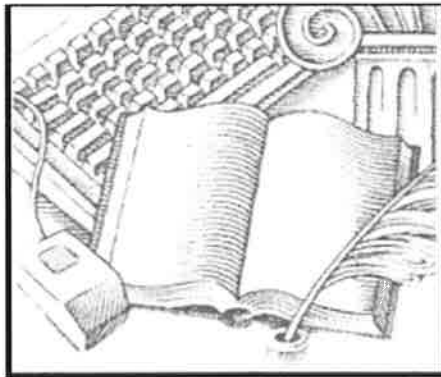


ENGA21

British Literary History

Lecture Notes and Seminar Texts



Lists of Terms in *The Penguin Guide*

In Carter/McRae, *The Penguin Guide to Literature in English*, you will find the following three lists of terms that are relevant to the subject:

Extra Words (pp. 241-242)

Cultural Terms (pp. 243-249)

Literary Terms (pp. 250-257)

Some of these terms will no doubt already be familiar to you, while others are new.

The terms of all three lists are part of the course and should be looked up and learned. Your knowledge of them will be tested, since a number of them will form part of the written exam at the end of the course.

Lecture 1: THE OLD AND MIDDLE ENGLISH PERIOD

The Penguin Guide to Literature in English: Chapter 1 (pp. 1-19)

Re-read MacDowall, *An Illustrated History of Britain* (pp. 13-15, 16-17, 23, 41, 45, 55-56, 64-65)

The Period of Invasions

The Celts 700 B.C.

The Romans 43-409

Germanic tribes (Angles, Saxons and Jutes) c. 450

The Vikings 8th and 9th centuries

The Normans 1066

Language sedimentation in English

Celtic: London, Leeds, Avon, Kent, Devon, coomb, down

Latin: pound, dish, kitchen, wine, cheese

Scandinavian: Grimsby, thorp, egg, take, ill

French: prince, government, state, parliament, people, country

Significant Historical Events

The Norman Conquest 1066

The Magna Carta 1215

The Hundred Years War 1330s-1453

The Wars of the Roses 1460-1485

Conditions for Literature

The spoken and the written

Literacy

Literary Genres

Historiography

Lyrical poems

Epic poems

Prose narratives

Subjects and Themes

Order and hierarchy

Faith

Nature (the seasonal cycle)

Timeline Invasions

Christianity > Literacy **Augustine** (597) monasteries

Alfred the Great (871-899) Wessex administration

Language sedimentation

Caedmon's Hymn (670) caesura alliteration

oral tradition *Beowulf* (spoken 500s > written down 700s) pre-Christian

3,000 lines Hrothgar Grendel Heorot

epithet kenning

Historiography **Bede** **Alfred** **Ælfric**

1066-1362 Norman Anglo-Saxon

Middle Ages (approximately 1150 – 1485) Age of Chivalry Troubadours

King Arthur Uther Pendragon Ygrayne Merlin Morgayne Guinevere

Camelot The Round Table Sir Lancelot The Holy Grail Mordred Avalon

Penguin p. 10: Monmouth Chrétien de Troyes Mabinogion Layamon's *Brut*

Geoffrey Chaucer (app. 1343-1400) Ovid Boccaccio/*Decamerone*

Canterbury Tales Pilgrimage Southwark Tabard Inn shrine

Thomas à Beckett Wife of Bath

Pearl Sir Gawain and the Green Knight

Caxton > Wynkyn de Worde **Sir Thomas Malory** *Morte d'Arthur* (1485)

Eleanor of Aquitaine (1122/4-1204)

Clemence of Barking (1163-1200)

Julian of Norwich (1342-1416)

Seminar 1: OLD AND MIDDLE ENGLISH LITERATURE

Study Questions

Beowulf

1. Try to identify the following stylistic traits in the extracts from the poem: alliteration, caesura and kenning.
2. *Beowulf* is a poem by a Christian poet about a pagan society. Can this tension be seen in the extracts from the poem?

Lyrical Poems

3. A pre-industrial society like England in the Middle Ages is heavily dependent on the seasonal cycle. How can this be seen in the selected lyrical poems?
4. "I syng of a mayden" is a Christian poem written in a tradition of love poetry known as troubadour or courtly poetry. How can both the Christian and the amorous element be said to be present in the poem?

Canterbury Tales

5. Geoffrey Chaucer is famous for introducing a realistic element in English literature. What examples can be found of this in the description of the Wife of Bath?
6. Why do you think the Wife of Bath has gone on this pilgrimage to Canterbury?

Le Morte d'Arthur

7. *Le Morte d'Arthur* is a fictional story but is told in the manner of a historical chronicle. What stylistic devices produce this effect?
8. The two selected chapters deal with the election of Arthur as king. What reasons are given for electing Arthur?

BEOWULF



Beowulf, written in Old English sometime before the tenth century A.D., describes the adventures of a great Scandinavian warrior of the sixth century.

A rich fabric of fact and fancy, *Beowulf* is the oldest surviving epic in British literature.

Beowulf exists in only one manuscript. This copy survived both the wholesale destruction of religious artifacts during the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII and a disastrous fire which destroyed the library of Sir Robert Bruce Cotton (1571-1631).

The poem still bears the scars of the fire, visible at the upper left corner of the photograph. The *Beowulf* manuscript is now housed in the British Library, London.

Original

Hwæt! We Gardena in geardagum,
beodcýninga, þrym gefunon,
hu ða æþeingas ellen fremedon.
Of Scyld Sceling **sceaþena** preatum,
monegum mægþum, meodosetta ofeah,
egsode **eorlas**. Syððan ærest wearð
feascraft funden, he þæs frofre gebad,
weox under wolcnum, weorfmyrdum þah,
oðþæt him æghwylc þara ymbsittendra
ofer hronrade hyran scolde,
gomban gýldan. þæt waes god cýning!
ðæm eafera waes æfter cenned,
geong in geardum, þone god sende
foþce to frofre; fyrendearfe ongeat
þe hie ær drugon **aldorlease**
lange hwile. Him þæs lifftæa,
wuldres wealdend, woroldare forgeat;
Beowulf waes breme (blæd wide sprang),
Scyldes eafera Seodelandum in.
Swa sceal **geong guma** gode gewyrcean,
fromum feohgifum on fæder **bearme**,
þæt hine on ylde eft gewunigen
willgesþas, þonne wig cume,
leode gelæsten; lofdædum sceal
in mægþa gehwære man geþeon.

Poetic modern English translation (by Francis Gunnere)

LO, praise of the prowess of people-kings
of spear-armed Danes, in days long sped,
we have heard, and what honor the athelings won!
Of Scyld the Scelfing from squadroned foes,
from many a tribe, the mead-bench tore,
awing the ears. Since erst he lay
friendless, a foundling, fate repaid him:
for he waxed under welkin, in wealth he throve,
till before him the folk, both far and near,
who house by the whale-path, heard his mandate,
gave him gifts: a good king hel!
To him an heir was afterward born,
a son in his halls, whom heaven sent
to favor the folk, feeling their woe
that erst they had lacked an earl for leader
so long a while; the Lord endowed him,
the Wielder of Wonder, with world's renown.
Famed was this Beowulf: far flew the boast of him,
son of Scyld, in the Scandian lands.
So becomes it a youth to quit him well
with his father's friends, by fee and gift,
that to aid him, aged, in after days,
come warriors willing, should war draw nigh,
liegemen loyal: by lauded deeds
shall an earl have honor in every clan.

Prose translation into modern (American) English (by David Breedon)

Listen:
You have heard of the Danish Kings
in the old days and how
they were great warriors.
Shield, the son of Sheaf,
took many an enemy's chair,
terrified many a warrior,
after he was found an orphan.
He prospered under the sky
until people everywhere
listened when he spoke.
He was a good king!
Shield had a son,
child for his yard,
sent by God
to comfort the people,
to keep them from fear--
Grain was his name;
he was famous
throughout the North.
Young princes should do as he did--
give out treasures
while they're still young
so that when they're old
people will support them
in time of war.
A man prospers
by good deeds
in any nation.

ða com of more under misthleopum
 Grendel gongan, godes yrre bæri;
 myrte se manscaca manna cynnes
 sumne besyrwan in sele þam hean.
 Wod under wolcnum to þæs þe he winreced,

goldsele gumena, gearwost wisse,
 fættum fahne. Ne wæs þæt forma sið
 þæt he Hroþgares ham gesohte;
 næfre he on aldordagum ær ne siþðan
 heardran hæle, healðegnas fand.

