

University of Allahabad

B.A. FIRST YEAR (ENGLISH LITERATURE)

Paper 1 (Poetry) Syllabus

1. William Shakespeare: (a) Sonnet 29: “When in disgrace with fortune and men’s eyes”
(b) Sonnet 138 “When my love swears that she is made of truth”
2. John Donne: “Canonization”
3. John Milton: *Paradise Lost* (Satan’s Speech)
4. John Dryden: *Absalom and Achitophel*, Lines 150-197. (False Achitophel).
5. Alexander Pope: “ Essay on Man” (Lines 1-18)
6. William Blake: The Nurse’s Song
7. William Wordsworth: (a) “Tintern Abbey”, (b) “The World is too much with us”
8. Percy B. Shelley: (a) “Ode to the West Wind” (b) “ A Lament”
9. John Keats: (a) “Ode to a Nightingale”, (b) “ La Belle dame sans merci”
10. Sarojini Naidu: The Flute Player of Brindaban
11. Toru Dutt:” Baughmaree”
12. Rabindra Nath Tagore: From *Gitanjali* : (a) 11th, Leave the Chanting, (b) 12th Fruit Gathering.
13. Nissim Ezekiel: “Background”, “Casually”
14. Frost: “ Stopping by the Woods”
15. Walt Whitman: “O Captain, My Captain”

Pattern of the Question Paper

The paper will be divided into five units. Unit I will consist of 6 passages set from the poems prescribed and

candidates will be asked to explain with reference to the context any three. Units II, III, IV and V will consist of

essay type questions. The following Unit wise division of the prescribed poets will be observed

Unit II: Shakespeare, Donne, Milton, Dryden, Pope.

Unit III: Blake, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats.

Unit IV: Sarojini Naidu, Toru Dutt, Tagore.

Unit V: Nissim Ezekiel, Robert Frost, Walt Whitman.

(Unit I will carry 18 marks and the other units will carry 8 marks each.)

Texts

William Shakespeare: (a) Sonnet 29: “When in disgrace with fortune and men’s eyes”

When, in disgrace with fortune and men’s eyes,
 I all alone beweepe my outcast state,
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
 And look upon myself and curse my fate,
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
 Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
 Desiring this man’s art and that man’s scope,
 With what I most enjoy contented least;
 Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
 Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
 (Like to the lark at break of day arising
 From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven’s gate;
 For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

(b) Sonnet 138 “When my love swears that she is made of truth”

When my love swears that she is made of truth
 I do believe her, though I know she lies,
 That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
 Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.
 Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
 Although she knows my days are past the best,
 Simply I credit her false speaking tongue:
 On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.
 But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
 And wherefore say not I that I am old?
 O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,
 And age in love loves not to have years told:
 Therefore I lie with her and she with me,
 And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

2. John Donne: “Canonization”

For God's sake hold your tongue, and let me love,
 Or chide my palsy, or my gout,
 My five gray hairs, or ruined fortune flout,
 With wealth your state, your mind with arts improve,
 Take you a course, get you a place,
 Observe his honor, or his grace,
 Or the king's real, or his stampèd face

Contemplate; what you will, approve,
So you will let me love.

Alas, alas, who's injured by my love?
What merchant's ships have my sighs drowned?
Who says my tears have overflowed his ground?
When did my colds a forward spring remove?
When did the heats which my veins fill
Add one more to the plaguy bill?
Soldiers find wars, and lawyers find out still
Litigious men, which quarrels move,
Though she and I do love.

Call us what you will, we are made such by love;
Call her one, me another fly,
We're tapers too, and at our own cost die,
And we in us find the eagle and the dove.
The phoenix riddle hath more wit
By us; we two being one, are it.
So, to one neutral thing both sexes fit.
We die and rise the same, and prove
Mysterious by this love.

We can die by it, if not live by love,
And if unfit for tombs and hearse
Our legend be, it will be fit for verse;
And if no piece of chronicle we prove,
We'll build in sonnets pretty rooms;
As well a well-wrought urn becomes
The greatest ashes, as half-acre tombs,
And by these hymns, all shall approve
Us canonized for Love.

