

Министерство образования и науки Российской Федерации
Федеральное государственное бюджетное образовательное
учреждение высшего профессионального образования
«Рязанский государственный университет имени С.А. Есенина»

ИСТОРИЯ АНГЛИЙСКОЙ ЛИТЕРАТУРЫ
ОТ АНГЛОСАКСОНСКОГО ПЕРИОДА ДО РОМАНТИЗМА

Хрестоматия

ENGLISH LITERATURE
FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON PERIOD TO ROMANTICISM

AN ANTHOLOGY OF SOURCES

Рязань 2011

ББК 81.432.1-923
И90

Печатается по решению редакционно-издательского совета федерального государственного бюджетного образовательного учреждения высшего профессионального образования «Рязанский государственный университет имени С.А. Есенина» в соответствии с планом изданий на 2011 год.

Рецензент: *Е.В. Царева*, канд. пед. наук, доц.

И90 История английской литературы от англо-саксонского периода до романтизма : хрестоматия / сост. В.А. Рогатин ; Ряз. гос. ун-т им. С.А. Есенина. – Рязань, 2011. – 88 с.

ISBN 5-88006-704-6

Хрестоматия разработана в соответствии с требованиями Государственного образовательного стандарта высшего профессионального образования.

Содержит произведения английской литературы от ранних памятников англосаксонской письменности до поэзии эпохи романтизма.

Адресована студентам Института иностранных языков, обучающимся по дисциплине «Зарубежная литература. Литература стран изучаемого языка», а также всем интересующимся вопросами английского литературоведения.

literary history, English literature, alliteration, medieval, Middle Ages, Renaissance, Enlightenment, Classicism, Sentimentalism, Romanticism, Beowulf, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Defoe, Swift, Fielding, Burns, Blake, Byron, Bildungsroman, история литературы, зарубежная литература, литература Великобритании, Средние Века, Возрождение, Просвещение, романтизм, англо-саксонский период, аллитерационный, силлаботоническая поэзия.

ББК 81.432.1-923

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«Рязанский государственный университет
имени С.А. Есенина», 2011

ISBN 978-5-88006-704-6

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Foreword

The present selections from English literature are intended for professional training of EFL teachers in one of their primary skill areas: interpreting texts in their broader context. The course is taught in the senior stages of undergraduate studies (IX–X semesters).

The most obvious context area used to a great advantage in teaching a comprehensive course of British and U.S. literature consists in linking the evolution of fiction, lyric and drama to the cultural life of the respective nations. This gives us good reasons for following a strictly chronological sequence in text arrangement, and providing some historical clues within our tasks.

The earliest sections of the Anthology rarely contain the originals, as these would make content analysis more complicated. However, focus on language form is always observed, and verse analysis should lead the students to conclusions concerning the necessitation of genre change due to language development, as throughout the Norman period.

In the Renaissance and Enlightenment sections the anthology includes a number of critical fragments, as these reflect the changing attitudes towards classical works in British and European scholarship. The fragments selected from XVIII century novella are certainly very restricted in volume. In most cases full-text studies are required, so some of the discussion points suggested refer to *Gulliver's Travels* and *Tom Jones* in their entirety (cf. pp. 98–99); the excerpts only serve to illustrate the variety of tone and subject that is to be found in the original.

The selections dealing with verse traditions and evolution of poetic genres will necessarily have to be supplied with formal analysis of meter, rhyme and stanza; so, we have chosen the lyrics with a view to variety of form. This resource does not feature samples of Russian translations, but the potential of such may prove useful in classroom discussion, or when our materials are adapted for translator training.

1. Зарождение поэтической образности в ранних письменных источниках (азбука, загадки) (Verbal Images in Gnostic Verses and Riddles of the Early English Period)

Gnostic Verses

Some of the gnostic verses below are strictly utilitarian in their content (because they were meant to teach the ABC to Anglo-Frisian students). Others resort to artistic arrangement of everyday notions. Search for poetic images in these pieces.



* **FEOH** ƿ

Wealth is a comfort to all men;
yet must every man bestow it freely,
if he wish to gain honour in the sight of the Lord.

* **ÞORN** Þ

The *thorn* is exceedingly sharp,
an evil thing for any knight to touch,
uncommonly severe on all who sit among them.

* **YER** ƿ

Summer is a joy to men, when God, the holy King of Heaven,
suffers the earth to bring forth shining fruits
for rich and poor alike.

* **AC** ƿ

The *oak* fattens the flesh of pigs for the children of men.
Often it traverses the gannet's bath,
and the ocean proves whether the oak keeps faith
in honourable fashion.

* **EAR** ƿ

The *grave* is horrible to every knight,
when the corpse quickly begins to cool
and is laid in the bosom of the dark earth.
Prosperity declines, happiness passes away
and covenants are broken.

*** IS I**

Is byth ofeceald, ungemetum slidor,
glistnath glaeshluttur, gimum gelicus,
flor froste geworuht, faeger ansyne.

A Saxon Riddle

What is the author's method of unraveling his target notion to the learner? Which senses does he appeal to, in order to ensure a permissible level of difficulty?

My nose is downward; I go deep and dig into the ground; I move as the grey foe of the wood guides me, and my lord goes stooping as guardian at my tail; he pushes me in the plain, bears and urges me, sows in my track. I hasten forth, brought from the grove, strongly bound, carried on the wagon, I have many wounds; on the side of me as I go there is green, and on the other side my track is clear black. Driven through my back a cunning point hangs beneath: another on my head fixed and prone falls at the side, so that I tear with my teeth, if he who is my lord serves me rightly well from behind.

Another Riddle

What fascinates the poet in the animal unmasking itself in this verse? Prove that animalistic poetry also primarily discusses man's preoccupations.

Silent my dress when I step on the shore
Stay in my lodge, or stir the stream,
Or my trailing gown and the wild wind
Lift me high, over the living:
There with the clouds, I can sweep and soar
Over the land-bound. Then my white wings
Echo so loudly, ring and moan,
Sing to your ear; when I'm not sleeping
On the soil, or sailing on the still water:
Like a ship, like a wandering spirit,
I am. What am I?

One More Riddle

How did the poet regard family relations, and what can we guess about the poet's personality from this treatment of the knight's *helmet*?

A lovely woman, a lady, often locked me
in a chest; at times she took me out
with her fingers, and gave me to her lord

and loyal master, just as he asked. Then he poked his head inside me, pushed it up until it fitted tightly. I, adorned, was bound to be filled with something rough if the loyal lord could keep it up. Guess what I mean.

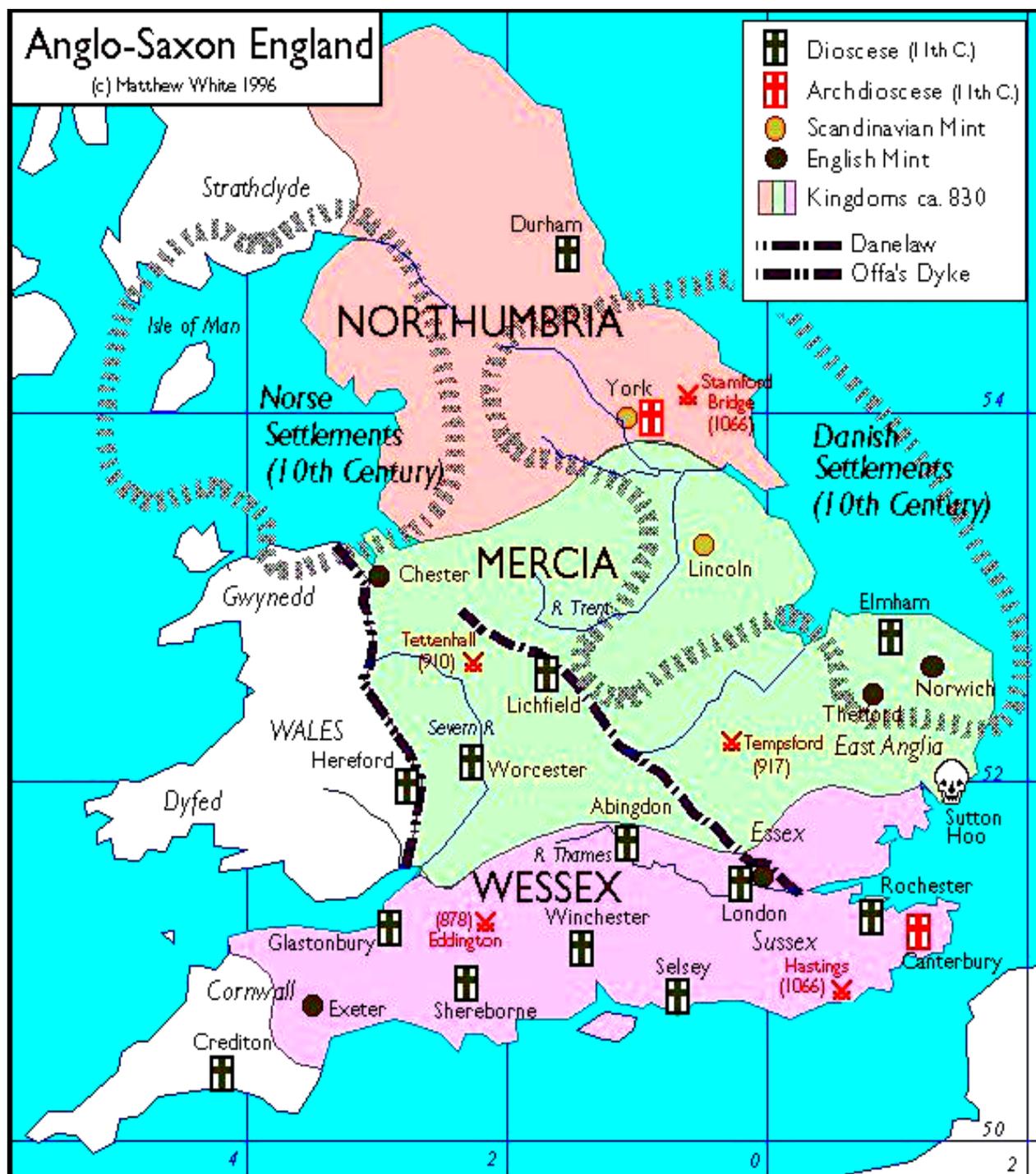


Рис. 1. Карта англо-саксонских королевств в IX веке
Fig. 1. Map of Anglo-Saxon kingdoms in the 9th c.

2. Устное народное творчество. Заклинания и сказки (Anglo-Saxon Folklore in Charms and Fairy Tales)

For a Swarm of Bees

How does the following personification of bees help to convince the reader (or onlookers) of the charmer's skill?

Take earth, cast it with thy right hand under thy right foot, and say:
«I put it under foot; I have found it.
Lo, the earth can prevail against all creatures,
And against injury, and against forgetful illness,
And against the mighty tongue of man».

Cast gravel over them when they swarm, and say:
«Alight, victorious women, descend to earth!
Never fly wild to the wood. Be as mindful of my profit
As every man is of food and fatherland».

The Ploughman

This Northumbrian tale is all mixed up. Unscramble it, and comment on the typical devices used in the introduction, characterisation and conflict treatment in a fairy-tale.

- a. «Alas and alack! I've broken my staff!»
- b. «Leave it for me on yonder stump and I'll fix it,» – he said with a smile, but he did not wait around; instead he turned the horses again and ploughed another furrow in the field.
- c. As he passed under the catkins he could hear the steady grinding of the fairies as they churned their butter.
- d. As he progressed the seagulls and corbies swooped down on the unearthed worms in the furrows behind him and the air filled with their shrill cries.
- e. He did not stop his work though, for he had heard the sound many times and he knew that no good would come of his interference.
- f. He toiled in the fine spring morning near the village of Humshaugh, a beautiful place close by the river of the North Tyne.
- g. He took out his knife and cut a piece of willow twig from a tree and fashioned an entirely new staff from it, and, placing it on the stump, he again turned to his work.
- h. In the May trees, thrushes and blackbirds were singing at the top of their lungs, while the occasional feathery-poke threaded in and out of the hawthorn hedgerows.
- i. Nowadays, they have either perfected their art, or have gone altogether.

j. On his next return, he saw there on the very spot where he had left the new churner, a pat of shining yellow butter, his reward for being such a very kind ploughman.

k. So he turned his team around and cut the sod in the opposite direction.

l. Something they all shared, however, was a distrust of humans, and they made every effort to keep themselves out of sight.

m. Sure enough, when he returned, there upon the stump was a tiny broken churn staff.

n. The bees buzzed busily between the lambstails as they danced in the breeze and the ploughman was very content in his work.

o. The early morning mists had blown away to reveal the ploughman already hard at work behind his team of Shire horses.

p. When air was clean and water pure, there lived in the Northlands all manner of fairy folk, some good and some evil.

q. When he returned at the completion of the furrow, however, the churning has ceased and he heard a small piping voice cry:

r. Whichever is true, they are, for the most part, remembered with fondness, like this one.

Lazy Jack

The appeal of a tale often depends on reasonable use of narrative (or epic) repetition. What kind of episode is likely to follow after the beginning quoted here?

Once upon a time there was a boy whose name was Jack, and he lived with his mother on a common. They were very poor, and the old woman got her living by spinning, but Jack was so lazy that he would do nothing but bask in the sun in the hot weather, and sit by the corner of the hearth in the winter-time. So they called him Lazy Jack. His mother could not get him to do anything for her, and at last told him one Monday, that if he did not begin to work for his porridge she would turn him out to get his living as he could.

This roused Jack, and he went out and hired himself for the next day to a neighbouring farmer for a penny; but as he was coming home, never having had any money before, he lost it in passing over a brook.

«You stupid boy», – said his mother; – «you should have put it in your pocket».

«I'll do so another time», – replied Jack.

Well, the next day, Jack went out again and hired himself to a cow-keeper, who gave him a jar of milk for his day's work. Jack took the jar and put it into the large pocket of his jacket, spilling it all, long before he got home.

«Dear me!» – said the old woman – «you should have carried it on your head».

«I'll do so another time», – said Jack.

So the following day, Jack hired himself again to a farmer, who agreed to give him a cream cheese for his services. In the evening Jack took the cheese, and went home with it on his head. By the time he got home the cheese was all spoilt, part of it being lost, and part matted with his hair.

«You stupid lout», – said his mother; – «you should have carried it very carefully in your hands».

«I'll do so another time», – replied Jack.

Now the next day, Lazy Jack again went out, and hired himself to a baker, who would give him nothing for his work but a large tom-cat. Jack took the cat, and

3. Английская поэзия раннего средневековья и эпос о Беовульфе (Early Poetic Narratives. The Epic of Beowulf, and Others)

Thulas (Celtic): The Ancestry of Cynric

The uses of alliteration in Celtic and early Saxon verse were mostly ornamental. What impressed the listeners in this ancestry of a Celtic chieftain?

Cynric Cerdicink, Cordic Elesink,
Elesa Eslink, Esla Gewisink,
Gewis Wiknink, Wik Freawinink,
Freawine Frugarink, Frugar Brondink,
Brond Bβldaegink, Bβldaeg Wodenink....

Widsith Poem (Northumbrian version)

Widsith means *Widely-travelled*. The vagrant poet lists the nations he has observed. What communicative purpose could he have pursued with this?

Attila ruled the Huns, Eormanric the Goths,
Becca the Bannings, Gifica the Burgundians;
Caesar ruled the Greeks, and Caelic the Finns,
Hagena the Sea-Rugians, and Heoden the Gloms;
Witta ruled the Swabians, Wada the Halsings,
Meace the Myrgings, Mearchealf the Hundlings;
Theodoric ruled the Franks, Thyle the Rondings,
Brecca the Brondings, Billing the Warni,
Oswin the Eowans, and Gefwuife the Jutes...

Deor's Lament

The Deor poet lists heroes from European legends in a way similar to Widsith, but he does this to a different end. What is implied by the poet's use of a refrain (lyrical repetition).

Weland for a woman learned to know exile,
That haughty earl bowed unto hardship,
Had for companions sorrow and longing,
The winter's cold sting, woe upon woe.
What time Nithhad laid sore need on him.
Withering sinew wounds! Ill-starred man!
That was o'erpassed; this may pass also.
Oh Beadohilde bore not so heavily
Her brother's death as the pang in her own heart
When she perceived, past shadow of doubt,
Her maidhood departed, and yet could nowise
Clearly divine how it might be.
That was o'erpassed; this may pass also.
Of Hild's fate we have heard from many.
Land-bereaved were the Geatish chieftains,
So that sorrow left them sleepless.
That was o'erpassed; this may pass also.
Theodoric kept for thirty winters
In the burg of the Maerings; 'twas known of many.
That was o'erpassed; this may pass also.
Heard have we likewise of Eormanric's mind,
Wolfishly tempered; widely enthralled he,
Many a warrior sat locked in his sorrow,
Waiting on woe; wished, how earnestly?
The reign of that King might come to an end.
That was o'erpassed; this may pass also.
A man full of sorrow-care sits bereft of joy.
His spirit grows dark; he thinks in himself
That endless will be his lot of woe.
He may then remember that round the world
The wise Lord ever wends His ways;
He gives honour to many a man,
Abiding glory; but to some misery.
I will now say this of myself.
Erewhile I was Scop of the Heodenings,
Dear to my lord Deor my name was.
And many winters I knew good service;
Gracious was my lord! But now Heorrenda,
By craft of his singing, succeeds to the landright
That Guardian of Men erst gave unto me.
That was o'erpassed; this may pass also.