Com þa to recede rinc siðian,
 dreannum bedæled. Duru sona onarr,
 fyrbendum fæst, syþðan he hire folnum **æthran**;
 onbræd þa bealohydig, ða he **geholgen** wæs,
 recedes muþan. Raþe æfter þon

on fagne flor feond treddode,
 eode yrremod; him of eagum stod
 ligge gelicost leoht unfæger.
 Geseah he in recede rincan manige,
 swefan sibbegeðriht samod ætgerðere,

magorinca heap. þa his mod ahlog;
 myrte þæt he gedælde, ærþon dæg cwome,
 atol aglæca, anra gehwylces
 lif wið lice, þa him alumpen wæs
 wistfyle wen.

THEN from the moorland, by misty crags,
 with God's wrath laden, Grendel came.
 The monster was minded of mankind now
 sundry to seize in the stately house.
 Under welkin he walked, till the wine-palace there,

gold-hall of men, he gladly discerned,
 flashing with fretwork. Not first time, this,
 that he the home of Hrothgar sought, --
 yet ne'er in his life-day, late or early,
 such hardy heroes, such hall-thanes, found!

To the house the warrior walked apace,
 parted from peace; the portal opened,
 though with forged bolts fast, when his fists
 had struck it,
 and baleful he burst in his blatant rage,
 the house's mouth. All hastily, then,
 o'er fair-paved floor the fiend trod on,
 ireful he strode; there streamed from his eyes
 fearful flashes, like flame to see.
 He spied in hall the hero-band,
 kin and clansmen clustered asleep,
 hardy liegemen. Then laughed his heart;
 for the monster was minded, ere morn should dawn,
 savage, to sever the soul of each,
 life from body, since lusty banquet
 waited his will!

Came then from the moor
 under the misty hills
 Grendel stalking under
 the weight of God's anger.
 That wicked ravager
 planned to ensnare
 many of the race of men
 in the high hall.

He strode under the clouds,
 seeking eagerly, till he came to
 the wine-hall, the treasure-hall
 of men decorated in gold.

Nor was it the first time he
 had sought Hrothgar's home.
 But never in his life before

--or since--
 did he find worse luck!
 Came then to the building
 that creature bereft of joys.
 When he touched it with his hands

the door gave way at once
 though its bands were forged
 in fire. Intending evil,
 enraged, he swung the door wide,
 stood at the building's mouth.

Quickly the foe moved
 across the well-made floor,
 in an angry mood--a horrible light,
 like fire, in his eyes.
 He saw the many warriors in the building,
 that band of kinsmen asleep
 together, and his spirit laughed:
 that monster expected
 to rip life from the body of each
 one before morning came.
 He expected a plentiful meal
 of the race of men

THREE LYRICAL POEMS

Sing, cuccu, nu! Sing, cuccu!
Sing, cuccu! Sing, cuccu, nu!

Sumer is icumen in;
Lhude sing, cuccu!
Groweth sed, and bloweth med,
And springth the wude nu.
Sing, cuccu!

Awe bleteth after lomb,
Lhouth after calve cu;
Bulluc sterteth, bucke verteth;
Murie sing, cuccu!

Cuccu! cuccu!
Wel singes thu, cuccu;
Ne swik thu naver nu.

(13th century)

Western wind, when will thou
blow?
The small rain down can rain.
Christ, if my love were in my arms,
And I in my bed again!

(16th century)

I syng of a mayden
That is makeles;
Kyng of alle kynges
To here Sone sche ches.

He cam also styll
There his moder was
As dew in Aprylle
That fallyt on the gras;

He cam also styll
To his moderes bowr
As dew in Aprille
That fallyt on the flour;

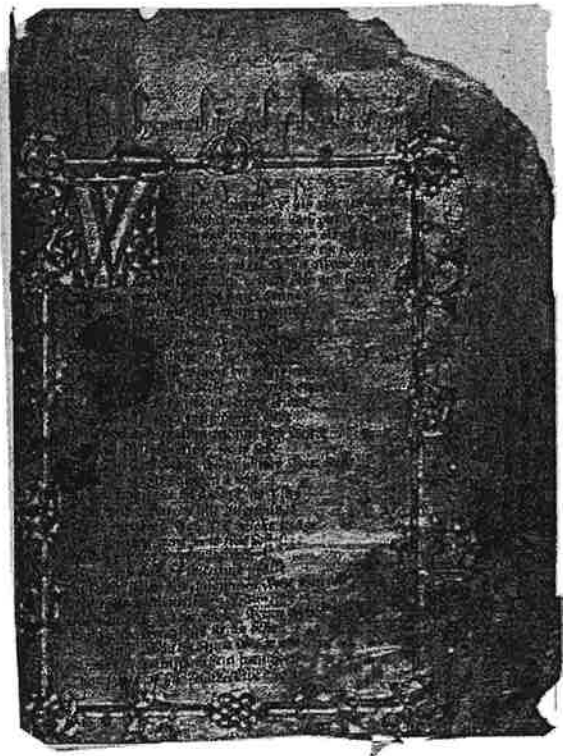
He cam also styll
There his moder lay
As dew in Aprille
That fallyt on the spray;

Moder and maydyn
Was never non but sche;
Wel may swych a lady
Godes moder be.

(15th century)

GEOFFREY CHAUCER (ca 1343-1400)

The Canterbury Tales



PROLOGUE (extract)

Whan that Aprille, with his shoures soote
The droghte of March hath perced to the roote
And bathed every veyne in swich licour,
Of which vertu engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eek with his sweete breeth
Inspired hath in every holt and heeth
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne

Hath in the Ram his halfe cours yronne,
And smale foweles maken melodye,
That slepen al the nyght with open eye-
(So priketh hem Nature in hir corages);
Thanne longen folk to goon on pilgrimages
And palmeres for to seken straunge strondes
To ferne halwes, kowthe in sondry londes;
And specially from every shires ende
Of Engelond, to Caunterbury they wende,
The hooly blisful martir for the seke
That hem hath holpen, whan that they were seeke.

When in April the sweet showers fall
That pierce March's drought to the root and all
And bathed every vein in liquor that has power
To generate therein and sire the flower;
When Zephyr also has with his sweet breath,
Filled again, in every holt and heath,
The tender shoots and leaves, and the young
sun

His half-course in the sign of the Ram has run,
And many little birds make melody
That sleep through all the night with open eye
(So Nature pricks them on to ramp and rage)
Then folk do long to go on pilgrimage,
And palmers to go seeking out strange strands,
To distant shrines well known in distant lands.
And specially from every shire's end
Of England they to Canterbury went,
The holy blessed martyr there to seek
Who helped them when they lay so ill and weak

/-----/

A good Wyf was ther of bisyde Bathe,
But she was som-del deaf, and that was scathe.
Of clooth-making she hadde swiche an haunt,
She passed hem of Ypres and of Gaunt.
In al the parisshe wyf ne was ther noon
That to the offring bifore hir sholde goon;
And if ther dide, certeyn, so wrooth was she,
That she was out of alle charitee.
Hir coverchiefs ful fyne were of ground;
I dorste swere they weyeden ten pound
That on a Sondag were upon hir heed.
Hir hosen weren of fyn scarlet reed,
Ful streite y-teyd, and shoos ful moiste and newe.
Bold was hir face, and fair, and reed of hewe.
She was a worthy womman al hir lyve,
Housbondes at chirche-dore she hadde fyve,
Withouten other companye in youthe;
But therof nedeth nat to speke as nouthe.
And thryes hadde she been at Ierusalem;
She hadde passed many a straunge streem;
At Rome she hadde been, and at Boloigne,
In Galice at seint lame, and at Coloigne.
She coude muche of wandring by the weye.
Gat-tothed was she, soothly for to seye.
Up-on an amblere esily she sat,
Y-wimpled wel, and on hir heed an hat
As brood as is a bokeler or a targe;
A foot-mantel aboute hir hipes large,
And on hir feet a paire of spores sharpe.
In felawschip wel coude she laughe and carpe.
Of remedies of love she knew per-chauce,
For she coude of that art the olde daunce.

