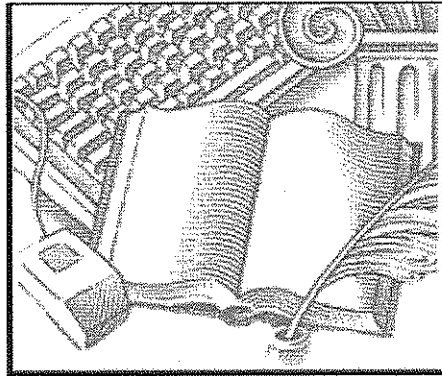


ENGA21

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)

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?

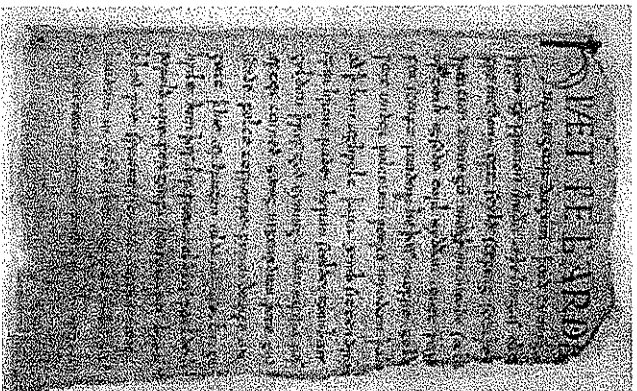
Canterbury Tales

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,
 beoddryniga, þrym gefunon,
 hu ða æþelingas ellen fremdon.
 Of Scyld Seofing **sceaþena** preathum,
 monegum mægþum, meodossetla ofeah,
 egsode **eorlas**, Sýððan earst wearð
 feascceaf funden, he þæs frofre gebad,
 weox under wolcnum, weorðmyndum þah,
 oðþæt him æghwylc para ymbsittendra
 ofer hronrade hyran scolde,
 gomban gyldan. þæt wæs god cynning!
 ðæn eafera wæs æfter cenned,
 geong in geardum, þone god sende
 folce to frofre; fyrendearfe ongeat
 þe hie ær drugon **aldorlease**
 lange hwile. Him þæs liffrea,
 wuldres wealdend, woroldare forgeaf,
 Beowulf wæs brene (þlæd wide sprang),
 Scyldes eafera Scedelandum in.
 Swa sceal **geong guma** gode gewyrcean,
 fromum feohgifum on fæder **bearme**,
 þæt hine on ylde eft gewunigen
 wifgesipas, þonne wig cume,
 leode gelaesten; lofðeatum sceal
 in mægpa 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 Seofing 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 he!
 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 Brecken)

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 yvre bæri;
myrte se manscæða	manna cymnes
sumne besyrwan	in sele þam hean.
Wod under wolcnum	to þæs þe he winreced,
goldsele gumena,	gearwost wisse,
featum fahne.	Ne wæs þæt forma sið
þæt he Hroþgares	ham gesohte;
næfne he on aldrdagum	ær ne sipðan
heardran hæle,	healdēgnas fand.
Com þa to recede	rinc siðian,
dreannum bedæled.	Duru sona onarn,
fyrþendum fest,	syþðan he hire folnum æthran ;
onbræd þa bealohydig,	ða he gebolgen wæs,
recedes muþan.	Rape æfter þon
on fagne flor	feord treddode,
eode yrremodi;	him of eagum stod
ligge gelicost	leohht unfæger.
Geseah he in recede	rınca manige,
sweþan sibbegeðriht	samod ætgeðere,
magorinca heap.	þa his mod ahlog;
myrte þæt he gedælede,	ærþon dæg cworm,
atol aglæca,	anra gehwylces
lif wið lice,	þa him alumpen wæs
wistfyllre 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,
inful 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 styлле
There his moder was
As dew in Aprylle
That fallyt on the gras;

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

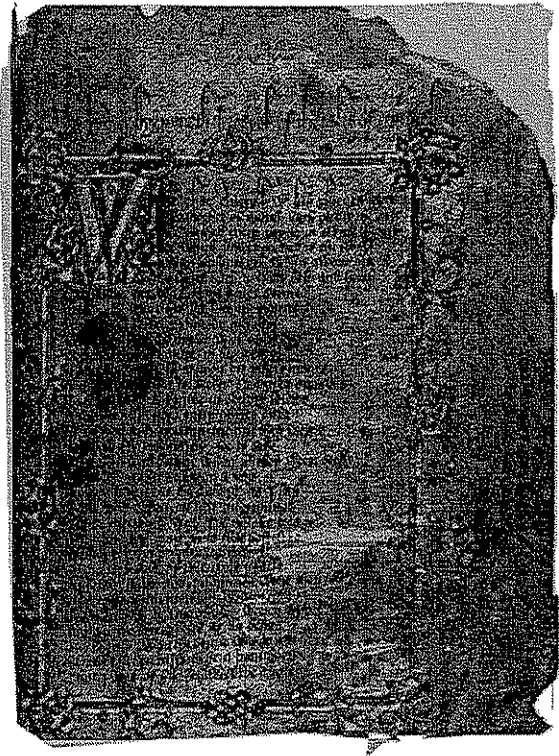
He cam also styлле
There his moder lay
As dew in Aprille
That fallyt on the spray;

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 palmeres 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 Sunday 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 stream;
At Rome she hadde been, and at Boloigne,
In Galice at seint Iame, 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 Prologue 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 noght 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 25
 Upon this nombre diffinicioun;
 Men may devyne and glosen up and doun.
 But wel I woot expres, with-oute lye,
 God bad us for to wexe and multiplie;
 That gentil text can I wel understonde. 30
 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? 35
 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 50
 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 15
 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.

SIR THOMAS MALORY (c. 1405-1471)

MORTE DARTHUR

Capitulum primum
On Arthur held his round table moost ple-
nour/it fortunedy that he commaunded that the
lyke feist of Pentecost shold be holdyn at a cy-
te and a Castel the whiche in the dayes was
called Lynke Anaconne Upon the sonde that
marryng nyghe walys/¶ Soo eiter the kynge hadde a custom
that of the feise of Pentecost in especyal afore other feistes in
the yere he wold not goo that daye to meete Untyl he had herd
of some of a grete merueylle / And for that custome alle mas-
ter of strange adventures came before Arthur as at that fe-
ste before alle other feistes/ And soo sire Galbayne a knyght
for none of the daye of Pentecost asyde a wyndolwe the
day upon foostak and a sbarf on foot/ and soo the knyght
dugge and the sbarf kepte their forces/ and one of the knyghts
was hysse than the other knyghte by a foote and an half
¶ And so Galbayne wente into the kynge and sayde/ 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

MORALITY PLAYS: from *Everyman* (1485-1500?) lines 227-69

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
Fellowship: I speak of no deserving, by this day!
 For he that will say and nothing do
 Is not worthy with good company to go.
 Therefore show me the grief of your mind,
 As to your friend most loving and kind.
Everyman: I shall show you how it is:
 Comanded 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: This is matter indeed! Promise is duty –
 But, *and I should take a voyage on me, *if
 I know it well, it should be to my pain.
 Also, it maketh me afeard, certain.
 But let us take counsel here, as well as we can –
 For your words would *fear a strong man. *frighten
Everyman: Why, ye said if I had need,
 Ye would me never forsake, *quick ne dead *alive or dead
 Though it were hell, truly.
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!
 Who hath you these tidings brought?
Everyman: Indeed, Death was with me here.
Fellowship: Now by God that all hath *bought, *redeemed
 If Death were the messenger,
 For no man that is living today
 I will not go that *loath journey – *loathsome
 Not for the father that begat me!

Christopher Marlowe, from *Tamburlaine the Great* (1587)

Tamburlaine is a ruthless, cruel warrior, conquering new worlds with his sword. The first thing that ever inspired him with gentleness and love is Zenocrate, his wife, who in this scene lies dying. In this gentle, beautiful lament, he describes Zenocrate's future place in heaven, longing to join her there:

Tamburlaine:

Now walk the angels on the walls of heaven
As sentinels to warn th'immortal souls
To entertain divine Zenocrate.
*Apollo, *Cynthia, and the ceaseless *lamps *the sun, *the moon, *the stars
That gently look'd upon this loathsome earth
Shine downwards now no more, but deck the heavens
To entertain divine Zenocrate.
The chrystal springs, whose taste illuminates
Refined eyes with an eternal sight,
Like *tried silver runs through Paradise *purified, separated from the dross
To entertain divine Zenocrate.
The *cherubims and holy *seraphims, **different types of angels
That sing and play before the King of Kings,
Use all their voices and their instruments
To entertain divine Zenocrate.
And, in this sweet and curious harmony,
The god that tunes this music to our souls
Holds out his hand in highest majesty
To entertain divine Zenocrate.
Then let some holy trance convey my thoughts
Up to the place of th'empyrean heaven,
That this my life may be as short to me
As are the days of sweet Zenocrate.

William Shakespeare, from *Hamlet* (1601?) (Act III, Scene i)

Hamlet has been told by his father's ghost that Claudius, Hamlet's uncle, murdered his own brother in order to become king of Denmark and marry Gertrude, Hamlet's mother. Hamlet is strongly affected by this news, and although in the end he kills his uncle, at this point he is in fact contemplating killing himself instead. What keeps him back is his fear of the after-life – "the undiscovered country, from whose bourn/ No traveller returns". Who would stay on this earth, suffering all the indignities of human existence, if not for the dread of something worse after death?

Hamlet:

To be, or not to be, - that is the question: -
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? - To die, - to sleep, -
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, - 'tis a *consummation *goal, desired end
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, - to sleep; -
To sleep! perchance to dream: - ay, there's the *rub *difficulty
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's *contumely, *insolence
The *pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay, *pains
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
Then he himself might his *quietus make *receipt of payment *release
from life
With a bare *bodkin? Who would *fardels bear *dagger *burdens
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death -
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns, - puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great *pith and moment, *force, energy
With this regard, their currents *turn awry, *go wrong
And lose the name of action.

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'd 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.

Ben Jonson, from *Volpone* (1606) (Act V, Scene ii, ll. 1-32)

The scoundrel Volpone (the name means 'fox') helped by his servant Mosca (whose name means 'fly') pretends that he is dying. Voltore ('vulture'), Corvino ('crow') and Corbaccio ('raven') give him valuable presents, in the belief that he will make each one of them his heir. Corvino even attempts to send his own wife, Celia, to Volpone's bed. Here, Volpone and Mosca are boasting about how they have fooled everyone without difficulty; it is easy to make people believe things that they *want* to believe.

Mosca: How now, sir? Does the day look clear again?
 Are we recovered? And wrought out of error
 Into our way, to see our path before us?
 Is our trade free once more?

Volpone: Exquisite Mosca!

Mosca: Was it not carried learnedly?

Volpone: And stoutly.
 Good wits are greatest in extremities.

Mosca: It were a folly beyond thought, to trust
 Any grand act unto a cowardly spirit.
 You are not *taken with it enough, methinks.

Volpone: O, more than if I had enjoyed the *wench;
 The pleasure of all womankind's not like it.

Mosca: Why now you speak, sir! We must here be fixed;
 Here we must rest. This is our masterpiece;
 We cannot think to go beyond this.

Volpone: True,
 *Thou'st played thy prize, my precious Mosca.

Mosca: Nay, sir,
 To gull the court –

Volpone: And quite divert the torrent
 Upon the innocent.

Mosca: Yes, and to make
 So rare a music out of discords –

Volpone: Right.
 That yet to me's the strangest! How thou'st borne it
 That these, being so divided 'mongst themselves,
 Should not scent somewhat, or in me or thee,
 Or doubt their own side.

Mosca: True, they will not see't.
 Too much light blinds them, I think. Each of them
 Is so possessed and stuffed with his own hopes
 That anything unto the contrary,
 Never so true, or never so apparent,
 Never so palpable, they will resist it –

Volpone: Like a temptation of the devil.

Mosca: Right, sir.
 Merchants may talk of trade, and your great signors
 Of land that yields well; but if Italy
 Have any *glebe more fruitful than these fellows
 I am deceived.

*pleased, satisfied with it
 *girl, young woman
 *thou hast = you have
 *glebe = soil;
 if Italy has any soil that can yield
 a better 'harvest' than these men,
 I am very much mistaken

John Webster, *The Duchess of Malfi* (1613/1623), Act IV, Scene ii

The Duchess, a high-spirited and high-minded widow, has secretly married her beloved, the honest Antonio, steward at her court and hence her social inferior. Her brother Ferdinand, who wants control of her fortune and her person, places the ex-convict Bosola as a spy in her household; when her marriage is discovered, the Duchess is tortured and finally strangled, together with her children and her maid-in-waiting, Cariola:

Bosola: Doth not death fright you?

Duchess: Who would be afraid on't,
Knowing to meet such excellent company
In th'other world?

Bosola: Yet methinks,
The manner of your death should much afflict you:
This cord should terrify you.

Duchess: No a whit.
What would it pleasure me to have my throat cut
With diamonds? Or to be smothered
With *cassia? Or to be shot to death with pearls? *cinnamon
I know death hath ten thousand *several doors *different
For men to take their exits, and 'tis found
They go on such strange geometrical *hinges *gångjärn
You may open them both ways. - Any way, for heaven sake,
*So I were out of your whispering. Tell my brothers *As long as I can be
That I perceive death, now I am well awake,
Best gift is they can give or I can take.
I would fain put off my last woman's fault,
I'd not be tedious to you.

Executioner: We are ready.

Duchess: *Dispose my breath how please you, but my body *Get rid of my life any way you like
Bestow upon my women, will you?

Executioner: Yes.

Duchess: Pull, and pull strongly, for your able strength
Must pull down heaven upon me -
*Yet stay; heaven's gates are not so high arched *But wait
As princes palaces; they that enter there
Must go upon their knees. (*Kneels down*) Come, violent death.
Serve for *mandragora to make me sleep! *any kind of stupefying drug
Go tell my brothers, when I am laid out,
They then may feed in quiet.
(*The Duchess is strangled*)

Bosola: Where's the waiting-woman?
Fetch her. Some other strangle the children.
(*Exeunt Executioners, some of whom return with Cariola*)
Look you, there sleeps your mistress.

Cariola: Oh, you are damned
Perpetually for this! My turn is next.
Is't not so ordered?

Bosola: Yes, and I am glad
You are so well prepared for't.

Cariola: You are deceived, sir,
I am not prepared for't, I will not die;
I will first come to my answer, and know
How I have offended.

Bosola: Come, dispatch her.
You kept her counsel; now you shall keep ours.

Cariola: I will not die, I must not; I am contracted
To a young gentleman.

Executioner: Here's your wedding-ring.

Cariola: Let me but speak with the *Duke; I'll *discover *the Duchess's brother *reveal
Treason to his person.

Bosola: Delays! Throttle her.

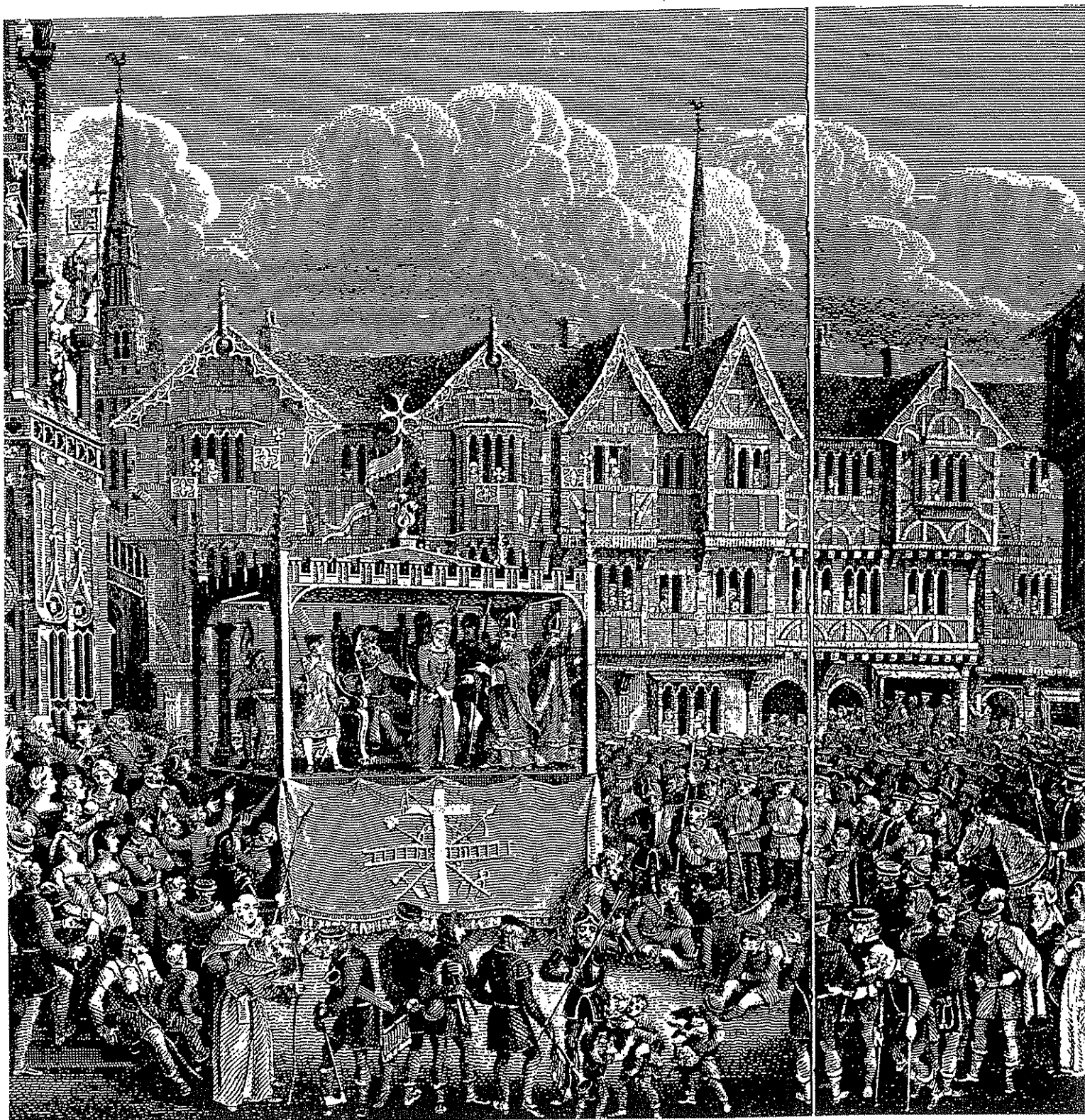
Executioner: She bites and scratches.

Cariola: If you kill me now,
I am damned; I have not been at confession
This two years.

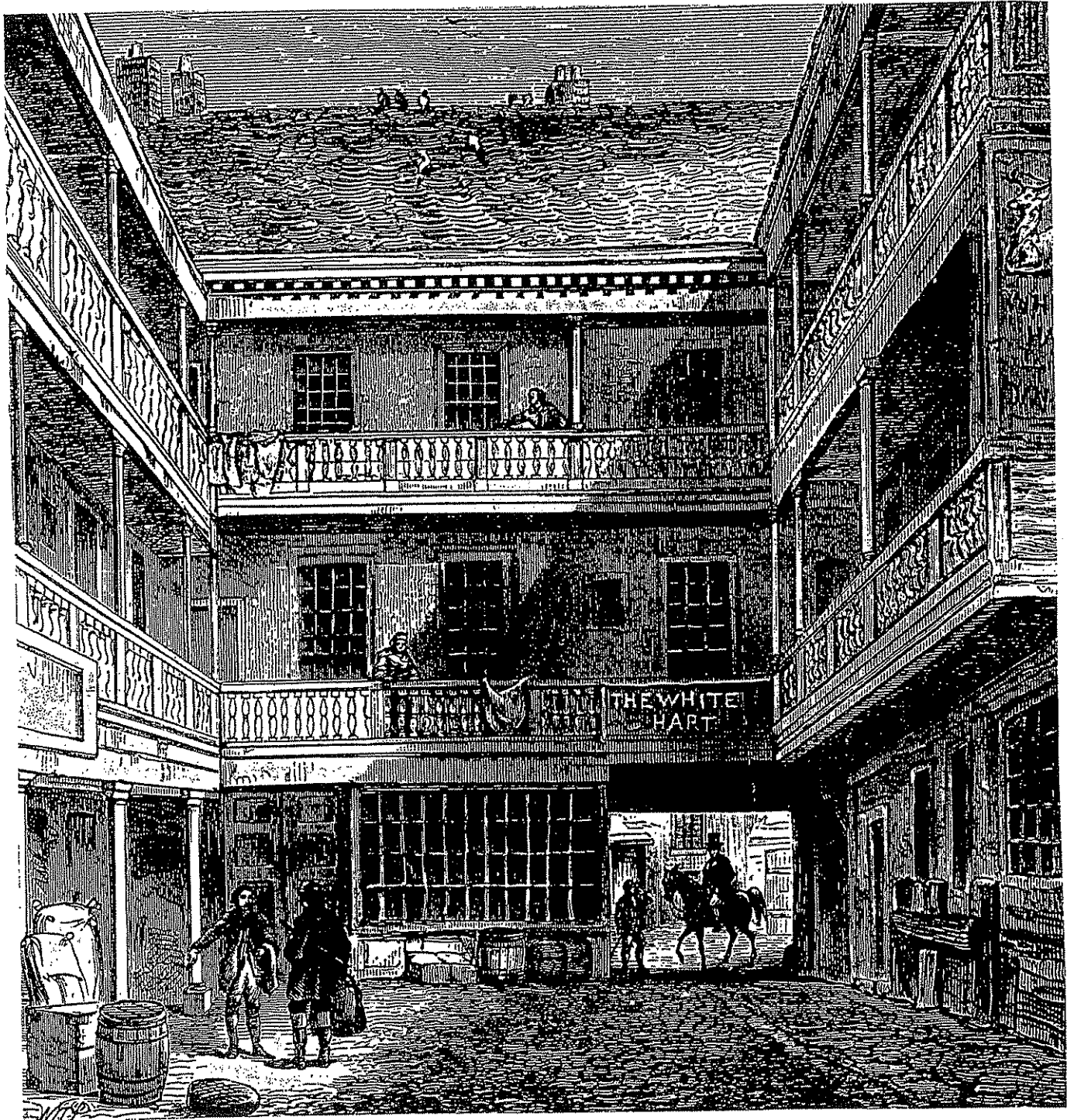
Bosola (to Executioners) When!