Caedmon's Hymn of Creation

Early in the VIII century, Northumbrian monasteries were renowned centres of learning. What formal elements helped illiterate Caedmon (see subsequent legend) sustain the reader's interest in his otherwise simplified version of the Biblical Creation story?

Now we must praise heaven-keeper's Warden;
The Maker's might and his mood-thought,
The work of the glory-father as he of every wonder
Eternal Lord formed the beginning.
He first shaped for earth's children
Heaven for roof, holy Shaper.
Then mid-earth, mankind's Warden.
Eternal Lord afterward produced
For men the earth, the ruler Almighty.

Venerable Bede's *Historia Ecclesiastica Gentis Anglorum* (731)

How does the story of Caedmon's birth as a poet enhance the role of song in Northumbrian cultural life?

In this monastery of Whitby there lived a brother whom God's grace made remarkable. So skilful was he in composing religious and devotional songs, that he could quickly turn whatever passages of Scripture were explained to him into delightful and moving poetry in his own English tongue. These verses of his stirred the hearts of many folk to despise the world and aspire to heavenly things And although he followed a secular occupation until well advanced in years, he had never learned anything about poetry: indeed, whenever all those present at a feast took it in turns to sing and entertain the company, he would get up from table and go home directly he saw the harp approaching him.

On one such occasion he had left the house in which the entertainment was being held and went out to the stable, where it was his duty to look after the beasts that night. He lay down there at the appointed time and fell asleep, and in a dream he saw a man standing beside him who called him by name. «Cædmon», – he said, «sing me a song». «I don't know how to sing», – he replied. «It is because I cannot sing that I left the feast and came here». The man who addressed him then said: «But you shall sing to me». «What should I sing about?» – he replied. «Sing about the Creation of all things», – the other answered. And Cædmon immediately began to sing verses in praise of God the Creator that he had never heard before, and their theme ran thus: «Let us praise the Maker of the kingdom of heaven, the power and purpose of our Creator, and the acts of the Father of glory. Let us sing how the eternal God, the author of all marvels, first created the heavens for the sons of men as a roof to cover them, and how their almighty Protector gave them the earth for their dwelling place». This is the general sense, but not the actual words that

Cædmon sang in his dream; for however excellent the verses, it is impossible to translate them from one language into another without losing much of their beauty and dignity. When Cædmon awoke, he remembered everything that he had sung in his dream, and soon added more verses in the same style to the glory of God...

B.C.	A.D.												
100	1	100	200	300	400	500	600	700	800	900	1000	1100	
Caesar's Invasion 55 B.C.	43	Roman Occupation				410	449	Anglo-Saxon Period					1066
												Norman Conquest	

Таблица 1. Периодизация средневековой истории Британии

Table 1. Principal events in British history of the Middle Ages

The Epic of Beowulf (MS. dated ca. 1000)

1) Account of Grendel

See how the poet of Beowulf freely borrows from Caedmon's treatment of the Creation, and integrates it in the characterisation of monstrous Grendel.

Then the potent guest who in darkness dwelt
with difficulty for a time endured
that he each day heard merriment
loud in the hall. There was sound of the harp,
loud song of the gleeman. The scop, who could
the origin of men from far back relate,
told how the Almighty wrought the Earth,
the plain of bright beauty which water embraces;
in victory exulting set Sun and Moon,
beams for light to the dwellers on land;
adorned moreover the regions of Earth
with boughs and leaves; life then created
for every kind that liveth and moveth.

2) Hrothgar's warning to Beowulf about the mere where Grendel's mother dwells

...That secret land
They dwell in, wolf-dens, windy nesses...
...There every night may be seen a dire wonder,
Fire in the flood. None so wise lives
Of the children of men, who knows the bottom.
...Thence surging of waters upwards ascends
Wan to the welkin, when the wind stirs up
The hateful tempest, till air grows gloomy
And skies shed tears...

3) Fight with Grendel's mother

Find example of the following lexical features in the fragment: repetition, periphrasis, and kenning.

By the shoulder then seized he (recked not of her malice)
The lord of the war-Geats, Grendel's mother...
She quickly repaid him again in full
With her fierce grasps, and at him caught;
Then stumbled he weary, of warriors the strongest,
The active champion, so that they fell.
She pressed down the hall-guest,
And drew her dagger, the broad gleaming blade,
Would avenge her son, her only child...

4) Argument with Unferth

Unferth spake, the son of Ecglaf,
Who sat at the feet of the Scyldings' lord,
Unbound the battle-runes. – Beowulf's quest,
Sturdy seafarer's, sorely galled him;
Ever he envied that other men
Should more achieve in middle-earth
Of fame under heaven than he himself. –
«Art thou that Beowulf, Breca's rival,
Who emulous swam on the open sea,
When for pride the pair of you proved the floods,
And wantonly dared in waters deep
to risk your lives? No living man,
or lief or loath, from your labor dire
could you dissuade, from swimming the main.
Ocean-tides with your arms ye covered,

with strenuous hands the sea-streets measured,
swam o'er the waters. Winter's storm
rolled the rough waves. In realm of sea
a sennight strove ye. In swimming he topped thee,
had more of main!»

... Beowulf spake, bairn of Ecgtheow: –
«What a deal hast uttered, dear my Unferth,
drunken with beer, of Breca now,
told of his triumph! Truth I claim it,
that I had more of might in the sea
than any man else..»

5) Characteristic of Hrothulf (as given by his sister Wealhtheow)

Thy Heorot purged,
jewel-hall brightest, enjoy while thou canst,
with many a largess; and leave to thy kin
folk and realm when forth thou goest
to greet thy doom. For gracious I deem
my Hrothulf, willing to hold and rule
nobly our youths, if thou yield up first,
prince of Scyldings, thy part in the world.
I ween with good he will well requite
offspring of ours, when all he minds
that for him we did...

6) Account of Freawaru's planned wedding

... When a thane of the Danes, in that doughty throng,
goes with the lady along their hall,
and on him the old-time heirlooms glisten
hard and ring-decked, Heathobard's treasure,
weapons that once they wielded fair
until they lost at the linden-play
liegeman leal and their lives as well.
Then, over the ale, on this heirloom gazing,
some ash-wielder old who has all in mind
that spear-death of men, – he is stern of mood,
heavy at heart, – in the hero young
tests the temper and tries the soul
and war-hate wakens, with words like these: –
Canst thou not, comrade, ken that sword
which to the fray thy father carried
in his final feud, 'neath the fighting-mask,
dearest of blades, when the Danish slew him
and wielded the war-place on Withergild's fall,

after havoc of heroes, those hardy Scyldings?

**The Battle of Brunanburh (A.D. 937)
Lord Alfred Tennyson's version**

Athelstan King,
Lord among Earls,
Bracelet-bestower and
Baron of Barons;
He with his brother
Edmund Atheling
Gaining a life-long
Glory in battle,
Slew with his sword-edge
There by Brunanburh,
Broke the shield-wall,
Hew'd the lindenwood
Hacked the battleshield,
Sons of Edward with hammer'd brands.
We the West Saxons
Long as the daylight
Lasted, in companies
Troubled the track of the host that we hated.
Grimly with swords that were sharp from the grindstone
Fiercely we hack'd at the flyers before us.
...Then the Norse leader,
Dire was his need of it,
Few were his followers,
Fled to his warship,
Fleeted his vessel to sea with the king in it
Saving his life on the fallow flood.
Also the crafty one,
Constantinus,
Crept to his North again,
Hoar-headed hero!..

The Battle of Maldun (A.D. 991)

The poem deals with East Anglians' defeat in a battle with the Danes. Consequently, its tone is very much different from the previous song of victory. How would a similar incident have been treated in the

Byrhtnoth spake, his shield raised aloft,
Wrathful and resolute did he give the answer:
«Hear now you, pirate, what these people say?»
...Sea-thieves' messenger, deliver back in reply,

tell your people this spiteful message,
that here stands undaunted an Earl with his band of men
who will defend our homeland,
Aethelred's country, the lord of my
People and land. Fall shall you
Heathen in battle! To us would be shameful
That you with our coin to your ships should get away
Without a fight...

(after Byrhtnoth's death on the battlefield):

Byrhtwold spake, shield raised aloft –
He was an old retainer – and brandished his spear:
«Our hearts must grow resolute, our courage more valiant,
our spirit must be greater, as our strength grows less...»

**4. Литература норманнского периода (XIII–XIV вв.)
Развитие национальных поэтических жанров
(Language Development and Verse Change
in the Norman Period)**

Cuckoo Song, ca. 1250

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, well singes thu, cuccu:
Ne swike thu naver nu;
Sing cuccu, nu, sing cuccu,
Sing cuccu, sing cuccu, nu!

Alisoun (ca.1300)

Conventional as it may seem, the poetic apostrophe to maiden Alisoun (c. 1250) betrays to us more of the raw youth than of the object of his yearning. Show this in the diction of the verse.

Bytuene Mershe ant Averil
When spray biginneth to spring,
The lutel foul hath hire wyl

On hyre lud to synge:
Ich libbe in love-longinge
For semlokest of alle thynges,
He may me blisse bringe,
Icham in hire bandoun.
*An hendy hap ichabbe y-hent,
Ichor from hevene it is me sent,
From alle wymmen my love is lent
Ant lyht on Alisoun.*
On heu hire her is fayr ynoh,
Hire browe broune, hire eye blake;
With lossum chere he on me loh;
With middel smal ant wel y-make...

The Owl and the Nightingale (c. 1200)

In didactic verse, this early XIV century debate betrays the poet's inability to remain impartial. He *does* take sides, so you can decide which of the birds has stronger arguments.

(NIGHTINGALE'S SONG)

The Nightingale began the speech,
Snug in a corner of a beech;
She sat upon a pretty bough.
<And> sang in many kinds of ways.
It rather seemed the sound I heard
Was harp and pipe than song of bird;
For rather seemed the sound to float
From harp and pipe than from bird's throat.

(OWL'S RESPONSE)

«And yet thou sayest another thing,
And tellest me I cannot sing,
That all my song is mourning drear,
Thou chatterest like an Irish priest...
A fearsome sound for men to hear.
That is not sooth; my voice is true,
And full and loud, sonorous too.
Thou thinkest ugly every note
Unlike the thinness from thy throat.
My voice is bold and not forlorn,
It soundeth like a mighty horn;
...Better I sing than thou at least;

I do men good thus with my throat,
And help them with my warning note...
«Every good its grace may lose
By lack of measure and by abuse».

(NIGHTTINGALE)

Then singest thou from eve till morrow.
But I all gladness with me bring,
All men are happy when I sing;
They all rejoice when I appear,
And hope for me another year.
Blossoms begin to spring and grow...

**5. Народные баллады позднего средневековья
(Traditional Scottish and English Ballads (XIV–XV cc.))**

The Twa Corbies

This is one of the earliest ballads about birds of ill omen, from the times when the genre canon had not emerged yet. What you can see here is prevalence of dialogue, reliance on fixed descriptors, and lack of psychological treatment.

As I was walking all alane,
I heard twa corbies making a mane;
The tane unto the t'other say,
«Where sall we gang and dine to-day?»
«In behint yon auld fail dyke,
I wot there lies a new slain knight»;
And naebody kens that he lies there,
But his hawk, his hound, and lady fair.
«His hound is to the hunting gane»,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady's ta'en another mate,
So we can mak our dinner sweet.
«Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,
And I'll pike out his bonny blue een»;
Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair
We'll theek our nest when it grows bare.
«Mony a one for him makes mane,
But nane sall ken where he is gane;
O'er his white banes, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair».

The Three Ravens

In this variant, a similar event is treated as a cause to admire and remember. How is the treatment of chivalry different from *The Twa Corbies*.

There were three rauens sat on a tree,
They were as black as they might be.
The one of them said to his mate,
«Where shall we our breakfast take?»
«Down in yonder greene field,
There lies a knight slain vunder his shield».
«His hounds they lie down at his feete»,
So well they can their master keepe.
«His haukes they flie so eagerly,
There's no fowle dare him come nie»
Down there comes a fallow doe,
As great with yong as she might goe.
She lift vp his bloody hed,
And kist his wounds that were so red.
She got him up upon her backe,
And carried him to earthen lake.
She buried him before the prime,
She was dead herselfe ere euen-song time.
God send euery gentleman,
Such haukes, such hounds, and such a leman.

Barbara Allen's Cruelty

The formal requirements of the ballad canon are all to be found in this tale, which probably has the greatest number of popular variants (including those set in North America and in Australia). List them in this order:

- metrical;
- structural;
- related to conflict choice;
- characterization techniques;
- diction.

What prediction can you make concerning the fates of the personages here?

In Scarlet Town, where I was born,
There was a fair maid dwellin',
Made every youth cry 'Well-a-way!'

Her name was Barbara Allen.
All in the merry month of May,
When green buds they were swellin',
Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay,
For love of Barbara Allen.
He sent his man in to her then,
To the town where she was dwellin',
'O haste and come to my master dear,
If your name be Barbara Allen.'
So slowly, slowly rose she up,
And slowly she came nigh him,
And when she drew the curtain by –
'Young man, I think you're dyin'....

A Later 'Raven' Ballad

What genre requirements of the traditional ballad did Edgar A. Poe disregard in his famous *The Raven* (1845)?

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore –
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of someone gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
«Tis some visitor», – I muttered, – «tapping at my chamber door –
Only this and nothing more».

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December;
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; – vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow – sorrow for the lost Lenore –
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels call Lenore –
Nameless *here* for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me, filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
...Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
...Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore,
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door -
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door -
Perched, and sat, and nothing more...

1000	1100	1200	1300	1400	1500
1066 Norman Conquest	Norman Rule 1154	Plantagenet Rule	1399	1461 Lancaster Rule	1485 York Rule
		1215 Magna Carta	1265 Representative Parliament		
	Crusades		Wars with Scotland	100-Years War	Wars of Roses
Feudalism		Chivalry Flourishes		Feudalism Declining	
			Growth of Towns		
			<i>English and Scottish Ballads</i>		
	?				
	1110	<i>Early Miracle Plays</i>	<i>Cycles of Miracle Plays Acted by Guilds</i>		
			Gothic Cathedrals		<i>Morality Plays Everyman</i>
		<i>Romances in verse and prose</i>			? 1470 Malory
			1313? 1400? Langland		
			1340? 1400 Chaucer		

Таблица 2. Периодизация истории Британии XI-XIV вв.

Table 2. Principal events in British history of the late Middle Ages

6. Роль У. Лэнгленда и Дж. Чосера в создании общенациональной литературы (The Emergence of a National Standard in Language and Literary Style)

William Langland (ca. 1332 – ca. 1386)

The Vision of Piers Ploughman (ca. 1360–1387)

The Field Full of Folk (Prologue)

Langland alliterated more loosely, yet also sometimes more densely than Old English versification had allowed. Show how this was made possible by the changed structure of Middle English (preserved in the translation).

1) In a summer season, when soft was the sun,
In rough cloth I robed me, as if I a shepherd were,
In habit like a hermit in his works unholy,
And through the wide world I went, wonders to hear.
But on a May morning, on Malvern Hills,
A marvel befell me...

The statement of the subject-matter has some similarity with the syncretism of national epic poems. But the poet's choices are quite personal, considering his social position and attitudes. How are they revealed in the following excerpts?

2) All the world's weal, all the world's woe,
Truth and trickery, treason and guile,
All I saw sleeping...
Rich and poor, all manner of men,
Working and wandering as in the world we must.
Some were for ploughing, and played full seldom,
Set their seed and sowed their seed, and sweated hard.
To win what wastrels with gluttony destroy

3) Pilgrims and palmers' plighted together,
To seek St. James in Spain, and St. Peter in Rome;
They went upon their way with many a wise tale,
And have leave to lie all their life after.
I saw some of them. O, they had gone the pilgrimage,
Each told a different tale – every one a lie –
Their tongues turned to lying, and not to truth.

Langland had a supreme gift of nailing down a character in a couple of lines (it is reappearing detailed personages whom he found difficult to control, like Piers). Compare this Pardoner with the one Chaucer sent on pilgrimage to Canterbury. Which of them arouses more acute disgust in the reader?