From The Prologe of the Wyves Tale of Bathe

'Experience, though noon auctoritee
Were in this world, were right y-nough to me
To speke of wo that is in mariage;
For, lordinges, sith I twelf yeer was of age,
Thonked be god that is eterne on lyve,
Housbondes at chirche-dore I have had fyve;
For I so ofte have y-wedded be;
And alle were worthy men in hir degree.
But me was told certeyn, nat longe agon is,
That sith that Crist ne wente never but onis
To wedding in the Cane of Galilee,

/-----/

Here was a housewife come from Bath, or near,
Who- sad to say- was deaf in either ear.
At making cloth she had so great a bent
She bettered those of Ypres and even of Ghent.
450 In all the parish there was no goodwife
Should offering make before her, on my life;
And if one did, indeed, so wroth was she
It put her out of all her charity.
Her kerchiefs were of finest weave and ground;
455 I dare swear that they weighed a full ten pound
Which, of a Sunday, she wore on her head.
Her hose were of the choicest scarlet red,
Close gartered, and her shoes were soft and new.
Bold was her face, and fair, and red of hue.
460 She'd been respectable throughout her life,
With five churched husbands bringing joy and strife,
Not counting other company in youth;
But thereof there's no need to speak, in truth.
Three times she'd journeyed to Jerusalem;
465 And many a foreign stream she'd had to stem;
At Rome she'd been, and she'd been in Boulogne,
In Spain at Santiago, and at Cologne.
She could tell much of wandering by the way:
Gap-tothed was she, it is no lie to say.
470 Upon an ambler easily she sat,
Well wimpled, aye, and over all a hat
As broad as is a buckler or a targe;
A rug was tucked around her buttocks large,
And on her feet a pair of sharpened spurs.
475 In company well could she laugh her slurs.
The remedies of love she knew, perchance,
For of that art she'd learned the old, old dance.

The Prologue of the Wife of Bath's Tale

"Experience, though no authority
Were in this world, would be enough for me
To speak of woe that married life affords;
5 For since I was twelve years of age, my lords,
Thanks be to God eternally alive,
Of husbands at the church door I've had five
(If I have wed that often legally),
And all were worthy men in their degree.
10 But I was told not very long ago
That as but once did Jesus ever go
To a wedding (in Cana, Galilee),

That by the same ensample taughte he me
 That I ne sholde wedded be but ones.
 Herke eek, lo! which a sharp word for the nones 15
 Besyde a welle Iesus, god and man,
 Spak in repreve of the Samaritan:
 "Thou hast y-had fyve housbondes," quod he,
 "And thilke man, the which that hath now thee,
 Is noht thyn housbond;" thus seyde he certeyn; 20
 What that he mente ther-by, I can nat seyn;
 But that I axe, why that the fifthe man
 Was noon housbond to the Samaritan?
 How manye mighte she have in mariage?
 Yet herde I never tellen in myn age
 Upon this nombre diffinicioun;
 Men may devyne and glosen up and down.
 But wel I woot expres, with-oute lye,
 God bad us for to wexe and multiplie;
 That gentil text can I wel understonde.
 Eek wel I woot he seyde, myn housbonde
 Sholde lete fader and moder, and take me;
 But of no nombre mencion made he,
 Of bigamye or of octogamye;
 Why sholde men speke of it vileinye?
 Lo, here the wyse king, dan Salomon;
 I trowe he hadde wyves mo than oon;
 As, wolde god, it leveful were to me
 To be refreshed half so ofte as he!
 Which yifte of god hadde he for alle his wyvis! 40
 No man hath swich, that in this world alyve is.
 God woot, this noble king, as to my wit,
 The firste night had many a mery fit
 With ech of hem, so wel was him on lyve!
 Blessed be god that I have wedded fyve!
 Welcome the sixte, whan that ever he shal.
 For sothe, I wol nat kepe me chast in al;
 Whan myn housbond is fro the world y-gon,
 Som Cristen man shal wedde me anon;
 For thanne thapostle seith, that I am free
 To wedde, a goddes half, wher it lyketh me.
 He seith that to be wedded is no sinne;
 Bet is to be wedded than to brinne.

By that example he was teaching me
 That only once in life should I be wed.
 And listen what a sharp word, too, was said
 Beside a well by Jesus, God and man,
 In a reproof of the Samaritan:
 'Now you have had five husbands,' Jesus said,
 'But he who has you now, I say instead,
 Is not your husband.' That he said, no doubt,
 But what he meant I haven't figured out;
 For I must ask, why is it the fifth man
 Wasn't husband to the Samaritan?
 How many men was she allowed to wed?
 25 In all my years I've never heard it said
 Exactly how this number is defined;
 Men may surmise and gloss how it's divined,
 But I expressly know it's not a lie
 God bade us to increase and multiply--
 30 That noble text I well appreciate.
 I also know the Lord said that my mate
 Should leave for me his father and his mother,
 But mentioned not one number or another,
 Not bigamy nor yet octogamy.
 35 Why should men speak, then, disapprovingly?
 "Look, here's the wise king, lordly Solomon:
 I do believe his wives were more than one.
 Would that the Lord permitted me to be
 Refreshed as half as often as was he.
 40 A gift from God he had for all his wives,
 No man will ever have such in our lives.
 God knows, this noble king, if I am right,
 Had many a merry bout on that first night
 With each of them, he was so much alive.
 45 And God be blest that I have married five,
 /Of which I have picked out the very best,
 Both for their hanging purse and for their chest.
 As many different schools make perfect clerks,
 So practice that's diverse in sundry works
 50 Will make a perfect workman certainly;
 Five-husband schooling's done the same for me./
 The sixth is welcome when he comes along;
 I won't be keeping myself chaste for long,
 For when one husband from this world is gone
 Some Christian man will wed me early on--
 For as the Apostle says, then I am free
 To wed in God's name when it pleases me.
 It's no sin to be married, he has said,
 For if you're burning, better to be wed.

MORTE DARTHUR

Capitulum primum
King Arthur held his round table moost ple-
nour; it fortunedy that he commaunded that the
highe feest of Pentecost shold be holdyn at a cy-
te and a Castel the whiche in tho dayes was
called; Lynke Renadonne Upon the fonder that
marced; nyghe walys. ¶ Soo ever the kynge hadde a custom
that at the feest of Pentecost in especyal afore other feestes in
the yere he wold not goo that daye to mete. Untyl he had; herd
of one of a grete merueyfle. And for that custome alle maner
of straunge adventours came before Arthur as at that fe-
ste before alle other feestes. And soo sire Galwayne a knyght
for none of the daye of Pentecost aspyed; att a wyndolwe three
men upon horsesh and a dwarf on foote; and so the three men
aligge; and the dwarf keppe their horsesh; and one of the three
men was hylar than the other thre by a foote and an half.
¶ Whanne sire Galwayne wente into the kynge and sayd; sire go

BOOK I

CHAPTER V

**How Arthur was chosen king, and of wonders and marvels of a sword
taken out of a stone by the said Arthur.**

THEN stood the realm in great jeopardy long while, for every lord that was mighty of men made him strong, and many weened to have been king. Then Merlin went to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and counselled him for to send for all the lords of the realm, and all the gentlemen of arms, that they should to London come by Christmas, upon pain of cursing; and for this cause, that Jesus, that was born on that night, that he would of his great mercy show some miracle, as he was come to be king of mankind, for to show some miracle who should be rightwise king of this realm. So the Archbishop, by the advice of Merlin, sent for all the lords and gentlemen of arms that they should come by Christmas even unto London. And many of them made them clean of their life, that their prayer might be the more acceptable unto God. So in the greatest church of London, whether it were Paul's or not the French book maketh no mention, all the estates were long or day in the church for to pray. And when matins and the first mass was done, there was seen in the churchyard, against the high altar, a great stone four square, like unto a marble stone; and in midst thereof was like an anvil of steel a foot on high, and therein stuck a fair sword naked by the point, and letters there were written in gold about the sword that said thus: -- Whoso pulleth out this sword of this stone

and anvil, is rightwise king born of all England. Then the people marvelled, and told it to the Archbishop. I command, said the Archbishop, that ye keep you within your church and pray unto God still, that no man touch the sword till the high mass be all done. So when all masses were done all the lords went to behold the stone and the sword. And when they saw the scripture some assayed, such as would have been king. But none might stir the sword nor move it. He is not here, said the Archbishop, that shall achieve the sword, but doubt not God will make him known. But this is my counsel, said the Archbishop, that we let purvey ten knights, men of good fame, and they to keep this sword. So it was ordained, and then there was made a cry, that every man should assay that would, for to win the sword. And upon New Year's Day the barons let make a jousts and a tournament, that all knights that would joust or tourney there might play, and all this was ordained for to keep the lords together and the commons, for the Archbishop trusted that God would make him known that should win the sword.

