
and got the best of both
worlds.
(Catholic Brahmin!
I can hear his fat chuckle still)

No matter that
my name is Greek
my surname Portugese
my language alien.

There are ways
of belonging

I belong with the lame ducks

I heard it said
my parents wanted a boy
I've done my best to qualify.
I hid the bloodstains
on my clothes
and let my breasts sag.
Words the weapon
to crucify.



Eunice de Souza used to be Head of the Department of English in St Xavier's College, Mumbai. She is now retired. Acknowledged as one of the best Indian poets writing in English, de Souza was born in Pune in 1940, to Roman Catholic parents of Goan origin. She grew up in Pune after she lost her father at the age of three. She published the book poems *Fix* (1979), *Women in Dutch Painting* (1988), *Ways of Belonging* (1990) and *Selected and New Poems*(1994).

de Souza studied English Literature in India and the U.S and has been teaching the same for over 25 years. She has also been involved in theater as an actress and director, has written for leading newspapers, usually as a fierce literary critic. She has also written some very popular books of children's fiction, apart from orchestrating "Ithaka" the highly-esteemed literary festival held annually on the Xavier's campus. She has also four published children's books.

Vocabulary:

"Halfe—Caste"

Picasso= Italian painter

Tchaikovsky= Russian musician

"Present from My Aunts in Pakistan"

a salwar kameez= loose trousers and tunic traditionally worn
by Pakistani women

emboss = cause a pattern etc to stand out on

bangles= ornamental rigid bands worn round the arm or
ankle

denim = twilled cotton clothes (used for jeans, overalls etc)

filigree=ornamental lace-like work of gold, silver or copper
ware

cardigan=knitted woolen jacket

mirror-work= Asian clothing is often decorated in lots of tiny
round mirrors

prickly heat=severe itching caused by the heat

Shalimar Gardens=an ornamental park In Lahore