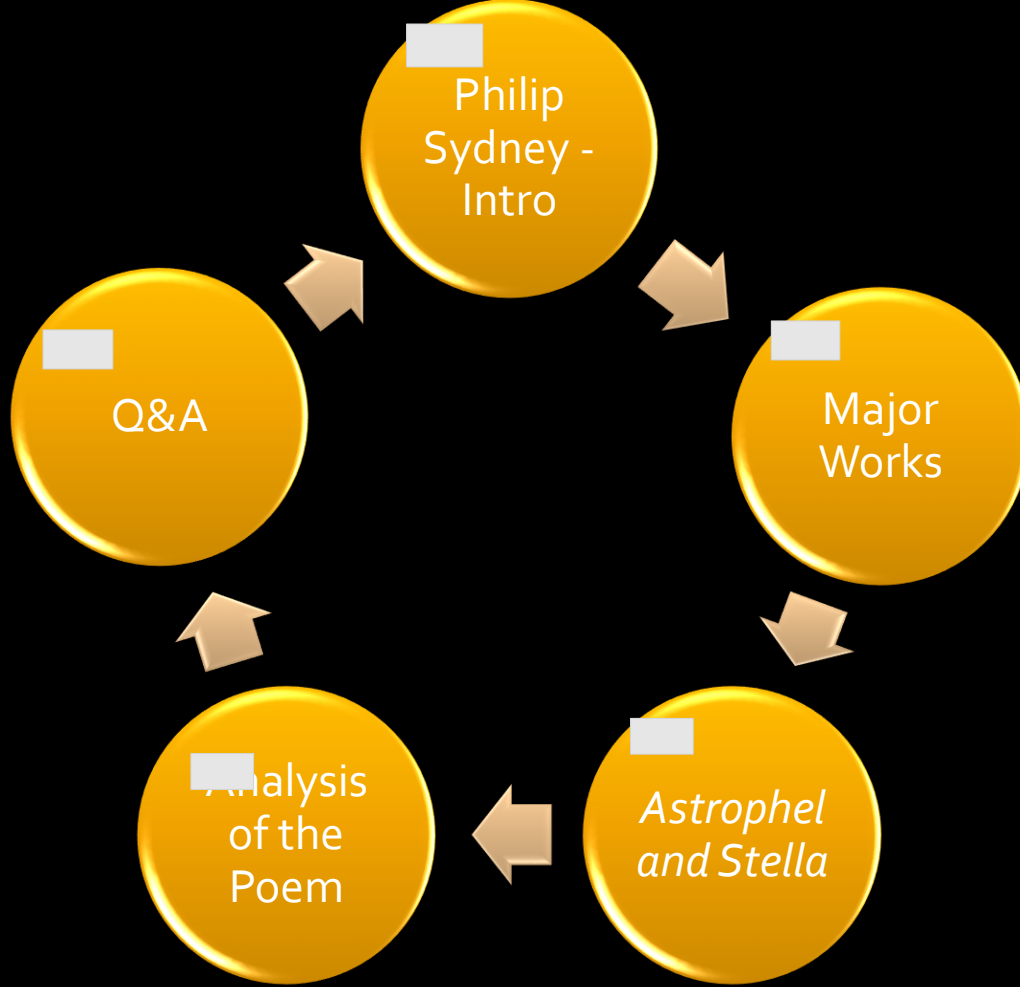


# Unit 2 Poetry Non- Detailed S . No 1



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# Philip Sydney



- 30 November 1554 – 17 October 1586
- Soldier, Spy and poet
- Elizabethan poet- [Renaissance](#) (slide 3) period
- *Astrophel and Stella*, the first **Elizabethan sonnet cycle**, and *Arcadia*, a heroic prose romance. He was also known for his literary criticism, known as *The Defense of Poesy* or *An Apology for Poetry*.
- **Poetry** according to Sidney
- **Neo-Classical Poet**

# Major Features of Renaissance in Art

- A positive willingness to learn and explore
- Faith in the nobility of man- **Humanism.**
- The discovery and mastery of linear perspective.  
(**Linear perspective** is a mathematical system used to create the illusion of space and distance on a flat surface)
- Rebirth of Naturalism.
- **Secularism.**