So upon New Year's Day, when the service was done, the barons rode unto the field, some to joust and some to tourney, and so it happened that Sir Ector, that had great livelihood about London, rode unto the jousts, and with him rode Sir Kay his son, and young Arthur that was his nourished brother; and Sir Kay was made knight at All Hallowmass afore. So as they rode to the jousts-ward, Sir Kay lost his sword, for he had left it at his father's lodging, and so he prayed young Arthur for to ride for his sword. I will well, said Arthur, and rode fast after the sword, and when he came home, the lady and all were out to see the jousting. Then was Arthur wroth, and said to himself, I will ride to the churchyard, and take the sword with me that sticketh in the stone, for my brother Sir Kay shall not be without a sword this day. So when he came to the churchyard, Sir Arthur alighted and tied his horse to the stile, and so he went to the tent, and found no knights there, for they were at the jousting. And so he handled the sword by the handles, and lightly and fiercely pulled it out of the stone, and took his horse and rode his way until he came to his brother Sir Kay, and delivered him the sword. And as soon as Sir Kay saw the sword, he wist well it was the sword of the stone, and so he rode to his father Sir Ector, and said: Sir, lo here is the sword of the stone, wherefore I must be king of this land. When Sir Ector beheld the sword, he returned again and came to the church, and there they alighted all three, and went into the church. And anon he made Sir Kay swear upon a book how he came to that sword. Sir, said Sir Kay, by my brother Arthur, for he brought it to me. How gat ye this sword? said Sir Ector to Arthur. Sir, I will tell you. When I came home for my brother's sword, I found nobody at home to deliver me his sword; and so I thought my brother Sir Kay should not be swordless, and so I came hither eagerly and pulled it out of the stone without any pain. Found ye any knights about this sword? said Sir Ector. Nay, said Arthur. Now, said Sir Ector to Arthur, I understand ye must be king of this land. Wherefore I, said Arthur, and for what cause? Sir, said Ector, for God will have it so; for there should never man have drawn out this sword, but he that shall be rightwise king of this land. Now let me see whether ye can put the sword there as it was, and pull it out again. That is no mastery, said Arthur, and so he put it in the stone; wherewithal Sir Ector assayed to pull out the sword and failed.

CHAPTER VI

HOW KING ARTHUR PULLED OUT THE SWORD DIVERS TIMES.

Now assay, said Sir Ector unto Sir Kay. And anon he pulled at the sword with all his might; but it would not be. Now shall ye assay, said Sir Ector to Arthur. I will well, said Arthur, and

pulled it out easily. And therewithal Sir Ector knelt down to the earth, and Sir Kay. Alas, said Arthur, my own dear father and brother, why kneel ye to me? Nay, nay, my lord Arthur, it is not so; I was never your father nor of your blood, but I wot well ye are of an higher blood than I weened ye were. And then Sir Ector told him all, how he was betaken him for to nourish him, and by whose commandment, and by Merlin's deliverance. Then Arthur made great dole when he understood that Sir Ector was not his father. Sir, said Ector unto Arthur, will ye be my good and gracious lord when ye are king? Else were I to blame, said Arthur, for ye are the man in the world that I am most beholden to, and my good lady and mother your wife, that as well as her own hath fostered me and kept. And if ever it be God's will that I be king as ye say, ye shall desire of me what I may do, and I shall not fail you; God forbid I should fail you Sir, said Sir Ector, I will ask no more of you, but that ye will make my son, your foster brother, Sir Kay, seneschal of all your lands. That shall be done, said Arthur, and more, by the faith of my body, that never man shall have that office but he, while he and I live Therewithal they went unto the Archbishop, and told him how the sword was achieved, and by whom; and on Twelfth-day all the barons came thither, and to assay to take the sword, who that would assay. But there afore them all, there might none take it out but Arthur; wherefore there were many lords wroth, and said it was great shame unto them all and the realm, to be overgoverned with a boy of no high blood born. And so they fell out at that time that it was put off till Candlemas and then all the barons should meet there again; but always the ten knights were ordained to watch the sword day and night, and so they set a pavilion over the stone and the sword, and five always watched. So at Candlemas many more great lords came thither for to have won the sword, but there might none prevail. And right as Arthur did at Christmas, he did at Candlemas, and pulled out the sword easily, whereof the barons were sore aggrieved and put it off in delay till the high feast of Easter. And as Arthur sped before, so did he at Easter; yet there were some of the great lords had indignation that Arthur should be king, and put it off in a delay till the feast of Pentecost. Then the Archbishop of Canterbury by Merlin's providence let purvey then of the best knights that they might get, and such knights as Uther Pendragon loved best and most trusted in his days. And such knights were put about Arthur as Sir Baudwin of Britain, Sir Kay, Sir Ulfius, Sir Brastias. All these, with many other, were always about Arthur, day and night, till the feast of Pentecost.

Keywords for Old and Middle English Literature

Alliteration Cesura Epithet Kenning Epic Historiography Chivalry

The Early History of Drama

The Penguin Guide to Literature in English: pp. 16-17, 22-41

3 Golden Ages of Drama:

*Ancient Greece (5th B.C.) Aeschylus, Euripides, Sophocles (*Oedipus*)

*Rome (centuries around the year 0): Latin drama/comedy. Plautus, Seneca, Terence

*English Renaissance Drama

late 900s: Liturgical Drama Norman Conquest 1066 dumb shows (pantomime)

porch scaffold/pageant Whitsun cycles (e.g. Wakefield, York)

a) Miracle plays b) Mystery plays c) Morality plays d) Interludes

métier trade guilds *The Second Shepherds' Play* (ca. 1425)

Everyman (ca. 1485-1500) allegory

1576 The Theatre Shoreditch James & Richard Burbage Lord Mayor

1599 The Globe The Rose The Swan Blackfriars groundlings apron/thrust stage

University Wits **Thomas Kyd**: *The Spanish Tragedy* Revenge tragedy Senecan tragedy

Chr. Marlowe (1564-1593) *Dr Faustus* Renaissance man *Tamburlaine the Great*

patronage Lord Admiral's Men (Henslowe, Ned Alleyn, Marlowe, the Rose)

Lord Chamberlain's Men (Burbage, Will Kempe, Shakespeare, the Globe)

The King's Men 1603 Jacobean

Robert Greene: 'an upstart crow beautified with our feathers' 'Shake-scene'

William Shakespeare (1564-1616) Stratford-upon-Avon 23 April

John Shakespeare & Mary Arden grammar school Anne Hathaway Shottery

Susanna, Judith, Hamnet coat of arms New Place

37 plays: Histories, Tragedies, Comedies, Romances 1623 First Folio Heminge & Condell

Ben Jonson (1572/3-1637) *Every Man in his Humour* court masques

Volpone *Bartholomew Fair* Poet Laureate Inigo Jones

John Webster (c. 1578- c. 1632) *The White Devil* *The Duchess of Malfi*

Beaumont & Fletcher **John Ford** **Middleton** Puritans 1642

Jane Fitzalan, Lady Lumley (1537-78) first translator of Euripides

Elizabeth Cary (1585-1639) *The Tragedy of Mariam* (1613)

MYSTERY PLAYS: from *The Second Shepherds' Play* (ca 1425) lines 584-610

The shepherds Daw, Coll and Gib have lost a sheep, and (rightly) suspect the scoundrel Mak. Mak and his wife Gill pretend that the stolen sheep is their new-born baby, and put it in a cradle. The shepherds at first believe them, but when they want to kiss the child, all is discovered:

Daw: Give me leave him to kiss, and lift up the *clout. cover
What the devil is this? He has a long snout.
Coll: He is *markèd amiss. We *wot ill about. *fashioned wrong. *We know mischief has been at work
Gib: *Ill-spun weft, ywiss, ay comes foul out. *An ill-spun web, indeed, always comes out badly
Aye so!
He is like to our sheep.
Daw: How, Gib, may I peep?
Coll: *I trow kind will creep *I think kinship will creep where it cannot walk
Where it may not go. (= I think only a parent can love this ugly child)

Daw: Will you see how they swaddle
His four feet in the middle?
Saw I never in cradle
A horn'd lad ere now.

MORALITY PLAYS: from *Everyman* (1485-1500?) lines 227-62

Everyman is summoned by Death into the presence of God, where he must account for his life and how it has been spent. He asks his friends to come with him, but Fellowship, Kindred, Cousin, and Goods immediately desert him, refusing to follow him to Death. However, Good Deeds shows him what to do: he seeks the help of Knowledge and Confession, and they, with his helpers Discretion, Strength, Five-Wits and Beauty, assist him in finding salvation. At Death's door they must all leave him, and Good Deeds alone accompanies him into the grave.

In the extract below, Fellowship makes promises he has no intention of keeping:

Fellowship: Sir, I say as I will do, indeed.
Everyman: Then be you a good friend at need.
I have found you true herebefore.
Fellowship: And so ye shall evermore.
For, in faith, *and thou go to hell, *if
I will not forsake thee by the way.
Everyman: Ye speak like a good friend. I believe you well.
I shall *deserve it, *and I may. *repay *if

I shall show you how it is:
Commanded I am to go on a journey,
A long way, hard and dangerous,
And give *strait *count, without delay, *strict *account
Before the high judge *Adonai. *God
Wherefore I pray you bear me company,
As ye have promised, in this journey.

