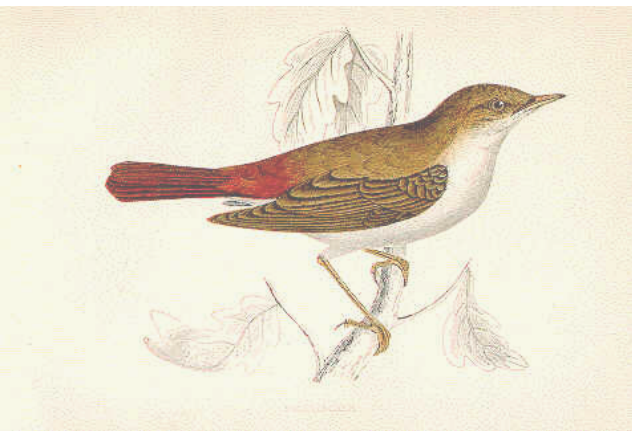




Keats – *Fears & A Nightingale* – A Journey-- READ the Directions Carefully!

You will have to be VERY FOCUSED, not only to finish this group work, but to allow yourself to go someplace, that perhaps you have not gone before. A number of students have come up to me and told me that *poetry seems so easy when I go over it in class* – there are no hidden tricks – except perhaps opening yourself up to possibilities and allowing connections to occur. **Timekeepers – look ahead as your group gets started and chart out times to be done by.**

Do this group work by taking a sheet of paper and uncovering one question or instruction at a time – (the way most groups preferred to look at poetry: remember, that Shakespeare sonnet assignment where you

looked at poetry in 3 ways?)

Begin by ever-so-briefly going over the biographical information that you have on Keats's life, especially how (and when in his life) it ended. We also discussed this when we covered "Ode on a Grecian Urn."

- Now, begin reading "When I have fears that I may Cease to Be." Read it aloud then everyone in your group discuss one thing they notice about the poem or that they would like to comment on. Write down 1 sentence per member.
- Be sure to consider the following in "Fears" Write one sentence (only 1, not 1 per member) on each of these points.
 - Keats's precarious hold on life
 - the idea of the thick books and full ripen'd grain – what are these to Keats and what he will do?
 - the idea of dying while in love
 - the importance of fame in achieving immortality (we've seen a Shakespeare sonnet, and others on this)
 - how the poem ends – his state of mind -- consider this when starting "Nightingale"
- Consider this poem "Fears" (though it was not written to be) as an epigraph (make sure everyone knows what that is) of "Ode to a Nightingale." As you read "Nightingale" be ready (and you should) to refer back to this poem in explaining what's going on in that 2nd poem. Make sure your group knows what an epigraph is.
- Divide the stanzas up amongst your group members (in a group of 4 – each member having 2 stanzas). Spend 5 minutes with each member silently reading and marking up that stanza becoming an expert on it. Look to question 2 if you must, it might help you, or to the stanza before and after it.
- Read each stanza aloud (taking turns) -- go around your group quickly commenting on line by line (or sentence by sentence). As you go around, end each line, sentence, or thought with the person who was the expert on that stanza. For each stanza write down two to three sentences that best summarize *the most important things* going on in that stanza.
- Go back to each of the following stanzas – and consider these points orally (don't write down your answers)

Stanza	Points to Ponder
1	How are his senses described? How does this fit in with the earlier poem? At what line do we see him begin to address the bird? How are the bird's thoughts fundamentally different than his?
1b	In Wordsworth's "To a Skylark," Wordsworth says to the Skylark that she should "[l]eave to the nightingale her shady wood" – How does that association (shady wood – nightingale now make sense) – you may want to skip this till the end.
2	What vintage? What do "long age," "green," "dance," and "song" have to do with it? "Purple-stained" means it is not hemlock – what then?
3	What makes him think bird has not felt these (line 23 etc) things? 25-30 What are his fears? (ahh last poem...)
4	How will he fly? Skylark? Where is "here"?
5	What does line 41 have to do with 38? Why embalmed? How can darkness be embalmed? Flies?
6	Who or what is the darkling? listen to what? Why in "vain"?
7	What is the bird born for? What should Keats have been born for? Line 70 – line 11 last poem (look for more than the connection of words)
8	What brings him out of his deep thought? Why the confusion at the end? How is it fitting? "Fancy" as in? What music? If the bird, or its song is eternal -- what about this poem – comment. Tres Cool.