# Accusations of Poetry by Stephen Gosson (his charges on poetry in “The School of Abuse”)

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- Poetry , waste of time
- Poetry, a mother of lies
- It is a nurse of abuses
- Supported Platon's banishment of poets from his ideal world

# How Sidney establishes the superiority of poetry as a reply to Stephen Gosson

- ❖ Poetry is a cradle of civilization
- ❖ It is the first light giver to ignorance, that flourished before any other art or science
- ❖ The earliest philosophers and historians were poets
- ❖ The first law by Roman and Greek philosophers are written in verse
- ❖ Poetry can teach and delight
- ❖ Poetry surpasses the virtue of philosophy and history
- ❖ He debases the virtue of history and it encourages vices
- ❖ Poetry is divine as well as prophetic
- ❖ In the holy Bible For praising God Solomon uses verses
- ❖ poetry fulfils a moral purpose
- ❖ (a) religious poetry, (b) philosophical poetry and (c) poetry as an imaginative treatment of life and nature
- ❖ Sidney used his Defense to claim that poetry has more of a place in society than other sciences and writing styles.

# Astrophel and Stella

- Genre: **Sonnet**
- The progressive rise and fall of a love relationship  
( Can any one catch a star?)
- **108 sonnets** and **11** songs of Astrophel and Stella were written around **1582**, and circulated in manuscript form amongst Sidney's noble friends
- Astrophil means- Astro- star , phil – likes  
An Amateur Astronomer
- Stella means Styliani in Latin, it means a star

# Astrophil and Stella 1: Loving in truth, and fain in verse my love to show

BY SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

Loving in truth, and fain in verse my love to show,

fain : yearn, earnest

That she, dear she, might take some pleasure of my pain,—

Pleasure might cause her read, reading might make her know,

Knowledge might pity win, and pity grace obtain,—

I sought fit words to paint the blackest face of woe;

Studying inventions fine her wits to entertain,

Oft turning others' leaves, to see if thence would flow

leaves: departures, thence: from that time/place

Some fresh and fruitful showers upon my sunburn'd brain.

But words came halting forth, wanting invention's stay;

Invention, Nature's child, fled step-dame Study's blows;

And others' feet still seem'd but strangers in my way.

Thus great with child to speak and helpless in my throes,

throes: effects of struggle/ violent pangs

Biting my truant pen, beating myself for spite,

truant: stays out without permission

"Fool," said my Muse to me, "look in thy heart, and write."

# Summary of the sonnet 1

- The author opens this first sonnet by explaining his motivation for composing the sonnet sequence. He believes that if his love were to read the sonnets, she would eventually return his affection. He argues that her pleasure in his pain would cause her to read his sonnets, and her reading of the sonnets would allow her to know the extent of his affection, which might make her pity the author's situation-and this pity may transform into grace and love.
- The author also describes his difficulties in composing the sonnet sequence. He has struggled to express the pain and misery of his emotions and has tried to look at other poets' works in order to gain inspiration. Still, he has been unsuccessful. Finally, the author has realized that the only way to fully express his love for Stella in his poetry is to write from his heart.



# Analysis

- To compose a love sonnet.
- Held rationally irresponsible
- Conflicts in his role as a zealous lover and a self-critical poet
- Many clashes between reason and passion
- He will never truly win Stella, but he cannot stop desiring her.
- Write from the heart

# Questions and Answers

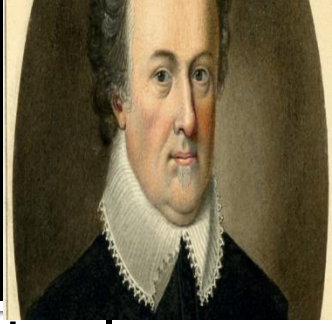
- Identify the literary technique in the sonnet 1?
- What is the theme of the first sonnet?
- “Invention” was a key element of classical and Renaissance rhetoric.  
Invention means..?
- Personification
- Writing manifesto
- the power to invent the words one needs