Fellowship: So I said, certainly.
But such *pleasures be set aside, the sooth to say. *jokes
And also, if we took such a journey,
When should we again come?
Everyman: Nay, never again, till the day of doom.
Fellowship: In faith, then, will not I come there!

Christopher Marlowe, from *Dr. Faustus* (1594/1604/1616)

Dr Faustus has made a bargain with the devil, Lucifer, through his servant Mephistopheles: for twenty-four years, Mephistopheles will serve Faustus, giving him limitless knowledge and power. The price is high: the eternal damnation of Faustus's soul. Various friends and angels plead with Faustus to repent while there is still time, but he refuses to do so, until it is too late.

In the first extract, Faustus asks Mephistopheles to show him Helen of Troy ("Sköna Helena"), whose beauty was the cause of the Trojan war:

Mephistopheles: This, or what else my Faustus shall desire
Shall be performed in twinkling of an eye.

(*enter Helen of Troy*)

Faustus: Was this the face that launched a thousand ships
And burnt the *topless towers of *Ilium? *so high they seemed to have no tops
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss. *Ilium = Troy (cf *The Iliad*)
Her lips suck forth my soul – see where it flies!
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips
And all is *dross that is not Helena. *scum separated from metal in melting

In the second extract, one hour is all that remains of Faustus's life, He repents his deeds, but his fate cannot be changed now:

(*The clock strikes eleven*)

Faustus:
Ah, Faustus,
Now hast thou *but one *bare hour to live *only *mere; sv. knapp
And then thou must be damned perpetually!
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease and midnight never come;
*Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make *fair Nature's eye = the sun
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul!
*O *lente lente currite noctis equi.* *"Run slowly, slowly, you horses of the night"
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike, (adapted from a line in Ovid's *Amores*)
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damned.
O, I'll leap up to my God! Who pulls me down?
See, see, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament! –
One drop would save my soul – half a drop! ah, my Christ!
*Rend not my heart for naming of my Christ; *tear apart. Mephistophilis has threatened to
Yet will I call on him – O spare me, Lucifer! /.../ tear Faustus to pieces if he repents

(*The clock strikes twelve*)

It strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn to air
Or Lucifer will bear thee *quick to hell! *alive

(*Thunder and lightning*)

O soul, be changed to little water drops
And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found.

(*Enter devils*)

My God, my God, look not so fierce on me!
Adders and serpents, let me breathe *awhile! *for a little while
Ugly hell, gape not – come not, Lucifer! –
I'll burn my books – ah, Mephistophilis!

(*Exeunt devils with Faustus*)

William Shakespeare, from *Richard II* (1595) (Act II, Scene i)

The dying John of Gaunt gives one of the world's best-known and best-loved descriptions of England:

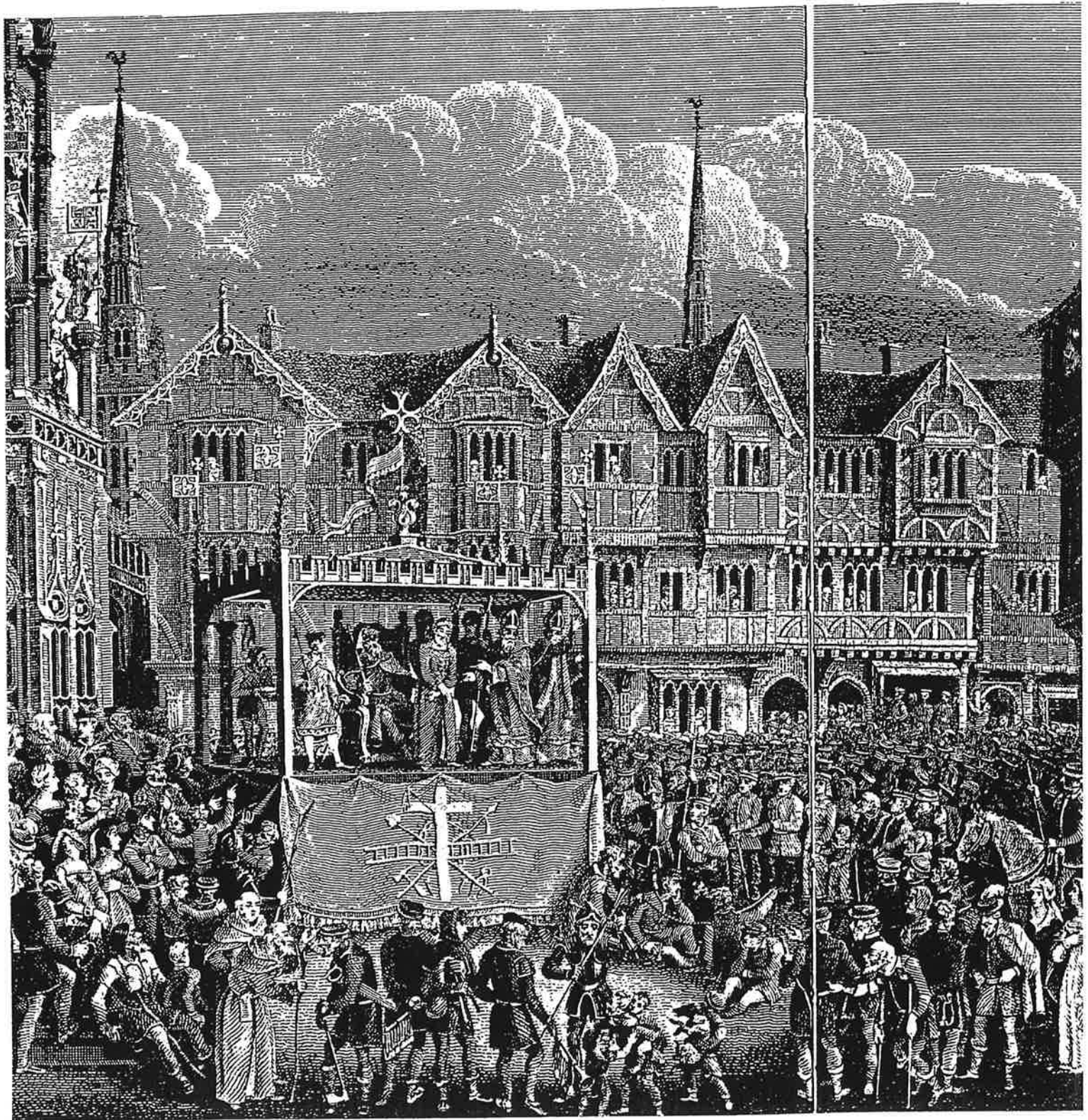
This royal throne of kings, this *scepter'd isle, *sceptre = spira
This earth of majesty, this seat of *Mars, *the Roman god of war
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a *moat defensive to a house, *water-filled ditch around a castle; vallgrav
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.

William Shakespeare, from *The Tempest* (1611) (Act IV, Scene i)