Cariola: I am *quick with child *pregnant

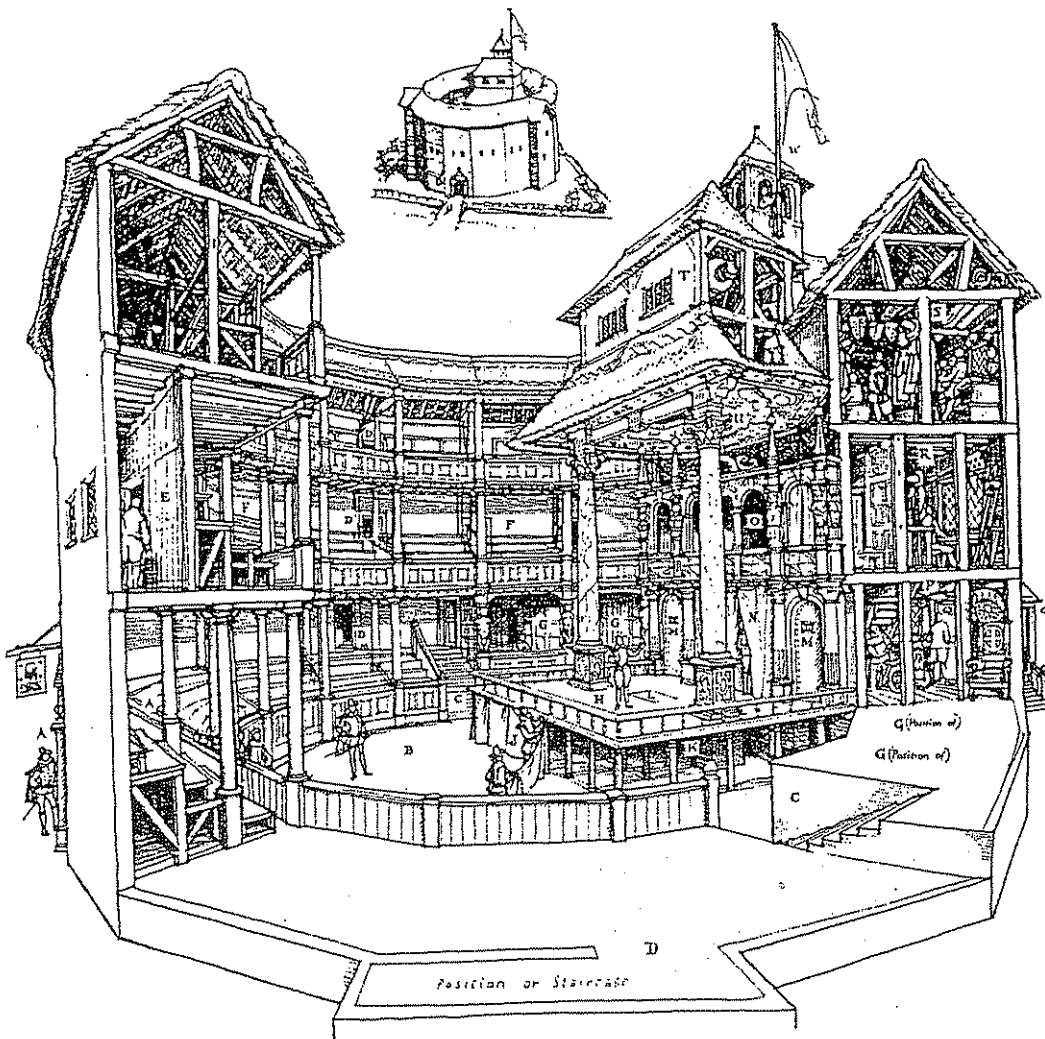
Bosola: Why, then,
*Your credit's saved. *Your reputation is now safe
(*Cariola is strangled*)



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



An Elizabethan Inn



KEY

AA	Main entrance	MM	Stage doors
B	The Yard	N	Curtained 'place behind the stage'
CC	Entrance to lowest gallery	O	Gallery above the stage, used as required sometimes by musicians, sometimes by spectators, and often as part of the play
D	Entrances to staircase and upper galleries	P	Back-stage area (the tiring-house)
E	Corridor serving the different sections of the middle gallery	Q	Tiring-house door
F	Middle gallery ('Twopenny Rooms')	R	Dressing-rooms
G	'Gentlemen's Rooms' or 'Lords' Rooms'	S	Wardrobe and storage
H	The stage	T	The hut housing the machine for lowering enthroned gods, etc., to the stage
J	The hanging being put up round the stage	U	The 'Heavens'
K	The 'Hell' under the stage	W	Hoisting the playhouse flag
L	The stage trap, leading down to the Hell		

6 C. Walter Hodges's drawing (1965) of an Elizabethan playhouse. The gallery seating is speculative: recent research by John Orrell suggests that there were more degrees and much less leg-room

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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 Ross 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

Birnam 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
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	
" <i>Noli me tangere</i> ", 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,*	*dress	*style
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?"	*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 newfangleness.*	*through	
But since that I so kindly* am servèd, I fain would know what she hath deservèd.	*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 bloudy fielde;
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 mourn'd: so was she sad,
And heaue 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?

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Seminar on Renaissance Poetry

General questions for all these poems:

- * What is the *metre* and *rhyme scheme* of the poem?
- * What *stylistic devices* such as *imagery* (e.g. the use of metaphors, similes, personifications etc.) can be identified in the poem?
- * What is the *subject matter* of the poem?
- * How can the poem be said to be *expressive of the period* from which it is taken?

Shakespeare: 'O Mistress Mine'

Start by checking that you know the meaning of any unusual word (roaming, sweeting, mirth...). Also, note that there are some obsolete (föråldrade) grammatical forms in the poem: doth = does; 'tis = it is; hath = has.

1. Who is speaking? (And how do we know there is a speaker?)
2. Who is he speaking to?
3. What is he saying, and what means of persuasion is he using?
4. What do you think he means by 'sweet and twenty'?

Herrick: 'To Virgins to Make Much of Time'

What does 'coy' mean – or 'tarry'?
Ye = you; a-flying = flying.

1. Divide the poem up in stanzas (strofer, 'verser' – there are four of them), and summarise what the speaker is saying in each one.
2. Both this and the previous poem contain the word 'Then' near the end, and for similar reasons. Try to figure out why this is so!

Sidney: from *Astrophel and Stella*

Again, start by checking any difficult words – virtue, lodged, overthrow, sovereignty, strive...
Thine = your (plural); thy = your (singular); thyself = yourself; thee = you; shineth = shines.

1. Pay specific attention to the verse form in this and the two following poems!
2. This poem is fairly complicated, but try to make sense of it by rephrasing each sentence in your own words.
3. What are the 'night-birds' in line 7, do you think?

Spenser: from *Amoretti*

There are some unusual words here (baser, devise, subdue...), but also some that are deliberately archaic (ålderdomliga): assay = try, eke = also; quod = said).

1. This poem is written almost like a small dialogue. Go through it line by line and try to figure out who says what!
2. What is the argument of the speakers, and who gets the last word?

Shakespeare: from *Sonnets*

Check for example 'dun', 'damasked', 'grant', 'belied' so that you know what they mean.
Hath = has.

1. What body parts are enumerated, and what are they compared to?
2. Is the comparison favourable or not?
3. Judging from this poem, do you think the speaker admires his mistress or not?

RENAISSANCE POETRY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616)

O Mistress mine! Where are you roaming:
O! stay and hear; your true love's coming.
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting.
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure;
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

ROBERT HERRICK (1591-1634)

"To Virgins to Make Much of Time"

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,
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,
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;
And while ye may, go marry:
For having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY (1554-1586)

From *Astrophel and Stella* (1591)

Who will in fairest book of nature know
How virtue may best lodg'd in beauty be,
Let him but learn of love to read in thee,
Stella, those fair lines which true goodness show.
There shall he find all vices' overthrow,
Not by rude force, but sweetest sovereignty
Of reason, from whose light those night-birds fly;
That inward sun in thine eyes shineth so.
And, not content to be perfection's heir
Thyself, dost strive all minds that way to move,
Who mark in thee what is in thee most fair.
So while thy beauty draws thy heart to love,
As fast thy virtue bends that love to good:
But "Ah," Desire still cries, "Give me some food!"

EDMUND SPENSER (1552-1599)

From *Amoretti*

One day I wrote her name upon the strand,
But came the waves and washed it away:
Again I wrote it with a second hand,
But came the tide, and made my pains his prey.
"Vain man," said she, "that dost in vain assay,
A mortal thing so to immortalize;
For I myself shall like to this decay,
And eke my name be wiped out likewise."
"Not so," (quod I) "let baser things devise
To die in dust, but you shall live by fame:
My verse your vertues rare shall eternize,
And in the heavens write your glorious name:
Where whenas death shall all the world subdue,
Our love shall live, and later life renew."

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616)

From *Sonnets* (1609)

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red:
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound.
I grant I never saw a goddess go:
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground.
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

Keywords for Renaissance Poetry

Petrarchan sonnet English sonnet Sacred and Profane Love Carpe Diem Conceit

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Commonwealth & Restoration

The Penguin Guide to Literature in English: Chapter 3 (54-75)

Re-read MacDowall: *An Illustrated History of Britain* (The Stuarts, 87-105)

James I (1603-25) Charles I (1625-45; beheaded 1649) Parliament
Puritans (Nonconformists) Civil War 1642-45 Cavaliers Roundheads Naseby
Commonwealth 1645-60 Oliver Cromwell Lord Protector (1653-58)
Restoration (1660) Charles II Test Act 1673 Whigs/Tories James II (1685-88)
The Glorious Revolution 1688 William of Orange The Battle of the Boyne 1690
Queen Anne (1702-1714) Hannover Walpole Pitt Bonnie Prince Charlie The Battle of Culloden 1746

John Milton (1608-74) Latin Secretary pamphlets *Paradise Lost*
Andrew Marvell (1621-78) John Bunyan (1628-88) *The Pilgrim's Progress*
John Dryden (1631-1700) ode satire (+plays) 1666 The Great Fire of London
Samuel Pepys (1633-1703) *Diary* (1660-69)
John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester (1647-80)

Reason, thought Neoclassical Augustan Social (not solitary) man
1642: Civil War(>Theatres closed by Puritans) 1660> Restoration Drama
Comedy of manners taste, elegance, decorum Dryden, Shadwell
Wycherley *The Country Wife* William Congreve 1670-1729 *The Way of the World*
John Gay (1685-1732) *The Beggar's Opera* Sheridan *The School for Scandal*

A Crash Course in...

a) English Royalty, 1066-1901

Willie*, Willie, Harry, Stee,
Harry, Dick*, John, Harry Three,
One, two, three Neds, Richard Two,
Harry Four, Five, Six - then who?
Edward Four, Five, Dick the Bad*,
Harry twain** and Ned the Lad*,
Mary*, Bessie*, James the Vain*,
Charlie*, Charlie, James again*,
William* and Mary, Anna Gloria,
Four Georges, William, and Victoria.

*William the Conqueror (1066-87)
*Richard the Lionheart (1189-99)

*Richard III
*Henry VII, Henry VIII, Edward VI
*Bloody Mary, *Elizabeth I, *James I
*Charles I (executed); *James II (deposed)
*William of Orange

b) Religion and Politics 1660 - ca. 1725

The Vicar of Bray

In good King *Charles's golden days,
When loyalty no harm meant,
A zealous High Churchman was I,
and so I got preferment.
To teach my flock I never missed,
Kings are by God appointed
And damned are those that dare resist,
Or touch the Lord's anointed.

*Charles II (1660-85)

And this is the law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, Sir:
That whatsoever king may reign
I'll still be the Vicar of Bray, Sir.

When royal *James obtained the crown,
And *Popery came in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the Declaration.
The Church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my constitution
And had become a Jesuit,
But for the *Revolution.

*James II (1685-88) – a Roman Catholic
*Catholicism

When *William was our King declared
To air our nation's grievance,
With this new wind about I steered
And swore to him allegiance.
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance;
For passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.

*The Glorious Revolution (1688):
James II was deposed, in favour of his
daughter and son-in-law, William & Mary
*William III (of Orange) (1689-1702)

When gracious *Anne became our Queen,
The Church of England's Glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a *Tory.
Occasional Conformists base,
I damned their moderation;
And thought the Church in danger was
By such prevarication.

*'Anna Gloria' (1702-14)

*High Church (among other things)

When *George from Hanover came o'er,
And moderate men looked big, Sir,
I turned my coat around once more
And so became a *Whig, Sir,
And thus preferment I secured
From our new Faith's Defender,
And almost every day abjured
The Pope and the *Pretender.

*George I (1714-27)

*Low Church (among other things)

*James II's son, a Catholic

The illustrious House of Hanover
And Protestant Succession,
To these I do allegiance swear
While they can keep possession,
For in my faith and loyalty
I never more will falter
And George my lawful King shall be -
Until the times do alter.

And this is the law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, Sir,
That whatsoever king may reign,
I'll still be the Vicar of Bray, Sir!

John Bunyan (1628-88), from *The Pilgrim's Progress*

Valiant-For-Truth: Why, they told me that it was a dangerous way; yea, the most dangerous way in the World, said they, is that which the Pilgrims go.

Great-heart: Did they shew wherein this way is so dangerous?

Valiant-For-Truth: Yes, and that in many particulars.

Great-heart: Name some of them.

Valiant-For-Truth: They told me of the Slough of Dispond, where Christian was well nigh smothered. They told me that there were Archers standing ready in Beelzebub-castle to shoot them that should knock at the Wicket-gate for entrance. They told me also of the Wood and dark Mountains, of the Hill Difficulty, of the Lions, and also of the three Giants, Bloody-man, Maul and Slay-good. They said moreover that there was a foul Fiend haunted the Valley of Humiliation, and that Christian was by him almost bereft of Life. Besides, say they, you must go over the Valley of the Shadow of Death, where the Hobgoblins are, where the Light is Darkness, where the way is full of Snares, Pits, Traps, and Gins. They told me also of Giant Despair, of Doubting Castle and of the ruin that the Pilgrims met with there. Further, they said I must go over the Enchanted Ground, which was dangerous. And that after all this, I should find a River, over which I should find no Bridge, and that that River did lie betwixt me and the Coelestial Country.

John Dryden (1631-1700), from *Annus Mirabilis* (1666)

The title means the "year of wonders", the wonders (the word is used in a negative sense) being: *war* (against Holland, and, through Holland, Denmark and France); a terrible outbreak of the *plague* (killing nearly 70,000 people), and the *Great Fire of London*. Although Dryden started out as a writer praising Cromwell and Puritanism, he is now defending the Stuart King Charles II, claiming that he will rise from his trouble like a new Emperor Augustus, as the ruler of a great empire. In a similar way, a new and grander London, rebuilt by Christopher Wren, will rise like the phoenix from the ruins of the Great Fire:

Me-thinks already, from this chymic* flame *alchemic; purifying dross to gold
I see a city of more precious mold:
Rich as the town which gives the Indies name* *Mexico
With silver paved, and all divine with gold.

Already, laboring with a mighty fate,
She shakes the rubbish from her mounting brow
And seems to have renewed her charter's date,
Which Heaven will to the death of time allow.

More great than human, now, and more August,
New deified she from her fires does rise:
Her widening streets on new foundations trust,
And, opening, into larger parts she flies.

The silver Thames, her own domestic flood
Shall bear her vessels like a sweeping train;
And often wind (as of his mistress proud)
With longing eyes to meet her face again.

Samuel Pepys (1633-1703), from *The Diary* (1660-69)

When he wrote his famous diary, Samuel Pepys was secretary of the Admiralty, but also a true Londoner: he was interested in the theatre, music, the social whirl, business, religion, literary life, science, politics etc. and writes with utter frankness about everything, from affairs of state to quarrels with his wife. Here, he is giving us an eyewitness-account of the Great Fire of London, 2-6 September, 1666:

September 2 1666

Some of our maids sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast today, Jane called up about three in the morning, to tell us of a great fire they saw in the City. So I rose, and slipped on my night-gown and went to her window, and thought it to be on the back side of Mark Lane at the farthest; but, being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off, and so went to bed again, and to sleep /---/ By and by Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above 300 houses have been burned down tonight by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish Street, by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower; and there got up upon one of the high places /.../ and there I did see the houses at the end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side the end of the bridge /.../. So down [I went], with my heart full of trouble, to the Lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it began this morning in the King's baker's house in Pudding Lane, and that it hath burned St. Magnus's Church and most part of Fish Street already. So I rode down to the waterside /.../ and there saw a lamentable fire. /---/ Everybody endeavouring to remove their goods, and flinging into the river or bringing them into lighters that lay off; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats, or clambering from one pair of stairs by the waterside to another. And among other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loth to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconies, till they some of them burned their wings and fell down.

Having stayed, and in an hour's time seen the fire rage every way, and nobody to my sight endeavouring to quench it, but to remove their goods and leave all to the fire /.../ I [went next] to Whitehall (with a gentleman with me, who desired to go off from the Tower to see the fire in my boat); and there up to the King's closet in the Chapel, where people came about me, and I did give them an account [that]dismayed them all, and the word was carried into the King. so I was called for, and did tell the King and Duke of York what I saw; and that unless His Majesty did command houses to be pulled down, nothing could stop the fire. They seemed much troubled, and the King commanded me to go to my Lord Mayor from him, and command him to spare no houses. . . .

[I hurried] to [St.] Paul's; and there walked along Watling Street, as well as I could, every creature coming away laden with goods to save and, here and there, sick people carried

away in beds. Extraordinary goods carried in carts and on backs. At last [I] met my Lord Mayor in Cannon Street, like a man spent, with a [handkerchief] about his neck. To the King's message he cried, like a fainting woman, 'Lord, what can I do? I am spent: people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses, but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it.' /---/ So he left me, and I him, and walked home; seeing people all distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses, too, so very thick thereabouts, and full of matter for burning, as pitch and tar, in Thames Street; and warehouses of oil and wines and brandy and other things.

John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester (1647-80)

The poet is cleverly trying to convince his mistress that since the past is over and the future not here yet, all that we have is this very moment; hence, all talk of inconstancy and unfaithfulness is pointless:

Love and Life

ALL my past life is mine no more
The flying hours are gone,
Like transitory dreams given o'er,
Whose images are kept in store
By memory alone.

The time that is to come is not;
How can it then be mine?
The present moment 's all my lot;
And that, as fast as it is got,
Phyllis, is only thine.

Then talk not of inconstancy,
False hearts, and broken vows;
If I by miracle can be
This live-long minute true to thee,
'Tis all that Heaven allows.

William Congreve (1670-1729), from *The Way of the World* (1700)

The plot of this complex, witty, cynical and elegant play includes such unlikeable characters as the ageing, amorous Lady Wishfort, always on the prowl for young men; Mr Fainall, who squanders his wife's fortune on his mistress; and that mistress, the nasty Mrs Marwood. The hero and heroine are more attractive (though hardly less cynical); MIRABELL is a mercenary rake, but genuinely in love with MILLAMANT; she is a witty coquette, but more virtuous than she seems. In this scene, they playfully decide on each other's rights and prerogatives as husband and wife. It is agreed that they shall each decide when they want to get up in the mornings; apart from that, Millamant's demands are: no silly pet names permitted; no cuddling in public; she must be allowed to keep her friends and her privacy, and he must knock before entering her rooms. Mirabell in his turn demands that no intimate friend should be allowed to come between them; that she use no make-up for as long as he thinks her beautiful without it; that she will not lace her corset while she is pregnant, so as not to hurt the child; and finally that strong drinks are banished from her tea-table...

MILLA. /---/ Ah, I'll never marry, unless I am
first made sure of my will and pleasure.

MIRA. Would you have 'em both before marriage? Or will you be
contented with the first now, and stay for the other till after grace?

MILLA. Ah, don't be impertinent. My dear liberty, shall I leave
thee? My faithful solitude, my darling contemplation, must I bid
you then adieu? /---/ I can't do't, 'tis more than impossible--positively,
Mirabell, I'll lie a-bed in a morning as long as I please.

MIRA. Then I'll get up in a morning as early as I please.

MILLA. Ah! Idle creature, get up when you will. And d'ye hear, I
won't be called names after I'm married; positively I won't be
called names.

MIRA. Names?

MILLA. Ay, as wife, spouse, my dear, joy, jewel, love, sweet-heart,
and the rest of that nauseous cant, in which men and their wives are
so fulsomely familiar--I shall never bear that. Good Mirabell,
don't let us be familiar or fond, nor kiss before folks, like my
Lady Fadler and Sir Francis; nor go to Hyde Park together the first
Sunday in a new chariot, to provoke eyes and whispers, and then

never be seen there together again, as if we were proud of one another the first week, and ashamed of one another ever after. Let us never visit together, nor go to a play together, but let us be very strange and well-bred. Let us be as strange as if we had been married a great while, and as well-bred as if we were not married at all.

MIRA. Have you any more conditions to offer? Hitherto your demands are pretty reasonable.

MILLA. Trifles; as liberty to pay and receive visits to and from whom I please; to write and receive letters, without interrogatories or wry faces on your part; to wear what I please, and choose conversation with regard only to my own taste; to have no obligation upon me to converse with wits that I don't like, because they are your acquaintance, or to be intimate with fools, because they may be your relations. Come to dinner when I please, dine in my dressing-room when I'm out of humour, without giving a reason. To have my closet inviolate; to be sole empress of my tea-table, which you must never presume to approach without first asking leave. And lastly, wherever I am, you shall always knock at the door before you come in. These articles subscribed, if I continue to endure you a little longer, I may by degrees dwindle into a wife.

MIRA. Your bill of fare is something advanced in this latter account. Well, have I liberty to offer conditions:- that when you are dwindled into a wife, I may not be beyond measure enlarged into a husband?

MILLA. You have free leave: propose your utmost, speak and spare not.

MIRA. I thank you. IMPRIMIS, then, I covenant that your acquaintance be general; that you admit no sworn confidant or intimate of your own sex; no she friend to screen her affairs under your countenance, and tempt you to make trial of a mutual secrecy. No decoy-duck to wheedle you a FOP-SCRAMBLING to the play in a mask/---/.

MILLA. Detestable IMPRIMIS! I go to the play in a mask!

MIRA. ITEM, I article, that you continue to like your own face as long as I shall, and while it passes current with me, that you endeavour not to new coin it. /---/ ITEM, when you shall be breeding -

MILLA. Ah, name it not!

MIRA. Which may be presumed, with a blessing on our endeavours -

MILLA. Odious endeavours!