And thus invoke us: "You, whom reverend love
Made one another's hermitage;
You, to whom love was peace, that now is rage;
Who did the whole world's soul contract, and drove
Into the glasses of your eyes
(So made such mirrors, and such spies,
That they did all to you epitomize)
Countries, towns, courts: beg from above
A pattern of your love!"

3. John Milton: *Paradise Lost* (Satan's Speech)

'Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,'
 Said then the lost archangel, 'this the seat
 That we must change for Heav'n, this mournful gloom
 For that celestial light? Be it so, since he
 Who now is sovran can dispose and bid
 What shall be right: furthest from him is best
 Whom reason hath equalled, force hath made supreme
 Above his equals. Farewell 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 changed by place or time.
 The mind is its own place, and in itself
 Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
 What matter where, if I be still the same,
 And what I should be, all but less than he
 Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least
 We shall be free; the almighty hath not built
 Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
 Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
 To reign is worth ambition though in hell:
 Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven.
 But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
 Th' associates and copartners of our loss
 Lye thus astonish on th' oblivious Pool,
 And call them not to share with us their part
 In this unhappy Mansion, or once more
 With rallied Arms to try what may be yet
 Regained in Heav'n, or what more lost in Hell?
 So Satan spake, and him Beelzebub
 Thus answer'd.

4. John Dryden: *Absalom and Achitophel*, Lines 150-197. (False Achitophel)

Of these the false Achitophel was first:
 A name to all succeeding ages curst.
 For close designs, and crooked counsels fit;
 Sagacious, bold and turbulent of wit:
 Restless, unfixt in principles and place;
 In pow'r unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace.
 A fiery soul, which working out its way,
 Fretted the pigmy-body to decay:
 And o'er inform'd the tenement of clay.
 A daring pilot in extremity;
 Pleas'd with the danger, when the waves went high
 He sought the storms; but for a calm unfit,

Would steer too nigh the sands, to boast his wit.
 Great wits are sure to madness near alli'd;
 And thin partitions do their bounds divide:
 Else, why should he, with wealth and honour blest,
 Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
 Punish a body which he could not please;
 Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
 And all to leave, what with his toil he won
 To that unfeather'd, two-legg'd thing, a son:
 Got, while his soul did huddled notions try;
 And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.
 In friendship false, implacable in hate:
 Resolv'd to ruin or to rule the state.
 To compass this, the triple bond he broke;
 The pillars of the public safety shook:
 And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke.
 Then, seiz'd with fear, yet still affecting fame,
 Usurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name.
 So easy still it proves in factious times,
 With public zeal to cancel private crimes:
 How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
 Where none can sin against the people's will:
 Where crowds can wink; and no offence be known,
 Since in another's guilt they find their own.
 Yet, fame deserv'd, no enemy can grudge;
 The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
 In Jewish courts ne'er sat an Abbethdin
 With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean:
 Unbrib'd, unsought, the wretched to redress;
 Swift of dispatch, and easy of access.
 Oh, had he been content to serve the crown,
 With virtues only proper to the gown;
 Or, had the rankness of the soil been freed
 From cockle, that oppress'd the noble seed,
 David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
 And heav'n had wanted one immortal song.

5. Alexander Pope: "Essay on Man" (Lines 1-18)

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
 The proper study of mankind is man.
 Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
 A being darkly wise, and rudely great:
 With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
 With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,
 He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;

In doubt to deem himself a god, or beast;
 In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
 Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err;
 Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
 Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
 Chaos of thought and passion, all confus'd;
 Still by himself abus'd, or disabus'd;
 Created half to rise, and half to fall;
 Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
 Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd:
 The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!
 Go, wondrous creature! Mount where Science guides;
 Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;
 Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
 Correct old Time, and regulate the sun;
 Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,
 To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
 Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,
 And quitting sense call imitating God;
 As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,
 And turn their heads to imitate the sun,
 Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule
 Then drop into thyself, and be a fool.

6. William Blake: The Nurse's Song

When the voices of children are heard on the green
 And laughing is heard on the hill,
 My heart is at rest within my breast
 And everything else is still.

'Then come home my children, the sun is gone down
 And the dews of night arise
 Come, come, leave off play, and let us away
 Till the morning appears in the skies.'

'No, no, let us play, for it is yet day
 And we cannot go to sleep;
 Besides in the sky, the little birds fly
 And the hills are all cover'd with sheep.'