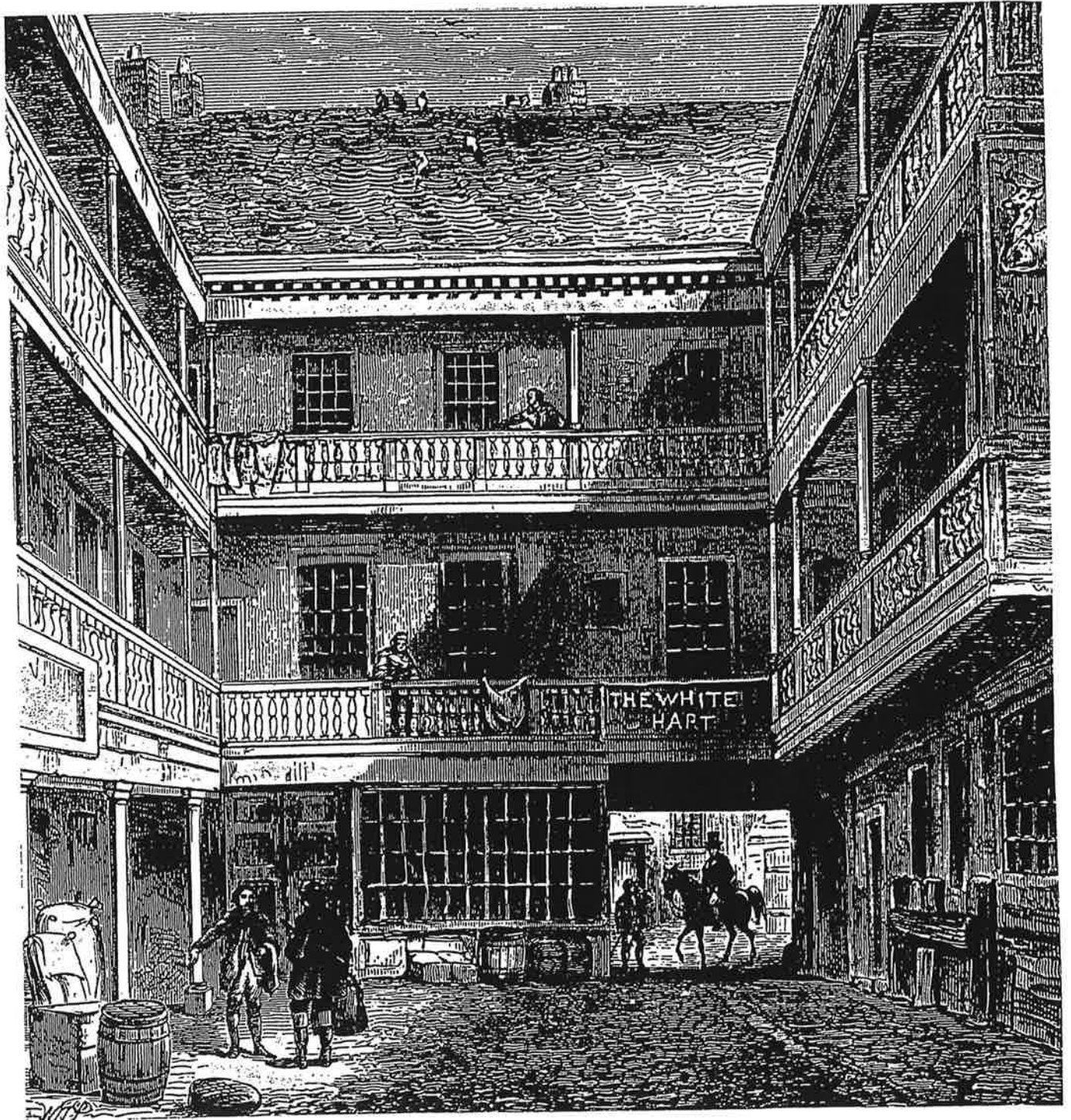
Prospero, magician and Duke of Milan, was deposed by his brother many years ago, and cast upon a lonely island with his daughter Miranda. A tempest (and Prospero's own magic powers) brings a new set of people, including his brother, to the island; Prospero and the spirit Ariel guide them through confusion to set everything right again. In the end, Prospero says good-bye to his magic powers, throwing his wand and his book of magic into the sea before returning to his native country.

This play is probably Shakespeare's last; in 1611, he retired to Stratford-upon-Avon. It is easy to see, in Prospero, the old magician Shakespeare, putting down his pen and saying farewell to his art and to the theatre.

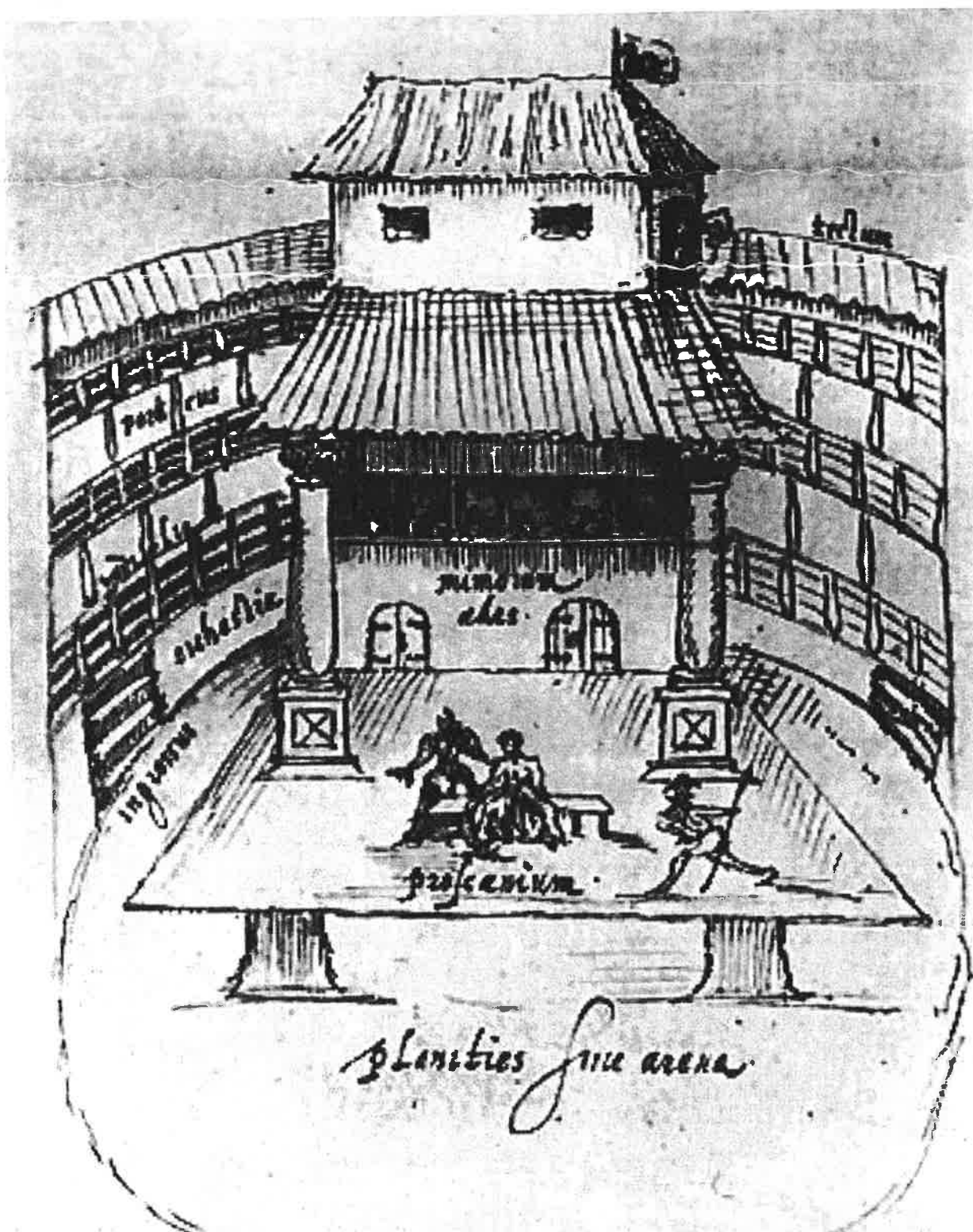
Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp's towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.