MIRA. I denounce against all strait lacing, squeezing for a shape, till you mould my boy's head like a sugar-loaf, and instead of a man-child, make me father to a crooked billet. Lastly, to the dominion of the tea-table I submit; but with proviso, that you exceed not in your province, but restrain yourself to native and simple tea-table drinks, as tea, chocolate, and coffee. As likewise to genuine and authorised tea-table talk, such as mending of fashions, spoiling reputations, railing at absent friends, and so forth. But that on no account you encroach upon the men's prerogative, and presume to drink healths, or toast fellows /---/. These provisos admitted, in other things I may prove a tractable and complying husband.

MILLA. Oh, horrid provisos! Filthy strong waters! I toast fellows, odious men! I hate your odious provisos.

MIRA. Then we're agreed. Shall I kiss your hand upon the contract?

John Gay (1685-1732), from *The Beggar's Opera* (1728)

The Beggar's Opera is a satire on various types of corruption, as well as on Italian opera; instead of virtuoso arias its songs are set to popular tunes of folk songs and ballads.

The hero of *The Beggar's Opera* is the womaniser and highway robber Macheath, who somehow contrives to be a likeable character in spite of all his vices; he also proves that vice is the same in high places as in low. Eventually he is scaught and sentenced to hang, but is reprieved at the last minute. Below are four of the many songs (airs):

Air.—Green Sleeves

Since laws were made for every degree,
To curb vice in others, as well as in me,
I wonder we ha'n't better company
 Upon Tyburn tree!
But gold from law can take out the sting,
And if rich men like us were to swing,
'Twould thin the land such numbers to string
 Upon Tyburn tree!

Air.—An old woman clothed in grey

Through all the employments of life,
Each neighbour abuses his brother,
Whore and rogue they call husband and wife;
All professions berogue one another:
The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,
The lawyer beknives the divine,
And the statesman, because he's so great,
Thinks his trade as honest as mine.

Air.—March in Rinaldo, with drums and trumpets

Let us take the road.
Hark! I hear the sound of coaches,
The hour of attack approaches,
To your arms, brave boys, and load!
See the ball I hold!
Let the chemists toil like asses,
Our fire their fire surpasses,
And turns all our lead to gold.

Air.—Would you have a young virgin, etc.

If the heart of a man is depressed with cares,
The mist is dispelled, when a woman appears;
Like the notes of a fiddle she sweetly, sweetly
Raises the spirits and charms our ears.
Roses and lilies her cheeks disclose,
But her ripe lips are more sweet than those;
Press her,
Caress her;
With blisses
Her kisses
Dissolve us in pleasure and soft repose.

STUDY QUESTIONS FOR SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY POETRY

Donne: 'The Flea'

Start as usual by checking up on all the words that you are not absolutely certain of. Here is a little bit of help with some that may give you problems:

'Marke' on line 1 in the first stanza is spelled 'mark' today. This word can have several meanings as you will have noticed when checking it in the dictionary. Which one is present here?

'but' on the same line means 'only' or 'just'.

'wooe' on line 7 is also spelled without the final -e in modern English. It is given two definitions in Longman and three (as an intransitive verb) in Norstedts. Which one(s) is/are appropriate here?

'stay' in line 1 of the second stanza means 'stop'.

Notice that 'cloysterd' in line 6 of the second stanza would today be spelled 'cloistered'. How would you paraphrase / explain the meaning of 'w'are met / And cloysterd in these living walls of Jet?

'use' on line 7 in the second stanza here means 'habit' or 'custom'.

'sodaine' in line 1 of the third stanza = 'sudden' = rash

1. Who is speaking? Who is he speaking to?
2. What has the flea done? How does the speaker comment on this in the first stanza?
3. What is the meaning of the last three lines of the first stanza? What is it that 'wee' cannot or will not or are not allowed to do? (What is the meaning of 'one blood made of two'?)
4. Why cannot the couple do what the speaker wants them to do? Who is against it? Look at what it says in the poem, but think also of the time and the circumstances.
5. Why is the woman said to be cruel in the last stanza? What has she done? How does the speaker turn this into an argument in his favour?
6. Would you regard this as a love poem? Why? Why not?
7. Would you say that this poem contains a metaphysical conceit?

Donne: 'A Valediction: Forbidding Mourning'

1. The subject matter of this poem is very clearly signalled in the title. So what is it about? (And who is speaking to whom?)
2. Check that you know the meaning of 'virtuous', 'soul', 'profanation' and 'laity' in the first two stanzas. What field does this terminology belong to?
3. What is meant by the 'Moving of th'earth' that is said to bring danger and fear in stanza three? Why did people 'reckon what it did, and meant' in those days?
4. (This is a really difficult question, so don't feel bad if you cannot answer it.) Have you any idea what is meant by 'trepidation of the spheres' and why this 'Though greater far, is innocent'?
5. What is meant by 'sublunary'? How are the speaker and his love different from the 'dull, sublunary' lovers?
6. The poet uses not just one but two metaphysical conceits (fresh, surprising, 'unpoetic' images) to illustrate his main argument, one in stanza six and the other in stanzas seven to nine. What are they? Relate them in your own words!
7. Compare this poem to 'The Flea'. What similarities do they have? How are they different in tone and attitude?

Marvell: 'To his Coy Mistress'

With this poem it is extremely important to know the meaning of

a/ 'coy' and 'coyness'. Please notice that today these words are often used in a more or less negative sense. How? What do they mean today? In the 17th century they had no such negative connotations. What did they mean then?

b/ 'mistress'. This word too has really changed its meaning since Marvell's time. What does it mean today? What did it mean then? Why would you go completely wrong with the poem if you assumed that 'mistress' meant then what it means today?

1. The poem is divided into three parts. The first one starts with the words 'Had we...' Today we would be more likely to say 'If we had...' An 'if...' must always be followed by a real or implied '...then', such as: 'If I had all the money in the world, *then* I would buy myself a Ferrari'. Rephrase the first sentence in the poem in the same way! This is the argument of the first stanza. How is it illustrated in the rest of this stanza?

2. What is the argument of the second stanza? Pay specific attention to the following metaphors. What do they denote?

'Time's winged chariot'

'Deserts of vast eternity'

'thy marble vault'

3. Sum up the argument of the third stanza. Does it remind you of any other poems you have read so far? In what way(s) is Marvell's poem different from the preceding ones?

Milton: 'When I consider...'

1. This is a sonnet. How do we know? What kind of a sonnet is it? Where does the twist occur? It occurs in an unusual place. With what word is it signalled?

2. Sort out the first sentence. It is very long... How long is it?

3. The sentence starts with the words 'When I consider...' What is the situation that the poet considers? What is meant by the words 'my light is spent'? What, in other words, has happened to him?

4. A 'when' (like an 'if') must always be followed by a real or implied 'then'. Where does the implied 'then' occur here? In other words, what does the poet do when he considers his situation?

5. What personification can you find in this poem?

6. What is the conclusion of the poem? How is the question in the first part answered?

7. Milton was a Puritan. What does that mean? How can this knowledge of the poet help you understand the poem?

Milton: From *Paradise Lost*

N.B. Milton's language in general, and in *Paradise Lost* in particular, is quite complex, both as regards grammar and vocabulary, and you will have to work quite hard with this text to sort out the sentence structure and the meaning.

1. Why does Milton use such complicated language do you think? (Try, if possible, to think of more than one reason.)
2. Who is speaking in lines 523-548? What does he tell Eve? What impression does he make on her? (*Does* he make an impression?)
3. In lines 553-566 Eve expresses her surprise at being approached in this way. Why is she so surprised? What explanation is she given in lines 567-612?
4. What is Eve's reaction to this amazing news? (lines 613-624)
5. Sum up lines 625-663. What happens? Milton uses an elaborate simile here. What is it? What function does it have?
6. There now seems to be a standstill. Why? What arguments does 'the Tempter' use in the following long passage in order to persuade Eve to his way of action?
7. Study lines 733-744, where Eve's temptation is described. What different factors work on her?
8. Who/What is Eve addressing in line 745 onwards? (Who/What, in other words, is the 'thee' and 'thy'?) Trace her line of thought, how she argues with herself. What arguments for and against can you find? What is the outcome?
9. Apart from clever arguing (and wouldn't he make a great politician...) 'the Tempter' also uses flattery in order to get Eve where he wants her. Look back at his speeches and make notes of the various ways in which he tries to flatter her. (Don't forget to note down line numbers as you do so!) Is it a successful policy in your opinion?
10. Eve is generally referred to simply as 'Eve' or 'she' in this text. Her opponent is referred to in various ways, though. One is 'the Tempter'. What other expressions can you find denoting this character? Make a list of them. Why, in your opinion, is Milton so inventive in the description of one character, but not the other?

SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY POETRY

JOHN DONNE (1572-1631)

The Flea

Marke but this flea, and marke in this,
How little that which thou deny'st me is;
Me it suck'd first, and now sucks thee,
And in this flea our two bloods mingled bee;
Confesse it, this cannot be said
A sinne, or shame, or losse of maidenhead,
Yet this enjoys before it wooe,
And pamper'd swells with one blood made of two,
And this, alas, is more than wee would doe.

Oh stay, three lives in one flea spare,
When we almost, nay more than maryed are.
This flea is you and I, and this
Our marriage bed, and marriage temple is;
Though parents grudge, and you, w'are met,
And cloysterd in these living walls of Jet.
Though use make thee apt to kill me,
Let not to this, selfe murder added bee,
And sacrilege, three sinnes in killing three.

Cruell and sodaine, has thou since
Purpled thy naile, in blood of innocence?
In what could this flea guilty bee,
Except in that drop which it suckt from thee?
Yet thou triumph'st, and saist that thou
Find'st not thyself, nor mee the weaker now;
'Tis true, then learne how false, feares bee;
Just so much honor, when thou yeeld'st to mee,
Will wast, as this flea's death tooke life from thee.

A Valediction: Forbidding Mourning

As virtuous men pass mildly away,
And whisper to their souls, to go,

Whilst some of their sad friends do say,
"The breath goes now," and some say, "No:"

So let us melt, and make no noise,
No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move;
'Twere profanation of our joys
To tell the laity our love.

Moving of th' earth brings harms and fears;
Men reckon what it did, and meant;
But trepidation of the spheres,
Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers' love
(Whose soul is sense) cannot admit
Absence, because it doth remove
Those things which elemented it.

But we by a love so much refin'd,
That ourselves know not what it is,
Inter-assured of the mind,
Care less, eyes, lips, and hands to miss.

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

If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two;
Thy soul, the fix'd foot, makes no show
To move, but doth, if the' other do.

And though it in the centre sit,
Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans, and hearkens 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 just,
And makes me end, where I begun.

ANDREW MARVELL (1621-1678)

To his Coy Mistress

Had we but world enough, and time,
This coyness, lady, were no crime.
We would sit down and think which way
To walk, and pass our long love's day;
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side
Shouldst rubies find; I by the tide
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the Flood;
And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews.
My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires, and more slow.
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze;
Two hundred to adore each breast,
But thirty thousand to the rest;
An age at least to every part,
And the last age should show your heart.
For, lady, you deserve this state,
Nor would I love at lower rate.

But at my back I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near;
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.
Thy beauty shall no more be found,
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound
My echoing song; then worms shall try
That long preserv'd virginity,
And your quaint honour turn to dust,
And into ashes all my lust.
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none I think do there embrace.

Now therefore, while the youthful hue
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
And while thy willing soul transpires
At every pore with instant fires,
Now let us sport us while we may;
And now, like am'rous birds of prey,
Rather at once our time devour,
Than languish in his slow-chapp'd power.
Let us roll all our strength, and all
Our sweetness, up into one ball;
And tear our pleasures with rough strife

Thorough the iron gates of life.
Thus, though we cannot make our sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

JOHN MILTON (1608-1674)

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

PARADISE LOST

FROM BOOK IX

He, bolder now, uncall'd before her stood,
But as in gaze admiring. Oft he bow'd
His turret crest and sleek enamell'd neck, 525
Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon she trod.
His gentle dumb expression turn'd at length
The eye of Eve to mark his play; he, glad
Of her attention gain'd, with serpent-tongue
Organic, or impulse of vocal air, 530
His fraudulent temptation thus began:

"Wonder not, sovran mistress (if perhaps
Thou canst who art sole wonder), much less arm
Thy looks, the heav'n of mildness, with disdain,
Displeas'd that I approach thee thus and gaze 535
Insatiate, I thus single, nor have fear'd
Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd.
Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair,

Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine
 By gift, and thy celestial beauty adore, 540
 With ravishment beheld--there best beheld
 Where universally admir'd; but here,
 In this enclosure wild, these beasts among,
 Beholders rude and shallow to discern
 Half what in thee is fair, one man except 545
 Who sees thee (and what is one?) who shouldst be seen
 A Goddess among Gods, ador'd and serv'd
 By Angels numberless, thy daily train?"

So glaz'd the Tempter, and his proem tun'd.
 Into the heart of Eve his words made way, 550
 Though at the voice much marvelling; at length,
 Not unamaz'd, she thus in answer spake:

"What may this mean? Language of Man pronounc'd
 By tongue of brute, and human sense express'd?
 The first at least of these I thought denied 555
 To beasts, whom God on their creation-day
 Created mute to all articulate sound;
 The latter I demur, for in their looks
 Much reason, and in their actions, oft appears.
 Thee, Serpent, subtlest beast of all the field 560
 I knew, but not with human voice endu'd;
 Redouble then this miracle, and say
 How cam'st thou speakable of mute, and how
 To me so friendly grown above the rest
 Of brutal kind that daily are in sight: 565
 Say, for such wonder claims attention due."

To whom the guileful Tempter thus replied:
 "Empress of this fair World, resplendent Eve!
 Easy to me it is to tell thee all
 What thou command'st, and right thou shouldst be obey'd. 570
 I was at first as other beasts that graze
 The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low
 As was my food, nor aught but food discern'd
 Or sex, and apprehended nothing high:
 Till on a day roving the field, I chanc'd 575
 A goodly tree far distant to behold,
 Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mix'd,
 Ruddy and gold. I nearer drew to gaze,
 When from the boughs a savoury odour blown,
 Grateful to appetite, more pleas'd my sense 580
 Than smell of sweetest fennel, or the teats
 Of ewe or goat dropping with milk at ev'n,
 Unsuck'd of lamb or kid, that tend their play.
 To satisfy the sharp desire I had
 Of tasting those fair apples, I resolv'd 585

Not to defer; hunger and thirst at once,
 Powerful persuaders, quick'n'd at the scent
 Of that alluring fruit, urg'd me so keen.
 About the mossy trunk I wound me soon;
 For high from ground the branches would require 590
 Thy utmost reach or Adam's: round the tree
 All other beasts that saw, with like desire
 Longing and envying stood, but could not reach.
 Amid the tree now got where plenty hung
 Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill 595
 I spar'd not; for such pleasure till that hour
 At feed or fountain never had I found.
 Sated at length, ere long I might perceive
 Strange alteration in me, to degree
 Of reason in my inward powers, and speech 600
 Wanted not long, though to this shape retain'd.
 Thenceforth to speculations high or deep
 I turn'd my thoughts, and with capacious mind
 Consider'd all things visible in Heav'n,
 Or Earth, or Middle, all things fair and good. 605
 But all that fair and good in thy divine
 Semblance, and in thy beauty's heav'nly ray,
 United I beheld--no fair to thine
 Equivalent or second; which compell'd
 Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come 610
 And gaze, and worship thee of right declar'd
 Sovran of creatures, universal Dame!"

So talk'd the spirited sly Snake; and Eve,
 Yet more amaz'd, unwary thus replied:
 "Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt 615
 The virtue of that fruit, in thee first prov'd.
 But say, where grows the tree? from hence how far?
 For many are the trees of God that grow
 In Paradise, and various, yet unknown
 To us; in such abundance lies our choice 620
 As leaves a greater store of fruit untouch'd,
 Still hanging incorruptible, till men
 Grow up to their provision, and more hands
 Help to disburden Nature of her birth."

To whom the wily Adder, blithe and glad: 625
 "Empress, the way is ready and not long:
 Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat
 Fast by a fountain, one small thicket past
 Of blowing myrrh and balm. If thou accept
 My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon." 630

"Lead, then," said Eve. He, leading, swiftly roll'd
 In tangles, and made intricate seem straight,

To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy
 Brightens his crest. As when a wand'ring fire,
 Compact of unctuous vapour which the night 635
 Condenses, and the cold environs round,
 Kindl'd through agitation to a flame
 (Which oft, they say, some evil spirit attends),
 Hovering and blazing with delusive light,
 Misleads th' amaz'd night-wanderer from his way 640
 To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool,
 There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far:
 So glister'd the dire Snake, and into fraud
 Led Eve, our credulous Mother, to the Tree
 Of Prohibition, root of all our woe; 645
 Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake:

“Serpent, we might have spar'd our coming hither,
 Fruitless to me, though fruit be here to excess,
 The credit of whose virtue rest with thee,
 Wondrous indeed, if cause of such effects! 650
 But of this tree we may not taste nor touch:
 God so commanded, and left that command
 Sole daughter of his voice. The rest, we live
 Law to ourselves: our reason is our law.”

To whom the Tempter guilefully replied: 655
 “Indeed! Hath God then said that of the fruit
 Of all these garden-trees ye shall not eat,
 Yet lords declar'd of all in earth or air?”

To whom thus Eve, yet sinless: “Of the fruit
 Of each tree in the garden we may eat; 660
 But of the fruit of this fair tree, amidst
 The garden, God hath said, ‘Ye shall not eat
 Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, lest ye die.’”

She scarce had said, though brief, when now more bold
 The Tempter, but with show of zeal and love 665
 To Man, and indignation at his wrong,
 New part puts on, and as to passion mov'd,
 Fluctuates disturb'd, yet comely, and in act
 Rais'd, as of some great matter to begin.
 As when of old some orator renown'd 670
 In Athens or free Rome, where eloquence
 Flourish'd, since mute, to some great cause address'd,
 Stood in himself collected, while each part,
 Motion, each act, won audience ere the tongue
 Sometimes in highth began, as no delay 675
 Of preface brooking through his zeal of right:
 So standing, moving, or to highth upgrown,
 The Tempter, all impassion'd, thus began:

"O sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving Plant,
 Mother of science! now I feel thy power 680
 Within me clear, not only to discern
 Things in their causes, but to trace the ways
 Of highest agents, deem'd however wise.
 Queen of this Universe! do not believe
 Those rigid threats of death. Ye shall not die. 685
 How should ye? By the fruit? it gives you life
 To knowledge. By the Threat'ner? look on me,
 Me who have touch'd and tasted, yet both live
 And life more perfect have attain'd than Fate
 Meant me, by vent'ring higher than my lot. 690
 Shall that be shut to Man which to the beast
 Is open? or will God incense his ire
 For such a petty trespass, and not praise
 Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain
 Of death denounc'd, whatever thing death be, 695
 Deterr'd not from achieving what might lead
 To happier life, knowledge of good and evil?
 Of good, how just? of evil (if what is evil
 Be real), why not known, since easier shunn'd?
 God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just; 700
 Not just, not God; not fear'd then, nor obey'd:
 Your fear itself of death removes the fear.
 Why then was this forbid? Why but to awe,
 Why but to keep ye low and ignorant,
 His worshippers? He knows that in the day 705
 Ye eat thereof your eyes, that seem so clear,
 Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then
 Open'd and clear'd, and ye shall be as Gods,
 Knowing both good and evil as they know.
 That ye should be as Gods, since I as Man, 710
 Internal Man, is but proportion meet:
 I, of brute, human; ye, of human, Gods.
 So ye shall die, perhaps, by putting off
 Human, to put on Gods--death to be wish'd,
 Though threat'n'd, which no worse than this can bring! 715
 And what are Gods, that Man may not become
 As they, participating godlike food?
 The Gods are first, and that advantage use
 On our belief, that all from them proceeds.
 I question it; for this fair earth I see, 720
 Warm'd by the sun, producing every kind,
 Them nothing. If they all things, who enclos'd
 Knowledge of good and evil in this tree,
 That whoso eats thereof forthwith attains
 Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies 725
 Th' offence, that Man should thus attain to know?
 What can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree

Impart against his will, if all be his?
 Or is it envy? and can envy dwell
 In Heav'nly breasts? These, these and many more 730
 Causes import your need of this fair fruit.
 Goddess humane, reach then and freely taste!"

He ended; and his words, replete with guile,
 Into her heart too easy entrance won.
 Fix'd on the fruit she gaz'd, which to behold 735
 Might tempt alone; and in her ears the sound
 Yet rung of his persuasive words, impregn'd
 With reason, to her seeming, and with truth.
 Meanwhile the hour of noon drew on and wak'd
 An eager appetite, rais'd by the smell 740
 So savoury of that fruit, which with desire,
 Inclivable now grown to touch or taste,
 Solicited her longing eye; yet first,
 Pausing a while, thus to herself she mus'd:

"Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of fruits, 745
 Though kept from Man, and worthy to be admir'd,
 Whose taste, too long forborne, at first assay
 Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
 The tongue not made for speech to speak thy praise.
 Thy praise he also who forbids thy use 750
 Conceals not from us, naming thee the Tree
 Of Knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil:
 Forbids us then to taste, but his forbidding
 Commends thee more, while it infers the good
 By thee communicated, and our want; 755
 For good unknown sure is not had, or had
 And yet unknown, is as not had at all.
 In plain, then, what forbids he but to know,
 Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?
 Such prohibitions bind not. But if Death 760
 Bind us with after-bands, what profits then
 Our inward freedom? In the day we eat
 Of this fair fruit, our doom is we shall die!
 How dies the Serpent? He hath eat'n, and lives
 And knows and speaks and reasons and discerns, 765
 Irrational till then. For us alone
 Was death invented? or to us denied
 This intellectual food, for beasts reserv'd?
 For beasts it seems; yet that one beast which first
 Hath tasted envies not, but brings with joy 770
 The good befall'n him, author unsuspect,
 Friendly to Man, far from deceit or guile.
 What fear I then? rather, what know to fear
 Under this ignorance of good and evil,
 Of God or death, of law or penalty? 775

Here grows the cure of all: this fruit divine,
Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,
Of virtue to make wise. What hinders, then
To reach and feed at once both body and mind?"

So saying, her rash hand in evil hour
Forth-reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat.
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat,
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe
That all was lost.

