

I met a traveller from an antique land *bodyless*  
 Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
 Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,  
 Half sunk, a shatter'd visage lies, whose *Face*  
 frown  
 And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command  
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions read  
 Which yet survive, stamp'd on these lifeless things,  
 The hand that mock'd them and the heart that fed.  
 And on the pedestal these words appear:  
 "My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:  
 Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"  
 Nothing beside remains: round the decay  
 Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,  
 The lone and level sands stretch far away.



*Something to stand on*



*Nothing lasts forever*

*Selfish*

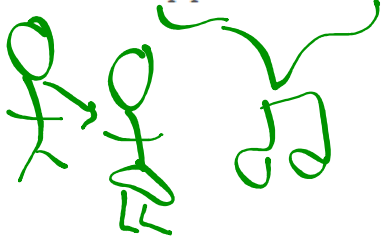


## Ode on a Grecian Urn

BY JOHN KEATS



Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,  
 Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,  
 Sylvan historian, who canst thus express  
 A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:  
 What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape  
 Of deities or mortals, or of both,  
 In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?  
 What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?  
 What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?  
 What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

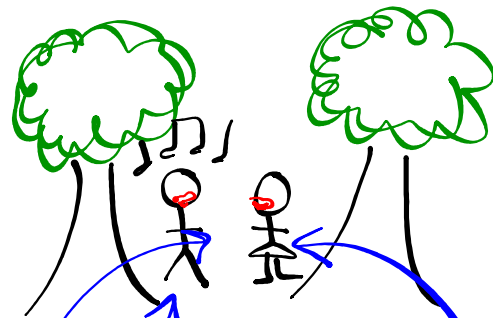


Sylvan = Trees  
 Historian = Studies/History  
 (Leaves)

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;  
 Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,  
 Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:  
 Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave  
 Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;  
 Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,  
 Though winning near the goal yet, do not grieve;  
 She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,  
 For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed  
 Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;  
 And, happy melodist, unwearied,  
 For ever piping songs for ever new;  
 More happy love! more happy, happy love!  
 For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,  
 For ever panting, and for ever young;  
 All breathing human passion far above,  
 That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,  
 A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

imagination is better  
than reality.



always  
 youthful  
 never  
 kissing  
 never  
 get  
 old

Chase is more  
fun!

Lowkey

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?

To what green altar, O mysterious priest,

Lead'st thou that heifer howling at the skies,

And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?

What little town by river or sea shore,

Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,

Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?

And, little town, thy streets for evermore

Will silent be; and not a soul to tell

Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede

Of marble men and maidens overwrought,

With forest branches and the trodden weed;

Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought

As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!

When old age shall this generation waste,

Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe

Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is allYe know on earth, and all ye need to know.

offering

Funeral procession

another scene.

Excitement → change in tone

Speaker is  
talking to  
the urn  
which will live  
on beyond humans

When one is truthful  
to themselves →  
THAT is true beauty.

1. Ode. The ode, an elaborate kind of lyric poem, deals with a serious theme in language that is dignified as well as enthusiastic and exalted. in what ways does this poem exemplify the characteristics of an ode?

Ode has a serious theme and change of tone toward the end.

2. Diction. Poets can make use of ambiguity, choosing words with various possible meanings. consider still in line 1. in what two senses might this word be understood? how might each be appropriate to the poem's meaning? Can you find any other examples of this?

still = quiet & unmoving  
or  
it is still there after all  
of this time.

## Ode

- Elaborate interweaving of descriptions of the urn's decoration with reflections on the nature of art and beauty
- The many apostrophes (pause in poetry) and exclamations show the depth of the speaker's emotion
- Formal diction and measured rhythm maintain a dignified, exalted tone.

## Diction

- DOUBLE MEANING WORDS
  - STILL – Line 1
    - “Thou still unravished bride of quietness”
    - Can be an adverb meaning “as yet” and modifying unravished
      - Refers to the timeless element
    - OR
    - Can be an adjective modifying bride and meaning “mute, motionless”
      - Refers to the nature of the depiction as an artifact rather than reality
  - Both meanings pick up on the central image of the moment frozen in time by art



## Diction

- Importance of AMBIGUITY – creates poetic texture and meaning that can never be fully captured by a prose paraphrase.
- Other Examples
  - Flowery – Line 4
    - “covered with flowers”
    - “full of fine words or phrases”
  - Legend – Line 5
    - “a story coming down from the past”
    - “an inscription or title on an object”

## She Walks in Beauty

She walks in beauty, like the night  
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies;  
 And all that's best of dark and bright  
 Meet in her aspect and her eyes:  
 Thus mellowed to that tender light  
 Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

she is like the  
moon

One shade the more, one ray the less,  
 Had half impaired the nameless grace  
 Which waves in every raven tress,  
 Or softly lightens o'er her face; <sup>10</sup>

Where thoughts serenely sweet express  
 How pure, how dear their dwelling place.

she is perfect the way  
she is

sweet, pure thoughts  
dwelling place = [head]

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,  
 So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
 The smiles that win, the tints that glow, <sup>15</sup>  
 But tell of days in goodness spent,  
 A mind at peace with all below,  
 A heart whose love is innocent!

all below = mind = body  
pretty face.  
anyone who comes below her.

beautiful,  
loving  
mind isn't too bad.