Look there, a Pardoner, preaching like a priest,
A papal bull he brought, sealed by the bishop,
He can assoil them all, of fasting, falsehood, and of broken vows.
...The simple fools believed him, loved his words,
Came and knelt and kissed his bull,
He bunched his letters in their faces and blinded their eyes,
And his parchment roll robbed them of rings and brooches.
...Thus, men, ye give your gold to keep gluttons going,
And lend it to loafers that follow lechery...
...If the bishop were holy and worth both his ears,
He would not send his seal to deceive the people,
But against the bishop your Pardoner preaches not,
For the parson and the Pardoner share the sermon-silver,
Which the parish poor would get if the Pardoner were away.

Geoffrey Chaucer (c. 1340–1400)

The Canterbury Tales (1390s)

In the *Common Prologue* (tr. Neville Coghill) the pronouns are omitted so you can make a choice between the genders. Also, define the pilgrim and his/her traits overtly described in the Prologue, and those kept until later in the book's course.

1) ... truly knew Christ's gospel, and would preach it
Devoutly to parishioners, and teach it
Wide was ... parish, with houses far asunder,
Yet ... neglected not in rain or thunder,
In sickness or in grief, to pay a call
On the remotest whether great or small.

2) At meat ... manners were well-taught withal;
No morsel from ... lips did ... let fall,
Nor dipped ... fingers in the sauce too deep.
For courtliness ... had a special zest.

3) ... was of sovereign value in all eyes.
And though so much distinguished, ... was wise
And in his bearing modest as a maid
... never yet a boorish word had said
In all ... life to any, come what might
... was a true, a perfect gentle ...

4) In all the parish not a dame dared stir
Towards the altar steps in front of ...,
And if indeed they did, so wrath was ...
As to be quite put out of charity...
...'d had five husbands, all at the church door,
Apart from other company in youth...

5) The horse ... had was leaner than a rake,
And ... was not too fat, I undertake.
... thought far more of having by his bed
... twenty books all bound in black and red,
Of Aristotle and philosophy
Than of gay music, fiddles or finery.
Though a philosopher, as I have told,
... had not found the stone for making gold.

Account for the sequence of the pilgrims in the Prologue and in the body of the book (the order in which they tell their tales). Continue with the chart.

Таблица 1

	Prologue	Tales	Reasons for change
1)	<i>Knight</i>	<i>Knight</i>	
2)	<i>Squire</i>	?	
3)	?	<i>Reeve</i>	
4)	?	?	

The Pardoner's Prologue

'That trick's been worth a hundred marks a year
Since I became a Pardoner, never fear.
I stand up in my pulpit with a frown
Like any priest, and when they've all sat down
I preach upon the text you heard before
And tell a hundred lying mockeries more.
I take great pains, and stretching out my neck
To east and west I crane about and peck
Just like a pigeon sitting on a barn.
My hands and tongue together spin the yarn
And all my antics are a joy to see.
The curse of avarice and cupidity
Is all my sermon, for it frees the pelf.
Out come the pence, and specially for myself,
For my exclusive purpose is to win
And not at all to castigate their sin.
Once dead what matter how their souls may fare?
'But let me briefly make my purpose plain;
I preach for nothing but for greed of gain
And use the same old text, as bold as brass,
Radix malorum est cupidihis.
The vice on which I pour my emphasis
Is what I live by, namely avarice.
And yet however guilty of that sin
Myself, with others I have power to win
Them from it, I can bring them to repent;
But that is not my principal intent.

From the Pardoner's Conclusion

...O cursed sin! o blackguardly excess!
O treacherous homicide! O wickedness!
O gluttony that lusted on and diced!
O blasphemy that took the name of Christ
With habit-hardened oaths that pride began!
Alas, how comes it that a mortal man,
That thou, to thy Creator, Him that wrought thee,
That paid His precious blood for thee and bought thee,
Art so unnatural and false within?
Dearly beloved, God forgive your sin
And keep you from the vice of avarice!

**7. Средневековые миракли
и появление комедийных приемов в драме
(Mystery Plays as a Step in the Development
of Comic Theatre (XIV c.))**

Second Shepherd's Pageant (Wakefield, XIII c.)

In the trivial dialogues spoken by four shepherds we see their everyday joys and problems (who has been stealing my sheep?)

1 Shepherd. Thy sheep have pasture good, they cannot go wrong.

2 Shep. That is right. By the Rood, these nights are long!

Yet I would, ere we yode, one gave us a song.

1 Shep. So I thought as I stood, to mirth us among.

(In Mac's hut (he is a thief of sheep!), his crime is revealed

3rd Shep.: The child will not sleep, that little star; Mak, let me give your baby a sixpence.

Mak: Nay, do not! He sleeps.

3rd Shep.: Methinks he peeps.

Mak: When he wakes he weeps.

I pray ye go away.

3rd Shep.: Let me give him a kiss, and lift up his cap.

What the devil is this? He has a long snout.

**8. Английская литература эпохи Возрождения
(комедия и трагедия)**

The Elizabethan Theatre

Thomas Norton (1532–1584) and Thomas Sackville (1536–1608)

Gorboduc (1563)

Read this Argument to the first Elizabethan tragedy, and say whether the events promised intrigue the reader.

Gorboduc, king of Britain, divided his Realm in his lifetime to his Sons, Ferrex and Porrex. The Sons fell to division and dissention. The younger killed the elder. The Mother that more dearly loved the elder, for revenge killed the younger. The people, moved with the Cruelty of the fact, rose in Rebellion and slew both father and mother. The Nobility assembled and most terribly destroyed the Rebels. And afterwards for want of Issue ... the Succession of the Crown became uncer-

tain. They fell to Civil war in which both they and many of their Issues were slain, and the Land for a long time almost desolate and miserably wasted.

The evil-minded Queen is considering suicide. How does her predicament resemble Hamlet's, or Macbeth's?

Queen Videna:

Why should I live, and linger forth my time
In longer life to double my distress?
O me, most woeful wight, whom no mishap
Long ere this day could have bereaved hence.
Might not these hands, by fortune or by fate,
Have pierced this breast, and life with iron reft?

For mysterious reasons, the queen dotes on Ferrex and dislikes Porrex. Addressing her pet son, she urges him to revenge... on his father. Judge the verse quality in this dialogue.

Videna: ... my mishap and thine.

Ferrex: Mine know I none, but grief for your distresses.

Videna: Yes: mine for thine my son: A father? no:
In kind a father, but not in kindliness.

Ferrex: My father: why? I know nothing at all;
Wherein I have misdome unto his Grace...

But the concluding line of Gorboduc can compare to the most effective curtain fall in a Shakespeare tragedy. Try at random.

Divided Reigns do make divided hearts,
But Peace preserves the Country and the Prince.

Christopher Marlowe (1564–1593)

Tamburlaine the Great (1587).

who, from a Scythian Shepherd, by his rare and wonderful Conquests, became a most puissant und mighty Monarch. And (for his tyranny, and terror in War) was termed, The Scourge of God

The tragic heroes of Marlowe are always possessors and victims of a destructive passion. With Doctor Faustus, it is the desire to know. Tamburlaine merely wants to conquer Asia. But his address to Nature contains the most daring aspirations of Renaissance people. What did they want to achieve single-handedly?

Nature, that framed us of four elements
Warring within each breast for regiment
Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds;
Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend
The wondrous architecture of the world
And measure every planet's wandering course,
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
And always moving in the restless spheres,
Wills us to wear ourselves and never rest
Until we reach the sweetest fruit of all,
That perfect bliss and sole felicity,
The sweet fruition of an earthly crown.

Dramatic Techniques of William Shakespeare (1564–1616)

The Taming of the Shrew (before 1594)

Being an early product of Shakespeare's mind, *The Taming* sometimes shows his defeats, as here, where Lucentio introduces himself most clumsily and unnaturally, addressing his own old servant (as if Tranio were a member of the theatre audience and actually *needed* this information). Contrast this with the opening phrases of *Hamlet*, or another mature play.

1) Lucentio: Here let us breathe, and haply institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies.
**Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio,** come of the Bentivolii;
Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds....

In Shakespeare's early comedies, even very dull characters display a great love for punning (old and ineffective Gremio, expressing his fear of Catherine).

2) Baptista: Leave shall you have **to court her** at your pleasure.
Gremio: **To cart her rather.** She's too rough for me.
The hero has to be brave and witty. What does Petruchio's wit resort to, to render shrew Katherine more pliable?

3) Petruchio: You lie, in faith, for you are call'd plain Kate,

And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
 But, Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
 Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
 For dainties are all Kates, and therefore, Kate,
 Take this of me, Kate of my consolation –
 Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
 Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
 Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.
Katherine: Mov'd! in good time! Let him that mov'd you hither
Remove you hence. I knew you at the first
 You were a *moveable*.
Petruchio: Why, **what's a moveable?**
Katherina: A join'd-stool.
Petruchio: Thou hast hit it. Come, sit on me.
Katherina: Asses are made *to bear*, and so are you.
Petruchio: **Women are made to bear**, and so are you.

Eloquence in Renaissance lyric often springs from contrast (remember the juxtapositions in Sonnet 130). Why does the bold suitor resort to shameless lies about the girl's temper and habits? What reaction does he expect?

4) For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
 But slow in speech, yet sweet as springtime flowers.
 Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
 Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
 Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;
 But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers;
 With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?
O sland'rous world!

A monologue usually comes in handy when the playwright cannot lead us to a very shocking or most intimate scene? What might the scene have lost if represented by many actors? This is Petrucchio coming to marry Katharina.

5) ... he stamp'd and swore
 As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
 But after many ceremonies done
 He calls for wine: 'A health!' quoth he, as if
 He had been abroad, carousing to his mates
 After a storm; quaff'd off the muscadel,
 And threw the sops all in the sexton's face,

Having no other reason
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck,
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack
That at the parting all the church did echo.

**Can this exchange of arguments bear witness to Katharina's taming?
Why did the writer need Hortensio as a witness?**

6) Petruchio: Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Katherina: The moon? The sun! It is not moonlight now.

Petruchio: I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

Katherina: I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

Petruchio: Now by my mother's son, and that's myself,

It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,

Or ere I journey to your father's house.

Go on and fetch our horses back again.

Evermore cross'd and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!

Hortensio: Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Katherina: Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,

And be it moon, or sun, or what you please;

And if you please to call it a rush-candle,

Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Petruchio: I say it is the moon.

Katherina: I know it is the moon.

Petruchio: Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.

Katherina: Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun;

But sun it is not, when you say it is not;

And the moon changes even as your mind.

What you will have it nam'd, even that it is,

And so it shall be so for Katherine.

Twelfth Night, or What You Will (early 1600 s)

Name the speaker and the addressee, and clarify the contexts for the following quotations:

- 1) That strain again; it had a dying fall.
- 2) O time! thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie!
- 3) I am sure care's an enemy to life.
- 4) Trip no further, pretty sweetening;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting.

- 5) I wish I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in dancing...
- 6) Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?
- 7) Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm
Than women's are.
- 8) I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too.
- 9) And some have greatness thrust upon them.
- 10) To bed? Aye, sweetheart.
- 11) I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him.
- 12) Thus the whirlygig of Time brings in his revenges.

Consider the functions of the above-printed cues. Which of them

- **characterise the speaker?**
- **summarise the previous scene's events?**
- **set the audience in a desired mood?**

Barnabe Riche His Farewell to the Military Profession (1581)

This soldier and translator from Italian used a similar story about twins severed and reunited, a brother, and a sister (Apolonius and Silla) and commented on lovers' mistakes produced by their passions in such words:

Wherefore, right curteous gentilwomen, if it please you with pacience to per-sue this historie following, you shall see Dame Errour so plai her parte with a leish of lovers, a male and twoo females, as shall worke a wonder to your wise judgement, in notyng the effects of their amorous devises and conclusions of their actions: the fyrste neglecting the love of a noble dame, young, beautiful, and faire, who only for his good will played the part of a serving manne... The lovers is so estranged from what is righte, and wandereth so wide from the boundes of reason, that he is not able to deeme white from blacke, good from badde, vertue from vice... Also the younglings of our cuntry in reding my endeavor maye break the sleepe of their long follye, and retire at last to amendment of life.

Can the spectators of Shakespeare's comedy draw a similar lesson from the love stories of Orsino and Viola? Or Olivia and Sebastian?

Richard III (1591)

Richard Gloucester had been a background villain in the plays from Henry VI's reign. In this sequel, he completely steal the picture, displaying the multitude of his malicious motives and sadistic resource. What language means help him to poeticize his own criminal plans here?

Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester solus.

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this son of York;
And all the clouds that low'r'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd War hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now, in stead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them –
Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to see my shadow in the sun
And descant on mine own deformity.
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
I am determin'd to prove a villain
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the King
In deadly hate the one against the other;
And if King Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up
About a prophecy, which says that G
Of Edward's heirs the murder shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul, here Clarence comes!

Tragic Heroes' Monologues

The first monologue here is that of exiled King Lear, lashed and beaten by the unruly elements of nature. What do we learn about Soliloquisers 2-5?

1) Poor naked wretches, whereso'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just. (*King Lear*, III iv 28–36)

2) To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last **syllable** of recorded time;
And all our **yesterdays have lighted** fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, **brief candle!**
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor **player**,
That struts and frets his hour upon the **stage**,
And then is heard no more: it is a **tale**
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

3) 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 will dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial **pageant** faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

4) Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; today he puts forth
The **tender leaves** of hope, tomorrow blossoms,
And bears his **blushing** honours **thick** upon him:
The third day comes a **frost**, a killing frost.
...O, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!
There is betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes and their ruin,

More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
 And when he falls, he falls like **Lucifer**,
 Never to hope again.
 5) ...O, now, for ever,
 Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
 Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
 That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
 Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
 The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
 The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
 And, O you mortal engines, whose **rude throats**
 The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
 Farewell! 's occupation's gone!

Dialogue opening of *The Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark* (1600)

The dialogue of Shakespeare seems to be closest to spoken English of his day when it is in blank verse. Comment on illustrations in any verse opening, like this.

Enter *Barnardo* and *Francisco*, two sentinels, [meeting].

Bar. Who's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me. Stand and unfold yourself.

Bar. Long live the King!

Fran. Barnardo.

Bar. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour...

Tragedy Closings

There was a formal requirement in the classical Greek tragedy that some mouthpiece of authority (or a deity) should pronounce judgement on the deaths that have happened in the course of the play. Is it always in keeping with the characters of Shakespeare?

1) Mark Antony eulogizes Brutus

His life was gentle, and the elements
 So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
 And say to all the world, «This was a man!»

2) Fortinbras

Let four captains
 Bear Hamlet like a soldier to the stage,
 For he was likely, had he been put on,

To have prov'd most royal; and for his passage,
The soldiers' music and the rite of war
Speak loudly for him.
Take up the bodies. Such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
Go bid the soldiers shoot.

Voltaire: from *Dissertation sur la Tragédie* (1748)

Voltaire introduced Shakespeare to the French reading public, yet his Classicist taste did not approve of Elizabethan dramatic habits. What amuses or disgusts the critic in *Hamlet*?

Englishmen believe in ghosts no more than the Romans did yet they take pleasure in the tragedy of Hamlet, in which the ghost of a king appears on the stage... Far be it from me to justify everything in that tragedy; it is a vulgar and barbarous drama, which would not be tolerated by the vilest populace of France, or Italy. Hamlet becomes crazy in the second act, and his mistress becomes crazy in the third; the prince slays the father of his mistress under the pretence of killing a rat, and the heroine throws herself into the river, a grave is dug on the stage, and the grave-diggers talk quodlibets worthy of themselves, while holding skulls in their hands; Hamlet responds to their nasty vulgarities in silliness no less disgusting. In the meanwhile another of the actors conquers Poland. Hamlet, his mother, and his father-in-law, carouse on the stage; songs are sung at table; there is quarrelling, fighting, killing – one would imagine this piece to be the work of a drunken savage. But amidst all these vulgar irregularities, which to this day make the English drama so absurd and so barbarous, there are to be found in Hamlet, by a bizarrerie still greater, some sublime passages, worthy of the greatest genius. It seems as though nature had mingled in the brain of Shakespeare the greatest conceivable strength and grandeur with whatsoever witless vulgarity can devise that is lowest and most detestable.

Samuel Johnson (1709–1784) as a Critic of Shakespeare

Dr. Johnson, the acknowledged legislator in XVIII c. literary tastes, did a lot of Shakespeare editing. What can you imagine this critic changing in the characters and actions of *Macbeth* or *Othello*?

1) Preface to the Shakespeare Edition (1765)

The plots are often so loosely formed, that a very slight consideration may improve them, and so carelessly pursued, that he seems not always fully to comprehend his own design. He omits opportunities of instructing or delighting which the train of

his story seems to force upon him, and apparently rejects those exhibitions which would be more affecting, for the sake of those which are more easy <...>

2) Notes on Shakespeare

General observation: If the dramas of Shakespeare were to be characterized each by the particular excellence that distinguishes it from the rest, we must allow to the tragedy of *Hamlet* the praise of variety. The incidents are so numerous that the argument of the play would make a long tale. The scenes are interchangeably diversified with merriment and solemnity; with merriment that includes judicious and instructive observations, and solemnity not strained by poetical violence above the natural sentiments of man. New characters appear from time to time in continual succession, exhibiting various forms of life and particular modes of conversation. The pretended madness of Hamlet causes much mirth, the mournful distraction of Ophelia fills the heart with tenderness, and every personage produces the effect intended, from the apparition in the first act that chills the blood with horror to the fop in the last that exposes affectation to just contempt.