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Keywords for Seventeenth-Century Poetry

Metaphysical Poetry Metaphysical Conceit Puritanism

STUDY QUESTIONS FOR *Pride and Prejudice*

First half: Chapters 1-38

1. Consider the first sentence of the first chapter. (It is a famous 'first sentence'.) Is it true now? Was it true then? What does it signal to the reader about a/ the theme(s) of the novel b/ the tone of the novel?
2. Study the way in which the main characters are introduced in the first short chapter. What do we learn about them? How do we learn this?
3. Look for information about economic matters (incomes, fortunes, property) as you read. What do you learn about the economic status of the characters?
4. In Chapter 4 we are told that the Bingley sisters would like to forget that their fortune 'had been acquired by trade'. Later Mr Bingley defends the Bennet girls by saying: 'If they had uncles enough to fill *all* Cheapside it would not make them one jot less agreeable'. (Look for this conversation and its implications.) What is wrong with trade and Cheapside?
5. Whereas you (probably) will not have time to work in such detail with the vocabulary of a fairly long novel as you have to do with short poems, you still need to check up on important words. One such word is 'entail' which turns up for the first time in Chapter 7. Check carefully that you understand exactly what it means, since it is a key word in the novel. Then try to answer the question: How is it a key word?
6. Education was a very important concept in the 18th century, and many novels dealt with matters of education in various ways. Pay attention to references to education as you read. How have the Bingley sisters been educated? What about the Bennet sisters? In Chapter 8 there is a conversation about being 'accomplished'. What does the word mean? What do the different characters put into it? How does this tell us something about them? What do you learn about the education of women at the time from this conversation?
7. In Chapter 19 there is a proposal scene. The girl refuses. Why does she do that? I.e. why does this particular young woman not want to marry this particular young man? Why does he, on the other hand, seem very sure that she will? (In fact, you might count the number of times she actually says no and consider how it is possible for any man not to get her meaning.)
8. However, there is another young woman who is very happy to have this young man. Make careful notes of her reasons. What do you think of this? Is she doing the right thing? Pay attention later on to how her marriage seems to function. What does she get out of it? How does she manage it?
9. In chapter 34 there is another proposal scene. Compare this to the first one. What obvious differences are there? Are there any similarities? What about the young woman's reaction?
10. Make a list of the young woman's accusations against the man in Chapter 34 and note how he answers them in his letter? In your opinion, is his defence adequate? In other words, are you as a reader prepared to reconsider your opinions about him? Is the young woman?

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

The Penguin Guide: Chapter 4, "Augustan to Gothic"

Re-read McDowall, *An Illustrated History of Britain*: Chapters 16-18

THE PERIOD OF REASON, PROGRESS AND OPTIMISM

The United Kingdom of England and Scotland 1707

The Georgian Era

The Cabinet system of government

Britain rules the seas

Rationalism

Science

Education

THE BIRTH OF PROSE

Political pamphlets

Satire

Journalism

Travel books

Letter writing

Diaries

Essays of Criticism

Encyclopedias and dictionaries

The Novel

Daniel Defoe 1660-1731

Jonathan Swift 1667-1745

Samuel Richardson 1689-1761

Henry Fielding 1707-1754

Fanny Burney 1752-1840

Ann Radcliffe 1764-1823

Maria Edgeworth 1778-1849

Jane Austen 1775-1817

AUGUSTAN POETRY

Alexander Pope, "An Essay on Criticism"

Edward Young, "Night Thoughts"

Thomas Gray, "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard"

Robert Burns

James McPherson, "Songs of Ossian"

STUDY QUESTIONS FOR EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY POETRY

Pope: Extract from 'An Essay on Man'

1. The message of the poem is very clearly signalled in the first two lines of the poem. So what is it? How is it typical of the period? What period are we talking about?
2. In lines 3-18 'man', in the sense of mankind or humankind, is described. What is he/are we like, according to the poet? Pope works with a number of paradoxical statements here. (A paradox, according to Longman, is 'a statement that seems impossible because it contains two opposing ideas that are both true'.) Give examples of this. Why does he do this, would you say? What is the effect?
3. What does he instruct mankind to do in lines 19-30? How is this ironic?
4. What do lines 31-34 mean?
5. In lines 35-42 the poet's scepticism of what mankind can achieve is partly explained. Why is he so sceptical/cynical/negative?
6. What is the outcome of the extract? What is the poet's serious suggestion in lines 43-52 (as opposed to the ironic one in 19-30)?

Swift: 'A Modest Proposal'

1. The main difficulty about this text is to differ between the surface and what is under it, between what Swift seems to be saying and his actual message. It starts off seriously enough. When is it possible to start suspecting that this is actually a satire rather than a serious proposal? When would you say that this is quite obvious? Collect examples of statements which are so outrageous as to be obviously satirical. (It might be a good idea to number the paragraphs for easy reference.)
2. What do we learn about the actual conditions in Ireland at the time? Collect examples.
3. What impression do you form of the person who could write this? Do you like him or does he disgust you? What would you imagine he was like?

Gray: 'Elegy Written in a Country Church Yard'

This is a difficult poem with many difficult words. Be extremely careful about looking them up in the dictionary – which will take time. Set aside a couple of hours for the dictionary work alone, before you even start working on the meaning of the poem. Be particularly observant of words which might have a different meaning from the modern one, usually indicated in the dictionary with words like *literary*, *formal*, or *old-fashioned*. (And don't forget to check up on the meaning of 'elegy' in the title, since this is the clue to the whole poem!) Before you start working with the study questions you need to number the stanzas.

1. Stanzas 1-3: When and where is the poem set, what does it look like, what is the general atmosphere? Who is the 'me' in stanza 1? Any indication of what this person might be like?
2. Stanzas 4-7: Who is/are the poem about, what do we learn about them?
3. Stanzas 8-11: What is the attitude of the poet towards the people he is writing about? Who is/are the 'you' in stanza 10? Is it somebody in the poem or is it a reader/the readers of the poem? What attitude does he seem to expect from this 'you' and how does he argue against it?
4. In stanzas 12-14 the poet gives further arguments for his attitude towards the subjects of his poem. What arguments?
5. Hampden mentioned in stanza 15 protested against a new tax in 1636 and as an MP defended the rights of the people. Cromwell and Milton you know about. How are these famous men compared to the village people? What does it mean to be a 'village Hampden', a 'mute, inglorious Milton', or a 'Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood'? What point is the poet making?
6. Stanzas 16-18 elaborate on the theme from stanza 15 by enumerating the things the village people have not done. Is it positive or negative not to have had these chances?
7. Stanza 19 sums up what their lives have been like. Does it seem positive or negative to you?
8. Stanza 20 introduces a new line of thought, which is then developed in 21-23. What is this part of the poem about?
9. (Now it gets really tricky – be extremely observant and read really, really carefully.) Who is the 'thee' addressed in stanza 24?
10. Who is talking (inside quotation marks) from line 98 until the end of stanza 29? Who is he talking about (the 'him' and 'he' referred to in lines 98, 103, 106, etc)? What is he telling us about this person? Who is he addressing (the 'thou' in line 115)?
11. So who is the epitaph about? What does it say about him?

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY LITERATURE

ALEXANDER POPE (1688-1744)

An Essay on Man in Four Epistles: Epistle 2 (Extract)

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man.
Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise, and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the sceptic side, 5
With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;
In doubt to deem himself a god, or beast;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err; 10
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
Chaos of thought and passion, all confus'd;
Still by himself abus'd, or disabus'd;
Created half to rise, and half to fall; 15
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd:
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!
Go, wondrous creature! mount where science guides,
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides; 20
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old time, and regulate the sun;
Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod, 25
And quitting sense call imitating God;
As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the sun.
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule--
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool! 30
Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal Man unfold all Nature's law,
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And showed a Newton as we show an Ape.
Could he, whose rules the rapid comet bind, 35
Describe or fix one movement of his mind?
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?
Alas what wonder! Man's superior part
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art; 40
But when his own great work is but begun,
What Reason weaves, by Passion is undone.
Trace science then, with modesty thy guide;
First strip off all her equipage of pride;
Deduct what is but vanity, or dress, 45
Or learning's luxury, or idleness;
Or tricks to show the stretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;

Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
Of all our Vices have created Arts;
Then see how little the remaining sum,
Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come!

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JONATHAN SWIFT (1667-1745)

A MODEST PROPOSAL
FOR PREVENTING THE CHILDREN OF POOR PEOPLE IN
IRELAND FROM BEING A BURDEN TO THEIR PARENTS OR
COUNTRY, AND FOR MAKING THEM BENEFICIAL TO THE
PUBLIC

It is a melancholy object to those who walk through this great town or travel in the country, when they see the streets, the roads, and cabin doors, crowded with beggars of the female sex, followed by three, four, or six children, all in rags and importuning every passenger for an alms. These mothers, instead of being able to work for their honest livelihood, are forced to employ all their time in strolling to beg sustenance for their helpless infants: who as they grow up either turn thieves for want of work, or leave their dear native country to fight for the Pretender in Spain, or sell themselves to the Barbadoes.

I think it is agreed by all parties that this prodigious number of children in the arms, or on the backs, or at the heels of their mothers, and frequently of their fathers, is in the present deplorable state of the kingdom a very great additional grievance; and, therefore, whoever could find out a fair, cheap, and easy method of making these children sound, useful members of the commonwealth, would deserve so well of the public as to have his statue set up for a preserver of the nation.

But my intention is very far from being confined to provide only for the children of professed beggars; it is of a much greater extent, and shall take in the whole number of infants at a certain age who are born of parents in effect as little able to support them as those who demand our charity in the streets.

As to my own part, having turned my thoughts for many years upon this important subject, and maturely weighed the several schemes of other projectors, I have always found them grossly mistaken in the computation. It is true, a child just dropped from its dam may be supported by her milk for a solar year, with little other nourishment; at most not above the value of 2s., which the mother may certainly get, or the value in scraps, by her lawful occupation of begging; and it is exactly at one year old that I propose to provide for them

in such a manner as instead of being a charge upon their parents or the parish, or wanting food and raiment for the rest of their lives, they shall on the contrary contribute to the feeding, and partly to the clothing, of many thousands.

There is likewise another great advantage in my scheme, that it will prevent those voluntary abortions, and that horrid practice of women murdering their bastard children, alas! too frequent among us! sacrificing the poor innocent babes I doubt more to avoid the expense than the shame, which would move tears and pity in the most savage and inhuman breast.

The number of souls in this kingdom being usually reckoned one million and a half, of these I calculate there may be about two hundred thousand couple whose wives are breeders; from which number I subtract thirty thousand couples who are able to maintain their own children, although I apprehend there cannot be so many, under the present distresses of the kingdom; but this being granted, there will remain an hundred and seventy thousand breeders. I again subtract fifty thousand for those women who miscarry, or whose children die by accident or disease within the year. There only remains one hundred and twenty thousand children of poor parents annually born. The question therefore is, how this number shall be reared and provided for, which, as I have already said, under the present situation of affairs, is utterly impossible by all the methods hitherto proposed. For we can neither employ them in handicraft or agriculture; we neither build houses (I mean in the country) nor cultivate land: they can very seldom pick up a livelihood by stealing, till they arrive at six years old, except where they are of towardly parts, although I confess they learn the rudiments much earlier, during which time, they can however be properly looked upon only as probationers, as I have been informed by a principal gentleman in the county of Cavan, who protested to me that he never knew above one or two instances under the age of six, even in a part of the kingdom so renowned for the quickest proficiency in that art.

I am assured by our merchants, that a boy or a girl before twelve years old is no salable commodity; and even when they come to this age they will not yield above three pounds, or three pounds and half-a-crown at most on the exchange; which cannot turn to account either to the parents or kingdom, the charge of nutriment and rags having been at least four times that value.

I shall now therefore humbly propose my own thoughts, which I hope will not be liable to the least objection.

I have been assured by a very knowing American of my acquaintance in London, that a young healthy child well nursed is at a year old a most delicious, nourishing, and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked, or boiled; and I make no doubt that it will equally serve in a fricassee or a ragout.

I do therefore humbly offer it to public consideration that of the hundred and twenty thousand children already computed, twenty thousand may be reserved for breed, whereof only one-fourth part to be males; which is more than we allow to sheep, black cattle or swine; and my

reason is, that these children are seldom the fruits of marriage, a circumstance not much regarded by our savages, therefore one male will be sufficient to serve four females. That the remaining hundred thousand may, at a year old, be offered in the sale to the persons of quality and fortune through the kingdom; always advising the mother to let them suck plentifully in the last month, so as to render them plump and fat for a good table. A child will make two dishes at an entertainment for friends; and when the family dines alone, the fore or hind quarter will make a reasonable dish, and seasoned with a little pepper or salt will be very good boiled on the fourth day, especially in winter.

I have reckoned upon a medium that a child just born will weigh 12 pounds, and in a solar year, if tolerably nursed, increaseth to 28 pounds.

I grant this food will be somewhat dear, and therefore very proper for landlords, who, as they have already devoured most of the parents, seem to have the best title to the children.

Infant's flesh will be in season throughout the year, but more plentiful in March, and a little before and after; for we are told by a grave author, an eminent French physician, that fish being a prolific diet, there are more children born in Roman Catholic countries about nine months after Lent than at any other season; therefore, reckoning a year after Lent, the markets will be more glutted than usual, because the number of popish infants is at least three to one in this kingdom: and therefore it will have one other collateral advantage, by lessening the number of papists among us.

I have already computed the charge of nursing a beggar's child (in which list I reckon all cottagers, laborers, and four-fifths of the farmers) to be about two shillings per annum, rags included; and I believe no gentleman would repine to give ten shillings for the carcass of a good fat child, which, as I have said, will make four dishes of excellent nutritive meat, when he hath only some particular friend or his own family to dine with him. Thus the squire will learn to be a good landlord, and grow popular among his tenants; the mother will have eight shillings net profit, and be fit for work till she produces another child.

Those who are more thrifty (as I must confess the times require) may flay the carcass; the skin of which artificially dressed will make admirable gloves for ladies, and summer boots for fine gentlemen.

As to our city of Dublin, shambles may be appointed for this purpose in the most convenient parts of it, and butchers we may be assured will not be wanting; although I rather recommend buying the children alive, and dressing them hot from the knife, as we do roasting pigs.

A very worthy person, a true lover of his country, and whose virtues I highly esteem, was lately pleased in discoursing on this matter to offer a refinement upon my scheme. He said that many gentlemen of this kingdom, having of late destroyed their deer, he conceived that the want of venison might be well supplied by the bodies of young lads and maidens, not exceeding fourteen years of age nor under twelve; so great a number of both sexes in every country being now ready to

starve for want of work and service; and these to be disposed of by their parents, if alive, or otherwise by their nearest relations. But with due deference to so excellent a friend and so deserving a patriot, I cannot be altogether in his sentiments; for as to the males, my American acquaintance assured me, from frequent experience, that their flesh was generally tough and lean, like that of our schoolboys by continual exercise, and their taste disagreeable; and to fatten them would not answer the charge. Then as to the females, it would, I think, with humble submission be a loss to the public, because they soon would become breeders themselves; and besides, it is not improbable that some scrupulous people might be apt to censure such a practice (although indeed very unjustly), as a little bordering upon cruelty; which, I confess, hath always been with me the strongest objection against any project, however so well intended.

But in order to justify my friend, he confessed that this expedient was put into his head by the famous Psalmanazar, a native of the island Formosa, who came from thence to London above twenty years ago, and in conversation told my friend, that in his country when any young person happened to be put to death, the executioner sold the carcass to persons of quality as a prime dainty; and that in his time the body of a plump girl of fifteen, who was crucified for an attempt to poison the emperor, was sold to his imperial majesty's prime minister of state, and other great mandarins of the court, in joints from the gibbet, at four hundred crowns. Neither indeed can I deny, that if the same use were made of several plump young girls in this town, who without one single groat to their fortunes cannot stir abroad without a chair, and appear at playhouse and assemblies in foreign fineries which they never will pay for, the kingdom would not be the worse.

Some persons of a desponding spirit are in great concern about that vast number of poor people, who are aged, diseased, or maimed, and I have been desired to employ my thoughts what course may be taken to ease the nation of so grievous an encumbrance. But I am not in the least pain upon that matter, because it is very well known that they are every day dying and rotting by cold and famine, and filth and vermin, as fast as can be reasonably expected. And as to the young laborers, they are now in as hopeful a condition; they cannot get work, and consequently pine away for want of nourishment, to a degree that if at any time they are accidentally hired to common labor, they have not strength to perform it; and thus the country and themselves are happily delivered from the evils to come.

I have too long digressed, and therefore shall return to my subject. I think the advantages by the proposal which I have made are obvious and many, as well as of the highest importance.

For first, as I have already observed, it would greatly lessen the number of papists, with whom we are yearly overrun, being the principal breeders of the nation as well as our most dangerous enemies; and who stay at home on purpose with a design to deliver the kingdom to the Pretender, hoping to take their advantage by the

absence of so many good protestants, who have chosen rather to leave their country than stay at home and pay tithes against their conscience to an episcopal curate.

Secondly, The poorer tenants will have something valuable of their own, which by law may be made liable to distress and help to pay their landlord's rent, their corn and cattle being already seized, and money a thing unknown.

Thirdly, Whereas the maintenance of an hundred thousand children, from two years old and upward, cannot be computed at less than ten shillings a-piece per annum, the nation's stock will be thereby increased fifty thousand pounds per annum, beside the profit of a new dish introduced to the tables of all gentlemen of fortune in the kingdom who have any refinement in taste. And the money will circulate among ourselves, the goods being entirely of our own growth and manufacture.

Fourthly, The constant breeders, beside the gain of eight shillings sterling per annum by the sale of their children, will be rid of the charge of maintaining them after the first year.

Fifthly, This food would likewise bring great custom to taverns; where the vintners will certainly be so prudent as to procure the best receipts for dressing it to perfection, and consequently have their houses frequented by all the fine gentlemen, who justly value themselves upon their knowledge in good eating: and a skilful cook, who understands how to oblige his guests, will contrive to make it as expensive as they please.

Sixthly, This would be a great inducement to marriage, which all wise nations have either encouraged by rewards or enforced by laws and penalties. It would increase the care and tenderness of mothers toward their children, when they were sure of a settlement for life to the poor babes, provided in some sort by the public, to their annual profit instead of expense. We should see an honest emulation among the married women, which of them could bring the fattest child to the market. Men would become as fond of their wives during the time of their pregnancy as they are now of their mares in foal, their cows in calf, their sows when they are ready to farrow; nor offer to beat or kick them (as is too frequent a practice) for fear of a miscarriage.

Many other advantages might be enumerated. For instance, the addition of some thousand carcasses in our exportation of barreled beef, the propagation of swine's flesh, and improvement in the art of making good bacon, so much wanted among us by the great destruction of pigs, too frequent at our tables; which are no way comparable in taste or magnificence to a well-grown, fat, yearling child, which roasted whole will make a considerable figure at a lord mayor's feast or any other public entertainment. But this and many others I omit, being studious of brevity.

* * * * *

After all, I am not so violently bent upon my own opinion as to reject any offer proposed by wise men, which shall be found equally innocent, cheap, easy, and effectual. But before something of that

kind shall be advanced in contradiction to my scheme, and offering a better, I desire the author or authors will be pleased maturely to consider two points. First, as things now stand, how they will be able to find food and raiment for an hundred thousand useless mouths and backs. And secondly, there being a round million of creatures in human figure throughout this kingdom, whose whole subsistence put into a common stock would leave them in debt two millions of pounds sterling, adding those who are beggars by profession to the bulk of farmers, cottagers, and laborers, with their wives and children who are beggars in effect: I desire those politicians who dislike my overture, and may perhaps be so bold as to attempt an answer, that they will first ask the parents of these mortals, whether they would not at this day think it a great happiness to have been sold for food, at a year old in the manner I prescribe, and thereby have avoided such a perpetual scene of misfortunes as they have since gone through by the oppression of landlords, the impossibility of paying rent without money or trade, the want of common sustenance, with neither house nor clothes to cover them from the inclemencies of the weather, and the most inevitable prospect of entailing the like or greater miseries upon their breed for ever.

I profess, in the sincerity of my heart, that I have not the least personal interest in endeavoring to promote this necessary work, having no other motive than the public good of my country, by advancing our trade, providing for infants, relieving the poor, and giving some pleasure to the rich. I have no children by which I can propose to get a single penny; the youngest being nine years old, and my wife past child-bearing.

THOMAS GRAY (1716-1771)

Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard

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

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

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

13 Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
14 Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
15 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
16 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

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

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

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

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

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

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

41 Can storied urn or animated bust
42 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
43 Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
44 Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

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

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

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

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

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

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

 69 The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 70 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
 71 Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
 72 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

 73 Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 74 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
 75 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
 76 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE EPITAPH

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

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

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

Keywords for Eighteenth-Century Literature

Didacticism Rationalism Satire Heroic Couplet Decorum Personification

STUDY QUESTIONS FOR *Pride and Prejudice*

Second half: Chapters 39-61

Warning: These questions are intended for reflection after you have finished the novel and can look back on it as a whole. You may very well use them as a guide while you are reading if you prefer that, but if you do so you should be aware that they might to some extent spoil your pleasure in reading by giving away the plot.

1. 'I have been a selfish being all my life, in practice, though not in principle. As a child I was taught what was *right*, but I was not taught to correct my temper. I was given good principles but left to follow them in pride and conceit. Unfortunately an only son, (for many years an only *child*) I was spoilt by my parents, who though good themselves (my father particularly, all that was benevolent and amiable,) allowed, encouraged, almost taught me to be selfish and overbearing, to care for none beyond my own family circle, to think meanly of all the rest of the world, to *wish* at least to think meanly of their sense and worth compared with my own. Such I was from eight to eight and twenty, and such I might still have been but for you - - You taught me a lesson, hard indeed at first, but most advantageous.'

This long speech from Chapter 58 (spoken by whom?) introduces the idea of education in the moral sense, i.e. that it is more important to learn to be a good person than to follow intellectual pursuits or to acquire elegant accomplishments; and that parents have a responsibility here. What about the Bennet girls from this point of view? Have Mr and Mrs Bennet been responsible parents?

2. 'Will you tell me how long you have loved him?' Jane asks Elizabeth in Chapter 59; to which question Elizabeth answers '...I believe I must date it from my first seeing his beautiful grounds at Pemberley.' How should we interpret this answer? Does it mean that Elizabeth is after all guided by money and status in her choice of a husband? Or is she merely joking? Or is there some other truth in the answer? Go back to Chapter 43 and study the description of Pemberley and the impression it makes on Elizabeth.