'Well well go & play till the light fades away
 And then go home to bed.'
 The little ones leaped & shouted & laugh'd
 And all the hills echoed.

7. William Wordsworth: (a) “Tintern Abbey”, (b) “The World is too much with us”

1. Tintern Abbey,

FIVE years have past; five summers, with the length
 Of five long winters! and again I hear
 These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
 With a soft inland murmur. — Once again
 Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
 That on a wild secluded scene impress
 Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect
 The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
 The day is come when I again repose
 Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
 These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
 Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
 Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
 'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
 These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
 Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms,
 Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
 Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
 With some uncertain notice, as might seem
 Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
 Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire
 The Hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,
 Through a long absence, have not been to me
 As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
 But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
 Of towns and cities, I have owed to them
 In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
 Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
 And passing even into my purer mind,
 With tranquil restoration: — feelings too
 Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
 As have no slight or trivial influence
 On that best portion of a good man's life,
 His little, nameless, unremembered, acts
 Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
 To them I may have owed another gift,
 Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,
 In which the burthen of the mystery,
 In which the heavy and the weary weight
 Of all this unintelligible world,
 Is lightened: — that serene and blessed mood,

And all its aching joys are now no more,
 And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
 Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur, other gifts
 Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
 Abundant recompence. For I have learned
 To look on nature, not as in the hour
 Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes

The still, sad music of humanity,
 Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
 To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
 A presence that disturbs me with the joy
 Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
 A motion and a spirit, that impels

All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
 And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
 A lover of the meadows and the woods,
 And mountains; and of all that we behold
 From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye, and ear, — both what they half create,
 And what perceive; well pleased to recognise
 In nature and the language of the sense,
 The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
 The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul

Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,
 If I were not thus taught, should I the more
 Suffer my genial spirits to decay:
 For thou art with me here upon the banks
 Of this fair river; thou my dearest Friend,
 My dear, dear Friend; and in thy voice I catch
 The language of my former heart, and read
 Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
 May I behold in thee what I was once,

My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I make,
 Knowing that Nature never did betray
 The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
 Through all the years of this our life, to lead
 From joy to joy: for she can so inform

The mind that is within us, so impress
 With quietness and beauty, and so feed
 With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
 Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
 Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all

The dreary intercourse of daily life,
 Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
 Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
 Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
 Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
 And let the misty mountain-winds be free
 To blow against thee: and, in after years,
 When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
 Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind
 Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,

Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
 For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,
 If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
 Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
 Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
 And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance —
 If I should be where I no more can hear
 Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
 Of past existence — wilt thou then forget
 That on the banks of this delightful stream

We stood together; and that I, so long
 A worshipper of Nature, hither came
 Unwearied in that service: rather say
 With warmer love — oh! with far deeper zeal
 Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
 That after many wanderings, many years
 Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
 And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
 More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

2. “The world is too much with us”

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-gathered 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 wreathèd horn.

8. Percy B. Shelley: (a) "Ode to the West Wind" (b) "A Lament"

(a) "Ode to the West Wind"

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
 Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
 Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
 Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,
 Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,
 Each like a corpse within its grave, until
 Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
 (Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
 With living hues and odours plain and hill:

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
 Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh hear!

II

Thou on whose stream, mid the steep sky's commotion,
 Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
 Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
 On the blue surface of thine aëry surge,
 Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge
 Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
 The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night

Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: oh hear!

III

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves: oh hear!

IV

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over Heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
Scarce seem'd a vision; I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bow'd
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

V

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
 What if my leaves are falling like its own!
 The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
 Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
 My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
 Like wither'd leaves to quicken a new birth!
 And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguish'd hearth
 Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
 Be through my lips to unawaken'd earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,
 If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

(b) A Lament

O world! O life! O time!
 On whose last steps I climb,
 Trembling at that where I had stood before;
 When will return the glory of your prime?
 No more—Oh, never more!

Out of the day and night
 A joy has taken flight;
 Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar,
 Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
 No more—Oh, never more!

9. John Keats: (a) “Ode to a Nightingale”, (b) “La Belle dame sans merci”

(a) “Ode to a Nightingale”

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
 But being too happy in thine happiness,—
 That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees
 In some melodious plot

Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(b) “ La Belle dame sans merci”

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
 Alone and palely loitering?
 The sedge has withered from the lake,
 And no birds sing.

