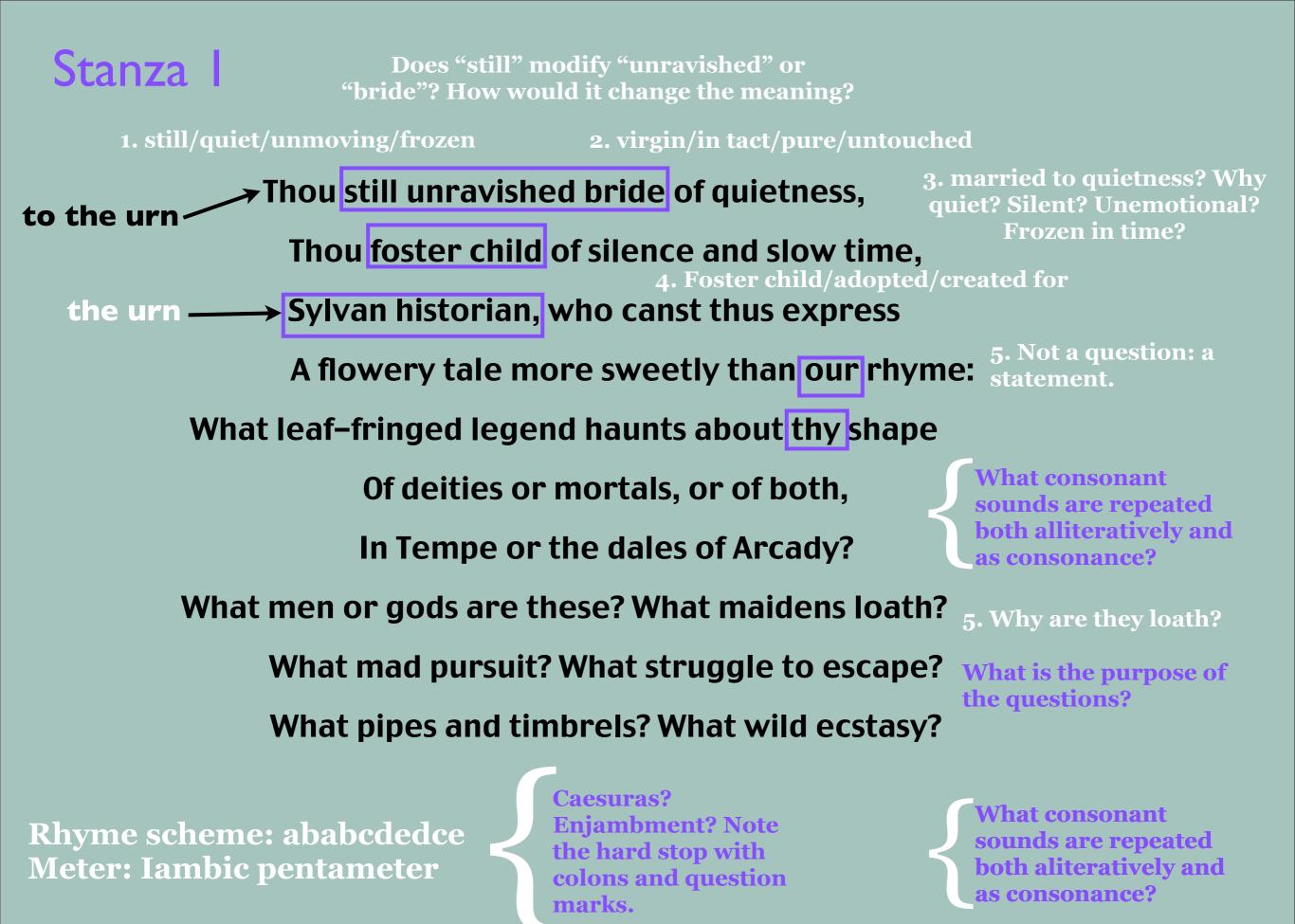


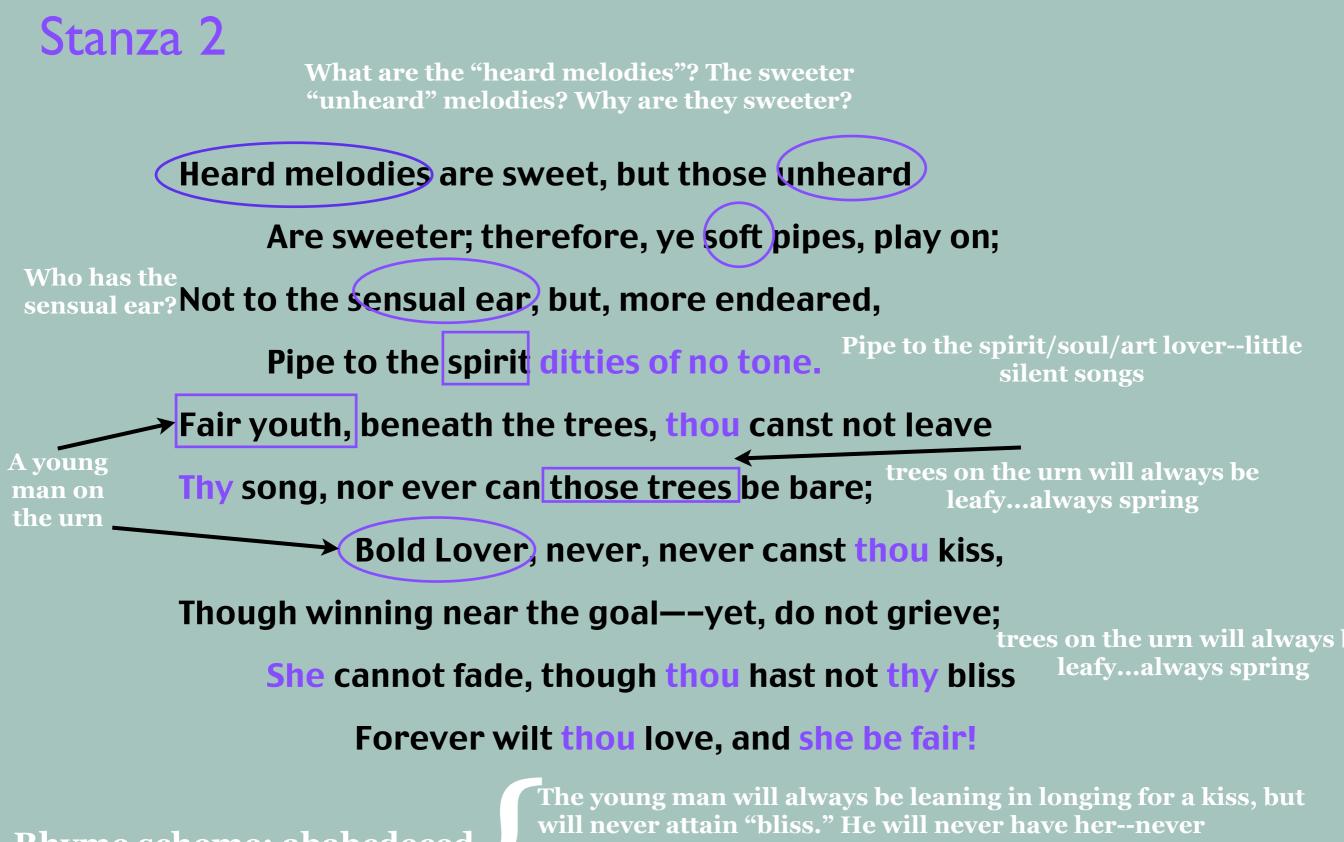
Ode on a Grecian Urn by John Keats (1820)

British Romantic Poet
Part of the Fab Five: Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lord Bryon, Shelley, Keats
Romantic tradition: *love of classical forms, elevating the common man (very influenced by the French Revolution), anti-establishment, highly philosophical by nature, considered quite avant-garde*

*Composed after viewing the Elgin Marbles on exhibition at the British Museum in London. This is a picture of the one he supposedly reflected on. A variety of paradoxes that compare the urn's art form and the poet's own art. The speaker is just an observer-periodically speaks to the urn and also to the reader.

- works of art and real life
- truth and beauty
- frozen images and dynamic emotions
- mortality and imoortality
- the transient/human and the eternal/unchageable
- ancient/classical Greece and comtemporary society
- the art of poetry and the art of stonework and painting, etc.





Rhyme scheme: ababcdeced Meter: Iambic pentameter The young man will always be leaning in longing for a kiss, but will never attain "bliss." He will never have her--never consumate their love, YET she will never grow old and unnattractive and your love will always be the young love-undefiled by life and hardship. Is the speaker envious or is he being sarcastic? Can you make a case for both?

Stanza 3

of it?

Ok, this is where the tone seems to either be mocking...or tragically envious...Make a case for either.

enjambment. Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed *Consonance: "t" "p" "d" this is different how? and Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu; How does the why? To what effect? repetition And, happy melodist, unweari-ed, used in this stanza affect Forever piping songs forever new; your reading Seriously! This guy has had More happy love! more happy, happy love! some bad love experiences. Forever warm and still to be enjoyed, Forever panting, and forever young; All breathing human passion far above, above/elevated/higher/ more valuable/spiritual That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed, A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Rhyme scheme: ababcdecde Meter: Iambic pentameter