The conduct is perhaps not wholly secure against objections. The action is indeed for the most part in continual progression, but there are some scenes which neither forward or retard it. Of the feigned madness of Hamlet there appears no adequate cause, for he does nothing which he might not have done with the reputation of sanity. He plays the madman most when he treats Ophelia with so much rudeness, which seems to be useless and wanton cruelty.

Hamlet is, through the whole play, rather an instrument than an agent. After he has, by the stratagem of the play, convicted the king, he makes no attempt to punish him, and his death is at last effected by an incident which Hamlet has no part in producing.

Polonius is a man bred in courts, exercised in business, stored with observation, confident in his knowledge, proud of his eloquence, and declining into dotage. His mode of oratory is truly represented as designed to ridicule the practice of those times, of prefaces that made no introduction, and of method that embarrassed rather than explained. This part of his character is accidental, the rest is natural. Such a man is positive and confident, because he knows that his mind was once strong, and knows not that it is become weak. Such a man excels in general principles, but fails in the particular application. He is knowing in retrospect, and ignorant in foresight. While he depends upon his memory, and can draw from his repositories of knowledge, he utters weighty sentences, and gives useful counsel; but as the mind in its enfeebled state cannot be kept long busy and interested, the old man is subject to sudden dereliction of his faculties, he loses the order of his ideas, and entangles himself in his own thoughts, till he recovers the leading principle, and falls again into his former train. This idea of dotage encroaching upon wisdom will solve all the phenomena of the character of Polonius.

Thomas De Quincey. On the Knocking at the Gate in *Macbeth* (1823)

The Romanticists admired Elizabethan drama for the complexity of characters. What did De Quincey discover in *Macbeth* that allowed him to draw topical parallels?

From my boyish days I had always felt a great perplexity on one point in *Macbeth*. It was this: The knocking at the gate which succeeds to the murder of Duncan produced to my feelings an effect for which I never could account. The effect was that it reflected back upon the murderer a peculiar awfulness and a depth of solemnity; yet, however obstinately I endeavoured with my understanding to comprehend this, for many years I never could see why it should produce such effect...

In fact, my understanding said positively that it could not produce any effect. But I knew better; I felt that it did; and I waited and clung to the problem until further knowledge should enable me to solve it. At length, in 1812, Mr. Williams made his debut on the stage of Ratcliffe Highway, and executed those unparalleled murders which have procured for him such a brilliant and undying reputation. On which murders, by the way, I must observe that in one respect they have had an ill effect, by making the connoisseur in murder very fastidious in his taste, and dissatisfied by anything that has been since done in that line. All other murders look pale by the deep crimson of his; and, as an amateur once said to me in a querulous tone, «There has been absolutely nothing doing since his time, or nothing that's worth speaking of». But this is wrong; for it is unreasonable to expect all men to be great artists, and born with the genius of Mr. Williams. Now, it will be remembered that in the first of these murders (that of the Marrs) the same incident (of a knocking at the door after the work of extermination was complete) did actually occur which the genius of Shakespeare has invented; and all good judges, and the most eminent dilettanti, acknowledged the felicity of Shakespeare's suggestion as soon as it was actually realized. Here, then, was a fresh proof that I was right in relying on my own feeling, in opposition to my understanding; and I again set myself to study the problem. At length I solved it to my own satisfaction; and my solution is this:

Murder, in ordinary cases, where the sympathy is wholly directed to the case of the murdered person, is an incident of coarse and vulgar horror; and for this reason – that it flings the interest exclusively upon the natural but ignoble instinct by which we cleave to life: an instinct which, as being indispensable to the primal law of self-preservation, is the same in kind (though different in degree) amongst all living creatures. This instinct, therefore, because it annihilates all distinctions, and degrades the greatest of men to the level of «the poor beetle that we tread on», exhibits human nature in its most abject and humiliating attitude. Such an attitude would little suit the purposes of the poet. What then must he do? He must throw the interest on the murderer. Our sympathy must be with him (of course I mean a sympathy of comprehension, a sympathy by which we enter into his feelings, and are made to understand them – not a sympathy of pity or approbation). In the mur-

dered person, all strife of thought, all flux and reflux of passion and of purpose are crushed by one overwhelming panic; the fear of instant death smites him «with its petrific mace». But in the murderer, such a murderer as a poet will condescend to, there must be raging some great storm of passion – jealousy, ambition, vengeance, hatred – which will create a hell within him; and into this hell we fire to look.

In *Macbeth*, for the sake of gratifying his own enormous and teeming faculty of creation, Shakespeare has introduced two murderers: and, as usual in his hands, they are remarkably discriminated: but – though in *Macbeth* the strife of mind is greater than in his wife, the tiger spirit not so awake, and his feelings caught chiefly by contagion from her – yet, as both were finally involved in the guilt of murder, the murderous mind is of necessity to be presumed in both. This was to be expressed; and, on its own account, as well as to make it a more proportionable antagonist to the unoffending nature of their victim, «the gracious Duncan», and adequately to expound «the deep damnation of his taking-off», this was to be expressed with peculiar energy. We were to be made to feel that the human nature – i.e., the divine nature of love and mercy, spread through the hearts of all creatures, and seldom utterly withdrawn from man – was gone, vanished, extinct, and that the fiendish nature had taken its place. And as tills effect is marvellously accomplished in the dialogues and soliloquies themselves, so it is finally consummated by the expedient under consideration; and it is to this that I now solicit the reader's attention. If the reader has ever witnessed a wife, daughter, or sister in a fainting fit, he may chance to have observed that the most affecting moment in such a spectacle is that in which a sigh and a stirring announce the recommencement of suspended life. Or if the reader has ever been present in a vast metropolis on the day when some great national idol was carried ill funeral pomp to his grave, and, chancing to walk near the course through which it passed, has felt powerfully, in the silence and desertion of the streets, and in the stagnation of ordinary business, the deep interest which at that moment was possessing the heart of man – if all at once lie should hear the deathlike stillness broken up by the sound of wheels rattling away from the scene, and making known that the transitory vision was dissolved, he will be aware that at no moment was his sense of the complete suspension and pause in ordinary human concerns so full and affecting as at that moment when the suspension ceases, and the goings-on of human life are suddenly resumed. All action in any direction is best expounded, measured, and made apprehensible, by reaction. Now, apply this to the case in *Macbeth*. Here, as I have said, the retiring of the human heart and the entrance of the fiendish heart was to be expressed and made sensible. Another world has stepped in; and the murderers are taken out of the region of human things, human purposes, human desires. They are transfigured: Lady *Macbeth* is «un-sexed»; *Macbeth* has forgot that he was born of woman; both are conformed to the image of devils; and the world of devils is suddenly revealed. But how shall this be conveyed and made palpable? In order that a new world may step in, this world must for a time disappear. The murderers and the murder must be insulated—cut off by an immeasurable gulf from the ordinary tide and succession of human affairs – locked up and sequestered in some deep recess; we must be

made sensible that the world of ordinary life is suddenly arrested, laid asleep, tranced, racked into a dread armistice; time must be annihilated, relation to things without abolished; and all must pass selfwithdrawn into a deep syncope and suspension of earthly passion. Hence it is that, when the deed is done, when the work of darkness is perfect, then the world of darkness passes away like a pageantry in the clouds: the knocking at the gate is heard, and it makes known audibly-that the reaction has commenced; the human has made its reflux upon the fiendish; the pulses of life are beginning to beat again; and the re-establishment of the goings-on of the world in which we live first makes us profoundly sensible of the awful parenthesis that had suspended them.

O mighty poet! Thy works are not as those of other men, simply and merely great work of art, but are also like the phenomena of nature, like the sun and the sea, the stars and the flowers, like frost and snow, rain and dew, hailstorm and thunder, which are to be studied with entire submission of our own faculties, and in the perfect faith that in them there can be no too much or too little, nothing useless or inert, but that, the farther we press in our discoveries, the more we shall see proofs of design and self-supporting arrangement where the careless eye had seen nothing but accident!

Sigmund Freud. Some Character-Types Met with in Psycho-analytical Work (1916)

Twentieth-century interpretations of classical literature were often interdisciplinary. What did the famous psychiatrist achieve by applying his findings to the speeches of Macbeth and his wife and accomplice in crime?

Analytic work has no difficulty in showing us that it is forces of conscience which forbid the subject to gain the long-hoped-for advantage from the fortunate change in reality. It is a difficult task, however, to discover the essence and origin of these judging and punishing trends, which so often surprise us by their existence where we do not expect to find them. For the usual reasons I shall not discuss what we know or conjecture on the point in relation to cases of clinical observation, but in relation to figures which great writers have created from the wealth of their knowledge of the mind.

We may take as an example of a person who collapses on reaching success, after striving for it with single-minded energy, the figure of Shakespeare's Lady Macbeth. Beforehand there is no hesitation, no sign of any internal conflict in her, no endeavour but that of overcoming the scruples of her ambitious and yet tender-minded husband. She is ready to sacrifice even her womanliness to her murderous intention, without reflecting on the decisive part which this womanliness must play when the question afterwards arises of preserving the aim of her ambition, which has been attained through a crime.

Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thought, unsex me here
... Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers! (I v 41)
... I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe below that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this. (I vii 54)

One solitary faint stirring of reluctance comes over her before the deed:
... Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done it ... (II ii 14)

Then, when she has become Queen through the murder of Duncan, she betrays for a moment something like disappointment, something like disillusionment. We cannot tell why.

... Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy. (III ii 4)

Nevertheless, she holds out. In the banqueting scene which follows on these words, she alone keeps her head, cloaks her husband's state of confusion and finds a pretext for dismissing the guests. And then she disappears from view. We next see her in the sleep-walking scene in the last Act, fixated to the impressions of the night of the murder. Once again, as then, she seeks to put heart into her husband:

'Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?' (V I 40)

She hears the knocking at the door, which terrified her husband after the deed. But at the same time she strives to «undo the deed which cannot be undone». She washes her hands, which are blood-stained and smell of blood, and is conscious of the futility of the attempt. She who had seemed so remorseless seems to have been borne down by remorse. When she dies, Macbeth, who meanwhile has become as inexorable as she had been in the beginning, can only find a brief epitaph for her:

She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word. (V v 17)

And now we ask ourselves what it was that broke this character which had seemed forged from the toughest metal? Is it only disillusionment – the different aspect shown by the accomplished deed – and are we to infer that even in Lady Macbeth an originally gentle and womanly nature had been worked up to a concentration and high tension which could not endure for long, or ought we to seek for signs of a deeper motivation which will make this collapse more humanly intelligible to us?

It seems to me impossible to come to any decision. Shakespeare's *Macbeth* is a *pièce d'occasion*, written for the accession of James, who had hitherto been

King of Scotland. The plot was ready-made, and had been handled by other contemporary writers, whose work Shakespeare probably made use of in his customary manner. It offered remarkable analogies to the actual situation. The «virginal» Elizabeth, of whom it was rumoured that she had never been capable of child-bearing and who had once described herself as «a barren stock», in an anguished outcry at the news of James's birth, was obliged by this very childlessness of hers to make the Scottish king her successor. And he was the son of the Mary Stuart whose execution she, even though reluctantly, had ordered, and who, in spite of the clouding of their relations by political concerns, was nevertheless of her blood and might be called her guest.

The accession of James I was like a demonstration of the curse of unfruitfulness and the blessings of continuous generation. And the action of Shakespeare's *Macbeth* is based on this same contrast.

The Weird Sisters assured Macbeth that he himself should be king, but to Banquo they promised that his children should succeed to the crown. Macbeth is incensed by this decree of destiny. He is not content with the satisfaction of his own ambition. He wants to found a dynasty – not to have murdered for the benefit of strangers. This point is overlooked if Shakespeare's play is regarded only as a tragedy of ambition. It is clear that Macbeth cannot live for ever, and thus there is but one way for him to invalidate the part of the prophecy which opposes him – namely, to have children himself who can succeed him. And he seems to expect them from his indomitable wife:

Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males ... (I vii 72)

And equally it is clear that if he is deceived in this expectation he must submit to destiny; otherwise his actions lose all purpose and are transformed into the blind fury of one doomed to destruction, who is resolved to destroy beforehand all that he can reach. We watch Macbeth pass through this development, and at the height of the tragedy we hear Macduff's shattering cry, which has so often been recognized to be ambiguous and which may perhaps contain the key to the change in Macbeth:

He has no children! (IV iii 216)

There is no doubt that this means: «Only because he is himself childless could he murder my children.» But more may be implied in it...

From Boris Pasternak's *Autobiography*

Textual research was predominant in the 1920 s – 1930 s, and this was most fruitful for translators, such as Pasternak. Find examples of rhythm characterisation from a tragedy you have read.

Shakespeare's use of rhythm is clearest in *Hamlet*, where it serves a triple purpose. It is used as a method of characterization, it makes audible and sustains

the prevailing mood, and it elevates the tone and softens the brutality of certain scenes.

The characters are sharply differentiated by the rhythm of their speech. Polonius, the King, Guildenstern and Rosencrantz speak in one way, Laertes, Ophelia, Horatio, and the rest in another. The credulity of the Queen is shown not only in her words but also by her singsong manner of drawing out her vowels...

Ben Jonson (1573–1637)
Volpone, or The Fox (1606)

As a comedy writer, Jonson showed greater discipline with sub-plots and controlled his personages using the theory of humours (or temperaments). Which liquid prevails in Volpone's body constitution, judging by his talks to his money and to servant Mosca:

- blood (*sangua*);
- phlegm;
- bile (*cholera*);
- black bile (*melancholy*)?

A Room in Volpone's house. Enter Volpone and Mosca

Volp. Good morning to the day; and next, my gold!

Open the shrine, that I may see my saint. [*Mosca withdraws the curtain, and discovers piles of gold, plate, jewels, etc.*]

Hail the world's soul, and mine! more glad than is
The teeming earth to see the long'd-for sun
Peep through the horns of the celestial Ram,
Am I, to view thy splendour darkening his.

...Thou art virtue, fame,

Honour, and all things else. Who can get thee,
He shall be noble, valiant, honest, wise—

Mosca. And what he will, sir. Riches are in fortune
A greater good than wisdom is in nature.

Volp. True, my beloved Mosca. Yet I glory
More in the cunning purchase of my wealth,
Than in the glad possession...

John Donne's Early Lyric (1590 s)

The onsets of Donne's lyric often take us by surprise and paradox. What can we predict as the lyrical conflict, considering the mood change in the second or third verse?

- 1) Busy olde Foole, unruly Sunne,
Why dost thou thus
Through windows, an through curtains, turn on us?
- 2) I prithee, send me back my eyes
That have so long dwelt on thee...
- 3) I wonder by my troth, what thou and I
Did, till we loved? were we not weaned till then...
- 4) I am two fools, I know,
For loving, and for saying so
In whining poetry...
- 5) I can love both fair and brown;
Her whom abundance melts, and her whom want betrays;
Her who loves liveness best, and her who masks and plays;
Her whom the country form'd, and whom the town;
Her who believes, and her who tries....

A Valediction, Forbidding Mourning

Comment on the statement of Dr. Johnson (from his *Lives of the English Poets*, 1780): «To the following comparison of a man that travels, and his wife that stays at home, with a pair of compasses, it may be doubted whether absurdity or ingenuity has the better claim». Mind that you only see the conclusion here.

...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.

**9. Английская Библия (версия короля Иакова, 1609 г.)
и Реформация в Англии
(The Authorized Version of the Holy Bible (1609) and Milton's Work)**

The Old Testament in the Authorized Version (1609)

Is it possible to say that the King James Version lent Englishmen the idiom they used in their various strata of society?

1) Whither thou goest, I will go: and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my god: where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part me and thee.

2) He asked water, and she gave him milk: she brought forth butter in a lordly dish. She put her hand to the nail, and her right hand to the workman's hammer; and with the hammer she smote Sisera, she smote off his head, which she had pierced and stricken his temples.

3) And the evil spirit from the lord was upon Saul, as he sat in his house with his javelin in his hand: and David played with his hand. And Saul sought to smite David even to the wall with the javelin, but he slipped away out of Saul's presence, and he smote the javelin into the wall: and David fled, and escaped that night. (1 Book of Samuel, Chapter 20).

John Bunyan (1628–1688)

The Pilgrim's Progress (1679)

This passage was admirably appropriated by W.M. Thackeray for the title of his *Vanity Fair* (1847). The Puritan author did a wonderful job of imitating the Biblical style, yet populating the book with a consistent story of travel and spiritual attainment. What can one learn from the thoroughly negative experience of crossing Vanity Fair?