*Setting* Kubla Khan  
OR A VISION IN A DREAM, A FRAGMENT *main character*

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
A stately pleasure dome decree,  
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
Through caverns measureless to man  
Down to a sunless sea. *an official order*

So twice five miles of fertile ground  
With walls and towers were girdled round:  
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills, *dreamy*  
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;  
And here were forests ancient as the hills,  
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

*winding stream*

*sunless sea*



The painting depicts a dramatic, fantastical landscape. A large, multi-tiered castle or fortress is built into a steep, rocky cliff. A powerful waterfall cascades down the side of the cliff, creating a misty spray at the bottom. The foreground shows a lush, green valley with rolling hills and a small body of water. The sky is filled with soft, golden light, suggesting a sunrise or sunset. The overall style is romantic and evocative, capturing a sense of wonder and mystery.

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!  
 And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,  
 As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,  
 A mighty fountain momentarily was forced:  
 Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst  
 Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,  
 Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:  
 And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever  
 It flung up momentarily the sacred river.  
 Five miles meandering with a mazy motion  
 Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,  
 Then reached the caverns measureless to man,  
 And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:  
 And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far  
 Ancestral voices prophesying war!

grant  
cracky  
hole

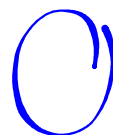
pulls up  
speed

slows down  
alliteration

bring  
us back  
to Kubla Khan

a loud  
confused  
noise

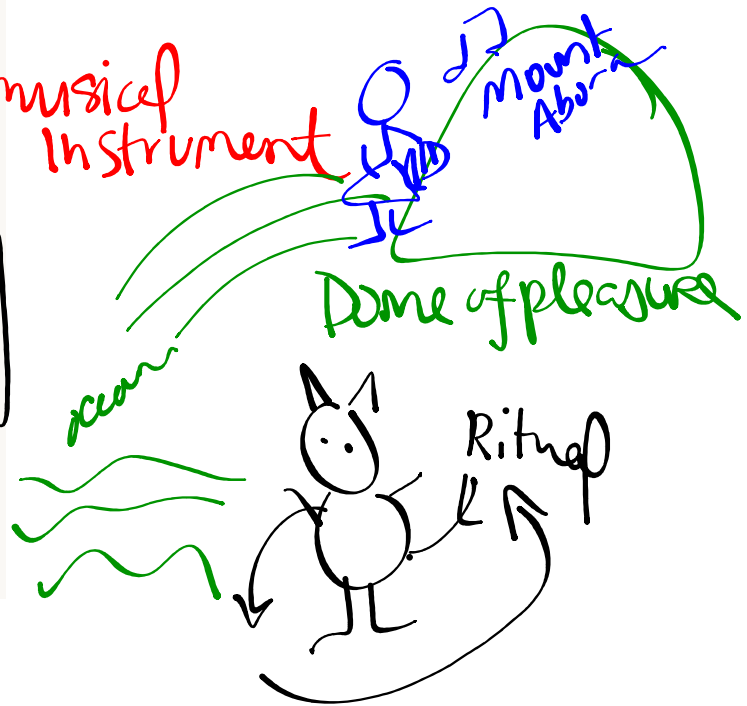
lifeless ocean.



The shadow of the dome of pleasure  
 Floated midway on the waves;  
 Where was heard the mingled measure  
 From the fountain and the caves.  
 It was a miracle of rare device,  
 A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!  
 A damsel with a dulcimer  
 In a vision once I saw;  
 It was an Abyssinian maid,  
 And on her dulcimer she played,  
 Singing of Mount Abora.  
 Could I revive within me  
 Her symphony and song,  
 To such a deep delight 'twould win me,  
 That with music loud and long,  
 I would build that dome in air,  
 That sunny dome! those caves of ice!  
 And all who heard should see them there,  
 And all should cry, Beware! Beware!  
 His flashing eyes, his floating hair!  
 Weave a circle round him thrice,  
 And close your eyes with holy dread,  
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
 And drunk the milk of Paradise.

hears the music

musical  
Instrument



romantics - SMART Notebook

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musical Instrument

Mount Abora

Dome of pleasure

Ritup

hears the music

## THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US

The world is too much with us; late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;  
Little we see in Nature that is ours;  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!  
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon,  
The winds that will be howling at all hours,  
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers,  
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;  
It moves us not. – Great God! I'd rather be  
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;  
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.



# The Lamb

By William Blake

Little lamb, who made thee?

Does thou know who made thee,

Gave thee life, and bid thee feed

By the stream and o'er the mead;

Gave thee clothing of delight,

Softest clothing, woolly, bright;

Gave thee such a tender voice,

Making all the vales rejoice?

Little lamb, who made thee?

Does thou know who made thee?

describes lamb  
praises lamb

tone=  
cheery

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;

Little lamb, I'll tell thee:

He is called by thy name,

For He calls Himself a Lamb.

He is meek, and He is mild,

He became a little child.

I a child, and thou a lamb,

We are called by His name.

Little lamb, God bless thee!

Little lamb, God bless thee!

Lamb Symbol of Jesus

Theme

Innocence  
pure of heart

Speaker is  
religious and  
praising the  
beauty of all  
God's creation

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The Tyger  
BY WILLIAM BLAKE

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,  
In the forests of the night;  
What immortal hand or eye,  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies,  
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand, dare seize the fire?

Could twist the sinews of thy heart?

And when thy heart began to beat,

What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain,

In what furnace was thy brain?

What the anvil? what dread grasp,

Dare its deadly terrors clasp!

When the stars threw down their spears

And water'd heaven with their tears:

Did he smile his work to see?

Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger Tyger burning bright,

In the forests of the night:

What immortal hand or eye,

Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

tyger's  
creation  
is  
different

tiger  
is  
frightening

Repetition

NOT  
praising  
the  
tyger

Theme

Predator & prey are both part of nature

Experience  
skill

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