3. Consider the married couples we see in the book: the Bennets, the Gardiners, the Hursts, the Collinses, and in the end the Wickhams. Are they happy? On what basis are they founded, i.e. what do we learn about why these people married? What does it indicate about the author's view of marriage? What about Jane and Elizabeth? Do you think their marriages will be happy? Give reasons for your answer.

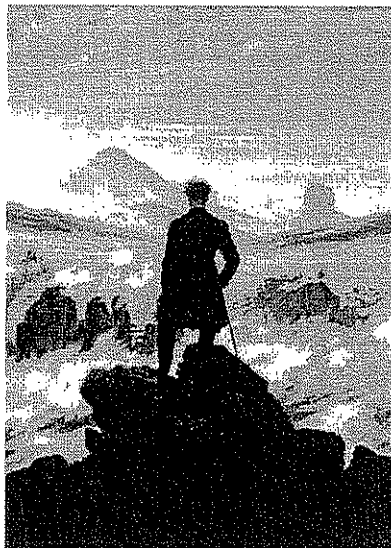
4. Comment on the title of the book. Whose pride? Whose prejudice? When and how are they done away with?

5. Jane Austen originally called the novel *First Impressions* but later renamed it for publication. What about this title? Why do you think she renamed it? Which one do you prefer? Why?

6. *Pride and Prejudice* is a novel about A/ Romantic love; B/ Economic realities; C/ Equality and compatibility; D/ Moral education; E/ The situation of women. Choose one statement and motivate your choice.

ROMANTICISM

(Penguin Guide 103-123)



THE PERIOD OF REVOLUTIONS

The Industrial Revolution
The American War of Independence
The French Revolution

ROMANTICISM

France: Jean-Jacques Rousseau

Germany: Immanuel Kant, Johann Gottfried Herder, Johann Gottlieb Fichte

England: Thomas Paine, *The Rights of Man*; William Godwin, *Political Justice*; Mary Wollstonecraft, *A Vindication of the Rights of Women*; Edmund Burke, *A Treatise on the Sublime and the Beautiful*

Key Concepts

Individualism/Subjectivity
Political Radicalism/Emancipation
Nature
The Sublime and the Beautiful

Themes in Romantic Poetry

Subjective vision: emotion, intuition, imagination
Nature: innocence and virtue; the child, the people, the primitive
Political radicalism: equality, revolution, individual freedom

Romantic Texts and Statements

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

(Samuel Taylor Coleridge, "Kubla Khan")

"Poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings"
(William Wordsworth)

"If poetry comes not as naturally as the leaves to a tree it had better not
come at all"

(John Keats)

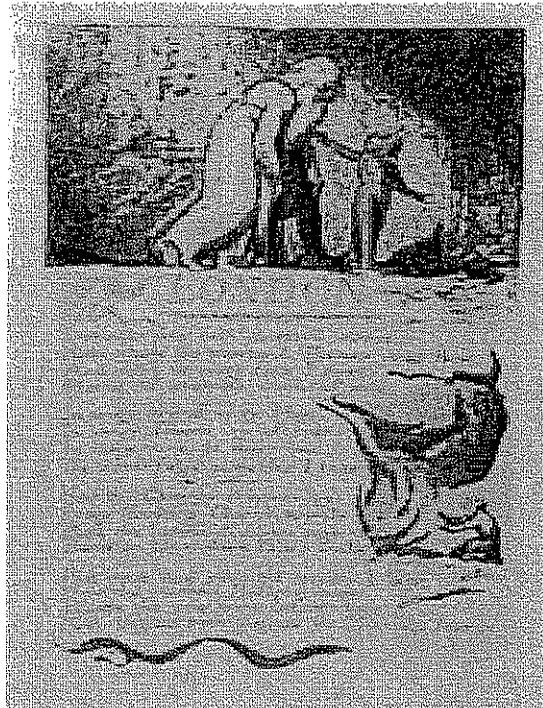
"Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world"
(Percy Bysshe Shelley)

STUDY QUESTIONS FOR ROMANTIC POETRY

1. Romantic poets could be radical critics of their contemporary society. What aspects and institutions of early nineteenth-century British society seem to be attacked in William Blake's "London"? In order to handle this question you need to look up and study the meaning of the word "charter" and to consider the figurative dimensions of words and expressions like "mind-forg'd manacles", "Church", "Palace", and "marriage hearse".
2. Blake's "London" and Wordsworth's "Composed upon Westminster Bridge" offer contrasting views of the English capital. What essential differences and similarities can be found between the two poems?
3. What poetic form in terms of metre and rhyme scheme is used by Wordsworth in "Composed upon Westminster Bridge" and by Keats in "When I have fears that I may cease to be"?
4. Keats's "When I have fears that I may cease to be" and Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind" partly deal with nature and partly with the character of poetic creation. Try to summarize the ideas presented on these topics in the two poems and consider if nature and poetic creation can be seen to be interrelated.
5. Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind" is an intricately structured poem both in terms of poetic form and in terms of subject matter. Try to identify 1) the rhyme scheme of the poem and 2) elements of subject matter that give each separate section a thematic unity.
6. Like Blake, Shelley was inclined to use poetry for offering social criticism and making political statements. Can "Ode to the West Wind", in your view, be argued to have a political message?

WILLIAM BLAKE (1757-1827)

London



- 1 I wander thro' each charter'd street,
- 2 Near where the charter'd Thames does flow,
- 3 And mark in every face I meet
- 4 Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

- 5 In every cry of every Man,
- 6 In every Infant's cry of fear,
- 7 In every voice, in every ban,
- 8 The mind-forg'd manacles I hear.

- 9 How the Chimney-sweeper's cry
- 10 Every black'ning Church appalls;
- 11 And the hapless Soldier's sigh
- 12 Runs in blood down Palace walls.

- 13 But most thro' midnight streets I hear
- 14 How the youthful Harlot's curse
- 15 Blasts the new born Infant's tear,
- 16 And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850)

Composed Upon Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1802

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

JOHN KEATS (1795-1821)

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

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792-1822)

Ode to the West Wind

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

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

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

0 Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
1 (Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
2 With living hues and odours plain and hill:

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

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

8 Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
9 On the blue surface of thine aëry surge,
0 Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

1 Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge
2 Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
3 The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

4 Of the dying year, to which this closing night
5 Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
6 Vaulted with all thy congregated might

7 Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
8 Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: oh hear!

II

9 Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
0 The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
1 Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams,

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

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

38 Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
39 The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
40 The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

41 Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
42 And tremble and despoil themselves: oh hear!

IV

43 If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
44 If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
45 A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

46 The impulse of thy strength, only less free
47 Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
48 I were as in my boyhood, and could be

49 The comrade of thy wanderings over Heaven,
50 As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
51 Scarce seem'd a vision; I would ne'er have striven

52 As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
53 Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
54 I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

55 A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bow'd
56 One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

V

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

60 Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
61 Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
62 My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

63 Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
64 Like wither'd leaves to quicken a new birth!
65 And, by the incantation of this verse,

66 Scatter, as from an unextinguish'd hearth

67 Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
68 Be through my lips to unawaken'd earth

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

Composition Date: autumn 1819

Keywords for Romantic Poetry

Idealism Subjectivity Imagination Nature The Sublime

THE VICTORIAN PERIOD

The Penguin Guide: Chapter 6, "The Victorian Period"
Re-read McDowall, *An Illustrated History of Britain*: Chapters 19-21

THE PERIOD OF INDUSTRIALISM, IMPERIALISM AND REFORMS

Queen Victoria 1837-1901
The British Empire
Industrialisation
The rise of the middle classes
Urbanisation, slums and suburbs
Criticism of society
The move towards democracy
The Reform Acts of 1832 and 1867
Loss of religious faith

IMPORTANT WORKS

Charles Dickens, *Oliver Twist* (1837-8)
Charles Darwin, *On the Origins of Species* (1859)
Wilkie Collins, *The Moonstone* (1860)
Lewis Carroll, *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* (1865)
Karl Marx, *Das Kapital* (1867-95)

NOVELS

Social realism and social criticism (Charles Dickens, Elizabeth Gaskell, George Eliot,
Thomas Hardy)
The Brontë sisters (Anne, Charlotte and Emily)
Sensational novels
Detective stories (Wilkie Collins)
Nonsense poetry and children's stories (Edward Lear, Lewis Carroll, Robert Louis Stevenson)

POETRY

Alfred, Lord Tennyson
Robert Browning and Elisabeth Barrett Browning
Matthew Arnold

DRAMA

Oscar Wilde
George Bernard Shaw

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Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809-1892) Poet Laureate

The Lady of Shalott *Idylls of the King*

The Charge of the Light Brigade The Crimean War Florence Nightingale

Arthur Henry Hallam (died 1833) *In Memoriam A.H.H.*

Robert Browning (1812-1889) Elizabeth Barrett Browning

Dramatic monologue *My Last Duchess* *The Ring and the Book*

Caliban upon Setebos *The Tempest* (Shakespeare) Prospero, Miranda

Matthew Arnold (1822-1888) inspector of schools *Dover Beach*

The Pre-Raphaelites Rossetti

Lewis Carroll (Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898)

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland *Through the Looking Glass*

Nonsense verse Cheshire cat portmanteau word

Charles Dickens (1812-1870) "the voice of England's conscience" serial publication

The Pickwick Papers *Oliver Twist* *Little Dorrit* debtor's prison

Nicholas Nickleby *Bleak House* *Great Expectations* *David Copperfield*

Charlotte Brontë (1816-1855) **Emily Brontë** (1818-1848) (+Anne, Branwell)

"Currer, Ellis & Acton Bell" parsonage, Haworth, Yorkshire

Wuthering Heights (Emily) *Jane Eyre* (Charlotte) Mr Rochester

George Eliot (Mary Ann Evans) (1819-1880)

Middlemarch *The Mill on the Floss*

Thomas Hardy (1840-1928) (architect) The Wessex Novels

Tess of the d'Urbervilles *Jude the Obscure*

Gerard Manley Hopkins (1844-1889) "sprung rhythm" assonance

Fin-de-siècle

Oscar Wilde (1854-1900) *The Picture of Dorian Gray*

The Importance of Being Ernest *The Ballad of Reading Gaol* *De Profundis*

George Bernhard Shaw (1856-1950) *Saint Joan* *Pygmalion*

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The Victorian Period

Alfred, Lord Tennyson:

1. Lines from *The Lady of Shalott*

Over a period of 50 years, Tennyson worked on his own version of the legends about King Arthur, *Idylls of the King*. *The Lady of Shalott* is a separate poem but belongs to the same legendary world. The lady sits weaving in her tower on an island in the river floating down to Camelot, Arthur's palace; she gets her inspiration from what she sees in a mirror, reflecting shadows of the outside world; a curse will fall on her if she looks down to Camelot. In this extract, Sir Lancelot rides by, and at the sight of him, her world goes to pieces:

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
'Tirra lirra,' by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
'The curse is come upon me,' cried
The Lady of Shalott.

2. From 'The Charge of the Light Brigade'

During the Crimean War, owing to confusion of orders, a brigade of British cavalry charged some entrenched batteries of Russian artillery at Balaclava. This blunder cost the lives of three fourths of the 600 horsemen. Tennyson read a report in *The Times* and rapidly wrote this ballad-like poem.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!' he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

'Forward, the Light Brigade!
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd:
Their's not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

3. From *In Memoriam A.H.H.*

In 1833, Tennyson's best friend (and the fiancé of his sister), Arthur Hallam, died suddenly at the age of twenty-two. His death left Tennyson with doubts about the meaning of life and man's role in the universe; over a period of seventeen years, he wrote a kind of 'poetic diary' recording his feelings of loss and sorrow, and his efforts to come to terms with them. Towards the end of this time, he comes to accept his loss and to assert his belief in life and in an afterlife. The sequence is written in a very rigid form, usually called the "*In Memoriam stanza*"; the 131 short poems, plus a Prologue and an Epilogue, were published in 1850.

(from N:o 5)

I sometimes hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel;
For words, like Nature, half reveal
And half conceal the Soul within.

But, for the unquiet heart and brain,
A use in measured language lies;
The sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

(from N:o 27)

I hold it true, whate'er befall;
I feel it, when I sorrow most;
*'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.*

(from N:o 106)

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

(-----)

Ring, klocka ring i bistra nyårsnatten
mot rymdens norrskenssky och markens snö;
det gamla året lägger sig att dö...
Ring själaringning över land och vatten!

Ring in det nya och ring ut det gamla
i årets första, skälvande minut.
Ring lögnens makt från världens gränser ut,
och ring in sanningens till oss som famla.

Ring våra tankar ut ur sorgens häkten,
och ring hugsvalelse till sargad barm.
Ring hatet ut emellan rik och arm
och ring försoning in till jordens släkten.

(-----)

(Sv. översättning: Edvard Fredin)

4. Crossing the Bar

Tennyson was eighty when he wrote this poem;
at his request, it appears as the final poem in all collections of his work.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

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

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

For tho' from out our bourne* of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot* face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

*boundary

*Sw. 'lots', i.e. the person who conducts ships
into and out of harbour

Robert Browning:

Caliban upon Setebos*

*i.e. Caliban's thoughts about Setebos (his god)

Or Natural Theology in the Island

Caliban's idea of God is fairly simple; he is just like Caliban, only more powerful, and he must be placated and (if possible) cheated all the time, as must Caliban's master, Prospero. The poem was written in 1860; in 1859, Darwin's *On the Origin of Species* had been published. Caliban will lie down in the mud, hidden from Prospero and Miranda who think that he is working, and think aloud about Setebos, his deity, who lives in the moon and has created all:

['Will sprawl, now that the heat of day is best,
Flat on his belly in the pit's much mire,
With elbows wide, fists clenched to prop his chin.
And, while he kicks both feet in the cool slush,
And feels about his spine small eft-things* course,
Run in and out each arm, and make him laugh: /---/
And talks to his own self, howe'er he please,
Touching that other, whom his dam* called God.
Because to talk about Him, vexes--ha,
Could He but know! and time to vex is now,
When talk is safer than in winter-time.
Moreover Prosper and Miranda sleep...

5

*water lizards

15

*his mother, Sycorax

20

cf *The Tempest*

According to Caliban, Setebos made us both weaker and stronger than himself; he sometimes admires and helps us, but sometimes he mocks us and torments us, dealing with us just as he pleases, because he is the Lord. So does Caliban himself to creatures weaker than him: He can let twenty crabs live, yet kill the twenty-first at a whim:

Nor kind, nor cruel: He is strong and Lord.
'Am strong myself compared to yonder crabs
That march now from the mountain to the sea;
'Let twenty pass, and stone the twenty-first,
Loving not, hating not, just choosing so. /---/
As it likes me each time, I do: so He.
/---/

100

Gerard Manley Hopkins: Pied Beauty*

Glory be to God for dappled things—
For skies of couple-colour as a brindled* cow;
For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim;
Fresh-firecoal chestnut-falls*; finches wings;
Landscape plotted and pieced – fold*, fallow*, and plough;
And áll trádes– their gear and tackle and trim*.

All things counter*, original, spare*, strange;
Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)
With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;
He fathers forth whose beauty is past change;
Praise him.

*of two or more colours in blotches; 'brokig'

*brownish orange with streaks of grey

*freshly fallen chestnuts, bright as coals

*pasture; *'i tråda'

*equipment

*contrary; *rare

Lewis Carroll: JABBERWOCKY (from *Through the Looking-Glass*)

`Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought --
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

"And, has thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"
He chortled in his joy.

`Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

[pp. 126-29] "You seem very clever at explaining words, Sir," said Alice. "Would you kindly tell me the meaning of the poem called 'Jabberwocky'?"

"Let's hear it," said Humpty Dumpty. "I can explain all the poems that ever were invented -- and a good many that haven't been invented just yet."

This sounded very hopeful, so Alice repeated the first verse/---/.

"That's enough to begin with," Humpty Dumpty interrupted; "there are plenty of hard words there. 'Brillig' means four o'clock in the afternoon -- the time when you begin broiling things for dinner."

"That'll do very well," said Alice; "and 'slithy'?"

"Well, 'slithy' means 'lithe and slimy.' 'Lithe' is the same as 'active.' You see it's like a portmanteau -- there are two meanings packed up into one word."

"I see it now," Alice remarked thoughtfully: "and what are 'toves'?"

"Well, 'toves' are something like badgers -- they're something like lizards -- and they're something like corkscrews."

"They must be very curious-looking creatures."

"They are that," said Humpty Dumpty: "also they make their nests under sun-dials -- also they live on cheese."

"And what's to 'gyre' and to 'gimble'?"

"To 'gyre' is to go round and round like a gyroscope. To 'gimble' is to make holes like a gimlet."

"And 'the wabe' is the grass-plot round a sundial, I suppose?" said Alice, surprised at her own ingenuity.

"Of course it is. It's called 'wabe,' you know, because it goes a long way before it, and a long way behind it -- --"

"And a long way beyond it on each side," added Alice.

"Exactly so. Well, then, 'mimsy' is 'flimsy and miserable' (there's another portmanteau for you). And a borogove is a thin, shabby-looking bird with its feathers sticking out all round -- something like a live mop."

"And then 'mome raths'?" said Alice. "I'm afraid I'm giving you a great deal of trouble."

"Well, a 'rath' is a sort of green pig; but 'mome' I'm not certain about. I think it's short for 'from home' -- meaning that they'd lost their way, you know."

"And what does 'outgrabe' mean?"

"Well, 'outgribing' is something between bellowing and whistling, with a kind of sneeze in the middle: however, you'll hear it done maybe -- down in the wood yonder -- and you've once heard it you'll be quite content. Who's been repeating all that hard stuff to you?"

"I read it in a book," said Alice.

STUDY QUESTIONS FOR VICTORIAN POETRY

Hunt: 'Rondeau'

There is just one thing to say about this poem: Enjoy!

Barrett Browning: 'Sonnets from the Portuguese 43'

This is obviously a sonnet and like many sonnets it is a love poem. What makes it different from the other poems you have read so far is the fact that it was written by a woman. Do you think it is in any way different from the male love poems you have read?

Browning: 'My Last Duchess'

This is certainly a poem that requires close reading and detective skills. More is packed into its 56 lines than in some two-hour films. It is a masterpiece of economy in which almost every word contributes to the functioning of the whole. Here is a little bit of information to get you started: The poem is set in Renaissance Italy when aristocrats were extraordinary powerful. Ferrara is a duchy (*Look up* this word if you don't know it, as well as the words 'duke' and 'duchess'.)

1. What two meanings can the word 'last' have? Which one is present here? (Or are both?)
2. Who is speaking?
3. To whom is he speaking? What business or negotiation are they meeting to transact? This is a difficult but important question – it explains a lot about what is going on. You need to read the poem carefully and concentrate on the last part in order to answer this.
4. What was the Duchess like? How do you know? Do you agree with the Duke's view of her?
5. What happened to her? Why? How do you know?
6. Where does the action of the poem take place? Where are they going? What are they looking at during most of the poem?
7. What is the Duke's motive for telling his listener this?
8. Practice reading the poem aloud. What would this speaker sound like, do you think? Think particularly about how the following lines should be spoken: 'E'en then would be some stooping; and I chuse / Never to stoop.' (42-43) 'This grew; I gave commands; / Then all smiles stopped together.' (45-46)
9. What sort of person is the speaker?
10. What is the function of the last sentence in the poem?

Rossetti: 'Uphill'

This poem is extremely simple on the surface level: the vocabulary is simple, the sentence structure is simple, the situation described (the road, the journey, the inn) is simple. So – what is the deeper meaning of it? Who is speaking? Who is answering? What journey is this?

Arnold: 'Dover Beach'

1. Who is the speaker? What is the scene/situation? Who is being addressed?
2. Look at how the idea of the sea progresses in the first three stanzas. What sea is there in the first stanza, in the second and in the third?
3. What is the message/conclusion of the poem in stanza four? Would you say that the feeling of the poem has changed from stanza one to four that it ends in a way you would not have expected?

VICTORIAN POETRY

LEIGH HUNT (1784-1859)

Rondeau

Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in:
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add,
Jenny kissed me.

(1838)

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING (1806-1861)

Sonnets from the Portuguese 43

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

ROBERT BROWNING (1812-1889)

My Last Duchess

FERRARA

1 That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
2 Looking as if she were alive. I call
3 That piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf's hands
4 Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
5 Will 't please you sit and look at her? I said
6 "Frà Pandolf" by design, for never read
7 Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
8 The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
9 But to myself they turned (since none puts by
10 The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
11 And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
12 How such a glance came there; so, not the first
13 Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
14 Her husband's presence only, called that spot
15 Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps
16 Frà Pandolf chanced to say, "Her mantle laps
17 Over my Lady's wrist too much," or "Paint
18 Must never hope to reproduce the faint
19 Half-flush that dies along her throat"; such stuff
20 Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
21 For calling up that spot of joy. She had
22 A heart . . . how shall I say? . . . too soon made glad,
23 Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er
24 She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
25 Sir, 'twas all one! My favour at her breast,
26 The dropping of the daylight in the West,
27 The bough of cherries some officious fool
28 Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
29 She rode with round the terrace--all and each
30 Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
31 Or blush, at least. She thanked men,--good; but thanked
32 Somehow . . . I know not how . . . as if she ranked
33 My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
34 With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
35 This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
36 In speech--(which I have not)--to make your will
37 Quite clear to such an one, and say, "Just this
38 Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
39 Or there exceed the mark"--and if she let
40 Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set
41 Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,
42 --E'en then would be some stooping; and I chuse
43 Never to stoop. Oh, sir, she smiled, no doubt,
44 Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without
45 Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;
46 Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
47 As if alive. Will 't please you rise? We'll meet
48 The company below, then. I repeat,
49 The Count your Master's known munificence
50 Is ample warrant that no just pretence
51 Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
52 Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed

- 53 At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
54 Together down, Sir! Notice Neptune, though,
55 Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
56 Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI (1830-1894)

Uphill

Does the road wind uphill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
A roof for when the slow, dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you waiting at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labour you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come.

MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822-1888)

Dover Beach

1 The sea is calm to-night.
2 The tide is full, the moon lies fair
3 Upon the straits;--on the French coast the light
4 Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
5 Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
6 Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!
7 Only, from the long line of spray
8 Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,
9 Listen! you hear the grating roar
10 Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
11 At their return, up the high strand,
12 Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
13 With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
14 The eternal note of sadness in.

15 Sophocles long ago
16 Heard it on the Ægean, and it brought
17 Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow

18 Of human misery; we
19 Find also in the sound a thought,
20 Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

21 The Sea of Faith
22 Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
23 Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd.
24 But now I only hear
25 Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
26 Retreating, to the breath
27 Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
28 And naked shingles of the world.