1) ...There were people walking to the Celestial City, as these two honest persons are; and Beelzebub, Apollyon and Legion, with their companions, perceiving by the path that the pilgrims made, that their way to the city lay through this town of Vanity, they contrived here to set up a fair, a fair wherein should be sold all sorts of vanity,... therefore at this fair are all such merchandise sold as houses, lands, trades, places, honours, preferments, titles, countries, kingdoms,



lusts, pleasures and delights of all sorts, as whores, bawds, wives, husbands, children, masters, servants, lives, blood, bodies, souls, silver, gold, pearls, precious stones and what not.

2) ...Here are then to be seen, and that for nothing, thefts, murders, adulteries, false swearers, and that of a blood-red colour.»

3) Now as they were going and talking, they espied a boy feeding his father's sheep. The boy was in very mean clothes, but of a very fresh and well-favoured countenance, and as he sat by himself he sung... Then said their guide, Do you hear him? I will dare to say, that this Boy lives a merrier life, and wears more of that herb called heart's-ease in his bosom, than he that is clad in silk and velvet.

John Milton (1608–1674)

Early and Later Sonnet Lyric

These pieces belong to very distant points in Milton's career. How does the poet mark his age and condition in each case?

1) How soon hath Time the subtle thief of youth,
Stol'n on his wing my three and twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career...
...It shall be still in strictest measure ev'n,
To that same lot, however mean, or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heav'n;
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye.

2) When I consider how my light is spent,
E're 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, least he returning chide,
Doth God exact day-labour, light denied,
I fondly ask...

Paradise Lost (1667)

1) Eve to Adam (Bk. 4, vv. 639 ff)

Milton's iambic pentameters are marked by their variety of rhythms, cleverly implemented in the flexible caesura. In this meter, the possible pauses are after 2 or 3 iambic feet. Show how this love address falls into logical unities, such as the initial four lines. Mind that run-ons (*French*: enjambements) enhance this variety.

With thee conversing I forget all time;
 All seasons and their change, all please alike.
 Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
 With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
 When first on this delightful land he spreads
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
 Glist'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
 After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful evening mild; then silent night
 With this her solemn bird and this fair moon,
 And these the gems of heaven, her starry train:
 But neither breath of morn when she ascends
 With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun
 On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,
 Glist'ring with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
 Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent night
 With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
 Or glitt'ring starlight, without thee is sweet.

The following fragments discuss Satan and his hosts as dramatic characters involved in impressive conflicts. Is it possible to agree with William Blake's paradox, "Milton was of Satan's party, without knowing it"?

2) Fallen Angels

What though the field be lost?
 All is not lost; th' unconquerable will,
 And study of revenge, immortal hate,
 And courage never to submit or yield. (Bk 1; lns 105 ff)

From morn
 To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
 A summer's day; and with the setting sun
 Dropt from the zenith like a falling star. (1–74).
 With grave
 Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed
 A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven
 Deliberation sat, and public care;
 And princely council in his state yet shone,
 Majestic though in ruin. Sage he stood,
 With Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear
 The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
 Drew audience and attention still as night
 Or summer's noontide air (2–300).

Incens'd with indignation Satan stood
Unterrified, and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiucus huge
In th' arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war (1–707).

3) Satan's address to his defeated combatants in hell

Is this the Region, this the Soil, the Clime», –
Said then the lost Arch Angel, «this the seat
That we must change for Heav'n, this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so, since hee
Who now is Sovran can dispose and bid
What shall be right: fardest from him is best
Whom reason hath equald, force hath made supream
Above his equals. Farewel happy Fields
Where Joy for ever dwells: Hail horrors, hail
Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell
Receive thy new Possessor: One who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by Place or Time.
The mind is its own place, and in it self
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less then hee
Whom Thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure, and in my choyce
To reign is worth ambition though in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell, then serve in Heav'n...»

Samson Agonistes (1671)

1) Scene with Delilah

The arrival of Delilah, Samson's wife and traitor, at the mill-house where he is confined, builds a considerable climax in the otherwise static drama. What is the logical adventure the readers of the dramatic poem follow that allows them to see Delilah from various angles?

Chorus: ... But who is this, what thing of Sea or Land?
Female of sex it seems,
That so bedeckt, ornate, and gay,
Comes this. way sailing

Like a stately Ship
Of Tarsus, bound for th' Isles
Of Javan or Gadier
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,
Court'd by all the winds that hold them play,
An Amber sent of odorous perfume
Her harbinger, a damsel train behind;
Some rich Philistian Matron she may seem,
And now at nearer view, no other certain
Than Dalila thy wife.

Samson: My Wife, my Traytress, let her not come near me.

Chorus: Yet on she moves, now stands & eies thee fixt,
About t' have spoke, but now, with head declin'd
Like a fair flower surcharg'd with dew, she weeps
And words addrest seem into tears dissolv'd,
Wetting the borders of her silk'n veil:
But now again she makes address to speak.

Dalila: With doubtful feet and wavering resolution
I came, still dreading thy displeasure, Samson,
Which to have merited, without excuse,
I cannot but acknowledge; yet if tears
May expiate (though the fact more evil drew
In the perverse event then I foresaw)
My penance hath not slack'n'd, though my pardon
No way assur'd. But conjugal affection
Prevailing over fear, and timerous doubt
Hath led me on desirous to behold
Once more thy face, and know of thy estate.
If aught in my ability may serve
To light'n what thou suffer'st, and appease
Thy mind with what amends is in my power,
Though late, yet in some part to recompense
My rash but more unfortunate misdeed.

Samson: Out, out Hyaena; these are thy wonted arts,
And arts of every woman false like thee,
To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray,
Then as repentant to submit, beseech,
And reconcilment move with feign'd remorse,
Confess, and promise wonders in her change,
Not truly penitent, but chief to try
Her husband, how far urg'd his patience bears,
His vertue or weakness which way to assail:
Then with more cautious and instructed skil

Again transgresses, and again submits;
That wisest and best men full oft beguil'd
With goodness principl'd not to reject
The penitent, but ever to forgive,
Are drawn to wear out miserable days,
Entangl'd with a poysnous bosom snake,
If not quick destruction soon cut off
As I by thee, to Ages an example.

Dalila: Yet hear me Samson; not that I endeavour
To lessen or extenuate my offence,
But that on th' other side if it be weigh'd
By it self, with aggravations not surcharg'd,
Or else with just allowance counterpois'd
I may, if possible, thy pardon find
The easier towards me, or thy hatred less.
First granting, as I do, it was a weakness
In me, but incident to all our sex,
Curiosity, inquisitive, importune
Of secrets.

2) Dramatic Dialogue:

What reasons can you give for avoidance of mass scenes of slaughter in Classicist tragedies? Quote any instances Milton introduced to make the setting and actions clearer than in the Biblical story (*Book of Judges*).

Chorus: ... He now be dealing dole among his foes,
And over heaps of slaughter'd walk his way?

Manoa: That were a joy presumptuous to be thought.

Chorus: Yet God hath wrought things as incredible
For his people of old; what hinders now?

Manoa: He can I know, but doubt to think he will;
Yet Hope would fain subscribe, and tempts Belief.
A little stay will bring some notice hither.

Chorus: Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner;
For evil news rides post, while good news baits.
And to our wish I see one hither speeding,
An Ebrew, as I guess, and of our Tribe.

Messenger: O whither shall I run, or which way flie
The sight of this so horrid spectacle
Which earst my eyes beheld and yet behold;
For dire imagination still persues me.
But providence or instinct of nature seems,
Or reason though disturb'd, and scarce consulted
To have guided me aright, I know not how,

To thee first reverend Manoa, and to these
My Countreymen, whom here I knew remaining,
As at some distance from the place of horrour,
So in the sad event too much concern'd.

Manoa: The accident was loud, & here before thee
With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not,
No Preface needs, thou seest we long to know.

Messenger: It would burst forth, but I recover breath
And sense distract, to know well what I utter.

Manoa: Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer.

Messenger: Gaza yet stands, but all her Sons are fall'n,
All in a moment overwhelm'd and fall'n.

Manoa: Sad, but thou knowst to Israelites not saddest
The desolation of a Hostile City.

Messenger: Feed on that first, there may in grief be surfet.

Manoa: Relate by whom.

Messenger: By Samson.

Manoa: That still lessens
The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.

Messenger: Ah Manoa I refrain, too suddenly
To utter what will come at last too soon;
Lest evil tidings with too rude irruption
Hitting thy aged ear should pierce too deep.

Manoa: Suspense in news is torture, speak them out.

Messenger: Then take the worst in brief, Samson is dead.

Manoa: The worst indeed.

Of That Sort of Dramatic Poem Which is Call'd Tragedy (1671)

Prefaced to *Samson*, this discussion of form sets Milton forth as a theoretician of verse. See how the Elizabethan experience is put to new use here.

Tragedy, as it was antiently compos'd, hath been ever held the gravest, mo-
ralest, and most profitable of all other Poems: therefore said by Aristotle to be
of power by raising pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of those and such like
passions, that is to temper and reduce them to just with a kind of delight, stir'd up by
reading or seeing those passions well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own ef-
fects to make good his assertion: for so in Physic things of melancholic hue and quali-
ty are us'd against melancholy, sower against sower, salt to remove salt humours. Hence
Philosophers and other gravest Writers, as Cicero, Plutarch and others, frequently cite
out of Tragic Poets, both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. The Apostle Paul him-
self thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of Euripides into the Text of Holy Scrip-
ture, I Cor. 15.33. and Paraeus, commenting on the Revelation, divides the whole
Book as a Tragedy, into Acts distinguish'd each by a Chorus of Heavenly Harpings and

Song between. Heretofore Men in highest dignity have labour'd not a little to be thought able to compose a Tragedy. Of that honour Dionysius the elder was no less ambitious, then before of his attaining to the Tyranny. Augustus Cesar also had begun his Ajax, but unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinished. Seneca the Philosopher is by some thought the Author of those Tragedies (at least the best of them) that go under that name. Gregory Nazianzen a Father of the Church, thought it not unbecoming the sanctity of his person to write a Tragedy, which he entitl'd, Christ suffering. This is mention'd to vindicate Tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common Interludes; hap'ning through the Poets error of intermixing Comic stuff with Tragic sadness and gravity; or introducing trivial and vulgar persons, which by all judicious hath bin counted absurd; and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratifie the people. And though antient Tragedy use no Prologue, yet using sometimes, in case of self defence, or explanation, that which Martial calls an Epistle; in behalf of this Tragedy coming forth after the antient manner, much different from what among us passes for best, thus much before-hand may be Epistl'd; that Chorus is here introduc'd after the Greek manner, not antient only but modern, and still in use among the Italians. In the modelling therefore of this Poem, with good reason, the Antients and Italians are rather follow'd, as of much more authority and fame. The measure of Verse us'd in the Chorus is of all sorts, call'd by the Greeks Monostrophic, or rather Apolelymenon, without regard had to Strophe, Antistrophe or Epod, which were a kind of Stanza's fram'd only for the Music, then us'd with the Chorus that sung; not essential to the Poem, and therefore not material; or being divided into Stanza's or Pauses, they may be call'd Allaeostropha. Division into Act and Scene referring chiefly to the Stage (to which this work never was intended) is here omitted.

It suffices if the whole Drama be found not produc't beyond the fift Act, of the style and uniformitie, and that commonly call'd the Plot, whether intricate or explicit, which is nothing indeed but such oeconomy, or disposition of the fable as may stand best with verisimilitude and decorum; they only will best judge who are not unacquainted with Aeschulus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the three Tragic Poets unequall'd yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavour to write Tragedy. The circumscription of time wherein the whole Drama begins and ends, is according to antient rule, and best example, within the space of 24 hours.

10. Частные документы периода Реставрации и просветительский роман (Restoration Diarists and the Early Enlightenment Novel)

Samuel Pepys's Diary (1660–1669)

Pepys never meant to publish his personal diary. What kinds of self-analytical entries were too intimate for him to discuss with others?

1) *August 18, 1660* ... By and by comes my wife to tell me that my father has persuaded her to buy a most fine cloth at 25 s. a yard, and a rich lace, that the

petticoat will come to L 5, at which I was somewhat troubled, but she doing it very innocently, I could not but agree. I did give her more money and sent her away.

2) *Nov. 1, 1660.* Mr. Christmas, my old school-fellow... did remember that I was a great Roundhead when I was a boy, and I was much afraid he would have remembered the words that I said the day the King was beheaded (that, were I to preach upon him, my text should be – «the memory of the wicked shall rot»)...



3) *Sept. 1666 (The Great Fire of London).* So down, with my heart full of trouble, to the Lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it begun this morning in the King's baker's house in Pudding Lane, and that it hath burned St. Magnus Church and most part of Fleet Street already. So I down to the waterside....

...And among other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loath to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconies till they were, 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, and having seen it get as far as the Steel Yard, and the wind mighty high and driving it into the City; and everything, after so long a drought, proving combustible, even the very stones of churches, and among other things the poor steeple by which pretty Mrs. – lives, and whereof my old school-fellow Elborough is parson, taken fire in the very top, and there burned till it fell down; I go to White Hall, and there up to the King's closet in the Chapel, where people come about me, and I did give them an account dismayed them all, and word was carried to the King. So I was called for, and did tell the King that unless his Majesty did command houses to be pulled down nothing could stop the fire.

Joseph Addison's Editorials for *The Spectator* (1711–1712)

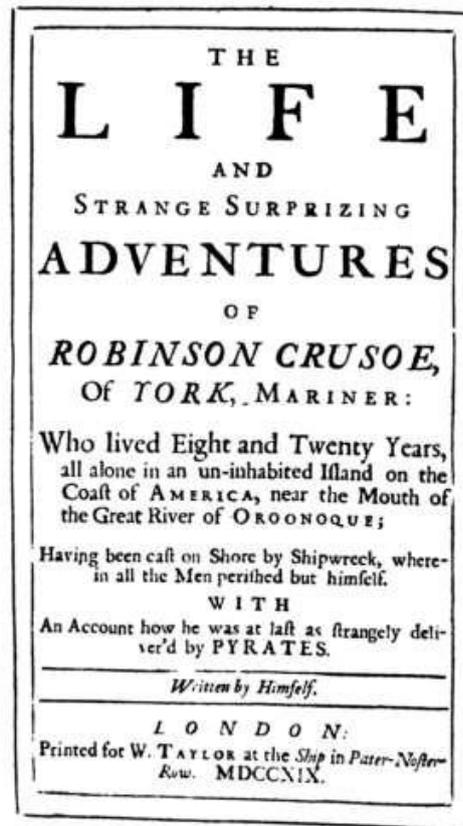
From private diaries, Englishmen gained an interest in public discussion of social matter, and many *Journals* were started around 1700. What did Addison want to share with his fellow-citizens?

1) The hours of a wise man are lengthened by his ideas, as those of a fool are by his passions.

2) I would have every zealous man examine his heart thoroughly, I believe he will often find that what he calls zeal for his religion is either pride, interest, or ill-nature.

3) The great and only purpose of these publications is to banish vice and ignorance out of Great Britain.

DANIEL DEFOE (ca. 1660–1631)



Robinson Crusoe (1719)

Defoe did not invent the new epic genre (the novel) until he reached the age of 60. What aspects of social man's experience went to make the fake autobiography life-like?

1) I now began to consider seriously my condition, and the circumstance I was reduced to, and I drew up the state of my affairs in writing, not so much to leave them to any that were to come after me, for I was like to have but few heirs, as to deliver my thoughts from daily pouring upon them, and afflicting my mind; and as my reason began now to master my despondency, I began to comfort myself as well as I could, and to set the good against the evil, that I might distinguish my case from worse, and I stated it very impartially, like debtor and creditor, the comforts I enjoyed against the miseries.

2) In this distress I had no assistant, no friend to comfort or advise me; I sat and cried and tormented myself night and day; wringing my hands, and sometimes raving like a distracted woman; and indeed I have often wondered if it had not affected my reason; for I had the vapours to such a degree, that that my understanding as sometime quite lost in fancies and imaginations.

3) ...It rested upon me with the greater force that it must needs be, that God had appointed all this to befall me... Why has God done this to me? What have I done to be thus used? My Conscience presently checked me in this enquiry, as if I had blas-

phemed, and methought it spoke to me like a voice: «Wretch! dost thou ask what thou hast done? Look back upon a dreadful misspent life, and ask thyself what thou hast not done; ask, Why is it that thou were not long ago destroyed? Why were thou not drowned in Yarmouth roads? killed in the fight when the ship was taken by the Sallee man of war? devoured by the wild beasts on the coast of Africa? or drowned here, when all the crew perished but thyself?»