7. (start writing again) Did any of your group members come up with any of the questions/observations (in the table) when you doing part 5? Try to determine why? Choose one specific or idea from the ones above that particularly “moved” your group and that your group did not see. Each group member should comment in one sentence why they may have missed the point.

8. Now do the opposite, find a point (a particularly good one) that your group found in the poem that is not present in the chart above and comment on how your group or group member found it. Think about this, and relate it to your next reading of a poem.

9. Look at line 61 of “Nightingale.” How does this line reflect much of both of these poems as well as “Ode on a Grecian Urn.” Be specific.

10. On Keat’s grave it is written “Here lies one whose name was writ in water – how does that relate in a very deep and significant way to these two poems – and his life – and the poems’ prophecy – be specific. How are those words (metaquestion) contradicted – ah, yes... think hard (and yes it is very cool).

ON YOUR OWN – EC #1 ASSIGNMENT (**up to 50 points** – this would be due next Tuesday – 04/28/15) – consider Keat’s poem below, “Bright Star” – connect it to your poems you went today (both of them) as well as “Ode on a Grecian Urn”. Use at least a total of 8 quotes in your paper. Have a thesis – and write your response as an essay. Even if you don’t do this essay – take a quick look at the poem...

Bright Star by John Keats

Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art--
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like nature's patient, sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors--
No--yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever--or else swoon to death.



EC #2 – (also worth up to 50 points). Watch the film “Bright Star” – you will have to rent it (or purchase it). Answer the question that is found on the John Keats forum. Remember to follow all the rules about posting (proofread, grammar, etc.). After you write your own post please reply to something that someone else has written.

Homework: Wednesday – Intro (only) to Percy Shelley (729). Friday – The French Lieutenant’s Woman 9 to 18 (300 points). Rough Draft – May 1st (600 points)

WHEN I HAVE FEARS THAT I MAY CEASE TO BE

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

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

1 My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
2 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
3 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
4 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
5 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
6 But being too happy in thine happiness,--
7 That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees
8 In some melodious plot
9 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
10 Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

11 O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been
12 Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
13 Tasting of Flora and the country green,
14 Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
15 O for a beaker full of the warm South,
16 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
17 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
18 And purple-stained mouth;
19 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
20 And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

21 Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
22 What thou among the leaves hast never known,
23 The weariness, the fever, and the fret
24 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
25 Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
26 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
27 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
28 And leaden-eyed despairs,
29 Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
30 Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

31 Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
 32 Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
 33 But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
 34 Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
 35 Already with thee! tender is the night,
 36 And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
 37 Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;
 38 But here there is no light,
 39 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
 40 Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

41 I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
 42 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
 43 But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
 44 Wherewith the seasonable month endows
 45 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
 46 White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
 47 Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
 48 And mid-May's eldest child,
 49 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
 50 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

51 Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
 52 I have been half in love with easeful Death,
 53 Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
 54 To take into the air my quiet breath;
 55 Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
 56 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 57 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 58 In such an ecstasy!
 59 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain--
 60 To thy high requiem become a sod.

61 Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
 62 No hungry generations tread thee down;
 63 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 64 In ancient days by emperor and clown:
 65 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
 66 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
 67 She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
 68 The same that oft-times hath
 69 Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
 70 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

71 Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
 72 To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
 73 Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 74 As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf.
 75 Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
 76 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 77 Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
 78 In the next valley-glades:
 79 Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
 80 Fled is that music:--Do I wake or sleep?