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
 So haggard, and so woe-begone?
 The squirrel's granary is full,
 And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow,
 With anguish moist and fever-dew,
 And on thy cheeks a fading rose
 Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads,
 Full beautiful—a faery's child,
 Her hair was long, her foot was light,
 And her eyes were wild.

I made a garland for her head,
 And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
 She looked at me as she did love,
 And made sweet moan.

I set her on my pacing steed,
 And nothing else saw all day long,
 For sidelong would she bend, and sing
 A faery's song.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
 And honey wild, and manna-dew,
 And sure in language strange she said—
 “I love thee true.”

She took me to her elfin grot,
 And there she wept and sighed full sore,
 And there I shut her wild wild eyes
 With kisses four.

And there she lullèd me asleep,
 And there I dreamed—Ah! woe betide!—
 The latest dream I ever dreamt
 On the cold hill side.

I saw pale kings and princes too,
 Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
 They cried—“La Belle Dame sans Merci
 Thee hath in thrall!”

I saw their starved lips in the gloam,
 With horrid warning gapèd wide,
 And I awoke and found me here,
 On the cold hill's side.

And this is why I sojourn here,
 Alone and palely loitering,
 Though the sedge is withered from the lake,
 And no birds sing.

10. Sarojini Naidu: The Flute Player of Brindaban

WHY didst thou play thy matchless flute
 'Neath the Kadamba tree,
 And wound my idly dreaming heart
 With poignant melody,
 So where thou goest I must go
 My flute-player with thee?

Still must I like a homeless bird
 Wander, forsaking all
 The earthly loves and worldly lures
 That held my life in thrall,
 'And follow, follow, answering
 Thy magical flute-call.

To Indra's golden-flowering groves
 Where streams immortal flow,
 Or to sad Yama's silent Courts
 Engulfed in lampless woe,
 Where'er thy subtle flute I hear
 Belovèd I must go!

No peril of the deep or height
 Shall daunt my wingèd foot;
 No fear of time-unconquered space,
 Or light untravelled route,
 Impede my heart that pants to drain
 The nectar of thy flute!

11. Toru Dutt: "Baughmaree"

A sea of foliage girds our garden round,
 But not a sea of dull unvaried green,
 Sharp contrasts of all colours here are seen;
 The light-green graceful tamarinds abound
 Amid the mangoe clumps of green profound,
 And palms arise, like pillars gray, between;
 And o'er the quiet pools the seemuls lean,
 Red,--red, and startling like a trumpet's sound.
 But nothing can be lovelier than the ranges

Of bamboos to the eastward, when the moon
Looks through their gaps, and the white lotus changes
Into a cup of silver. One might swoon
Drunken with beauty then, or gaze and gaze
On a primeval Eden, in amaze.

12. Rabindra Nath Tagore: From *Gitanjali* : (a) 11th, Leave the Chanting, (b) 12th Fruit Gathering.

(a) 11th, Leave the Chanting

LEAVE THIS chanting and singing and telling of beads!
Whom dost thou worship in this lonely dark corner of a temple with doors all shut?
Open thine eyes and see thy God is not before thee!
He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground and where the path-maker is breaking
stones.
He is with them in sun and in shower, and his garment is covered with dust.
Put off thy holy mantle and even like him come down on the dusty soil!
Deliverance? Where is this deliverance to be found?
Our master himself has joyfully taken upon him the bonds of creation; he is bound with us all for
ever.
Come out of thy meditations and leave aside thy flowers and incense!
What harm is there if thy clothes become tattered and stained?
Meet him and stand by him in toil and in sweat of thy brow.

(b) 12th Fruit Gathering.

Far below flowed the Jamuna, swift and clear, above frowned the jutting bank.
Hills dark with the woods and scarred with the torrents were gathered around.
Govinda, the great Sikh teacher, sat on the rock reading scriptures, when Raghunath, his disciple,
proud of his wealth, came and bowed to him and said, "I have brought my poor present unworthy
of your acceptance."
Thus saying he displayed before the teacher a pair of gold bangles wrought with costly stones.
The master took up one of them, twirling it round his finger, and diamonds darted shafts of light.
Suddenly it slipped from his hand and rolled down the bank into the water.
"Alas," screamed Raghunath, and jumped into the stream.
The teacher set his eyes upon his book, and the water held and hid what it stole and went its way.
The daylight faded when Raghunath came back to the teacher tired and dripping.
He panted and said, "I can still get it back if you show me where it fell."
The teacher took up the remaining bangle and throwing it into the water said, "It is there."