29 Ah, love, let us be true
30 To one another! for the world, which seems
31 To lie before us like a land of dreams,
32 So various, so beautiful, so new,
33 Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
34 Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
35 And we are here as on a darkling plain
36 Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
37 Where ignorant armies clash by night.

RUDYARD KIPLING (1865-1936)

If

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or, being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream - and not make dreams your master;
If you can think - and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with triumph and disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with wornout tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breath a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew

To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on";

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings - nor lose the common touch;
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run -
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And - which is more - you'll be a Man my son!

Keywords for Victorian Poetry

Scepticism Dramatic monologue Nostalgia

STUDY QUESTIONS FOR *GREAT EXPECTATIONS*

1. What is the "Bildungsroman" genre (LOOK UP the term and read up on what it means!) and how well does *Great Expectations* fit into it? Are there any other genres that come to mind when reading the novel?
2. One of the themes in the novel could be said to be that of parents and children. Who are Pip's parents? The question may seem stupid at first, but try to think of as many answers as possible to it. Think also of other parent-children relationships, such as the Pocket family, Estella and Bidley, etc. To what extent are characters like Herbert, Pip, Bidley and Estella a result of their upbringing?
3. Consider Pip as both a narrator and a character. How are different aspects of his personality revealed by his telling of his story and by his participation in the story itself?
4. What role does social class play in *Great Expectations*? What lessons does Pip learn from his experience as a wealthy gentleman? (Consider the term "gentleman". What does it mean?) How is the theme of social class central to the novel?
5. Several of the characters' names are a symbolic reflection of their personalities. Make a list of them, and explain the appropriateness of their names!
6. Throughout the novel, Pip is plagued by powerful feelings of guilt and shame, and everywhere he goes he tends to encounter symbols of justice: handcuffs, gallows, prisons, and courtrooms. What is the role of guilt in the novel? What does it mean to be "innocent"?
7. What part does the use of setting play in the book? Mark particularly interesting descriptions of setting and be prepared to discuss them.
8. Dickens is well-known for his sometimes very critical descriptions of Victorian society and its institutions. What aspects of society would you say are criticized in *Great Expectations*? (Mark important passages and be prepared to read/quote them.)

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

(Penguin Guide 159-169; 185-195; 216-227)

HISTORY

Political

The dissolution of the British Empire
The Rise of the Labour party

Social

Women's liberation
The Welfare State
The Multicultural Society

Intellectual

Feminism (Mary Wollstonecraft, *A Vindication of the Rights of Women*)
Darwinism (Charles Darwin, *On the Origin of Species*)
Marxism (Karl Marx, *Capital*)
Nihilism (Friedrich Nietzsche, *On the Genealogy of Morals*)
Psychoanalysis (Sigmund Freud, Carl Gustav Jung)

LITERATURE

Naturalism – extreme verisimilitude and focus on social conditions
Modernism – reevaluation of the form and possibilities of art with extreme formal experiments, fragmentation and social provocation as consequences
Absurdism – philosophical pessimism leading to deliberately impoverished and non-consequential representational forms

fire and the glorious sunsets and the figtrees in the Alameda gardens yes
and all the queer little streets and the pink and blue and yellow houses and
the rosegardens and the jessamine and geraniums and cactuses and
Gibraltar as a girl where I was a Flower of the mountain yes when I put the
rose in my hair like the Andalusian girls used or shall I wear a red yes and
how he kissed me under the Moorish wall and I thought well as well him as
another and then I asked him with my eyes to ask again yes and then he
asked me would I yes to say yes my mountain flower and first I put my
arms around him yes and drew him down to me so he could feel my breasts
all perfume yes and his heart was going like mad and yes I said yes I will
Yes.

T. S. Eliot, *The Waste Land* (1922), from section I, "The Burial of the Dead"

April is the cruellest month, breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
Memory and desire, stirring
Dull roots with spring rain.
Winter kept us warm, covering
Earth in forgetful snow, feeding
A little life with dried tubers.
Summer surprised us, coming over the Starnbergersee
With a shower of rain; we stopped in the colonnade,
And went on in sunlight, into the Hofgarten
And drank coffee, and talked for an hour.
Bin gar keine Russin, stamm' aus Litauen, echt deutsch.
And when we were children, staying at the arch-duke's,
My cousin's, he took me out on a sled,
And I was frightened. He said, Marie,
Marie, hold on tight. And down we went.
In the mountains, there you feel free.
I read, much of the night, and go south in the winter.

What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow
Out of this stony rubbish? Son of man,
You cannot say, or guess, for you know only
A heap of broken images, where the sun beats,
And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,
And the dry stone no sound of water. Only
There is shadow under this red rock,
(Come in under the shadow of this red rock),
And I will show you something different from either
Your shadow at evening rising to meet you;
I will show you fear in a handful of dust.

Frish weht der Wind
Der Heimat zu
Mein Irisch Kind,
Wo weilest du?

'You gave me hyacinths first a year ago;
They called me the hyacinth girl.'
--Yet when we came back, late, from the hyacinth garden,
Your arms full and your hair wet, I could not
Speak, and my eyes failed, I was neither
Living nor dead, and I knew nothing,
Looking into the heart of light, the silence.
Oed'und leer das Meer.

STUDY QUESTIONS FOR TWENTIETH-CENTURY POETRY

1. Rubert Brooke's sonnet (of what kind?) "The Soldier" represents a kind of poetry that preceded and existed alongside the experimental and challenging forms of modernist writing that appeared at the beginning of the twentieth century. Try to identify features of the poem that make it a distinctly non-modernist poem.
2. T. S. Eliot's "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock", on the other hand, is modernist in a number of ways. Try to find examples of the following traits:
 - a) fragmentation and lack of coherence
 - b) passages of textual fragments from other literary works
 - c) strange or startling comparisons
 - d) moments of anticlimax
3. What conception of human identity and the world surrounding human beings is expressed in "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock"?
4. Both Eliot's poem and that of W. H. Auden have titles that may baffle the reader. Why?
5. How would you describe the style and tone of Auden's "Musee des Beaux Arts"? Does this tone correspond to the subject matter? What is the subject matter?
6. Unlike Brooke's "The Soldier", Philip Larkin's "This Be The Verse" is not so much non-modernist as anti-modernist in its attempt to be a poem that has the ability to communicate with everyone (and not only initiates). Is Larkin successful in this respect? If the poem is anti-modernist, can it still be called a "modern" poem? Why?

TWENTIETH CENTURY POETRY

RUPERT BROOKE (1887-1915)

1914 V. The Soldier

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam;
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

T. S. ELIOT (1888-1965)

The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock

*S'io credesse che mia risposta fosse
A persona che mai tornasse al mondo,
Questa fiamma staria senza piu scosse.
Ma perciocche giammai di questo fondo
Non torno vivo alcun, s'i'odo il vero,
Senza tema d'infamia ti rispondo.*

Let us go then, you and I,
When the evening is spread out against the sky
Like a patient etherized upon a table;
Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets,
The muttering retreats
Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels
And sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells
Streets that follow like a tedious argument

Of insidious intent
 To lead you to an overwhelming question...
 Oh, do not ask, "What is it?"
 Let us go and make our visit.
 In the room the women come and go
 Talking of Michelangelo.
 The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window-panes
 The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window-panes
 Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening.
 Lingered upon the pools that stand in drains.
 Let fall upon its back the soot that falls from chimneys.
 Slipped by the terrace, made a sudden leap,
 And seeing that it was a soft October night,
 Curled once about the house, and fell asleep.
 And indeed there will be time
 For the yellow smoke that slides along the street,
 Rubbing its back upon the window-panes;
 There will be time, there will be time
 To prepare a face to meet the faces that you meet;
 There will be time to murder and create,
 And time for all the works and days of hands
 That lift and drop a question on your plate;
 Time for you and time for me.
 And time yet for a hundred indecisions,
 And for a hundred visions and revisions,
 Before the taking of a toast and tea.
 In the room the women come and go
 Talking of Michelangelo.
 And indeed there will be time
 To wonder, "Do I dare?" and, "Do I dare?"
 Time to turn back and descend the stair,
 With a bald spot in the middle of my hair--
 They will say: "How his hair is growing thin!"
 My morning coat, my collar mounting firmly to the chin,
 My necktie rich and modest, but asserted by a simple pin--
 They will say: "But how his arms and legs are thin!"
 Do I dare
 Disturb the universe?
 In a minute there is time
 For decisions and revisions which a minute will reverse.
 For I have known them all already, known them all:
 Have known the evenings, mornings, afternoons,
 I have measured out my life with coffee spoons;
 I know the voices dying with a dying fall
 Beneath the music from a farther room.
 So how should I presume?
 And I have known the eyes already, known them all--
 The eyes that fix you in a formulated phrase,
 And when I am formulated, sprawling on a pin,
 When I am pinned and wriggling on the wall,
 Then how should I begin
 To spit out all the butt-ends of my days and ways?
 And how should I presume?
 And I have known the arms already, known them all--
 Arms that are braceleted and white and bare
 [But in the lamplight, downed with light brown hair!]
 Is it perfume from a dress
 That makes me so digress?
 Arms that lie along a table, or wrap about a shawl.
 And should I then presume?

And how should I begin?

Shall I say, I have gone at dusk through narrow streets
And watched the smoke that rises from the pipes
Of lonely men in shirt-sleeves, leaning out of windows? . . .
I should have been a pair of ragged claws
Scuttling across the floors of silent seas.

And the afternoon, the evening, sleeps so peacefully!
Smoothed by long fingers,
Asleep . . . tired . . . or it malingers,
Stretched on the floor, here beside you and me.
Should I, after tea and cakes and ices,
Have the strength to force the moment to its crisis?
But though I have wept and fasted, wept and prayed,
Though I have seen my head [grown slightly bald] brought in upon a platter,
I am no prophet--and here's no great matter;
I have seen the moment of my greatness flicker,
And I have seen the eternal Footman hold my coat, and snicker,
And in short, I was afraid.
And would it have been worth it, after all,
After the cups, the marmalade, the tea,
Among the porcelain, among some talk of you and me,
Would it have been worth while,
To have bitten off the matter with a smile,
To have squeezed the universe into a ball
To roll it toward some overwhelming question,
To say: "I am Lazarus, come from the dead,
Come back to tell you all, I shall tell you all"--
If one, settling a pillow by her head,
Should say: "That is not what I meant at all.
That is not it, at all."

And would it have been worth it, after all,
Would it have been worth while,
After the sunsets and the dooryards and the sprinkled streets,
After the novels, after the teacups, after the skirts that trail along the floor--
And this, and so much more?--
It is impossible to say just what I mean!
But as if a magic lantern threw the nerves in patterns on a screen:
Would it have been worth while
If one, settling a pillow, or throwing off a shawl,
And turning toward the window, should say:
"That is not it at all,
That is not what I meant, at all."

No! I am not Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be;
Am an attendant lord, one that will do
To swell a progress, start a scene or two,
Advise the prince; no doubt, an easy tool,
Deferential, glad to be of use,
Politic, cautious, and meticulous;
Full of high sentence, but a bit obtuse;
At times, indeed, almost ridiculous--
Almost, at times, the Fool.
I grow old . . . I grow old . . .
I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled.
Shall I part my hair behind? Do I dare to eat a peach?
I shall wear white flannel trousers, and walk upon the beach.
I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each.

I do not think that they will sing to me.
I have seen them riding seaward on the waves
Combing the white hair of the waves blown back
When the wind blows the water white and black.
We have lingered in the chambers of the sea
By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown
Till human voices wake us, and we drown.

W. H. AUDEN (1907-1973)

Musee des Beaux Arts

About suffering they were never wrong,
The Old Masters: how well they understood
Its human position; how it takes place
While someone else is eating or opening a window or just walking dully along;
How, when the aged are reverently, passionately waiting
For the miraculous birth, there always must be
Children who did not specially want it to happen, skating
On a pond at the edge of the wood:

They never forgot
That even the dreadful martyrdom must run its course
Anyhow in a corner, some untidy spot
Where the dogs go on with their doggy life and the torturer's horse
Scratches its innocent behind on a tree.

In Brueghel's *Icarus*, for instance: how everything turns away
Quite leisurely from the disaster; the ploughman may
Have heard the splash, the forsaken cry,
But for him it was not an important failure; the sun shone
As it had to on the white legs disappearing into the green
Water; and the expensive delicate ship that must have seen
Something amazing, a boy falling out of the sky,
had somewhere to get to and sailed calmly on.

PHILIP LARKIN (1922-1985)

This Be The Verse

They fuck you up, your mum and dad,
They may not mean to, but they do.
They fill you with the faults they had
And add some extra, just for you.

But they were fucked up in their turn
By fools in old-style hats and coats,
Who half the time were sappy-stern
And half at one another's throats.

Man hands on misery to man.
It deepens like a coastal shelf.
Get out as early as you can,
And don't have any kids yourself.

Keywords for Twentieth-Century Poetry

Nihilism Cynicism Symbolism Free verse Fragmentation Anticlimax

Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*

Gloslista på basis av *World's Classics-utgåvan*, ed. Margaret Cardwell med en inledning av Kate Flint (Oxford University Press, 1994)

Chapter I

Page 3

derived
vivid
memorable
raw
bleak
late of this parish

härledde
levande, livlig
minnesvärd
råkall, ruskig
dyster
framliden församlingsbo

Page 4

aforesaid
dykes
mounds
leaden
lair
bundle of shivers
porch
smothered
famed
brifars
alder-trees
pollards
steeple
ravenously

ovannämnda (ngt åld.)
hår: diken
jordvallar
blygrå
eg. Iya, håla; hår ung. "trakt"
skälvande knyte
i kyrka: vapenhus
[halv]kvävd
gjord hait
törbuskar
alar
hamlade träd
klockstapel
glupskt

Page 5

earnestly
filled me back
"wittles", mannen menar victuals

innerligt, med stort allvar
böjde mig bakåt
livsmedel, matvaror

Page 6

giddy
Battery
shuddering

yr
skans
darrande, skälvande

Page 7

brambles
eluding
beacon
unhooped cask
gibbet

björnbärskar
vek undan för
fyrbåk
avbandad tunna
galge

Chapter II

Page 8

flaxen
prevailing
nutmeg-grater
impregnable
bib
reproach
forge
adjoined
dwellings
latch
a baker's dozen
dismal intelligence

lingul
förhärskande, dominerande
rivjäm för muskotnöt
ogenomtränglig
bröstflapp
förebräelse
smedja
låg direkt intill
bostadshus
dörklinka
"bagardussin", alltså tretton
hemsk underrättelse

Page 9

cane
"Ram-paged"
poker
spell
obstruction
divined
connubial

käpp
"on a rampage", på krigsstigen
eldgaffel
omgång
hinder
gjissade sig till
äktenskaplig

Page 10

disconsolately
fugitive
pledge
larceny
sheltering premises
avenging
casting ... up
grievous
foreshadowed
whisker
squally
trenchant
plaister, "plaster"
dexterity

otröstligt
rymling
löfte, ed
stöld
skyddande utrymmen
hämmande
lagt ihop
hår: bedrövlig
företspådd
polisong
stormiga
eg. skärande, hår:O "obehaglig"
plåster
händighet

Page 11

freemasonry
pondering
consternation
remonstrance
"chawed", chewed

frimureri
grunnade
bestörtning
förebräelse
tuggat i dig

Page 12

boit
tar-water
choice restorative

sluka utan att tugga
tjärvatten
utsökt stärkande medel

Page 13

imbruig
constitutional

besudla, befläcka
medfödd

accredited
garret
snappishly
elaborate

Page 14
augmented
resource
badger people's lives out
forge

ha rätt till
vinskupa
snäsigt
omständlig

ökade, förhöjde
här: utväg
ljata ihjäl folk
förfätska

Page 15
tingling
thimble
my interlocutor
deliverance
repulsed
inclined
pantry
velvet pail
abundantly
winking
rind of cheese
mincemeat

eg. svida, bränna; här: värka
fingerborg
den som jag talat med
räddning, befrielse
stötte bort
haft benägenhet för det
skafferli
sammetsäcke
rikligt
blinkande
ostkant
köttfärs

Page 16
diluted
fastenings

spädde ut
läsanordningar

Chapter III

rimy
goblin
phantom
devoting

täckt med rimfrost
troll
välnad
eg. ägna, helga, viga åt; här: hänvisa

Page 17
clerical
obstinately
blunt
flourish
riveted
'prentice, apprentice
larks
despatch
scrambled

prästerlig
envist
trubbig, bred
svängning
fastnaglad
lärling
skojigt, roligt
hastighet
kravlat

Page 18
ague
imp

frossa
smådjävul

Page 19
"warrmint", varmint

rackare, skurk

make a chop with his jaws
impelled
gruff
scrutiny

hugga tänderna i
förmäde, tvingade
sträv
granskning

Page 20
yonder
revived
flats
challenged
shrouded

där borta (numera äld. eller dial.)
vaknat till liv igen
träskmarker
anropas
svept in

Page 21
chafe
imprecations

skavsår
förbannelser

Chapter IV

prodigiously
reaping
partial to
conciliatory

kolossal
eg. skörda, skära; här: ståda
förtjust i
försonlig

Page 22
cross temper
greens
dresser
tacked

dåligt humör
grönsaker
köksskåp
träcklade

a new flowered-flounce
mantelshylla
counterpart of
vicariously
well-knit
grazed
blithe
penitentials

en ny volang av blomligt tyg
spiselhylla
precis likadan som
genom ombud
välväxt
skavde
munter
botgörardräkt

Page 23
Accoucher Policeman
outraged
dissuading
Reformatory
compassionate
assailed
remorse
vengeance
divulged
vestry
clerk
wheelwright
appropriated
corn-chandler
chaise-cart

barnmorska till polisman (*accoucher fr.*)
förorättad
avrådande
uppfostringsanstalt
medlidksam
anföll
ånger
hämnad
avsjöjade
sakristia
klockare
hjulmakare
lade beslag på
spannmålshandlare
schäs

dressing	hår: klar att servera
Page 24 give him his head N.B. sandy come to dumb-bells bobbish gracious juvenile remote	ge honom ett tillfälle nota bene, "obs.!" rödblond kvicknat till hantlar pigg och kry nådig ungdomlig avlägsen
Page 25 stooping acute regaled scaly smartingly goads reproachful mournful presentiment	med lutande hållning spetsig trakterades flagig smårtsamt pikar förebående sorglig förkänsla
Page 26 homily lug me in deduced from prodigal gluttony squeaker	prediknan dra in mig härledas ur den förörade sonen frosseri skrikhals
Page 27 frock commiserating contumaciously aggravated one another recital misdemeanours abhorrence	hår: rock deitlagande halsstarrigt gått varann på nerverna uppräknande försyndelser avsky
Page 28 "biled", boiled plunging expectorating omnipotent impertiously	kokt nedstörtande upphostande allsmäktig befallande
Page 29 meditative fervour savoury endeavours muskets	eftertänksam innerlighet, hetta kryddad, pikant ansträngningar musköter

Chapter V

Page 30 file of soldiers shaver gallant coupling	rad soldater pojkspöling ridderlig koppling
Page 31 pouch stocks apprehension the bellows impending	patronväska plastronger (en sorts halsduk) ångslan bågen omedelbart förestående
Page 32 liberal pitcher hospitality credit gush of joviality anticipation	givmild, frikostig kanna gästfrihet ära utbrott av fryntlighet förväntan
Page 33 mustered courage arid resumed in the rear dispersed themselves	tog mod till sig torr tog upp igen i eftertruppen spred ut sig
Page 34 sleet dismal wilderness dread diverged dispelled	snöblandat regn dyster vildmark fruktan avvikit skingrat
Page 35 pounded away "a Winder" made for it rate stifled pieces cocked and levelled	hår: satte iväg ett hastande satte kurs på det hastighet kvävd vapen, gevär osäkrade med siktet inställt
Page 36 execrating plight livid manacled	svårande belägenhet likblek belagd med bojor
Page 37	

grovelling
half-taunting
frantically exasperated
interposition
parley
in lieu of

Page 38

sluice-gate
blotches of fire
pitchy
spent
whitewash
great-coats

Page 39

hob

Page 40

stakes
cribbed
moored

Chapter VI

plifering
exonerated
disclosure
dregs

Page 41

subsequent
intercourse
excommunicated
in his lay capacity
circumstantial evidence
capital offence
made out
the premises
malice

Page 42

unanimously set at naught
slumberous

Chapter VII

exaltation
apprenticed to Joe
odd-boy

Page 43

inställsam
halvt hänfull
utom sig av ilska
ingripande
här: snattrande
i stället för

slussport
eldflagor
med beck i
uttröttad
vitlim
överrockar

spishäll

pålar
instängd
förtöjt

snattande
rentvådd
bekännelse
bottensats

därpå följande
samröre, umgänge
bannlyste
i sin egenkap av lekman
indicier
brott som straffas med döden
räknade ut
lokalerna
illvilja

enhälligt överröstad
sömning

upphöjelse
bli lärling hos Joe
handdräckning, passopp

infirmity
withering
stock
greasy
elaborated

Page 44

baffle
purblind
groping
cipher
slate
erudition
monosyllable

Page 45

modest patronage
infancy
raking
bars
"anwil", anvil

Page 46

obligated
judicial
rendering ... their "do", due
"purple leptic fit", epileptic fit
manifest
perspicuity
uncongenial

Page 47

sagaciously
contemptible
relishing
resumed
dull

Page 48

on the sly
retort
"cander", candour
compels
Buster
placid

Page 49

short-comings
replenish the fire
alighting

Page 50

assume

skröplighet
tillintetgörande
lager
flottig
utstyrd

här: trotsa
halvblind
trevande
räkna (äld. i denna betydelse)
griffeltavla
lärdom
enstavigt ord

försynt nedlåtenhet
tidigaste barndom
röra om
galler
städ

ålagd

rättrådig
för att göra ... rättvisa
epileptiskt anfäll
uppenbar
tydlighet
här: avig

vist

föraktlig, usel
uppskatta
återtog
här: dum

i smyg
genmäla
uppniktighet
tvingar
ung. ragata
fridfull

brister
lägg mer bränsle på elden
urklivande

anlägga

grim

Page 51

life of seclusion
astounded
Noodle!
tenant
considerate
callous
Prancing
Mooncalfs
grimed

Page 52

water-butts
harrowed
rasped
ridgy
ablutions
penitent
trussed up

Chapter VIII

farinaceous
seedsman
tiers
sloping

Page 53

singular
affinity
corduroys
folded his arms
grocer
chemist
poring over
smock-frocks
parlour
hunch
mortifying
dodged
morsel