4) I took a purse of gold out of my pocket and humbly presented it to him. He received it on the palm of his hand, then applied it close to his eye, to see what it was, and afterwards turned it several times with the point of a pin, (which he took out of a sleeve,) but could make nothing of it. Whereupon I made a sign that he should place his hand on the ground:

5) My island was now peopled, and I thought myself very rich in subjects; and it was a merry reflection which I frequently made, how like a king I looked. First of all, the whole country was my own mere property; so that I had an undoubted right of dominion. Secondly, my people were perfectly subjected: I was absolute lord and lawgiver; they all owed their lives to me, and were ready to lay down their lives, if there had been occasion of it, for me. It was remarkable, too, we had but three subjects, and they were of three different religions. My man Friday was a Protestant, hi father was a pagan and a cannibal, and the Spaniard was a Papist: however, I allowed myself liberty of conscience throughout my dominions. But this by the way, As soon as I has secured my two weak prisoners, and given them shelter...

6) From thence I touched at Brazil, from whence I sent a barque, which I bought there, with more people to the island, and in it, besides other supplies, I sent women, being such as I found proper for service, or for wives to such as would take them. As to the Englishmen, I promised them to send some women from England, with a good cargo of necessaries, if they would apply themselves to planting, which I afterwards performed.

**The Farther Adventures of Robinson Crusoe (1719)
Being the second and last part of his life,
and of the strange surprizing accounts of his travels
round three parts of the globe. Written by himself**

The famous Part I had two sequels, showing that the first novelist was already conscious of the role that the audience has in the fate of books. What emerges as new traits of Crusoe's character in the opening of the 2nd part?

That homely Proverb used on so many Occasions in England, viz. That what is bred in the Bone will not go out of the Flesh, was never more verify'd, than in the Story of my Life. Any one would think, that after thirty-five Years Affliction, and a Variety of unhappy Circumstances, which few Men, if any ever, went thro' before, and after near seven Years of Peace and Enjoyment in the Fulness of all Things; grown old, and when, if ever, it might be allowed me to have had Experi-

ence of every State of middle Life, and to know which was most adapted to make a Man compleatly happy: I say, after all this, any one would have thought that the native Propensity to rambling, which I gave an Account of in my first Setting out into the World, to have been so predominate in my Thoughts, should be worn out, the volatile Part be fully evacuated, or at least condens'd, and I might at 61 Years of Age have been a little inclin'd to stay at Home, and have done venturing Life and Fortune any more.

Nay farther, the common Motive of foreign Adventures was taken away in me; for I had no Fortune to make, I had nothing to seek: If I had gain'd ten thousand Pound, I had been no richer; for I had already sufficient for me...

**A Journal of the Plague Year,
being observations or memorials of the most remarkable occurrences,
as well public as private, which happened in London
during the last great visitation in 1665. Written by a Citizen
who continued all the while in London. Never made public before**

For over a century, misled by the long title, historians treated this fictitious *Journal* (1722) as a reliable memoir. However, Danny Foe was only 5 or 6 when the Plague (and the Fire) occurred, and could not remember much. What techniques of impersonation help him convince the reader of solid eyewitness experience?

I remember, and while I am writing this story I think I hear the very sound of it, a certain lady had an only daughter, a young maiden about nineteen years old, and who was possessed of a very considerable fortune. They were only lodgers in the house where they were. The young woman, her mother, and the maid had been abroad on some occasion, I do not remember what, for the house was not shut up; but about two hours after they came home the young lady complained she was not well; in a quarter of an hour more she vomited and had a violent pain in her head. 'Pray God', says her mother, in a terrible fright, 'my child has not the distemper!' The pain in her head increasing, her mother ordered the bed to be warmed, and resolved to put her to bed, and prepared to give her things to sweat, which was the ordinary remedy to be taken when the first apprehensions of the distemper began.

While the bed was airing the mother undressed the young woman, and just as she was laid down in the bed, she, looking upon her body with a candle, immediately discovered the fatal tokens on the inside of her thighs. Her mother, not being able to contain herself, threw down her candle and shrieked out in such a frightful manner that it was enough to place horror upon the stoutest heart in the world; nor was it one scream or one cry, but the fright having seized her spirits, she fainted first, then recovered, then ran all over the house, up the stairs and down the stairs, like one distracted, and indeed really was distracted, and continued screeching and crying out for several hours void of all sense, or at least government of her senses, and, as I was told, never came thoroughly to herself again. As to the young

maiden, <...she> died in less than two hours. But still the mother continued crying out, not knowing anything more of her child, several hours after she was dead.

It is so long ago that I am not certain, but I think the mother never recovered, but died in two or three weeks after.

This was an extraordinary case, and I am therefore the more particular in it as I came to close to learning the particulars...

11. Дидактическая поэзия Просвещения (Rationalism in Enlightenment Verse)

Alexander Pope (1688–1744)

1) Aphorisms from *An Essay on Criticism* (1711)

Which of the ideas quoted have you come across earlier, in other form? How does Pope manage to highlight the old saying and make them bear new relevance?

To err is human, to forgive divine.
.....

A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow drafts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
.....

For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
.....

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learnt to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offense –
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.

2) *An Essay on Man* (1734)

The same observations can be made concerning Pope's other Essays and Epistles. How does the last passage here is like a paraphrase of Shakespeare's *Seven ages of a man* (*As You like It*, Act 3, melancholy Jaques' monologue)?

Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is but always to be blest.
.....

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man.
.....

All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good;
One truth is clear: Whatever is, is right...

.....
Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs not to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

.....
Behold **the child** by Nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, ticked with a straw;
Some livelier plaything gives **his youth** delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite;
Scarves, garters, gold amuse **his riper stage**,
And beads and prayer books are the **toys of age**.
Pleased with this bauble still, as that before,
Till tired he sleeps, and **life's** poor game **is o'er**.

12. Появление разновидностей романа (The Development of Various Forms of the Novel)

Jonathan Swift (1667–1745)

An Argument against Abolishing Christianity (1708)

**An Argument to prove, that the Abolishing of Christianity in England,
May, as Things now Stand, be attended with some Inconveniencies,
and perhaps, not produce those many good Effects proposed thereby.
Written in the Year 1708.**

The typical form of Swift's pamphlet (and, partially, his only novel) is to wear the mask of a simpleton, a rogue, or worse. Test the validity of this Arguer's points to see whether Swift aimed his satire at such reformers or a greater vice?

I am very sensible what a Weakness and Presumption it is, to reason against the general Humour and Disposition of the World. I remember it was with great Justice, and a due Regard to the Freedom both of the Publick and the Press, forbidden upon severe Penalties to write or discourse, or lay Wagers against the Union, even before it was confirmed by Parliament: Because that was looked upon as a Design to oppose the Current of the People; which besides the Folly of it, is a manifest Breach of the Fundamental Law, that makes this Majority of Opinion the Voice of God. In like Manner, and for the very same Reasons, it may perhaps

be neither safe nor prudent to argue against the Abolishing of Christianity, at a Juncture when all Parties appear so unanimously determined upon the Point; as we cannot but allow from their Actions, their Discourses, and their Writings. However, I know not how, whether from the Affectation of Singularity, or the Perverseness of human Nature; but so it unhappily falls out, that I cannot be entirely of this Opinion. Nay, although I were sure an Order were issued out for my immediate Prosecution by the Attorney-General; I should still confess, that in the present Posture of our Affairs at home or abroad, I do not yet see the absolute Necessity of extirpating the Christian Religion from among us.

...This perhaps may appear too great a Paradox, even for our wise and paradoxical Age to endure: Therefore I shall handle it with all Tenderness, and with the utmost Deference to that great and profound Majority, which is of another Sentiment.

And yet the Curious may please to observe, how much the Genius of a Nation is liable to alter in half an Age: I have heard it affirmed for certain by some very old People, that the contrary Opinion was even in their Memories as much in Vogue as the other is now; and, that a Project for the Abolishing of Christianity would then have appeared as singular, and been thought as absurd, as it would be at this Time to write or discourse in its Defence.

Therefore I freely own, that all Appearances are against me. The System of the Gospel, after the Fate of other Systems is generally antiquated and exploded; and the Mass or Body of the common People, among whom it seems to have had its latest Credit, are now grown as much ashamed of it as their Betters: Opinions, like Fashions always descending from those of Quality to the middle Sort, and thence to the Vulgar, where at length they are dropt and vanish...

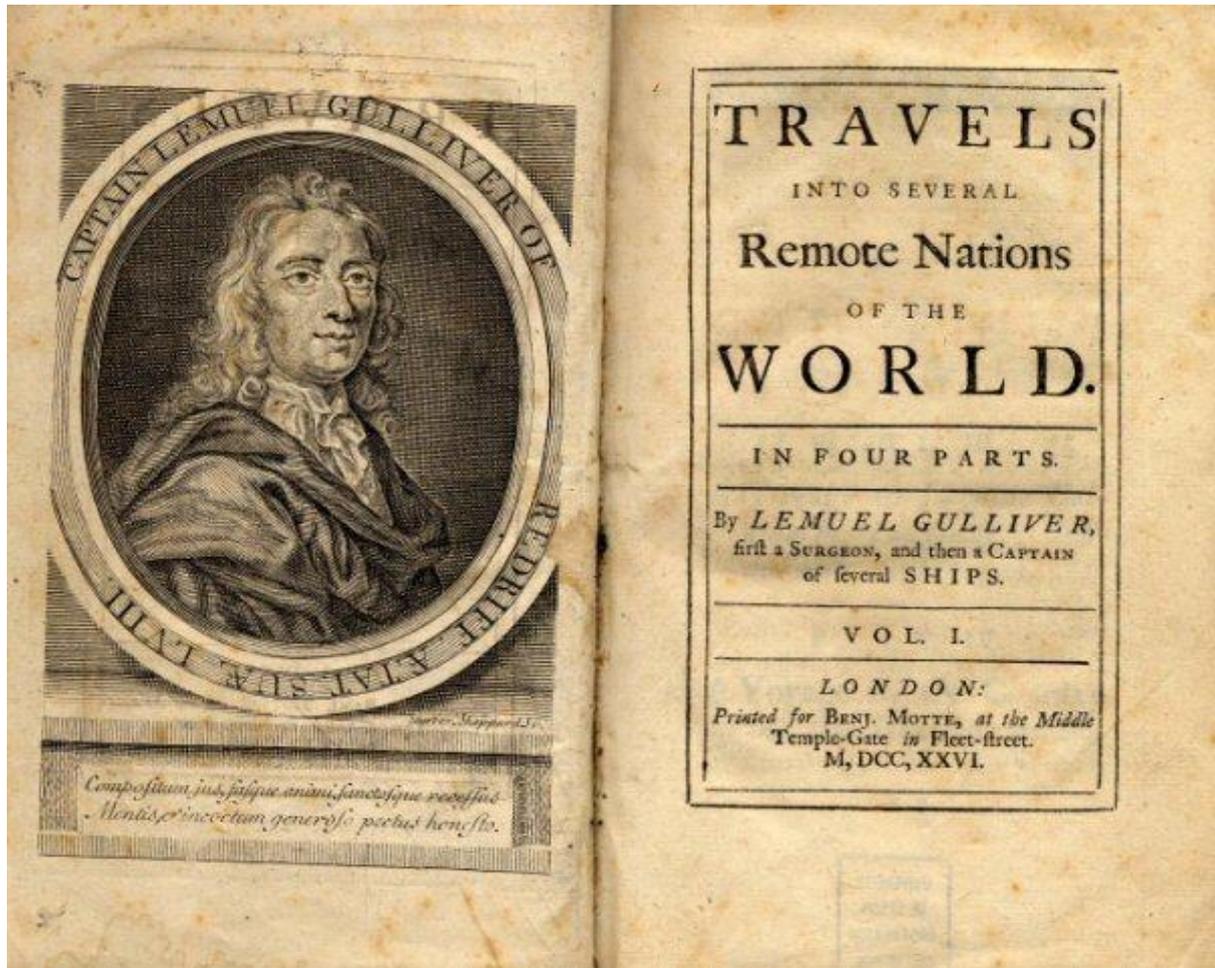
Gulliver's Travels (1726)

Place these speculations in the appropriate parts of the book to see what state the narrator's mind is in, when he find himself in shockingly different (or strangely familiar) situations overseas. The first conversation took place in Brobdingnag.

a. The King was struck with Horror at the Description I had given of those terrible Engines, and the Proposal I had made. He was amazed how so impotent and groveling an Insect as I (these were his Expressions) could entertain such inhuman Ideas, and in so familiar a Manner as to appear wholly unmoved at all the Scenes of Blood and Desolation, which I had painted as the common Effects of those destructive Machines; whereof he said, some evil Genius, Enemy to Mankind, must have been the first Contriver. As for himself, he protested, that although few Things delighted him so much as new Discoveries in Art or in Nature; yet he would rather lose Half his Kingdom than be privy to such a Secret; which he commanded me, as I valued my Life, never to mention any more.

A strange Effect of narrow Principles and short Views!

b. His features are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip and arched nose, his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well proportioned, all his motions graceful, and his deportment majestic. He was then past his prime, being twenty-eight years and three quarters old, of which he had reigned about seven in great felicity, and generally victorious. For the better convenience of beholding him, I lay on my side, so that my face was parallel to his, and he stood but three yards off: however, I have had him since many times in my hand, and therefore cannot be deceived in the description.



c. He said, it was common when two Yahoos discovered a shining stone in a field, and were contending which of them should be the proprietor, a third would take the advantage, and carry it away from them both; which my master would needs contend to have some resemblance with our suits at law, ... because the defendant and the plaintiff lost nothing beside the stone they contended for...

d. How could I think with temper, of passing my days among Yahoos, and relapsing myself into my old corruptions, for want of examples to lead and keep me within the paths of virtue: that I knew too well... I told them... if ever I returned to England, was not without hopes of being useful to my own species, by celebrating the praises of the renowned Houyhnhnms, and proposing their virtues to the imitation of mankind.

**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. Written in the Year 1729**

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 Fricasie, or Ragoust.

I do therefore humbly offer it to publick 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 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 Twelve Pounds; and in a solar Year, if tolerably nursed, encreaseth to twenty eight 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...

W.M. Thackeray, English Humourists of the 18th Century (1850 s)

Mr Dean <Swift>... enters the nursery with the tread and gaiety of an ogre. The grave and logical conduct of an absurd proposition ... is our author's constant method through all his works of humour. He began to write his dreadful allegory – of which the meaning is that man is utterly wicked, desperate and imbecile, and his passions are so monstrous, and his boasted powers so mean, that he is and deserves to be the slave of brutes, and ignorance is better than his vaunted reason.

Samuel Richardson (1689–1761)

Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded (1740)

Originally, the sensitive publisher Richardson published "...a little volume of letters, in a common style, on such subject as might be of use to country readers who are unable to indite for themselves". This, however, aroused

the Sentimentalist in the successful printer, leading him to the success story of a common maidservant, who earns her happiness.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

My master has been very kind since my last; for he has given me a suit of my late lady's clothes, and half a dozen of her shifts, and six fine handkerchiefs, and three of her cambric aprons, and four holland ones.

The clothes are fine silk, and too rich and too good for me, to be sure. I wish it was no affront to him to make money of them, and send it to you: it would do me more good.

You will be full of fears, I warrant now, of some design upon me, till I tell you, that he was with Mrs. Jervis when he gave them me; and he gave her a mort of good things, at the same time, and bid her wear them in remembrance of her good friend, my lady, his mother. And when he gave me these fine things, he said, These, Pamela, are for you; have them made fit for you, when your mourning is laid by, and wear them for your good mistress's sake. Mrs. Jervis gives you a very good word; and I would have you continue to behave as prudently as you have done hitherto, and every body will be your friend.

I was so surprised at his goodness, that I could not tell what to say. I courtesied to him, and to Mrs. Jervis for her good word; and said, I wished I might be deserving of his favour, and her kindness: and nothing should be wanting in me, to the best of my knowledge.

O how amiable a thing is doing good! – It is all I envy great folks for.

I always thought my young master a fine gentleman, as every body says he is: but he gave these good things to us both with such a graciousness, as I thought he looked like an angel.

Mrs. Jervis says, he asked her, If I kept the men at a distance? for, he said, I was very pretty; and to be drawn in to have any of them, might be my ruin, and make me poor and miserable betimes. She never is wanting to give me a good word, and took occasion to launch out in my praise, she says. But I hope she has said no more than I shall try to deserve, though I mayn't at present. I am sure I will always love her, next to you and my dear mother. So I rest

Your ever dutiful DAUGHTER.

Clarissa, or The History of a Young Lady (1748)

In Clarissa Harlowe's fate, she runs out of luck, persecuted by family pressures and the good looks of Mr. Lovelace. What does the author manage to discern in this sense of competition between the two Harlowe sisters?