# Michael Drayton

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# Introduction on Drayton



- *The Harmony of the Church (1590)*- a vol of Spiritual poems , dedicated Lady Devereux – Song of Solomon- richness of expression - seized by the Archbishop of Canterbury- the whole edition was destroyed by public order
- *The Shepherd's Garland (1593)*, a collection of nine pastorals, in which he celebrated his own love-sorrows under the poetic name of Rowland- 64 sonnets-personification- failed to win his lady (idea)
- Drayton's historical poems, *The Legend of Piers Gaveston*
- *Matilda*, an epic poem in rhyme royal
- *Endimion and Phoebe* (autobiographical)
- Thomas Lodge, Edmund Spenser and Samuel Daniel contemporaries

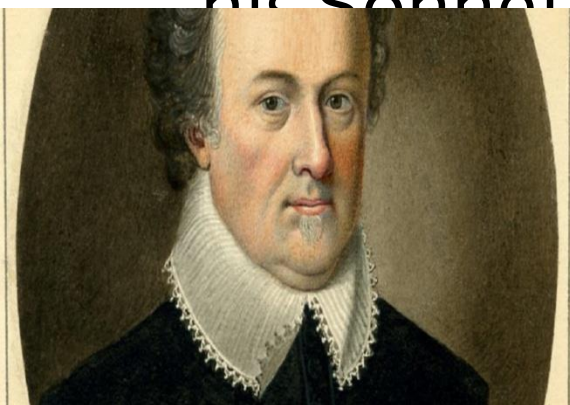
# Pain

- to James I, on his accession - was ridiculed - his services rudely rejected.
- Bitterness found in his satire *The Owl* -but failed
- *Ballad of Agincourt* (100 years war)
- *The Muses' Elizium* in 1630



# Blazon

- A poetic mode wherein the speaker uses metaphor, simile and hyperbole to describe the parts of his or her lover's body- like Sir Philip Sydney's *Astrophil & Stella*. William Shakespeare plays with the form in his Sonnet 130





volumes of poetry between 1591 and 1630.

- His sonnet sequences *Idea* and *Idea's Mirror* - in 1594 -fifty-one sonnets - After a revision, he reissued the same sequence under the title *Idea* which added eight new poems - expanded to include sixty-four sonnets - published in *Poems* in 1619.
- An ambitious youth, Drayton became a page to Sir Henry Goodeere of Polesworth who likely educated him and introduced him to his daughter Anne. It is widely believed that she is the inspiration behind Drayton's sonnet sequence "Idea" (Petrarchan )

# Sonnet 8. There's Nothing Grieves Me

- Poem by Michael Drayton

There's nothing grieves me, but that Age should haste,  
That in my days I may not see thee old,  
That where those two clear sparkling eyes are plac'd  
Only two loop-holes then I might behold;  
That lovely, arched, ivory, polish'd brow  
Defac'd with wrinkles that I might but see;  
Thy dainty hair, so curl'd and crisped now,  
Like grizzled moss upon some aged tree;

Thy cheek, now flush with roses, sunk and lean;  
Thy lips with age as any wafer thin;  
Thy pearly teeth out of thy head so clean  
That, when thou feed'st, thy nose shall touch thy chin.  
These lines that now thou scorn'st, which should delight thee,  
Then would I make thee read but to despite thee.

Michael Drayton



# Highlights

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- Summary and Analysis
- Critical views
- Rhyme Royal
- Literary techniques

# Edmund Spenser's *Prothalamion*

Presented by

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# Introduction

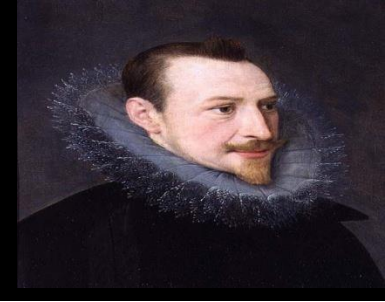


# Biography



- (1552-1599)- tailor's son
- Craftsman of modern English verse
- Translation of Petrarch's sonnets
- Czar of Earl of Leichester
- Secretary of Bishop of Rochester, John Young
- Met Sidney and Edward Dyer, and formed an informal intellectual society "Aeropagus"
- Married Boyle in 1594
- Castle burned down in Ireland and returned to London in 1598
- Died in poverty in 1599

