Romantic Era Poetry

1. In your assigned groups, you will randomly choose a poet, set of poems, and literary technique(s).

2. As a group, discuss and complete the following:

1. Read both poems out loud and choose one.
2. Using the TPCASTT format, annotate your chosen poem individually. You can discuss as a group, but everyone completes the annotation.
3. Find examples of your assigned literary technique within your chosen poem. Include these in your annotation.
4. Create a handout/worksheet in Google Docs (share with me) for your poem explaining your literary technique and how it makes the poem better. Include the following:
* Title
* Directions
* Informational section on the literary technique (can be found in the back of the textbook - Literary Terms Handbook R24)
* An exercise for identifying the technique in the poem
* Create a key on a separate piece of paper

Extra Credit: Connect some aspect of your handout to characteristics of Romantic poetry

Burns, Robert - MOOD / DIALECT

1. “To A Mouse” (734)
2. “To A Louse” (737)

Blake, William - ARCHETYPES / SYMBOLS

1. “The Lamb” and “The Tyger” (748-749)
2. “The Chimney Sweeper” and “Infant Sorrow” (751-752)

Wordsworth, William - LYRIC POETRY / IMAGERY

1. “The World Is Too Much With Us” (790)
2. “I Wandered Lonely As A Cloud” (printout)

Lord Byron - FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE

1. “She Walks in Beauty” (854)
2. “Prometheus” (printout)

Shelley, Percy - IMAGERY

1. “Ode to the West Wind” (870)
2. “To Wordsworth” (printout)

Keats, John - CONFLICT / ODE

1. “Ode on a Grecian Urn” (890)
2. “When I Have Fears That I Cease To Be” (handout)

**“I Wandered Lonely As A Cloud” by William Wordsworth**

I wandered lonely as a cloud

That floats on high o'er vales and hills,

When all at once I saw a crowd,

A host, of golden daffodils;

Beside the lake, beneath the trees,

Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine

And twinkle on the milky way,

They stretched in never-ending line

Along the margin of a bay:

Ten thousand saw I at a glance,

Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they

Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:

A poet could not but be gay,

In such a jocund company:

I gazed—and gazed—but little thought

What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie

In vacant or in pensive mood,

They flash upon that inward eye

Which is the bliss of solitude;

And then my heart with pleasure fills,

And dances with the daffodils.

**“Prometheus” by Lord Byron**

Titan! to whose immortal eyes

 The sufferings of mortality,

 Seen in their sad reality,

Were not as things that gods despise;

What was thy pity's recompense?

A silent suffering, and intense;

The rock, the vulture, and the chain,

All that the proud can feel of pain,

The agony they do not show,

The suffocating sense of woe,

 Which speaks but in its loneliness,

And then is jealous lest the sky

Should have a listener, nor will sigh

 Until its voice is echoless.

Titan! to thee the strife was given

 Between the suffering and the will,

 Which torture where they cannot kill;

And the inexorable Heaven,

And the deaf tyranny of Fate,

The ruling principle of Hate,

Which for its pleasure doth create

The things it may annihilate,

Refus'd thee even the boon to die:

The wretched gift Eternity

Was thine—and thou hast borne it well.

All that the Thunderer wrung from thee

Was but the menace which flung back

On him the torments of thy rack;

The fate thou didst so well foresee,

But would not to appease him tell;

And in thy Silence was his Sentence,

And in his Soul a vain repentance,

And evil dread so ill dissembled,

That in his hand the lightnings trembled.

Thy Godlike crime was to be kind,

 To render with thy precepts less

 The sum of human wretchedness,

And strengthen Man with his own mind;

But baffled as thou wert from high,

Still in thy patient energy,

In the endurance, and repulse

 Of thine impenetrable Spirit,

Which Earth and Heaven could not convulse,

 A mighty lesson we inherit:

Thou art a symbol and a sign

 To Mortals of their fate and force;

Like thee, Man is in part divine,

 A troubled stream from a pure source;

And Man in portions can foresee

His own funereal destiny;

His wretchedness, and his resistance,

And his sad unallied existence:

To which his Spirit may oppose

Itself—and equal to all woes,

 And a firm will, and a deep sense,

Which even in torture can descry

 Its own concenter'd recompense,

Triumphant where it dares defy,

And making Death a Victory.

**“To Wordsworth” by Percy Shelley**

Poet of Nature, thou hast wept to know

That things depart which never may return:

Childhood and youth, friendship and love’s first glow,

Have fled like sweet dreams, leaving thee to mourn.

These common woes I feel. One loss is mine

Which thou too feel’st, yet I alone deplore.

Thou wert as a lone star, whose light did shine

On some frail bark in winter’s midnight roar:

Thou hast like to a rock-built refuge stood

Above the blind and battling multitude:

In honoured poverty thy voice did weave

Songs consecrate to truth and liberty,—

Deserting these, thou leavest me to grieve,

Thus having been, that thou shouldst cease to be.

**“When I Have Fears That I Cease To Be” by John Keats**

When I have fears that I may cease to be

 Before my pen has gleaned my teeming brain,

Before high-pilèd books, in charactery,

 Hold like rich garners the full ripened grain;

When I behold, upon the night’s starred face,

 Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,

And think that I may never live to trace

 Their shadows with the magic hand of chance;

And when I feel, fair creature of an hour,

 That I shall never look upon thee more,

Never have relish in the faery power

 Of unreflecting love—then on the shore

Of the wide world I stand alone, and think

Till love and fame to nothingness do sink.