Heat--passion--leaves humans burning and thirsty for more, but never satisfied. Could he be envying the lovers on the urn?

*continued use of

caesuras and line

Stanza 4

A switch in characters...religious/pagan rituals

Cow is lucky-never will be sacrificed--just always anticipating the sacrifice... Who are these coming to the sacrifice? To what green altar. O mysterious priest, Lead'st thou that **heifer** lowing at the skies, And all her silken flanks with garlands dressed? What little town by river or sea shore, Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel, Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn? And, little town, thy streets for evermore Will silent be; and not a soul to tell Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

*continued use of caesuras and line enjambment. *Consonance: "S" much softer sound. Some "T" as well. To what effect? Assonance: "or" sound

> Town will always be emptied--no one there ever--all at the pagan ritu<u>al.</u>

Rhyme scheme: ababcdecde Meter: Iambic pentameter

Is there a shift of tone yet?

Stanza 5

braid

And back to talking to the urn!

✓ O Attic shape! Fair attitude! With brede

Of marble men and maidens overwrough<u>t</u>,

With forest branches and the tro<u>dd</u>en wee<u>d;</u> notice the commas offsetting "silent form"

Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought

As doth eternity. Cold Pastoral!

When old age shall this generation waste,

Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe

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

"Beau<u>ty</u> is truth, truth beau<u>ty</u>"---tha<u>t</u> is all

<u>Ye</u> know on earth, and all <u>ye</u> need to know.

Rhyme scheme: ababcdedce Meter: Iambic pentameter Who is"ye"? This is one of the most debated lines in poetry...is the speaker being sarcastic? Is the statement true for the urn? For man?

*continued use of caesuras and line enjambment. *Consonance: "T" and "d" To what effect? Assonance:

Distract us and toy with us like thoughts of death?

Unfeeling, frozen pastoral scene of bliss...