# Literary Works



- *Amoretti* Sonnet 60
- *The Shepherds' Calendar*
- magnum opus, *The Faerie Queene* publishing the first three of the projected twelve books in 1590
- *Epithalamion* – dedicated to Elizabeth Boyle- it is about his own marriage
- *Prothalamion- Earl of Worchester, Edward Somerset- Ladie Katherine and Ladie Elizabeth*

# *Prothalamion*

- S.T. Coleridge praised it for its swan-like movement
- The title *Prothalamion* means Betrothal song or song sung before a marriage
- Written in 1596
- Pro (Gr) – before
- Thalamion- bridal chamber
- Term invented by Spenser
- Consists of 10 stanzas of 18 lines
- It is a spousal verse in honour of the double marriage Ladie Elizabeth (Henry Guildford), Ladie Katherine Somerset (William Petre)
- Dr. Johnson says that *Prothalamion* holds autobiographical lines
- Second wedding song

# Prothalamion

- BY [EDMUND SPENSER](#)
- CALM was the day, and through the trembling air
- Sweet breathing Zephyrus did softly play,
- A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay
- Hot Titan's beams, which then did glister fair;
- When I whose sullen care,
- Through discontent of my long fruitless stay
- In prince's court, and expectation vain
- Of idle hopes, which still do fly away
- Like empty shadows, did afflict my brain,
- Walked forth to ease my pain
- Along the shore of silver streaming Thames,
- Whose ruddy bank, the which his river hems,
- Was painted all with variable flowers,
- And all the meads adorned with dainty gems,
- Fit to deck maidens' bowers,
- And crown their paramours,
- Against the bridal day, which is not long:
  - Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.

- There, in a meadow, by the river's side,
- A flock of nymphs I chanced to espy,
- All lovely daughters of the flood thereby,
- With goodly greenish locks, all loose untied,
- As each had been a bride;
- And each one had a little wicker basket,
- Made of fine twigs, entrained curiously,
- In which they gathered flowers to fill their flasket,
- And with fine fingers cropt full featously
- The tender stalks on high.
- Of every sort, which in that meadow grew,
- They gathered some; the violet pallid blue,
- The little daisy, that at evening closes,
- The virgin lily, and the primrose true,
- With store of vermeil roses,
- To deck their bridegrooms' posies
- Against the bridal day, which was not long:
  - Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.
  -



- With that, I saw two swans of goodly hue
- Come softly swimming down along the Lee;
- Two fairer birds I yet did never see.
- The snow which doth the top of Pindus strew,
- Did never whiter shew,
- Nor Jove himself, when he a swan would be
- For love of Leda, whiter did appear:
- Yet Leda was they say as white as he,
- Yet not so white as these, nor nothing near.
- So purely white they were,
- That even the gentle stream, the which them bare,
- Seemed foul to them, and bade his billows spare
- To wet their silken feathers, lest they might
- Soil their fair plumes with water not so fair,
- And mar their beauties bright,
- That shone as heaven's light,
- Against their bridal day, which was not long:
  - Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.

- Eftsoons the nymphs, which now had flowers their fill,
- Ran all in haste, to see that silver brood,
- As they came floating on the crystal flood.
- Whom when they saw, they stood amazed still,
- Their wondering eyes to fill.
- Them seemed they never saw a sight so fair,
- Of fowls so lovely, that they sure did deem
- Them heavenly born, or to be that same pair
- Which through the sky draw Venus' silver team;
- For sure they did not seem
- To be begot of any earthly seed,
- But rather angels, or of angels' breed:
- Yet were they bred of Somers-heat they say,
- In sweetest season, when each flower and weed
- The earth did fresh array,
- So fresh they seemed as day,
- Even as their bridal day, which was not long:
- Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.