13. Nissim Ezikiel: "Background, Casually"

I

A poet-rascal-clown was born,
 The frightened child who would not eat
 Or sleep, a boy of meager bone.
 He never learned to fly a kite,
 His borrowed top refused to spin.

I went to Roman Catholic school,
 A mugging Jew among the wolves.
 They told me I had killed the Christ,
 That year I won the scripture prize.
 A Muslim sportsman boxed my ears.

I grew in terror of the strong
 But undernourished Hindu lads,
 Their prepositions always wrong,
 Repelled me by passivity.
 One noisy day I used a knife.

At home on Friday nights the prayers
 Were said. My morals had declined.
 I heard of Yoga and of Zen.
 Could I, perhaps, be rabbi-saint?
 The more I searched, the less I found.

Twenty-two: time to go abroad.
 First, the decision, then a friend
 To pay the fare. Philosophy,
 Poverty and Poetry, three
 Companions shared my basement room.

II

The London seasons passed me by.
 I lay in bed two years alone,
 And then a Woman came to tell
 My willing ears I was the Son
 Of Man. I knew that I had failed

In everything, a bitter thought.
 So, in an English cargoship
 Taking French guns and mortar shells
 To IndoChina, scrubbed the decks,
 And learned to laugh again at home.

How to feel it home, was the point.
 Some reading had been done, but what
 Had I observed, except my own
 Exasperation? All Hindus are
 Like that, my father used to say,

When someone talked too loudly, or
 Knocked at the door like the Devil.
 They hawked and spat. They sprawled around.
 I prepared for the worst. Married,
 Changed jobs, and saw myself a fool.

The song of my experience sung,
 I knew that all was yet to sing.
 My ancestors, among the castes,
 Were aliens crushing seed for bread
 (The hooded bullock made his rounds).

III

One among them fought and taught,
 A Major bearing British arms.
 He told my father sad stories
 Of the Boer War. I dreamed that
 Fierce men had bound my feet and hands.

The later dreams were all of words.
 I did not know that words betray
 But let the poems come, and lost
 That grip on things the worldly prize.
 I would not suffer that again.

I look about me now, and try
 To formulate a plainer view:
 The wise survive and serve—to play
 The fool, to cash in on
 The inner and the outer storms.
 The Indian landscape sears my eyes.
 I have become a part of it
 To be observed by foreigners.
 They say that I am singular,
 Their letters overstate the case.

I have made my commitments now.
 This is one: to stay where I am,
 As others choose to give themselves
 In some remote and backward place.
 My backward place is where I am.

14. Frost: “Stopping by the Woods”

Whose woods these are I think I know.
 His house is in the village though ;
 He will not see me stopping here
 To watch his woods fill up with snow.
 My little horse must think it queer
 To stop without a farmhouse near
 Between the woods and frozen lake
 The darkest evening of the year.
 He gives his harness bells a shake
 To ask if there is some mistake.
 The only other sound's the sweep
 Of easy wind and downy flake.
 The woods are lovely, dark and deep.
 But I have promises to keep,
 And miles to go before I sleep,
 And miles to go before I sleep.

15. Walt Whitman: “O Captain, My Captain”

I. O CAPTAIN! my captain! our fearful trip is done;
 The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won;
 The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
 While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring.
 But O heart! heart! heart!
 O the bleeding drops of red!
 Where on the deck my captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

II. O captain! my captain! rise up and hear the bells;
 Rise up for you the flag is flung for you the bugle trills
 For you bouquets and wreaths for you the shores a-crowding;
 For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning.
 O Captain! dear father!
 This arm beneath your head;
 It is some dream that on the deck
 You've fallen cold and dead.

III. My captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still
 My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will.
 The ship is safe and sound, its voyage closed and done:
 From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won!
 Exult, O shores! and ring,
 O bells! But I, with silent tread,
 Walk the spot my captain lies Fallen cold and dead.