Page 54

gorging
gormandising
acquit myself
discomfited
ruffled dignity
propound
conductress

bister

liv i avskildhet
högeligen förvånad
Dumskalle!
hyresgäst
omtänksam
hårdhjärtad
kråmar sig
dumhuvuden
nersmutsad

vattentunnor
plågad
riven, raspad
kantig
tvegningsövningar
botgörare
klämdes in i

mjölig
spannmålshandlare
rader
sluttande

egendomlig
släktskap
manchesterbyxor
lade armarna i kors
specerihandlare
apotekare
satt lutad över
arbetsblusar
förmak
här: tjockt stycke
spåkande
här: påhoppad
smula

glupskt
frossande
uppföra mig
missräknad, snopen
särad värdighet
framställa
ledsagarinna

Page 55

paved
crevice
loiter
scornful

stenlagd
spricka
dra benen efter sig
föraktfull

Page 56

glided
dependent

förgylld
här: hängde ner från

Page 57

lustre
weird
diversion
conceded
disputatious

glans
kuslig
förströelse
här: medges
grälsjuk

Page 58

dogged
beckoned

envetet
gjorde ett tecken

Page 59

beggar my neighbour
frillings and trimmings
earthy paper
indifferent pair
infectious

svälta råv
rysch och garneringar
grått papper
undermåligt par
smittsam

Page 60

brooding
transfixed
dead lull

grubblande
förstelnad
en dämpad ton som hos en döende

Page 61

appendages
more genteelly
insolently
smart

tillbehör
mer som fint folk
oförskämt
sveda, smärta

Page 62

hunter
coercion
cherished
by jerks
copper
vat
rank

här: jakthäst
tvång
närt
"ryckvis", med hugg och slag
kopparkittlet; här: bryggpanna
kar
vildvuxen

Page 63

ascend
beam
nook

gå uppför
takbjälke
vrå

Page 64

in a low-lived bad way	ironmould single combats refractory din staggered at fortuitously snuffers	rostfläck(ar) tvekamper uppstudsig oväsen vacklade fram mot godtyckligt ljussax
Chapter IX	Page 73 turning it to account settle	dra nytta av det högryddad träsoffa
ignominiously incomprehensible	Page 74 solitary discomfiture	enslig snopenhet, förvirring
Page 65 vicious reticence obstinacy adamantine aggravated	Page 75 expounded snarling inflammatory process	förklarade morrande provocerande procedur
Page 66 fardens winked assent hold our own immense frantic reckless	Page 76 ophthalmic steps dumb-show reclined	åtgärder riktade mot ögonen pantomim lutade sig bakåt
Page 67 caparisoned coursers obtrusive artlessness countenance plaited hazarded	Page 77 sweltering vacantly	här: flottig tomt
Page 69 rumination	Chapter XI	
Page 70 "outdacious", audacious	Page 78 superciliously box-tree eddies pelted	överlägset buxbomsträd virvlar bombarderade
Chapter X	Page 79 divined toadies listless dreary presently mourning bereaved	anade inställsamma parasiter, "smilfinkar" håglös utråkad efter ett litet tag här: sorgkläder moderiösa
Page 71 felicitous in pursuance of luminous conception obliging indiscriminate totter at them birch-rod derision	Page 80 sense of the proprieties taunting fired	känsla för vad som passar sig hånfulla här: rodnade
Page 72 chump-end	Page 81	

en person från samhällets lägre skikt, som man ser ner på	skamligt, nesligt obegriplig	
vänl. ondsint; här: bångstyrig tystlåtenhet envishet eg. diamanthård; hård som sten förfärad		
farthings; en farthing var en kvarts penny blinkade till samtycke komma någonvärt enorm utom mig hämninglös		
selade springare påträngande troskyldighet ansikte; uppsyn veckad vågat mig på		
eg. idisslande; här: eftertanke		
djävur		
lyckosam för att genomföra glänsande tanke hjälpssam utan urskillning raglande mot dem björkris förlojligande		
tjockända		

vig trångde sig på	dexterous obtruded on
såg imponerande ut avklädd mätta slag mot mig noggrannhet med största omsorg eg. förkortad, här: förvriden ta kåt på mig	Page 90 full of appearance denuded squaring at me nicely minutely fore-shortened do for me
blodig	Page 91 sanguinary
rödfärgad förhärja ge sig på bävan	Chapter XII incrimsoned ravaging pitching into trepidation
ödesdiger släpas hantlangare mutad, "köpt" legotrupper prygla deltagare vedergällningshandlingar hänsyftades på blod	Page 92 damnatory hated myrmidons suborned mercenaries cuff accessary retaliations alluded to gore
omedvetet utbredde mig om utlova lystet girigt överflödande tillgivenhet refräng betyga sin vördnad skyddshelgon	Page 93 insensibly enlarged upon stipulate greedily miserly lavish fondness burden rendering homage patron saint
sjunga nynnande visa här: melodi dämpad [med] motvilja mot hyste förtroende laddad	Page 94 crooning ditty strain subdued shrinking from reposed ... confidence fraught

stor och kraftlig hy	sturdy complexion
övertalande, övertygande trappavsats kvav eldstad motvillig uttrycksfullt bordsuppsats	Page 82 persuasive staircase landing oppressive grate reluctant expressive epergne
kackerlackor trög ojämn	Page 83 black-beetles ponderous fitful
förlägen hastade vidare avsnäsning förhatlig, motbjudande älskvärt ingefära luktsalt ryckningar anfall av andnöd ängslan	Page 84 disconcerted posted on rebuff obnoxious amiably ginger sat volatile jerkins Chokings anxiety
tröstande rynkelig läsande läggning korsetsnöre sanslös	Page 85 consolatory corrugated fermenting disposition staylace insensible
förbindligt illasinnad foga sig ingripande styrka i sitt uppträdande	Page 86 blandly vicious comply interposing fortitude of manner
kivades om gå först ruvade	Page 87 contended take precedence brooded
tillstånd av akut förvirring nedlåta sig	Page 88 distracted state condescend
gå omkring och snoka	Page 89 prowl about

insupportable aggravation
 exasperated spirit
 lynchpin
 stolidity
Page 95
 spiteful
 pummel
 wrenching ... out
 unremunerative
Page 96
 occasioned by
 frowning
 indentures
 torrent
Page 97
 dejectedly
 nedslaget

Chapter XIII

tuft of feathers
 beaver bonnet
 ostentatiously
 pageant
 fjädertofs
 kastorhatt
 för att skryta med
 festtåg

Page 98
 coat-cuff
 forcible
 rockmanscheiten
 här: övertygande

Page 99
 endeavour to make him sensible
 made faces
 mischievously
 remonstrated
 at this pass
 försöka få honom att inse
 grimaserade
 okynligt
 förebrädde
 i detta läge (ngt åld.)

Page 101
 mollified
 impostor
Page 102
 basest
 be bound
 beholden to you
 the Magisterial presence
 rick
 blidkad
 skojare
 mest nedriga
 sättas i lära
 i tacksamhetskuld till dig (åld.)
 inför magistraten
 höstack

Page 103
 benevolent aspect
 tract
 woodcut
 välvillig uppsyn
 uppbygglig skrift
 träsnitt

malevolent
 fetters
 attested
 windfall
 inscrutably
 exorcience
 contriver
 fiendishly
 illvillig
 bojor
 bevittnat
 oväntad penninggåva
 av obegripliga skäl
 bihang
 upphovsman
 djävuliskt

Page 104
 vagaries
 contemplate
 här: påfund
 betrakta

Chapter XIV**Page 104**

retributive

Page 105industry
with tolerable zeal
against the grain

vedergällande

här: flit
någotånär flitigt
trots att jag kände olust**Chapter XV****Page 107**dramatic lay-figure
mauled
implements
earthwork
aslant*ung.* statist
misshandlat
verktyg
[jord]vall
på sned**Page 109**gridiron
sprathalster, grill
skarpsill**Page 110**cordiality
ulterior object
successor
journeyman
affronthjärtlighet
bakomliggande syfte
efterföljare
gesäll
förolämpningswarthy
slouching
sluice-keeper
accosted
morose
importing
hostilitysvartmuskig
hasa[nde] sig fram
slussvaktare
[bryskt] tilltalad
butter
antydande
fiendlighet**Page 111**furnace
idle hulkersässa
lata klumpedunsar**Page 113**singed
of no more account than
insensible
singularsvedde
lika oduglig som
sanslös
sällsam**Page 114**deliberated
hazard
all I took by *that* motion
loiteringövertlade med sig själv
riskera (att handla felaktigt)
det enda jag fick ut av *det* initiativet
gick i sakta maksorgesamt
gripande**Page 115**running to seed
taxed me with it
ferocious
maudlin
procrastinating
turnpike lamp
leehålla på att gå i frö (alltså vara "överblommad")
gav mig skulden för det
vildsint
gråtmlid
eg. uppskjutande; här: senfärdig
lykta vid tullbom
lä**Page 116**

ill-required

illa lönad

Page 117commotion
unwonted
surmisinguppståndelse
osedvanlig
antagande**Chapter XVI****Page 118**dense confusion
snuff
hue and cry
thence
corroborated
inferencestark (eg. "iat") förvirring
veke
eg. klappjakt, förföljande; här skickebud
därifrån
bekräftad
slutledning**Page 119**altercation
assailant
contention
temporised with myself
waveringgräl, ordväxling
angripare
[inre] motstridighet
gjorde upp en [opportunistisk] kompromiss med mig
själv
vacklade**Page 120**culprit
impaired
indifferent speller
tremulous
aberration of mind
attendantbrottsling
skadad
dålig på att stava
darrig
sinnesfrånvaro
vårdare**Page 121**concurring
denounceinstämt
anklaga**Page 122**conciliate
propitiationblidka
försoning

pervade
prägla, genomsyra

Chapter XVII

bewildered

förbryllade

Page 123
im perceptibly
strategem
turn to at it

omärkligt
[krigs]list
sätta igång [med att läsa] (dial.)

Page 124
drudge
patronised

arbetsslav
gynnad

Page 125
admission
inclined to
vexation
to be regretted

inläppande
böjd att
harm
beklagansvärt

Page 126
scarcely
disconcerted

knappast
förlägen

Page 128
capricious
positive
embankment
stile

nyckfull
tvärsäker
vall
stätta

Page 129
rushes
ooze
supposititious

vass
lerigt valten
felaktigt, falskt

Page 130
obscure
reciprocated
disaffection
confounding
dispersed

skymma undan
återgäldade
missnöje
förvirrande
skingrade

Page 131
imbrued
gloated over
beadle
verdict
settle
confirmatory
bullying
interrogative

indränkt
frossade på
rättsjämare
domstolsutslag
högnyggad träsoffa
bekräftande
domderande
[ut]frågande

Page 132
attend to me
expressly
subterfuge

hör på mig nu
uttryckligen
undantfukt[er]

Page 133
quailed

bävade

Page 134
anticipate
not of my originating

föregripa
inte något som jag ligger bakom

Page 135
disinterestedness

oegennyttighet, osjälviskhet

Page 136
encumbered
on this head
mere whim
make up to me

belastas
om denna sak
en ren nyck
visa sig inställsam mot mig

Page 137
disparagement

nedvärderande

Page 138
dumbfounded

peiff

Page 139
as if he were bent on gouging
himself

som om han ville gnida ut ögonen ur deras
hålor

fell
pugilistic purpose
bull-baiting
badgering
placable
expostulatory
valedictory remarks

gruvlig
avsikt att boxas
eg. fjurhetsa, här: plåga
trakassera
möjlig att lugna
utmanande
avskedsord

Page 140
hackney-coach

hyrvagn

Page 141
resented
election cry

tog illa upp
rop under ett valmöte

Page 142
rustic objects

lantliga föremål

Page 143
wreaths
obtruded

rökslöjor
tvingades på

deputy	ställföreträdare
examine the books	granska räkenskaperna
Page 153	
carter	körkarl
scant luggage	knapphändigt bagage
Page 154	
immensity of posturing	en massa olika poser
circuitously	på omvägar
constrainedly	ansträngt
discomfited	snopen
Page 155	
dismay	bestörtning
confounded	förvirrad
dwindled away	krympt samman
Page 156	
hand-portmanteau	liten kappsäck
taint	skamfläck
astir	uppe och i farten
Page 157	
finger-post	vägvisare (skylt)

Volume II*Chapter I***Page 161**

ravel of traffic	trafikhärva
frayed out	fransar sig
capas	kragar
coronets	kronor (adels-)
harrow	skrapa

Page 162

ascent	uppstigning
velveteen	bomullssammet
skylight	takfönster
scabbard	skida

Page 163

casts	gipshuvuden
shuffled forth	hasat sig
detrimental	skadlig
mastery of	makt över
perch	högt ställe
blacks (black-beetles)	kackerlackor
Smithfield	Londons traditionella köttmarknad

Chapter XIX

divest myself	befria mig
misgiving	farhåga
fugitive	flyktig
felon iron and badge	fotojoja och brännmärke
Page 145	
tidings	nyhet
Page 146	
backward	efterbliven
interposed	avbröt
snappishly	snäsigt
grudging	missunnksam
Page 147	
waiving	om man bortser från
dejected	nedslagen
stroll	promenad
clemency	godhet, mildhet
hail-fellow-well-met kind of way	förtroligt sätt
Page 148	
ready money	kontant
audacious	djäv, fräck
miscreant	missdådare
Page 149	
deferential	vördnadstull
finest species of	förmämsta sortens
surveyor	lantmätare
remunerate	ersätta
hosier	trikåvaruhandlare
officiating	tjänstgörande
Page 150	
collation	måltid
compassionate	medlidsam
adjuration	besvärjelse
deficiency	brist
consented	samttyckte
Page 151	
liver wing	kycklingvinge
flaccid	matt
affable	vänlig
Page 152	
lauded	lovprisade
intimated	antydde
repudiated	illbakavisat
prime	utmärkt
amalgamation	sammanslagning

asmear	nersmetad
Page 164 I inferred whence proprietor lounging	slöt jag mig till varifrån här: förevisare gick och hängde
Page 165 foss-up submissively perused throw up the case meekly	hugget som stucket underdånigt synade avsäga mig fallet ödmjukt
Page 166 "Habrham Latharuth", Abraham plate "condethenthun", condescencion	Lazarus [personen läspar] [bords]silver eg. nedlåttnhet, här: stor godhet
Page 167 supplicant presumed Spooney! Soft Head! booby	supplikant (någon som ödmjukt ber om något) vågade, dristade sig till Din dumbom! fåne
Page 168 casting about pieman pastry-cook wire blind gulleless confectioner	famlände pajbagare sockerbagare ståltrådsjalusi oförvillige konditor
Page 169 chipped out chisel dints embellishment frayed bereavements weeping willow mottled rum	uthugget mejsel märken förskönande fransig, nött förluster (av närstående genom dödsfall) tårpil fläckig konstig, lustig
Page 170 bad blood self-contained	osämja självförräckligt
Page 171 disembodied spirit dingiest haven disgorged	själ som lämnat det jordiska solkgigaste fristad eg. spyddes ut igen, här: vidarebefordrades

dilettinated makeshift appeased interment gravel frouzy dry rot	trasig provisorier hämnad begravning grus, smuts unken röta
Page 172 lines take a foggy view encrusting dirt dolefully pottle	fönstersnören skaffa mig en dimmig utsikt ingrodd smuts sorgset korg
Page 173 incoherently relinquished them combated castors falling back prowling boy	osammanhängande lämnade dem ifrån sig kämpade bordställen drog sig en bit baklänges strykarpojke
Chapter III	
Page 174 magnanimous execution acquiesced gravity affianced, betrothed, engaged Tartar	storsint genomförande instämde allvar förlovad ragata
Page 175 wreak revenge constrait courtier propitiate taking imbued	ta hämnd förbehållsamhet hovman blidka tilltalande genomsyrad
Page 176 languor ungainly banish restraint avaricious	matthet, slöhet otymplig förvisa, jaga bort hämnning girig, sniken
Page 177 top of the table circumjacent pastureless coat-scuttle	kortändan av bordet (hedersplatsen) omkringliggande här: torftig kolhämtnare

shifty
without alloy

Page 178
crack
disinherited him
conscientious
grudge

Page 179
tumblers
perseverance
strenuous exertions
made love to
asseverates
the grain of the wood
varnish
professed to be
susceptibility
scheming
time-serving

Page 180
inveterate
fawning upon
requisite
in concert with
mortification

Page 181
encroached upon
broadched

Page 182
wavered
elephant's tusks
counting-house
I deferred to

Page 183
buffets
unassuming
computation
mooning about
ostriches

Page 184
incipient
"Change", the Exchange
venerated
abject
superstition
prepossessions
nursemaids

ostadig
eg. utan legering, här: oblandat

här: tjusig
gjorde honom arvlös
samvetsgrann
agg

dricksglas
ihärdighet
intensiva ansträngningar
här: uppvaktade
hävdar
träets ådring
fernissa, lack
påstod sig vara
mottaglighet
beräkande
opportunistisk

inbitet fientlig
krypa för
nödvändig förutsättning
i samråd med
förödmjukelse

göras något intrång på, inkräktas på
böjat dryffa

vacklade
elefantbetar
räkenskapskontor
jag böjde mig för

knuffar
anspråkslös
beräkning
gick och hängde runt omkring
strutsar

blivande
Börsen
vördade
usel
eg. vidskeplse, här: missfoster
författade meningar
barnsköterskor

Page 185
ventriloquist
lamentation

buktalare
klagan

Page 186
footstool
summary

fotsåd
korffattad

Chapter IV

unaffected
distrught
downright ludicrous
contraction

okonstlat
här: förvirrad
rent löjligt
sammandragning

Page 187
condescension
vellum
trowel
mortar
acquisition
watch and ward
judicious
the Woolsock
mitre
forelock
bestow
withhold
dower
interest

nedlåtenhet
velångpergament
murslev
murbruk
förvärv
övervakningsregim (åld. jur. term)
omdömesgill
lordkanslerns ämbetsstol
mitra [biskopsmössa]
lugg
förläna
förvägra
hemgift
här: ränta

Page 188

nice
Grinder
blades

nogräknad (en äldre betydelse av ordet)
en privatlärare som pluggar in vetande i slöa
studenter
ungherrar

Page 189

preferment
loftler
refurbished
bashful
company-manners

en bättre ställning
mer högtflygande
putsat upp
blyg
gott sätt i sällskapslivet

Page 190

sulky
non-commissioned officers

tjurig
underofficerare

Page 191

prodigious
concussion
mitle
scuffle

väldig
här: duns
pyre
handgemäng

Vol. II**Chapter VI**

fattningsförmåga
hår: sjukligt blek
fumlig

hänga omkring
småsnål
i vårt kölvatten
påverkbarhet
person med matsmålningsbesvär
snikenhet

självgod
förlagsamhet, överseende
ådrog mig, lade mig till med
hinder
drummel

grova inbrottstjuvar

lockad att
förkorta (fördriva tiden)
lovordade
faiska (blindfönster)
med förtjusning
artilleripjäs
gallerverk
sinnrik
presenning
anordning
störa, hindra
befästningsverk

belägrad
lövsal
toddy
skärmtsam

i färd med (äld.)
berså
mark med äganderätt

comprehension
sluggish
awkward

Page 201
loll about
niggardly
in our wake
impressibility
indigestive
cupidity

Page 202
complacent
forbearance
contracted
obstructions
doit

Page 203
cracksmen

Page 204
inveigled into
beguile
commended
sham
with a relish
ordnance
lattice-work
ingenious
tarpaulin
contrivance
impede
fortifications

Page 205
besieged
bower
punch
jocose

Page 206
bestirring himself
arbour
freehold

Page 207

dissipated
perceiving
imperil[li]ed
artifices
coaxed ... away

Page 193
billeted ... on
whitlow
poultice

Chapter V

Page 194
"hold my own" with

Page 195
prosperous
dispense with
zealous
indifference
retorted

Page 196
creaking
poising himself

Page 197
amenities of life
clerks
coffers
dangling
cropping
smelter

Page 198
odious
leer

Page 199
Cove
rendered homage to

Page 200
I replied in the affirmative

lätsinnig
lade märke till
i fara
knep
smusslade undan

inkvarteras hos
nagelböld
lägga ett grötomslag på

hävda mig bland

lyckosam
klara mig utan, undvara
nitisk
iikgiftighet
genmålde

knarrande
stod och vägde

de goda tingen i livet
hår: skrivare
kassakistor
hängande och slängande
klippning
smältare [i en smältdegel]

förhatlig
lömskt grin

gynnare
betygat min aktning för

jag svarade jakande

felonious	[grovt] brottslig	sluicing his face	sköljande ansiktet i stora mängder vatten
brazen bijou	mässingskrok	Page 215	
suspension	upphängning	festoon	eg. giriang, hår handduks slinga
roasting-jack	stekvärdare		
means of egress	ett sätt att ta sig ut		
Page 208			
the last discharge of the Stinger	sisfa skottet från "dunderaren"	Chapter VIII	
Chapter VII		morification	fördmjukelse
jack-towel	aviång handduk	incongruity	brist på naturligt sammanhang
laving	tvättande	Page 216	
conclusive	eg. avgörande; här: bestämt avvisande	upholsterer	tapetserare
Page 209		refuse	drägg, avskum
capacious	med gott om utrymme	brisk	glad och livad
dumb-waiter	flyttbart serveringsbord	Page 217	
Page 210		pursuant to	i överensstämmelse med
blotchy	eg. full av fläckar; här: finmig	state boots	finkängor
lithe nimble	smärt och smidig	Page 218	
cauldron	kittel	"meller", mellow	mild och behaglig
Page 211		Page 219	
induced to	förmädd att	whooping-cough	kikhosta
nigh	i närheten (åld.)	Page 220	
gird	ge gjiringar	pettishy	retligt
grudging	missunnksam	abode	bostad (åld.)
rallied	retad, hånad	Page 221	
scatter	skingra	biusterous	upplåst
chaff	agnar	Page 222	
wound him up	eggade upp honom	welded together	sammansvetsad
ferocity	vildsinthet	whitesmith	smed som sysslar med fina don, "klensmed"
trifle	småsak	Chapter IX	
fell to	satte igång med att	Page 223	
Page 212		exacting	fordrande
contention	tävlan	spurious	falsk
entreatingly	vädjande	posting-yard	gårdsplan
disfigured	vanställd	hoot	göra narr av
Page 213		Page 224	
depreciation	nedvärderande	constitutionally	eg. nedärvt, här: ofrivilligt
zest	extra krydda	faltering	bli skärpad
boorish	drummelaktig	brace of pistols	två pistoler
surlly	vresig	bludgeon	knölpåk
obtuseness	tjockskallighet	Curator	förelisare
Page 214		attire	klädedräkt
disposed to resent him	böjd att reta sig på honom		
affront	förolämpning		
pleasantry	lustighet		

