English 451A
Literature of the Victorian Age I: Poetry and Poetics

Time:    MWF 11:30
Place:   ML 207
Office:  HH 223; phone: x 3743
Hours:   MWF 9:00-9:30; 2:30-5:00.

Description: An historical and critical study of major poets
(Browning, Tennyson, Arnold, Hopkins) and of the literary
criticism of the period. We will consider the major reference
works of the period, and will spend a little time on recent
literary criticism of the Victorian poets.

Text:     Houghton & Stange, Victorian Poetry and Poetics

Assignments: Reading, about 10 pages of poetry for each class.
Writing:
    Essay 1  Oct 11  20%
    Midterm  Oct 29  25
    Essay 2  Nov 20  25
    Exam    30
    Total 100
Class Schedule

Mon Sep  9  Introduction; Tears, Idle Tears
           11  Tennyson: Ulysses, Tithonus, The Lotus Eaters
           13  Oenone, Tiresias

Mon Sep 16  Demeter and Persephone
            18  The Palace of Art, The Lady of Shalott
            20  Lucretius

Mon Sep 23  In Memoriam
            25
            27

Mon Sep 30  Idylls of the King
          Oct  2
            4

Mon Oct  7  Browning: Porphyria's Lover, Sol of the Sp Cloister
            9  The Bishop Orders His Tomb
            11  How It Strikes a Contemporary; A Grammarian's Funeral

Mon Oct 14  Thanksgiving
            16  Essay on shelley
            18  One Word More; Childe Roland...

---

Tears, Idle Tears

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.