*A Mystery Play
about the Life of Christ =
Pilate is washing his hands*

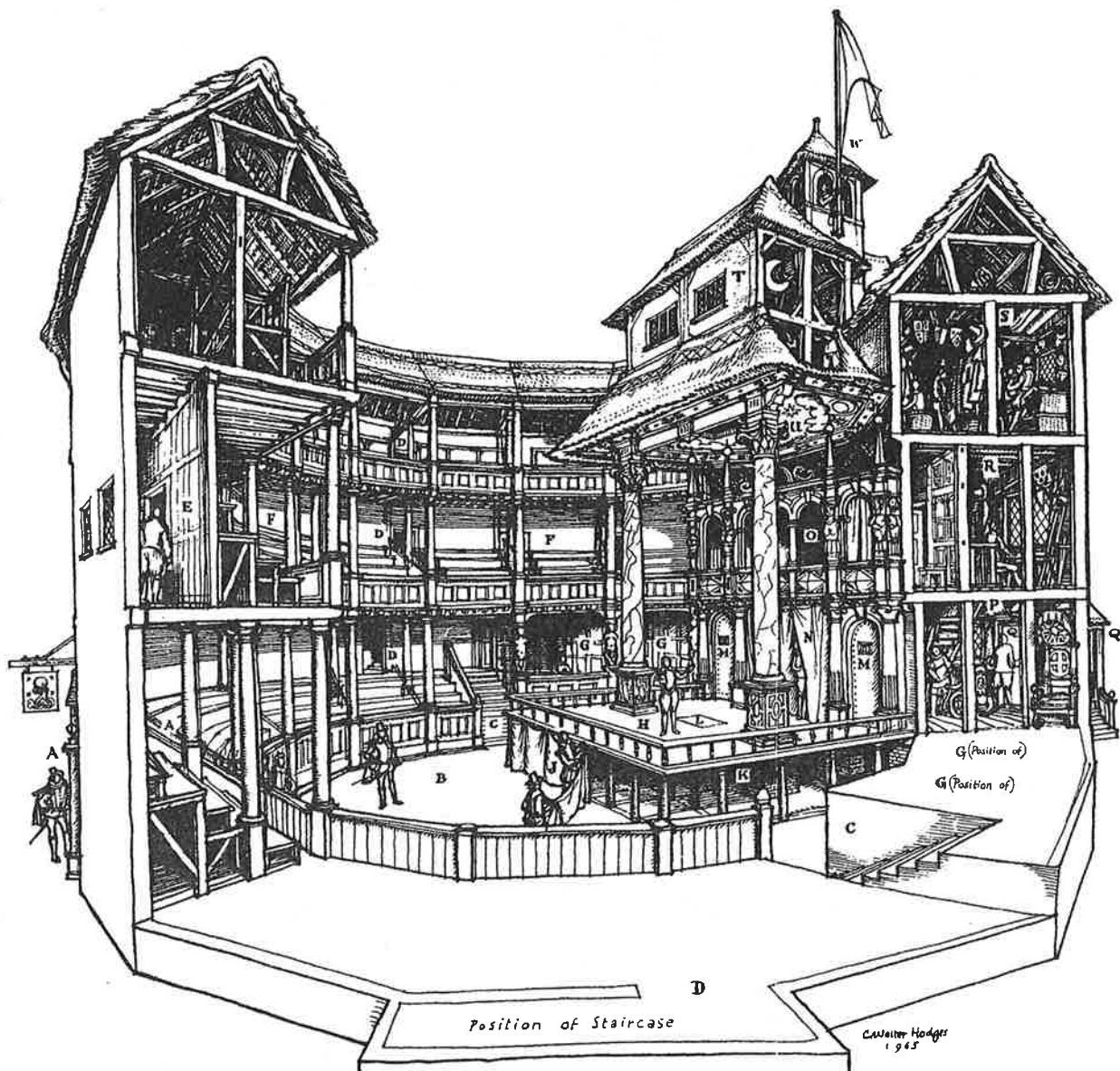


An Elizabethan Inn



quantum sed ~~est~~ et ~~structura~~, ~~structura~~ constructi
 sive designatum, in quo multi vesi, Tauri, et Angusti
 magnitudinis rari, differunt cantu et fectis aliter, qui

de Witt, 1596



KEY

- AA Main entrance
- B The Yard
- CC Entrances to lowest gallery
- D Entrances to staircase and upper galleries
- E Corridor serving the different sections of the middle gallery
- F Middle gallery ("Twopenny Rooms")
- G 'Gentlemen's Rooms' or 'Lords' Rooms'
- H The stage
- J The hanging being put up round the stage

- H The stage
- J The hanging being put up round the stage
- K The 'Hell' under the stage
- L The stage trap, leading down to the Hell
- MM Stage doors
- N Curtained 'place behind the stage'
- O Gallery above the stage, used as required sometimes by musicians, sometimes by spectators, and often as part of the play
- P Back-stage area (the tiring-house)
- Q Tiring-house door
- R Dressing-rooms
- S Wardrobe and storage
- T The hut housing the machine for lowering enthroned gods, etc., to the stage
- U The 'Heavens'
- W Hoisting the playhouse flag



Hodges, 1965

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Macbeth

I.i

Is this an effective way to start a play?

Can you think of any reason why it would be useful to have a dramatic opening to a play in Shakespeare's time?

The stage directions, in which the three creatures are referred to as "witches", are not by Shakespeare's hand; they have been added later. They call themselves "the weird sisters".

Does this tell us anything about who they are, and their function in the play?

Explain the witches' motto (I.i.10)

I.ii

The first four scenes begin with questions, and there is an abundance of *wh*-questions in these scenes ("When shall we three meet again"; "Where the place?"; "What bloody man is that?"; "Who comes here?"; "Whence camest thou, worthy thane?"; "Where hast thou been, sister?" etc.). Try and think of a possible reason for this.

What does the play gain/lose by beginning with the weird sisters, rather than with this battle scene?

The descriptions of the ongoing battle, delivered by the Captain and (later) Rosse, are fairly complicated and rhetorical. Find one *simile*, one *metaphor* and one *personification* in the text!

We learn that there is a battle going on. Who are the combatants? Trace the stages of the battle. What is the outcome?

Macbeth at this point knows nothing of Cawdor's treason. Why is this important?

I.iii

In the opening lines of this scene, we are back with the witches again. In which way do their lines differ from the Captain's?

Analyse Macbeth's first line.

Banquo, another master of rhetoric, elegantly echoes the witches' three-fold greeting. How?

In this speech, he also starts a line of *vegetation imagery*. Try to keep track of these images in the following.

While the vegetation images are mainly connected with Banquo and Duncan and their kin (i.e. the "Good Guys"), the *clothing images* serve as comments on Macbeth's rise and fall. What clothing images can you find in this scene, starting from line 108?

In Macbeth's "Aside" (ll. 128-142), he uses *theatrical imagery*. Can you think of a possible reason for this?

I.iv

In the previous scene, Macbeth's aspirations to be king have been kindled; I.vi sets up an obstacle to them. What obstacle?

I.v

In I.iii, Macbeth said: "If Chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me/ Without my stir." What did he mean by that? What makes him begin to think differently on that point in this scene?

For a while blank verse is replaced by prose in I.v. What could be the reason for this?

Lady Macbeth's second soliloquy is structured as a threefold invocation. The third "come" is addressed to the night. Her words remind us of something we heard before. What, and who said it?

I. vi

What purposes do Duncan's and Banquo's opening lines serve?

I.vii

Analyse Macbeth's reasoning in his opening speech. What is the outcome?

Analyse the interaction between husband and wife, paying special attention to the use of "you" and "thou" between them.

II.i

How is the atmosphere created in the opening lines?

II.ii

The actual murder takes place off-stage. What does the play gain/lose from that? How does Shakespeare heighten the suspense of the scene?

The hand-eye opposition, first touched on in I.iv.52, reaches its climax in this scene. Try to find the passage in question.

In her previously mentioned soliloquy (I.v.36 - 52), Lady Macbeth asks to have her womanhood taken away - to be filled with "direst cruelty". It seems her invocation was successful, except on one point. Find her one moment of human weakness!

II.iii

Here is another prose scene. Why?

The porter is a comic character. There is, however, a more serious side to his drunken jesting about being the porter of hell-gate.

The porter scene, with its reference to a particular historic event has helped scholars to put a tentative date to the play. Explain!

What is the effect of Lenox's speech in lines 49 - 56?

There is a great deal of play-acting and false gnashing of teeth in II.iii. Is Macbeth acting or not in lines 86 - 92? Is Lady Macbeth acting or not in line 115? Defend your views on both points.

Lines 134 - 135 carry an echo of something that has been said earlier; identify it.

II.iv

This scene shows us the reactions of the outside world to the murder of Duncan. Discuss.

III.i

Macbeth asks a lot of questions in the beginning of this scene. Why?

Analyse Macbeth's soliloquy (lines 47 -71). What are his reasons for fearing Banquo?

By what means does Macbeth incite the murderers to the killing of Banquo?

III.ii

Do you detect a difference in the relationship between Macbeth and his Lady in this scene, compared with the preceding Acts?

Analyse the images used in Macbeth's speech (lines 40 - 57). What colour is predominant? Compare lines III.ii 47 - 51 to I.v. 48 - 52. Who are the speakers? What do the similarities tell us?

III.iii

Try to think of a reason for the unexpected appearance of a third murderer.

III.iv

Order and hierarchy are important concepts at any court. How is the collapsing of order shown in this scene? Compare lines 1 - 2 and 117 - 20! Also, go back to II.iv, and see if there is a connection between the two scenes.

Who really sees the ghost?

III.vi

This scene demonstrates what people think about Macbeth, at the same time as it contains the first indications of active resistance. Compare the descriptions of the English king and the Scottish king.

Note the *religious language*. How is it used?

IV.i

Analyse the recipe: why these ingredients?

In lines 112 - 124 Shakespeare seems to be writing with a particular person in mind. Explain!

Compare lines 144 - 148 to Macbeth's soliloquy in I.vii. How has he changed in the meantime?

IV.ii

What do you think is the point of the playful conversation between Lady Macduff and her son?

IV.iii

How does Malcolm test Macduff's honesty? Does he have any particular reason to be suspicious?

A new line of imagery is introduced in this scene. It is to do with *illness and the curing of illness*, and it is applied to England and Scotland. Explain.

As soon as Rosse appears, the audience is waiting for him to tell Macduff of the slaughter of his family. How, and why, does Shakespeare postpone the revelation?

V.i

Why is prose used here?

Compare lines 40 - 41 to II.ii. 59 - 62 (Macbeth) and 63 - 67 (Lady Macbeth). Discuss!

V.ii

Birmam Wood and Dunsinane Castle are mentioned here. What is the significance of that?