My sister made me a visit there the day after Mr. Lovelace had been introduced; and seemed highly pleased with the gentleman... 'So handsome a man! – O her beloved Clary!' (for then she was ready to love me dearly, from the overflowing of her good humour on his account!) 'He was but too handsome a man for

her! – Were she but as amiable as *somebody*, there would be a probability of *holding* his affections! – For he was wild, she heard; *very* wild, very gay; loved intrigue – but he was young; *a man of sense*: would see his error, could she but have patience with his faults, if his faults were not cured by marriage!' ...She liked the gentleman still more at his next visit; and yet he made no particular address to her, although an opportunity was given him... – It was bashfulness, truly, in him. (Bashfulness in Mr. Lovelace, my dear!) – Indeed, gay and lively as he is, he has not the *look* of an impudent man.

...He wrought her up to such a pitch of displeasure <and> reurged his question... A good encouraging denial, I must own: as was the rest of her plea; to wit, «A disinclination to change her state. – Exceedingly happy as she was; she never could be happier!» and suchlike *consenting negatives*, as I may call them».

Henry Fielding (1707–1754)

Shamela Andrews (1741) to Henrietta Maria Honora Andrews

➤ **Fascinated by the new epistolary form of narrative, yet not so idealistic about inbred countryside virtues, Fielding abandoned playwriting to make a parody of *Pamela*. Yet, this led him to develop, in *Joseph Andrews*, a more comprehensive study of his compatriots.**

...the young Squire hath been here, and as sure as a Gun he hath taken a Fancy to me; *Pamela*, says he, (for so I am called here) you was a great Favourite of your late Mistress's; yes, an't please your Honour, says I; and I believe you deserved it, says he; thank your Honour for your good Opinion, says I; and then he took me by the Hand, and I pretended to be shy: Laud, says I, Sir, I hope you don't intend to be rude; no, says he, my Dear, and then he kissed me, 'till he took away my Breath—and I pretended to be Angry, and to get away, and then he kissed me again, and breathed very short, and looked very silly; and by Ill-Luck Mrs. *Jervis* came in, and had like to have spoiled Sport. – *How troublesome is such Interruption!*

History of Tom Jones, a Foundling (1749)

1) Partridge's First Time in the Theatre. Watching David Garrick as Prince Hamlet

Fielding meant this chapter as a sincere compliment to his friend the great actor. At the same time, you will notice that it greatly contributes to our understanding of Partridge. He is in horror at Prince Hamlet's fearlessness in the presence of a ghost.

«Nay, may call me coward if you will; but if that little Man there upon the Stage is not frightened, I never saw any Man frightened in my Life. Ay, ay; go along with you! Ay, to be sure! Who's Fool then? Will you? Lud have Mercy upon such Fool-Hardiness! – Whatever happens, it is good enough for you. – Follow you? I'd follow the Devil as soon. Nay, perhaps, it is the Devil – for they say he can put on what Likeness he pleases. – Oh! here he is again. – No farther! No, you have gone far enough already; farther than I'd have gone for all the King's Dominions” . .



Little more worth remembering occurred during the Play; at the End of which Jones asked him, «which of the Players he had liked best?» To this he answered, with some Appearance of Indignation at the Question, «The King without Doubt». «Indeed, Mr. Partridge», – says Mrs. Miller, – «you are not of the same Opinion with the Town; for they are all agreed, that Hamlet is acted by the best Player who ever was on the Stage». «Indeed, Mr. Partridge», – says Mrs. Miller, – «you are not of the same opinion with the town; for they are all agreed, that Hamlet is acted by the best player who ever was on the stage». «He the best player!» – cries Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer, – «why, I could act as well as he myself. I am sure, if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did».

2) A Battle sung by the Muse in the Homerican Stile, and which none but the classical Reader can taste

Molly Seagrim shocks her neighbours in church, which leads them to an attack upon her, even in the same churchyard. Fielding genius for the parody lead him to applying the lofty epic style to describing rather a vulgar mess. Paraphrase the comments, using more appropriate vocabulary.

...When Mr. Allworthy and the other Gentry were gone from Church, the Rage, which had hitherto been confined, burst into an Uproar, and, having vented itself at first in opprobrious Words, Laughs, Hisses, and Gestures, betook itself at last to certain missile Weapons; which, though from their plastic Nature they threatened neither the Loss of Life or of Limb, were however sufficiently dreadful to a well-dressed Lady. Molly had too much Spirit to bear this Treatment tamely. Having therefore – But hold, as we are diffident of our own Abilities, let us here invite a superior Power to our Assistance.

Ye Muses then, whoever ye are, who love to sing Battles, and principally thou, who whileom didst recount the Slaughter in those Fields where Hudibras and Trulla fought, if thou wert not starved with thy Friend Butler, assist me on this great Occasion. All things are not in the Power of all.

...Molly, having endeavoured in vain to make a handsome Retreat, faced about; and laying hold of ragged Bess, who advanced in the Front of the Enemy,

she at one Blow felled her to the Ground. The whole Army of the Enemy (though near a hundred in Number) seeing the Fate of their General, gave back many Paces, and retired behind a new-dug Grave; for the Churchyard was the Field of Battle, where there was to be a Funeral that very Evening. Molly pursued her Victory, and catching up a Skull which lay on the Side of the Grave, discharged it with such Fury, that having hit a Taylor on the Head, the two Skulls sent equally forth a hollow Sound at their Meeting, and the Taylor took presently measure of his Length on the Ground, where the Skulls lay side by side, and it was doubtful which was the more valuable of the two. Molly then taking a Thigh Bone in her Hand, fell in among the flying Ranks, and dealing her Blows with great Liberality on either Side, overthrew the Carcass of many a mighty Heroe and Heroine.

Recount, O Muse, the Names of those who fell on this fatal Day. First Jemmy Tweedle felt on his hinder Head the direful Bone. Him the pleasant Banks of sweetly winding Stower had nourished, where he first learnt the vocal Art, with which, wandring up and down at Wakes and Fairs, he cheered the rural Nymphs and Swains, when upon the Green they interweav'd the sprightly Dance; while he himself stood fidling and jumping to his own Music. How little now avails his Fiddle? He thumps the verdant Floor with his Carcass. Next old Echepole, the Sowgelder, received a Blow in his Forehead from our Amazonian Heroine, and immediately fell to the Ground. He was a swinging fat Fellow, and fell with almost as much Noise as a House. His Tobacco-box dropt at the same Time from his Pocket, which Molly took up as lawful Spoils. Then Kate of the Mill tumbled unfortunately over a Tombstone, which catching hold of her ungartered Stocking, inverted the Order of Nature, and gave her Heels the Superiority to her Head. Betty Pippin, with young Roger her Lover, fell both to the Ground. Where, O perverse Fate, she salutes the Earth, and he the Sky. Tom Freckle, the Smith's Son, was the next Victim to her Rage. He was an ingenious Workman, and made excellent Pattins; nay the very Pattin with which he was knocked down was his own Workmanship. Had he been at that Time singing Psalms in the Church, he would have avoided a broken Head. Miss Crow, the Daughter of a Farmer; John Giddish, himself a Farmer; Nan Slouch, Esther Codling, Will Spray, Tom Bennet; the three Misses Potter, whose Father keeps the Sign of the Red Lion; Betty Chambermaid, Jack Ostler, and many others of inferior Note, lay rolling among the Graves.

Not that the strenuous Arm of Molly reached all these; for many of them in their Flight overthrew each other.

XIX-century Evaluations of Fielding

Name the topics of some introductory chapters in *Tom Jones*, and show whether they relate to the content of particular book parts.

Fielding considered his works an experiment in British literature; and therefore, he chose to prefix a preliminary Chapter to each Book, explanatory of his own views, and of the rules attached to this mode of composition. <They> rather

interrupt the course of the story, and the flow of the interest at the first perusal, but are found, on a second or third, the most entertaining chapters of the whole work (Walter Scott, in his *Lives of the English Novelists*).

«I believe *Oedipus Tyrannos* (by Sophocles), *The Alchemist* (a comedy by Ben Jonson), and *Tom Jones*, the three most perfect plots ever conceived». To illustrate this appreciation (S.T. Coleridge's), consider what role Sophia Western's muff played in the plot development? (First, arrange the events chronologically, adding syntactic connectors and other explanations where necessary).

1) Sophia gave her old muff away to her maid, Mrs. Honour.

- Sophia was anxious to see Jones at once.
- On the next morning Partridge came in to wake up his master.
- Jones was on his way to London, after the unlucky experience as a red-coat volunteer.
- As Jones came back and was getting into his bed, he observed the muff fall down on the floor.
- Sophia wanted her muff back and gave her maid a new one.
- Mrs. Honour took the muff away from him and later told Sophia about the incident.
- Sophia stayed at the inn in Upton-upon-Severn.
- Sophia asked the inn-servant to see if Jones was in his room upstairs.
- Jones was very angry with Partridge and with himself, and left Upton.
- Sophia put her muff with her name embroidered on it into Jones's empty bed, and then left for London.
- The muff was lying on a chair, and Jones put his hands into it.
- Sophia sent her maid to find Jones in his room.
- Partridge did not let Mrs. Honour see his master and told her about his affair with Mrs. Waters.
- Sophia first learnt about Jones's love for her from Mrs. Honour.
- Mrs. Honour told Jones about it, and he understood that Sophia was not totally indifferent to him.
- Sophia learnt that Jones was also staying at the same inn.

18) Concluding that Tom did not love her at all, Sophia resumed her flight from her heartless father.

Oliver Goldsmith (1730–1774)

The Vicar of Wakefield (1766)

In Sentimentalist prose, we can hardly expect a rich variety of social observation. But the best of these playwrights and novelists managed to explore the depths of human psychology. How are the reactions of Pastor Primrose to his home burning down in keeping with his predicament in this fragment?

«It was now near midnight that I came to knock at my door; all was still and silent; my heart dilated with unutterable happiness, when, to my amazement, I saw the house bursting out in a blaze of fire... I gave a loud convulsive outcry, and fell upon the pavement, insensible... <They brought me to and> the flames had, by this time, caught the roof of our dwelling, part after part continuing to fall in, while the family stood, with silent agony, looking on, as if they enjoyed the blaze. I gazed upon them and upon it in turns, and looked round for my little ones, but they were not to be seen. O misery! «Where», – cried I, – «where are my little ones?» – «They are burnt to death in the flames», – said my wife calmly, – «and I will die with them». That moment I heard the cry of the babes within...

<Primrose rescues his twin babies>

«Now», – cried I, holding up my children, – «now let the flames burn on, and all my possessions perish. Here they are; I have saved my treasure...» ... Their mother laughed and wept by turns.

Tobias Smollett (1721–1771)

The Expedition of Humphrey Clinker (1771)

This is an epistolary novel; however, it is rather sober and cynical than sentimental. Smollett openly shows that rags often cover generosity, and fashionable articles do not make their wearers any worthier. The titular character is introduced in the book's middle as a paragon of virtues, but his social betters do not stand up to the challenge...

...His looks denoted famine, and the rags that he wore could hardly conceal what decency requires to be covered. «An't you ashamed, fellow, to ride postillion without a shirt to cover your backside from the view of the ladies in coach?» «Yes, I am. And please your noble honor (answered the man) but necessity has no law, as the saying it – And more than that, it was an accident – My breeches cracked behind, after I had got into the saddle» <...> «You perceive (said the squire) our landlord is a Christian of bowels--Who shall presume to censure the morals of the age..? – Hark ye, Clinker, you are a most notorious offender – You stand convicted of sickness, hunger, wretchedness, and want...»

«A fine gentleman, with a pig's-tail, and a golden sword by his side, came to comfit me, ...and so he began to show his cloven futt, and went for to be rude: my fellow-sarvant, Umphry Klinker, bid him be sivil, and he gave the young man a dowse in the chops; but, I fackins, Mr. Klinker wa'n't long in his debt--with a good oaken sapling he dusted his doublet, ... and, flipping me under his arm, carried me huom, I nose not how, being I was in such a flustration – But, thank God! I'm now vaned from all such vanities; for what are all those rarities and vagaries to the glory that shall be revealed hereafter? O Molly! let not your poor heart be puffed up with vanity».

Laurence Sterne (1713-1768)

The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman (1759)

The stream of consciousness as a narrative technique may have begun here. See how the narrator is fighting off his mind's associations to get the story of his father straight, but actual life's logic baffles him completely.

– Now my father had a way, a little like that of Job's (in case there ever was such a man – if not, there's an end of the matter.

Though by the bye, because you learned men find some difficulty in fixing the precise era in which so great a man lived; – whether, for instance, before or after the patriarchs, &c. – to vote, therefore, that he never lived *at all*, is a little cruel, – 'tis not doing as they would be done by – happen that as it may) – My father, I say, had a way, when things went extremely wrong with him, especially upon the first sally of the importance, – of wondering why he was begot, wishing himself dead; – sometimes worse; And when the provocation ran high... – Sir, you could scarce have distinguished him from Socrates himself...

So, what did Socrates and Tristram's father have in common?

A Sentimental Journey Through France and Italy (1768)

A mind-map showing the way the Sentimental Traveller (Pastor Yorik) travels through the intricacies of his own psycho even more eventfully than through Paris.

<passport – Bastille – gout> «Disguise thyself as thou art, still slavery! said I – still thou art a bitter draft; and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account» <Liberty – Nature – caged Starling in the parlour of the Parisian inn>.

13. Поэзия сентиментализма и предромантизма (Sentimentalist and Early Romantic Verse)

Robert Burns (1759–1796)

The Lazy Mist

Burns rarely wrote the King's English, and these rarities were usually rather commonplace. List the ideas and images that any literate contemporary would pursue.

The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,

Concealing the course of the dark winding rill;
How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear,
As Autumn to Winter resigns the pale year.
The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
And all the gay foppery of Summer is flown:
Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,
How quick Time is flying, how keen Fate pursues.

How long I have liv'd – but how much liv'd in vain;
How little of life's scanty span may remain:
What aspects, old Time, in his progress, has worn;
What ties, cruel Fate, in my bosom has torn.
How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gain'd!
And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how pain'd!
Life is not worth having with all it can give,
For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

SONGS

John Anderson My Jo

**John's wife is vividly seen from this address to her ageing husband.
How did Burns modify his diction to that of a female?**

John Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquent;
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bony brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my Jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill the gither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go;
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my Jo.

Gin a Body Meet a Body (Scottish Popular Air)

**This is a song submitted to Robert Burns for editing. See what he did to it,
making it a little less morally controversial, and shaping the lyrical character**

Gin a body meet a body
 Comin thro' the rye,
 Gin a body kiss a body,
 Need a body cry?
Refrain. Ilka lassie has her laddie;
 Need they say of 't?
 Yet all the lads they smile at me
 When comin thro' the rye.
 Gin a body meet a body
 Comin frae the town,
 Gin a body greet a body,
 Need a body frown?
 Amang my friends there is a swain
 I dearly lo' mysel;
 But whar' his hame or what his name
 I dinna care to tell.
Refrain. ...But a' the lads they lo' me weel;
 And what the warld mind!

Gin a Body Meet a Body (Burns' version)

Comin thro' the rye, poor body,
 Comin thro' the rye,
 She draigl'd a' her petticoatie
 Comin thro' the rye.
 Oh Jennie's a' weel, poor body
 Jennie's seldom dry,
 She draigl'd a' her petticoatie
 Comin thro' the rye.
 Gin a body meet a body
 Comin thro' the rye,
 Gin a body kiss a body,
 Need a body cry!
 Gin a body meet a body
 Comin thro' the glen;
 Gin a body kiss a body,
 Need the warld ken!

To A Mouse on Turning Her up in Her Nest with the Plow, November, 1785

This is one of the poet's many addresses to non-humans. Others include dogs, horses, rivers, and even haggis and lice. What makes the mouse in November a suitable mouthpiece for the luckless farmer? Try and guess the meanings of dialect words from the context.

Wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee
Wi' murd'ring pattle!

...Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
It's silly wa's the win's are strewin!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
Baith snell an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash! the cruel coulter passed
Out-through thy cell

That wee-bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld!

But Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain;
The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft agley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain
For promis'd joy!

Epitaph on a Wag in Mauchline

In the epigram, Burns followed the classical method of keeping his sting until the closing phrase.

Lament 'im Mauchline husbands a',
He aften did assist ye;
For had ye staid whole weeks awa'
Your wives they ne'er had miss'd ye.

Ye Mauchline bairns, as on ye pass,
To school in bands thegither,
O tread ye lightly on his grass,
Perhaps he was your father.

William Blake (1757–1827)

Songs of Innocence (1789)

1) The Lamb

Why do the two parts of *The Lamb* imitate the question and answer style of Christian Catechism? See if Blake's monotype adds to the meaning of the verse.

Little Lamb who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life & 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?
Dost thou know who made thee?

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 & he is mild,
He became a little Child.
I a child & though a lamb,
We are called by his name.
Little Lamb God bless thee,
Little Lamb God bless thee.



2) Infant Joy

What are the identities of the speakers in this verse dialogue?

«I have no name –
I am but two days old».
What shall I call thee?
«I happy am,
Joy is my name».
Sweet joy befall thee!
Pretty joy!
Sweet joy but two days old –
Sweet joy I call thee.
Thou dost smile,
I sing the while –
Sweet joy befall thee!