- Then forth they all out of their baskets drew
- Great store of flowers, the honour of the field,
- That to the sense did fragrant odours yield,
- All which upon those goodly birds they threw,
- And all the waves did strew,
- That like old Peneus' waters they did seem,
- When down along by pleasant Tempe's shore,
- Scattered with flowers, through Thessaly they stream,
- That they appear through lilies' plenteous store,
- Like a bride's chamber floor.
- Two of those nymphs meanwhile, two garlands bound,
- Of freshest flowers which in that mead they found,
- The which presenting all in trim array,
- Their snowy foreheads therewithal they crowned,
- Whilst one did sing this lay,
- Prepared against that day,
- Against their bridal day, which was not long:
  - Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.

- 'Ye gentle birds, the world's fair ornament,
- And heaven's glory, whom this happy hour
- Doth lead unto your lovers' blissful bower,
- Joy may you have and gentle heart's content
- Of your love's complement:
- And let fair Venus, that is queen of love,
- With her heart-quelling son upon you smile,
- Whose smile, they say, hath virtue to remove
- All love's dislike, and friendship's faulty guile
- For ever to assoil.
- Let endless peace your steadfast hearts accord,
- And blessed plenty wait upon your board,
- And let your bed with pleasures chaste abound,
- That fruitful issue may to you afford,
- Which may your foes confound,
- And make your joys redound
- Upon your bridal day, which is not long:
- Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.'

- So ended she; and all the rest around
- To her redoubled that her undersong,
- Which said their bridal day should not be long.
- And gentle echo from the neighbour ground
- Their accents did resound.
- So forth those joyous birds did pass along,
- Adown the Lee, that to them murmured low,
- As he would speak, but that he lacked a tongue,
- Yet did by signs his glad affection show,
- Making his stream run slow.
- And all the fowl which in his flood did dwell
- Gan flock about these twain, that did excel
- The rest so far as Cynthia doth shend
- The lesser stars. So they, enranged well,
- Did on those two attend,
- And their best service lend,
- Against their wedding day, which was not long:
  - Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.

- At length they all to merry London came,
- To merry London, my most kindly nurse,
- That to me gave this life's first native source;
- Though from another place I take my name,
- An house of ancient fame.
- There when they came, whereas those bricky towers,
- The which on Thames' broad aged back do ride,
- Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers
- There whilom wont the Templar Knights to bide,
- Till they decayed through pride:
- Next whereunto there stands a stately place,
- Where oft I gained gifts and goodly grace
- Of that great lord, which therein wont to dwell,
- Whose want too well now feels my friendless case.
- But ah, here fits not well
- Old woes but joys to tell
- Against the bridal day, which is not long:
- Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.

- Yet therein now doth lodge a noble peer,
- Great England's glory, and the world's wide wonder,
- Whose dreadful name late through all Spain did thunder,
- And Hercules' two pillars standing near
- Did make to quake and fear:
- Fair branch of honour, flower of chivalry,
- That fillest England with thy triumph's fame,
- Joy have thou of thy noble victory,
- And endless happiness of thine own name
- That promiseth the same:
- That through thy prowess and victorious arms,
- Thy country may be freed from foreign harms;
- And great Elisa's glorious name may ring
- Through all the world, filled with thy wide alarms,
- Which some brave Muse may sing
- To ages following,
- Upon the bridal day, which is not long:
- Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.

- From those high towers this noble lord issuing,
- Like radiant Hesper when his golden hair
- In th'Ocean billows he hath bathed fair,
- Descended to the river's open viewing,
- With a great train ensuing.
- Above the rest were goodly to be seen
- Two gentle knights of lovely face and feature
- Beseeming well the bower of any queen,
- With gifts of wit and ornaments of nature,
- Fit for so goodly stature;
- That like the twins of Jove they seemed in sight,
- Which deck the baldric of the heavens bright.
- They two forth pacing to the river's side,
- Received those two fair birds, their love's delight;
- Which, at th' appointed tide,
- Each one did make his bride
- Against their bridal day, which is not long:
  - Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.
-