Find all the instances of healing imagery and clothing imagery in this scene, and in V.iii.

V.iii - vi

In V.iii. 22 - 23, Macbeth implies that his life has come to its autumn; in V.v. he says that he is tired of the sun - upon which the young prince comes marching in, leading a "green" army. What reflexions does this give rise to?

V.vii - viii

How are the prophecies which were pronounced in IV.i fulfilled here?

V.ix

Judging from his final speech, what sort of a king will Malcolm make?

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The Renaissance

The Penguin Guide to Lit. in English: from Chapter 2 (The Renaissance): pp. 21-23, 41-53

Re-read **MacDowall: *An Illustrated History of Britain***(55-56 The War of the Roses + Chapters 10, 11, 12)

Renaissance (rebirth, revival) Italy, 1400s Humanism Reformation (Anglicanism)
Greek, Roman influence Homer (*The Iliad, The Odyssey*) Virgil (*The Aeneid*)
Caxton **Sir Thomas Malory**, *Morte d'Arthur* **Sir Thomas More**, *Utopia*
War of the Roses (Lancaster/York) Tudor Henry VII Henry VIII Elizabeth I
Sir Francis Drake the Spanish Armada (1588) Mary Queen of Scots
sonnet **Sir Thomas Wyatt** (1503-1542) Petrarch (1304-74) Anne Boleyn
The Earl of Surrey (1517-1547) Petrarchan Elizabethan (English/Shakespearean)
blank verse epic pastoral **Mary Sidney** (1561-1621)
Sir Philip Sidney (1554-1586) *Astrophil and Stella* *Arcadia*
Edmund Spenser (1552-1599) *Amoretti* *The Faerie Queene*
spenserian stanza allegory Gloriana
Shakespeare (1564-1616) **Michael Drayton** (1563-1631)
John Donne (1572-1631) metaphysical poetry conceits Dean of St. Paul's *Holy Sonnets*
George Herbert (1593-1633) **John Milton** (1608-74) **Andrew Marvell** (1621-1678)
Cavalier Poets **Richard Lovelace** **Robert Herrick**
Tyndale **Coverdale** The Authorized Version 1611 (King James's Bible)
pamphlets travel literature **Sir Francis Bacon** **Sir Walter Raleigh** **Thomas Nashe**
emblem books symbolism

Thomas Wyatt: 'Whoso List to Hunt'

An adaptation of a sonnet by Petrarch. *Noli me tangere quia Caesaris sum* ("Touch me not, for I am Caesar's") was inscribed on the collars of Caesar's hinds which were then set free and were then (presumably) safe from hunters. Wyatt's sonnet is usually supposed to refer to Anne Boleyn, who may have been his amour before she became Henry VIII's second wife; she is the deer belonging to "Caesar", the King.

Whoso list* to hunt, I know where is an hind,	A	*cares to, wants to hunt
But as for me, alas, I may no more.	B	
The vain travail hath wearied me so sore	B	
I am of them that farthest cometh behind.	A	
Yet may I, by no means, my wearied mind	A	
Draw from the deer, but as she fleeth afore,	B	
Fainting I follow. I leave off therefore,	B	
Since in a net I seek to hold the wind.	A	
Who list her hunt, I put him out of doubt,	C	
As well as I, may spend his time in vain.	D	
And graven with diamonds in letters plain	D	
There is written, her fair neck round about,	C	
"Noli me tangere*", for Caesar's I am,	E	*do not touch me
And wild for to hold, though I seem tame."	E	

Thomas Wyatt: "They flee from me"

They flee from me, that sometime did me seek,
 With naked foot stalking in my chamber.
 I have seen them, gentle, tame, and meek,
 That now are wild, and do not once remember
 That sometimes they have put themselves in danger
 To take bread at my hand; and now they range,
 Busily seeking with a continual change.

Thankèd be fortune it hath been otherwise,
 Twenty times better; but once in special,
 In thin array*, after a pleasant guise,*
 When her loose gown from her shoulders did fall,
 And she me caught in her arms long and small,*
 Therewithall sweetly did me kiss
 And softly said, "Dear heart, how like you this?"

*dress *style

*slender

It was no dream, I lay broad waking.
 But all is turned, thorough* my gentleness,
 Into a strange fashion of forsaking;
 And I have leave to go, of her goodness,
 And she also to use newfangledness.*
 But since that I so kindly* am servèd,
 I fain would know what she hath deservèd.

*through

*fickleness, change of heart
 *naturally, but also with ironic overtones

Michael Drayton: "Since There's No Help"

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part;	A
Nay, I have done, you get no more of me,	B
And I am glad, yea glad with all my heart	A
That thus so cleanly I myself can free;	B
Shake hands forever, cancel all our vows,	C
And when we meet at any time again,	D
Be it not seen in either of our brows	C
That we one jot of former love retain.	D
Now at the last gasp of love's latest breath,	E
When, his pulse failing, passion speechless lies,	F
When faith is kneeling by his bed of death,	E
And innocence is closing up his eyes;	F
Now if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,	G
From death to life thou mightst him yet recover.	G

Edmund Spenser: from *The Faerie Queene*

This is the beginning of the first Canto from the first Book of *The Faerie Queene*. We see a Knight in shining armour, bearing a red cross on his chest, riding across a great plain, bound on a mission from Gloriana, the Queen of Fairy Land. The "lovely Lady" riding with him is Una, representing the Protestant faith.

A Gentle Knight was pricking* on the plaine,
Y cladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe wounds did remaine,
The cruell markes of many' a bloody field;
Yet armes till that time did he neuer wield:
His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
As much disdayning to the curbe to yield:
Full jolly* knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giusts* and fierce encounters fitt.

*cantering

*gallant
*jousts

But on his brest a bloudie Crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead as living ever him ador'd:
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For soveraine hope, which in his helpe he had:
Right faithfull true he was in deede and word,
But of his cheere* did seeme too solemne sad*,
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad*.

*mood; *grave, serious
*feared, dreaded

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest Gloriana to him gaue,
That greatest Glorious Queene of Faerie lond,
To winne him worship*, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly things he most did crave;
And euer as he rode, his hart did earne*
To prove his puissance* in battell brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne;
Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne.

*honour

*yearn, long for
*power, might

A lovely Ladie rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowly Asse* more white then snow,
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Under a vele*, that wimpled* was full low,
And over all a blacke stole she did throw,
As one that inly mournd: so was she sad,
And heauey sat upon her palfrey* slow:
Seemèd in heart some hidden care she had,
And by her in a line a milke white lambe she lad.

*donkey

*veil; *lying in folds

*ridhäst, 'gångare'

John Donne: Going to Bed

As a startling contrast to the "Valediction: Forbidding Mourning", here comes a very different poem by Donne!

COME, madam, come, all rest my powers defy;
Until I labour, I in labour lie.
The foe oft-times, having the foe in sight,
Is tired with standing, though he never fight.
Off with that girdle, like heaven's zone glittering,
But a far fairer world encompassing.
Unpin that spangled breast-plate which you wear,
That th' eyes of busy fools may be stopp'd there.
Unlace yourself, for that harmonious chime
Tells me from you that now it is bed-time.
Off with that happy busk, which I envy,
That still can be, and still can stand so nigh.
Your gown going off such beauteous state reveals,
As when from flowery meads th' hill's shadow steals.
Off with that wiry coronet, and show
The hairy diadem which on you do grow.
Now off with those shoes, and then softly tread
In this love's hallow'd temple, this soft bed.
In such white robes heaven's angels used to be
Received by men; thou, angel, bring'st with thee
A heaven like Mahomet's paradise; and though
Ill spirits walk in white, we easily know
By this these angels from an evil sprite;
Those set our hairs, but these our flesh upright.

Licence my roving hands, and let them go
Before, behind, between, above, below.
O, my America, my New-found-land,
My kingdom, safest when with one man mann'd,
My mine of precious stones, my empery;
How am I blest in thus discovering thee!
To enter in these bonds, is to be free;
Then, where my hand is set, my seal shall be.
Full nakedness! All joys are due to thee;
As souls unbodied, bodies unclothed must be
To taste whole joys. Gems which you women use
Are like Atlanta's balls, cast in men's views;
That, when a fool's eye lighteth on a gem,
His earthly soul might covet theirs, not them.
Like pictures, or like books' gay coverings, made
For laymen, are all women thus array'd.
Themselves are mystic books, which only we
(Whom their imputed grace will dignify)
Must see reveal'd. Then, since that I may know,
As liberally as to thy midwife show
Thyself; cast all, yea, this white linen hence;
There is no penance due to innocence:
To teach thee, I am naked first; why then,
What needst thou have more covering than a man?