3) The Voice of the Ancient Bard

Youth of delight, come hither,
And see the opening morn,
Image of truth new born.
Doubt is fled, and clouds of reason,
Dark disputes and artful teasing.
Folly is an endless maze,
Tangled roots perplex her ways –
How many have fallen there.
They stumble all night over bones of the dead,
And feel they know not what but care –
And wish to lead others when they should be led.

Songs of Experience (1794)

1) Infant Sorrow

Reading companion pieces in the collection of *Songs of Innocence and Experience, Illustrating Two Contrary States of the Human Mind*, we have to treat as contrasts to each other. In what sense is the *mind* of this infant further away from harmony than in *Infant Joy*?

My mother groaned, my father wept –
Into the dangerous world I leapt,
Helpless, naked, piping loud,
Like a fiend hid in a cloud.

Struggling in my father's hands,
Striving against my swaddling bands,
Bound and weary, I thought best
To sulk upon my mother's breast.

2) Nurse's Song

How does this style of upbringing characterize the personality of the Nurse?

When the voices of children are heard on the green,
And whisperings are in the dale,
The days of my youth rise fresh in my mind,
My face turns green and pale.

Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down
And the dews of night arise;
Your spring and your day are wasted in play,

And your winter and night in disguise.

Little Black Boy

In the omitted beginning of the poem, the Black Child describes himself, aware of the difference with white children. In Sentimentalist art, the issue of race would often bring out social injustices. Should Blake have placed his verse in the collection of *Innocence* or *Experience*? Why?

<*Black Mother speaking*>

'Look on the rising sun, there God does live,
And gives His light, and gives His heat away;
And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive
Comfort in morning, joy in the noonday.

'And we are put on earth a little space,
That we may learn to bear the beams of love;
And these black bodies and the sunburnt face
Is but a cloud, is but a shady grove.

'For when our souls have learnt the heat to bear,
The cloud will vanish; we shall hear His voice'.....
...I'll shade him (the white boy) from the heat, till he can bear
To lean in joy upon our Father's knee.....

The Marriage of Heaven and Hell (1793)

This is a poem in rhythmical prose, with *Proverbs of Hell* forming one of its principal sections. How do they reflect the dialectic of Blake's poetic vision?

- Without Contraries is no progression.
- Good is the passive that obeys Reason. Evil is the active springing from Energy.
- Good is Heaven. Evil is Hell.
- The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom.
- Prisons are built with the stones of Law, Brothels with bricks of Religion.
- Sooner murder and infant in its cradle than nurse unacted desires.
- Dip him in the river who loves water.
- The cut worm forgives the plough.

Auguries of Innocence (1803)

Why is it impossible to imagine a Renaissance or Enlightenment artist insisting on this principle that was hailed by the Romantics?

To see a World in a grain of Sand,
And a Heaven in a wild flower,
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand,

And Eternity in an Hour.

14. ПОЭТЫ-РОМАНТИКИ (The Romantic Revival)

William Wordsworth's Sonnet (1802)

This is one of Wordsworth's 525 sonnets. Is pantheism, or worship of Nature, really a philosophical creed to the poet?

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-gather'd 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

Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772–1834)

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner. Part V (1798)

This long ballad epitomised the tortures of an individual excluded from the normal life run. The appeal to the reader's Imagination is obviously necessary, as the Classisist value of Taste cannot apply to this setting of death and decomposition.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.
 The many men, so beautiful!
 And they all dead did lie:
 And a thousand thousand slimy things
 Lived on; and so did I.
I look'd upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I look'd upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.
 I look'd to heaven, and tried to pray;
 But or ever a prayer had gusht,

A wicked whisper came, and made
 My heart as dry as dust.
 I closed my lids, and kept them close,
 And the balls like pulses beat;
 For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
 Lay like a load on my weary eye,
 And the dead were at my feet.
 The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
 Nor rot nor reek did they:
 The look with which they look'd on me
 Had never pass'd away.
 An orphan's curse would drag to hell
 A spirit from on high;
 But oh! more horrible than that
 Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
 Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
 And yet I could not die.

Walter Scott (1771–1832)

Brignall Banks (1813)

In his verse (and later, in novels) Scott frequently created heroines that were different from the lady-of-the-mansion type, admiring the active individuals. What reasoning does this girl have for choosing a robber as her mate?

O, Brignall banks are wild and fair,
 And Greta woods are green,
 And you may gather garlands there,
 Would grace a summer queen:
 And as I rode by Dalton Hall,
 Beneath the turrets high,
 A Maiden on the castle wall
 Was singing merrily: –
*'O, Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
 And Greta woods are green!
 I'd rather rove with Edmund there
 Than reign our English Queen.'*
 'If, Maiden, thou wouldst wend with me
 To leave both tower and town,
 Thou first must guess what life lead we,
 That dwell by dale and down:
 And if thou canst that riddle read,
 As read full well you may,
 Then to the green-wood shalt thou speed

As blithe as Queen of May.'<...>

George Gordon Byron (1788–1824)

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto I (1812)

The archaisms here add up to nearly a parody of Anglo-Saxon. Yet, the portrait sketched is that of a contemporary and fellow-sufferer, semi-autobiographical.

II. Whilome in Albion's isle there dwelt a youth,
Who ne in Virtue's ways did take delight;
But spent his days in riot most uncouth,
And vexed with mirth the drowsy ear of Night.
Ah me! in sooth he was a shameless wight,
Sore given to revel and ungodly glee;
Few earthly things found favour in his sight
Save concubines and carnal companie,
And flaunting wassailers of high and low degree.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto IV (1818)

Pantheism was a link between Sentimentalists and Romanticists. In Byron's lyric, this vision also includes an element of disillusionment with social progress. Discuss the stanza in its context within Canto IV, and see what it develops into. How does the Napoleonic epoch become part of the discussion?

CLXXVIII. There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

CLXXIX. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean – roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin--his control
Stops with the shore;--upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

Analyse the metrical and rhyming structure of the Spenserian stanzas given above.

The Giaour: A Fragment of a Turkish Tale (1813)

On the level of an episode, Byron is supreme in suggesting fertile soil to our imagination. We feel intrigued by the voices describing their friends or enemies. Show the degree of involvement of the speakers with their subjects.

1) Her eye's dark charm 'twere vain to tell,
 But gaze on that of the Gazelle,
 It will assist thy fancy well;
 As large, as languishingly dark,
 But Soul beam'd forth in every spark
 That darted from beneath the lid,
 Bright as the jewel of Giamschid.
 Yea, *Soul*, and should our prophet say
 That form was nought but breathing clay,
 By Alla! I would answer nay...
 Oh! who young Leila's glance could read
 And keep that portion of his creed
 Which saith that woman is but dust,
 A soulless toy for tyrant's lust?



Dark will slip down in darker still,
 This momentary or ill,
 Siege of Constantinople



"What! in a woman's eye could those!"
 The soul's dark, sad, hidden spot

REINHOLD SMITH & SONS, LONDON.

1) «'Tis he! 'tis he! I know him now;
 I know him by his pallid brow;
 I know him by the evil eye
 That aids his anxious treachery;
 I know him by his jet-black barb
 Though now arrayed in Arnaut garb
 Apostate from his own vile faith,
 It shall not save him from the death:
 'Tis he: well met in any hour,
 Lost Leila's love, accursed Giaour!»
 As rolls the river into ocean,
 In sable torrent wildly streaming
 As the sea-tide's opposing motion;
 Thus join the bands whom mutual wrong
 And fate, and fury drive along.

Don Juan (1818–1823)

In this opening stanza, Byron champions his freedom of choosing the hero. However, choosing the time of action was just as important. What advantages did the 1780s offer, as compared to the Napoleonic era?

I want a hero: an uncommon want,
 When every year and month sends forth a new one,
 Till, after cloying the gazettes with cant,
 The age discovers he is not the true one;
 Of such as these I should not care to vaunt,
 I'll therefore take our ancient friend Don Juan –
 We all have seen him, in the pantomime,
 Sent to the devil somewhat ere his time.

Octave Couplets from *Don Juan* (Cantos 6–8)

Recollect the contexts that precede the concluding couplets in these stanzas. The events and commentary are taken from the siege and storm of Ismail.

- 1) But Actium, lost for Cleopatra's eyes,
 Outbalances all Caesar's victories (6–4).
- 2) She could but claim the fifteen-hundredth part
 Of what should be monopoly – the heart (6–9).
- 3) And no one virtue yet – except starvation –
 Could stop that worst of vices – propagation (6–19).
- 4) ...these are paltry things, and yet

- I've rarely seen the man they did not fret (6–21).
- 5) That womankind had but one rosy mouth,
To kiss them all at once from North to South (6–27).
- 6) «Kiss» rhymes to «bliss» in fact as well as verse –
I wish it never led to something worse (6–59).
- 7) And chafed at poor Dudu, who only sigh'd,
And said, that she was sorry she had cried (6–79).
- 8) All that I know is, that the facts I state
Are true as truth has ever been of late (6–85).
But not by Baba's fault, he said, and swore on
The holy camel's hump, and then the Koran (6–102).
- 9) And her brow clear'd, but not her troubled eye;
The wind was down, but still the sea ran high (6–110).
- 10) Excuse my freedom, when I here assure you,
That killing him is not the way to cure you (6–114).
- 11) At which Dudu look'd strange, and Juan silly;
But go they must at once, and will I – nill I (6–118).
- 12) ...Nor even Diogenes. – We live and die,
But which is best, you know no more than I (7–4).
- 13) ...That he himself felt only «like a youth
Picking up shells by the great ocean – Truth» (7–5).
- 14) They look'd upon the Muscovite flotilla,
And only shouted, «Allah!» and «Bis Millah!» (7–13).
- 15) Than thousands of this new and polish'd nation,
Whose names want nothing but – pronunciation (7–14).
A village in Moldavia's waste, wherein
He fell, immortal in a bulletin (7–20).
- 16) ...its style, which said, all in a trice,
«You will take Ismail at whatever price» (7–40).
- 17) He show'd them how to mount a ladder (which
Was not like Jacob's) or to cross a ditch (7–52).
- 18) ...Stripp'd to his waistcoat, and *that not* too clean,
More feared than all the sultans ever seen (7–73).
- 19) If *he* speak truth, she <Carnage> is Christ's daughter, and
Just now behaved as in the Holy Land (8–9).
- 20) So Juan, following honour And his nose,
Rush'd where the thickest fire announced most foes (8–32).
- 21) He rush'd, while earth and air were sadly shaken
By thy humane discovery, Friar Bacon! (8–33).
- 22) If I had not perceived that revolution
Alone can save the world from hell's pollution (8–51).
- 23) The free-born forest found and kept them free,
And fresh as in a torrent or a tree (8–65).
- 24) An English naval officer, who wish'd

To take him prisoner, was also dish'd (8–80).
 25) And hid her little palpitating breast
 Amidst the bodies lull'd in bloody rest (8–92).
 26) And throwing back a dim look on his sons,
 In one wide wound pour'd forth his soul at once (8–118).
 27) Gaunt famine never shall approach the throne –
 Though Ireland starve, great George weighs twenty stone (8–126).
 28) The fate of nations; but this Russ, so witty,
 Could rhyme, like Nero, o'er the burning city (8–134).

Don Juan, Canto I

Instead of the usual figure of the omniscient author, in the course of Don Juan's adventures Byron presents himself as:

*A writer anxious to keep up his reputation with another popular book;
 and Englishman in exile, bitterly critical of his nation's authorities;
 – a well-travelled and well-read European, impressing the reader with exotic experience;
 – a private man drawing life lessons from history and anecdote;
 – and a number of other aliases.*

What is the poet after in this stanza? (Previously, Don Jose and Dona Inez, the young hero's parents, had driven each other to madness, which made the child's upbringing defective)

XXIV. And so I interfered, and with the best
 Intentions, but their treatment was not kind;
 I think the foolish people were possess'd,
 For neither of them could I ever find,
 Although their porter afterwards confess'd --
 But that's no matter, and the worst's behind,
 For little Juan o'er me threw, downstairs,
 A pail of housemaid's water unawares.

How does the rigidity of the *octave* turn into flexibility of narration in Byron's verse? Draw on this stanza, and on the couplets quoted above, to illustrate variety of impressions that they produce.

XIX century Writers on Byron

Which of the passages below suggest similarity of views, and which authors might never come to an agreement?

Goethe: Lord Byron is, undoubtedly, the greatest author in Europe. He has no equals. But whenever he starts speculating, he becomes childish. (Er ist ohne

Frage als das groesste Talent des Jahrhunderts anzusehen. ...Kein anderer Dichter Europas, der ihm zu vergleichen waere... Aber sobald er reflektirt, ist er ein Kind.)

Sir Walter Scott: As various in composition as Shakespeare himself, Lord Byron has embraced every topic of human life, and sounded every string n the di-vine harp, from its slightest to its most powerful and heart-astounding tones. There is scarce a passion or a situation that has escaped his pen.

В.Г. Белинский: Читая Байрона, видишь в нем поэта глубоко лириче-ского, глубоко субъективного, а в его поэзии – энергическое отрицание ан-глийской действительности; и в то же время в Байроне нельзя не видеть ан-гличанина и притом лорда, хотя, вместе с тем, и демократа.

Hippolyte Taine: He has treated hardly any subject but himself. He posed all his life long.

Matthew Arnold: Byron has not a great artist's profound and patient skill in combining action or in developing a character, but he has a wonderful power of vividly conceiving a single incident, and of making us see and feel it, too.

F.W. Moorman on Byron's Treatment of Don Juan

How does the Cambridge History of English Literature account for the innovative character of Byron's unfinished novel?

...It is an epic without a plan, and, rightly speaking, without a hero. For Don Juan is little more than the child of circumstance, a bubble tossed hither and thither on the ocean of life, ever ready to yield to external pressure, and asserting his own will only in his endeavour to keep his head above water. Yet, *Don Juan* is a verita-ble *Comédie Humaine*, the work of a man who has stripped life of its illusions, and has learnt, through suffering and the satiety of pleasure, to look upon society with the searching eye of Chaucer and the pitilessness of Mephistopheles.

The *ottava rima* epic replete with digressions and whimses is peppered with plot twists in no way coherent with the Don Juan myth extant in the eight-eenth and nineteenth centuries. The main character, Don Juan, neither achieves salvation nor is he damned.

His hero is equally at home in camp and court; he suffers shipwreck and storms a fortress, penetrates the seraglio, the palace and the English country-house; and, true to his fundamental principle of obedience to nature, bears good and ill fortune with equal serenity.

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792–1822)

The Indian Serenade

Daydreaming nearly always took Shelley away from the actual envi-ronment. Why did he decide on this exotic title for one of his best love lyr-ics?

I arise from dreams of thee

In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright.
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Hath led me – who knows how?
To thy chamber window, Sweet!
<...> O lift me from the grass!
I die! I faint! I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast:
O press it to thine own again,
Where it will break at last!

John Keats (1795-1821)

To Autumn (1819)

In 1819, Keats produced half a dozen *odes*, in a style completely different from that of Classicist solemnity. The opening stanza of this one draws sketches of harvesting chores in bold, yet nearly realistic images. What devices lend integrity to the 2nd stanza, and how does the conclusion add to the overall completeness of this lyric”

1. Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

2. Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;

And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.

3. Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too, –
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river shallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

Sir Ifor Evans' Characteristic of the Romantic Movement

Which of his predecessors and contemporaries did John Keats share his range of topics with, judging by the *Ode to Autumn*?

They all valued their own experiences to a degree which is difficult to parallel in earlier poets. Spenser, Milton, and Pope make verse out of legend or of knowledge which is common to humanity. The Romantic poets look into themselves, seeking in their own lives for strange sensations. Wordsworth, a moral value associated with simple and human objects. Byron – the exotic pursuit of some mood, or adventure, which man has seldom known before. Coleridge – the territories of dream and magic.

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Учебное издание

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ИСТОРИЯ АНГЛИЙСКОЙ ЛИТЕРАТУРЫ
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Хрестоматия

ENGLISH LITERATURE
FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON PERIOD TO ROMANTICISM

An anthology of sources

Редактор *Л.А. Грицай*

Технические редакторы *А.Д. Польшкова, Ж.С. Герасёва, М.В. Твердоступ*

Подписано в печать 03.10.11. Поз. № 050. Формат 60x84 ¹/₁₆
Гарнитура Times New Roman. Бумага офсетная. Печать трафаретная.
Усл. печ. л. 5,11. Уч.-изд. л. 5,9. Тираж 200 экз. Заказ № 56.

Федеральное государственное образовательное бюджетное учреждение
высшего профессионального образования
«Рязанский государственный университет имени С.А. Есенина»
390000, г. Рязань, ул. Свободы, 46

Отпечатано в редакционно-издательском центре РГУ
390023, г. Рязань, ул. Урицкого, 22