Page 225 slued themselves round mangy pernicious baize rope-yarn hearthstone	svängde runt malåten skadlig boj [en sorts flitbyg] segelgarn [mjuk] skursten	Page 240 goaded incompatibility	provocerad oförenlighet
Page 226 pungent searching	starkt luktande frätande	Page 241 rapturously mute	översvallande stum
Page 228 remissness commodious	försumlighet bekvämlig	Chapter XI	piskande vara det mest passande (för mig) (åld.) besegra låtsade ångr
Chapter X		Page 242 lashing beseech me quell feigned contrition	gång vällades mig (ngt åld.) med armbågen utåt undanglidande
Page 229 vermin seared tendons	ohyra eg. svedd; här: illa medfaren senor	Page 243 gait wreaked upon me akimbo dodging	slaveri hård lärare, tuktomästare improviserade knep ung. "Så djupt kunde jag sjunka"
Page 231 recess slovenly confined dormouse brass-bound stock of yore	alkov fortigt instängd murmeldjur mässingsbeslagen kolv förr i världen (åld.)	Page 244 bondage taskmaster shifts So mean is extremity	inkräkta impulsivitet blyghet
Page 232 archly disparity	sikälmskt skillnad, olikhet	Page 245 encroaching impetuosity diffidence	obestämt nedslagenhet
Page 233 so wrought upon me	påverkat mig så starkt (ngt åld.)	Page 246 indefinite despondency	avsky
Page 234 ranked in me eliciting to a nicety	värkt, "legat och gnagt" i mig framkallande exakt, precis	Page 247 abominate	modfäild proviantering en sorts takbjälkar understödjare
Page 235 verily	faktiskt, fullt och fast	Page 249 crestfallen victualling a species of rafters abet	vördnadsvärd
Page 236 trailed	släpat	Chapter XII	
Page 237 ravenous dire smiter	glupande förskräcklig den som slår (dig)	Page 250 venerable	

Page 267
averse to
staid
hoops
patches
rolled stockings
ruffles
farthingale

Page 268
book of dignities

Chapter XV
insensibly

Page 269
lavish
bent
incongruous
upholstery work
floundering about town
apron

Page 270
descry

Page 271
string-box
remunerative

Page 272
stationery
edifying
meritorious
plying
assiduity

Page 274
serene

Chapter XVI
Page 275
postboy
sawpit
sable
warders
for a wager

Page 276
obsequious

avogt inställd till
prudentlig
styvskjortlar (hist.)
muscher
en sorts silkesstrumpor
krås
styvskjortel (hist.)

ung. adelskalender

omedvetet

spendersam
böjelse
här ung.: som inte hörde hemma där
stoppade möbler
kava sig runt stan
här: fotsack

urskifja

låda med segelgarn i
inkomstbringande

skrivmaterial
uppbygglig
förtjänsfull
användande
flit

rofylld

postljon
grop med sågspån
kolsvart
vakter
p.g.a. ett vad

underdånig, fjäskande

Page 277
intercept
points of vantage
exuberant
hardihood

Page 278
mummery

Page 280
timidly

Page 281
cogent reason
reconcilable
disclosed

Chapter XVII

Page 282
majority
bent his brows

Page 283
in the box
reluctantly
blew his nose

Page 284
in earnest of
the fountain-head
designs

Page 285
delicately
negativiving

Page 287
centre arch

Page 288
felony

Chapter XVIII
defiance

Page 289
chirping
Wine-Coopering
sprightly

spårra vägen för oss
strategiska ställen
sprudlande
fräckhet

(simpl) skådespelargrannlåt

blygt

tungt vägande skäl
förenlig
avslöjade

myndighet[sålder]
fäste blicken

inför rätta
motvilligt
snöt sig

som förskott på
själva ursprunget
här: ondsinta planer

finkänsligt
besvara nekande

mittspann

grovt brott

trots

kvittrande
[vin]tunbinderi
upprymt

Page 290 ingenuity	fyndighet	staved off sconces detach herself ingrate	hållen på avstånd lampetter frigöra sig otacksamma varelse
Page 291 alluded to retaliations advise	hänsyftade på vedergällningar här: rådslå	Page 300 compact	här: överenskommelse
Page 292 ecod accountant intent upon it jorum prey	för sjutton (äld.) bokhållare gick så upp i det balja rov, byte	Page 302 blighted beseeching	skadat, fördärvat böntfall[fa om]
Page 293 powder-mill vigilance	krutfabrik vaksamhet	Page 303 mildewed	möglig
Page 294 composure enthralling placid cestus dignitary rubicund appertaining to	lugn, fattning oerhört spännande mild, beskedlig gördel (lärd synonym till "girdle") dignitär; vördnadsvård herre rödblommig beträffande	Page 304 crockery incensed barbed with wit	porslin väldsamt irriterad försedd med hullingar av kvickhet
Page 295 articles paid ... down sundry contingent upon	paragrafer i en överenskommelse betalade ut diverse beroende av	Page 305 repudiate untenable snorting	tilbakavisa ohållbar frustade, fnös
Chapter XIX		Page 306 uncoil himself lowering	rulla upp sig argsint
Page 296 subsisted conducted to slight aggravation of my trials lovers	bestod bidrog till förolämpning, ringaktning förvärrande av mina prövningar här: uppvakande kavaljerer	Page 307 boor impended over	tölp svävat över mitt huvud
Page 297 reverted to	full tillbaka i, återgick till	Page 308 distortions wasting slab bed of state flush of conquest quarry rove to it tended to accomplished stronghold	skevheter förtvinande stenblock paradsången erövringsens triumf stenbrott fastgjort vid det var inriktat på fullbordats borg, fästning
Page 298 devouring wan bright eyes spectre staked upon that cast	sluk[de] mattglänsande ögon spöke satte på den hästen	Chapter XX	innehav, besittningsrätt nedstämd
Page 299		Page 309 gusts discharges of cannon	vindstötar kanonskott

breakings
shuddering
barges

Page 311
furrowed
veinous
recoiled
game
exasperating

Page 312
neckerchief

Page 315
abhorrence
repugnance

Page 318
preservation
shutters

Page 319
dilated

bränningar
här: flämta[de]
prämar

fårat
ådrig
drog mig undan
stursk
synnerligen irriterande

halsduk

avsky
motvilja

bevarande
fönsterluckor

vidgades

Vol. III**Chapter I**

Page 323
precautions
concourse
rekindling

Page 324
lurker
eliciting
dram

Page 325
prolix
incoherent
wholesale
laundress

Page 327
uncouth
fangs
insurmountable
mire

Page 328
incurred

Page 329
fledged
perch

Page 332
expatriated

Page 333
vouchers
balance
the very grain of the man

Page 334
pannikins
Bondsman

Page 335
Exhibitor
proficiency
agitated

försiktighetsmått
massa
åter tända

någon som lurpassar
få fram
sup

ordrik
osammanhängande
generell
tvätterska

oborstad
huggtänder
obetvingslig, oövertvinnelig
ferig smuts

ådragit [sig]

[blev] flygfärdig
så mig ner på

här: landsförvisad

här: verifikationer
saldo [d.v.s. resten av pengarna]
mannens själva väsen

bleckmuggar
slav

här: förevisare
duktighet
orolig, upprörd

Page 336

split
amazement

tjallar
stor häpnad

Chapter II

astonishment

stark förvåning

Page 337

muzzle
barrack
slate

munkorg
kasern
griffeltavia

Page 338

renounce

ge upp, avstå från

Page 339

forsook
raving off

övergav (åld.)
fantisera sig bort från

Page 340

extricate yourself

dra dig ur, frigöra dig

Page 341

assuredly

förvisso

Chapter III**Page 342**

stocks
worried
"drove", Magwitch menar driven
tinker

stock [straffredskap]
här: hetsad

kittelfickare (åld.)
bofink

chaffinch

"sparrer", sparrow

thrush

took him up

tracts

trast
spärrade in honom (åld.)
uppbyggliga skrifter

Page 343

waggoner

hawker

"tatars", tatters

vagrancy

forkarl (åld.)

nasare (åld.)

trator, paltor

iösdriveri

Page 344

in a Decline

he'd have run through the
king's taxes

vid dålig hälsa

han hade kunnat sätta sprätt på hela statskassan

Page 346

craft

här: slughet

Page 347

a most precious rascal
reassuring

en särdeles usel skurk
lugnande

Chapter IV**Page 349**

abyss
transport
harboured
extenuated

avgrund
här: landsförisad straffänge
härbärgerade
ursäktad

Page 350

legible

läsbar

Page 352

insolent
great-jowled
sneered

oförskämnd
bokstavigt: tungkäftad; ett brett, grovt ansikte med
kraftiga käkar
hånade

Page 353

ferocity
impugningly
incursion
sidling

vildsinhet
börfallande
inträde
röra sig åt sidan

Chapter V**Page 355**

haggard
evasion

hårjad
undanflykt

Page 356

self-seeking
entreaty
delusion
give credence to
superseded

egennyttig, självisk
be
villfarelse
fro på
trångt undan

Page 359

earnestness
injuriously

allvar
med orätt

Page 360

embodiment

förkroppsligande

Chapter VI**Page 361**

chamberlain

här: portier

Page 362 straddling inhospitable tester bluebottle flies earwigs grubs objectionable warded off	grensla ogästvänlig sånghimmel spyflugor tvestjärtar maskar motbjudande är uppfylld av trängde bort	Page 372 unconscionable	samvetslös
Page 363 weltering postern	här: badande sidodörr (åld.)	Page 373 flounder	[skrubbfjundra
Page 364 winking crumb	blinkande här: inkräm i bröd	Page 374 watermen elated	roddare upprymd
Page 365 rakish tacit adverted fealty	snitsig outtalad syftat på (åld.) trohet (åld.)	Page 375 consigned to secluded troopers fatigued	anförrodd stillsam och tillbakadragen meniga soldater utförtad
Page 367 by stealth tenement	i lönnodom logi, bostad	Page 376 solemnly pavement rash	högtidligt här: stenlagt golv (ngt åld.) obetänksam
Page 368 <i>There's a misprint in paragraph 3, about halfway down; Wemmick actually says "don't go back there".</i> forbore to		Page 377 hoarded rent fleeter eddy-chafed wharf	sparade på sondersliten snabbare nött av vattenvirvar kaj
Chapter VII		Page 378 playbills predatory outrageous chop-house boatswain (<i>uttalas som om det stavades "bowsun"</i>)	teateraffischer rovlysten anskrämlig [enklare] matsververing båtsman
Page 369 rope-walk hulls	repslagarbana båtskrov	Page 379 Census gaiters confute plenipotentiary worsted (<i>uttalas som om det stavades "woosted"</i>)	folkräkning damasker vederläggga utsänd person med omfattande fullmakter kamgarns-
Page 370 stump vista superannuated haymaking-rakes bow-window bay-windows ship-launch state-coachman's wig chandler's shop	[del av] grund här: sträckning föråldrad hörårsor rundade burspråksfönster utbyggda fönster sjösättning av ett fartyg paradkusks peruk hökarbutik (ngt åld.)	Page 380 sententious necromantic watch-case	här: kärnfull svartkonst- klockfodral
Page 371 Ogre	odjur i en saga	Page 382 enhanced imparted to	ökad meddelat

Page 362 straddling inhospitable tester bluebottle flies earwigs grubs objectionable warded off	grensla ogästvänlig sånghimmel spyflugor tvestjärtar maskar motbjudande är uppfylld av trängde bort	Page 372 unconscionable	samvetslös
Page 363 weltering postern	här: badande sidodörr (åld.)	Page 373 flounder	[skrubbfjundra
Page 364 winking crumb	blinkande här: inkräm i bröd	Page 374 watermen elated	roddare upprymd
Page 365 rakish tacit adverted fealty	snitsig outtalad syftat på (åld.) trohet (åld.)	Page 375 consigned to secluded troopers fatigued	anförrodd stillsam och tillbakadragen meniga soldater utförtad
Page 367 by stealth tenement	i lönnodom logi, bostad	Page 376 solemnly pavement rash	högtidligt här: stenlagt golv (ngt åld.) obetänksam
Page 368 <i>There's a misprint in paragraph 3, about halfway down; Wemmick actually says "don't go back there".</i> forbore to		Page 377 hoarded rent fleeter eddy-chafed wharf	sparade på sondersliten snabbare nött av vattenvirvar kaj
Chapter VII		Page 378 playbills predatory outrageous chop-house boatswain (<i>uttalas som om det stavades "bowsun"</i>)	teateraffischer rovlysten anskrämlig [enklare] matsververing båtsman
Page 369 rope-walk hulls	repslagarbana båtskrov	Page 379 Census gaiters confute plenipotentiary worsted (<i>uttalas som om det stavades "woosted"</i>)	folkräkning damasker vederläggga utsänd person med omfattande fullmakter kamgarns-
Page 370 stump vista superannuated haymaking-rakes bow-window bay-windows ship-launch state-coachman's wig chandler's shop	[del av] grund här: sträckning föråldrad hörårsor rundade burspråksfönster utbyggda fönster sjösättning av ett fartyg paradkusks peruk hökarbutik (ngt åld.)	Page 380 sententious necromantic watch-case	här: kärnfull svartkonst- klockfodral
Page 371 Ogre	odjur i en saga	Page 382 enhanced imparted to	ökad meddelat

Chapter IX		presentiment started hinges	förkänsla här: satt sig, slagit sig gångjärn
Page 384 bo-peep impending	tittut omedelbart förestående	Page 397 fungus great-coat patches of tinder	svamp[ar] överrock eldfiagor
Page 385 intimation won the pool tipset") criinges growl	antydan här ung.: haft tur, vunnit slorslam (i modern engelska betyder "to win [money on] the pools" "att vinna på kryper morra	Page 398 every vestige of collectedly vivacity	varenda bit av med fattning livfullhet
Page 386 riveted	naglats fast	Chapter XI	
Page 387 evaporated	gått upp i rök	Page 402 depose animosity	avlägga vittnesmål om fiendlighet, aversion
Page 388 committal	här: häktning	Chapter XII	
Page 389 lacerated	sönderriven, sargad	Page 403 momentous representations	betydelsefull föreställningar
Chapter X		Page 404 congestively	här: sinsemellan
Page 390 credentials waywardness rooks priony-garden supplementary house	eg. kreditivbrev (en diplomats), här: skäl, orsak nyckfullhet räkor klosterträdgård annexbyggnad	Page 407 obdurate	omedgörlig
Page 391 compassionating her	tyckte synd om henne	Page 408 retrospectively spawn forsworn be-devilled divert	tillbakablickande fiskyngel förskjuten (ngt åld.) fördärvad avleda
Page 393 tablets discretion sore	skrivtavlor här: gottfinnande svår, grav	Page 409 comprehend	begripa
Page 394 grievous impressionable infinitely	ohygglig lättpåverkad oändligt	Page 410 shoplifting snivelling	snatteri snörvlande
Page 395 bemoan commiseration	jämra sig över medlidande	Chapter XIII	
Page 396		Page 411 apprised of recompense	underrättad om ersättning, belöning

[överdrivet] optimistisk

sanguine

Page 412disfigured
freak
assented tovanställd
nyck
samtyckte till**Page 413**

limekiln

kalkugn

Page 414proffered
was faring
hackney-chariot
ensuing on
heeding
befall[]erbjuden
mådde
hyrvagn, droska
när det följde på
bry sig om
drabba (äld.)**Page 415**octagonal
common-room
fontåttkantig
samlingslokal
dopfont**Chapter XIV****Page 417**specks
banked-up
tiled
truckle bedsteadljuspunkter
upphöjd
försedd med takpannor
tältsäng**Page 418**desisted
in a dangerous straitlät bli
i en farlig situation**Page 419**

perpendicular

lodrät

Page 420

a good goad at you

ett rejält tillfälle att reta dig

Page 423

bullock

oxe

Page 424

plummet

lod

Page 427warrant
was so besetting
impenetrablyarresteringsorder
ansatte mig så svårt
ogenomträngligt**Page 428**

126

här: yra (jfr "delirious" fem rader ner)

wander

Chapter XV**Page 429**vex
in the bow
hailplåga
i fören
anropa**Page 430**animate
sailing colliers
coasting-traders
tithe
scullers
skiffs
wherries
tiers of shipping
by the score and score
moorings
bowsprit
in the sternsatts fart på, ge [nytt] liv åt
segelfartyg som fraktar kol
kust[handels]fartyg
ttondel (äld.)
roddbåtar
jollar
slupar
rader av fartyg
tjogtals
fortöjning[ar]
bogspröt
i aktern**Page 431**river-pilot
chain-cables
hempen hawsers
shaving
capstans
bulwarks
respondent
lightermen
appearance of molestationflodlots
ankarkättingar
trossar av hampa
spån[or]
ankarspel
reling
som gav svar på tal
prämkarlar
tecken på att man ville antasta oss**Page 432**inconsistent
mastering idea
I was not far out
leastwise
gunwaleinkonsekvent
allt överväldigande tanke
jag hade inte så fel
åtminstone (enkejt talspråk)
reling**Page 433**rippling
steady stroke
transport
forecastle
standing ... off
low shallows and mudbanks
by dint of
headedvattensori
jämma årtag
här: emigrantfartyg
fören
höll undan
grund och gytjebankar
på grund av
passerat**Page 434**

squat

rund, knubbig

piles	pålverk	Page 443	querulous	grälsjuk
stills	styfkor	memorialise	komma med en inläga	
stakes	pålar	forfeiture	konfiskation	
tidemarks	[hög- och låg-]vattenmärken	settlement	här: dokument	
landing-stage	landningsbrygga	apprehension	gripande	
persevered	fortsätte [uthålligt]	idle	lörlös	
save	utom	Page 444	finkänslighet	
gull	mås	delicacy	betydelsefull	
council	rådslag	portentous	affärsangelägenhet	
to lie by	att lägga till	business exordium		
galley-fire	elden i kabyssen [till matlagning]	Page 445	diligenser	
Page 435	här: brygga	mail coaches		
causeway	gråsprängd	Page 446	tagit illa vid sig	
grizzled	uppsvälld	cut up	iösöre	
bloated	båt med två årpar	portable property	toddy	
four-oared galley	verksamt medel	grog		
"pison", "Jack" menar poison		Page 447	samtycke	
rattling physic		acquiescence	stramare	
Page 436		lighter	mer glänsande	
slushy	'grötig	sleeper		
"Custom ' Us", värden menar	tullkammaren	Page 448	kräftlös, "leaiös"	
Custom House	visa tveksamhet	limp	kyrkbänksöppnerska	
vacillating	förakt	pew opener	huva	
disdain	rekognoscera	bonnet	lätsades	
Page 438	samtyckte	made a feint	bästa vän	
reconnoitre		bosom friend		
compiled		Page 449	fortunaspel	
Page 439	hörbar	bagatelle board	ung. roa oss litet	
audible	tätt intill oss	unbend our minds		
aboard of us	tvärs för om oss	Chapter XVII		
athwart us	tillfrångatagare	Page 450	anstaltens sjukavdelning	
captor	vattenvirvar	infirmity	förhårdad rymling	
mill-weirs		determined prison-breaker	tacklade av	
Page 440	sköta om	wasted	underkastelse	
get some comforts for	ryckande rörelse	submission		
wrenching	stråvan	Page 451	försonande drag	
endeavour	ekipera honom	redeeming touch	ängertfull	
Page 441	mitt	contribute	på ett hedervärt sätt	
fit him out	här: tillåten	reputably	upphäva, göra ngt ogjort	
leniently	gått om intet	unsay	outplånlig	
Page 442		indelible	instängd	
suffered		penned	de anklagades bås	
perished		dock		
Chapter XVI				

defiant
gewgaws

Page 452
propensities
indulgence
scourge
proscribed
sauntered

Page 453
Recorder's Report
singleness
malefactors

Page 454
subside
film

Chapter XVIII

Page 455
tenancy
determine
underlet
perception

Page 456
forasmuch

Page 457
interminable
steel beam

Page 459
indite
divested
wield
crowbar
sledgehammer
unbounded
deferred

Page 460
"coddleshell", Joe menar codicil
"perannium", J. menar per annum
bilious
humps
rushlights

Page 461
till

trotsig
grant utstyrda personer

böjelser
hår: utövande
gissel
förvisad
strosade

domarrapport
hår: redbarhet
missdådare

dö bort
slöja

hyreskontrakt
hår: löpa ut
hyra ut i andra hand
varseblivning

alldenstund (åld.)

oändlig
stålbjälke, järnstång

avfatta, författa
fråntagen
hantera
kofot, bräckjärn
slägga
gränslös
sköt upp

kodicill, tilläggbestämelse i testamente
per år, årligen
gallsjuk
pucklar
taigdankar

kassalåda

Page 462
Fair

marknad

Page 463
in sunders
drop into you

åtskilda
ge sig på dig (dial.)

Page 465
reluctance

motvilja

Page 467
errant

kringjirande

Chapter XIX

demeanour
assiduity

uppförande
trägenhet, flit

Page 468
white-washed knock-knee
letters
watercress

vingliga (eg. kobenta) bokstäver i vitlim
krasse

Page 469
ostentatious
clemency
for the behoof of
debilitating
"prodigygalty", Pumblechook
menar prodigality

skrytsam
eg. mildhet, hår: nedlåtenhet
till båtad för (åld.)
försvagande
utsvävningar

Page 470
bears you no malice

hyser inget agg till dig

Page 471
with an air
unfavourable

hår: med stor värdighet
eg. ogynnsam, hår: onådig

Page 472
limes
chestnut-trees

lindar
kastanjer

Page 473
deal table
baffled
irrevocable
cancel

furubord
hår: fåfång, omintetgjord (en äldre betydelse)
oåterkallelig
upphäva

Page 474
composition
frugally

uppgörelse
enkelt, sparsamt

Page 475

minis of money inaptitude	fantastiska rikedomar oduglighet
Chapter XX	
Page 476 avarice desolate	girighet ödslig
Page 478 relinquished incompatible with admission	släppt greppet om oförenlig med fram-, insläppande
Page 479 tranquil	lugn, stilla