UNIT-III – MODERN LITERATURE (1798-1832)

Poetry

For Detailed Study
Wordsworth : Immortality Ode, Tintern Abbey
Coleridge : Ode to Dejection, Kubla Khan
Keats : Ode on a Grecian Urn, Ode to Autumn.
Shelley : Ode to the West Wind

For Non-Detailed Study
Wordsworth : Prelude – Book – I
Shelley : Adonais

Prose

For Detailed Study
Lamb : Essays of Elia
Christ’s Hospital, The South Sea House, Dream Children,
New year’s Eve
Hazlitt : My First Acquaintance with Poets.

For Non- Detailed Study
Shelley : A Defence of Poetry
Wordsworth : Preface to the Lyrical Ballads (1850)
Jana Austen : Emma
Emily Bronte : Wuthering Heights
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Synopsis

Born in England in 1770, poet William Wordsworth worked with Samuel Taylor Coleridge on *Lyrical Ballads* (1798). The collection, which contained Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey," introduced Romanticism to English poetry. Wordsworth also showed his affinity for nature with the famous poem "I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud." He became England's poet laureate in 1843, a role he held until his death in 1850.

Early Life

Poet William Wordsworth was born on April 7, 1770, in Cockermouth, Cumberland, England. Wordsworth’s mother died when he was 7, and he was an orphan at 13. Despite these losses, he did well at Hawkshead Grammar School—where he wrote his first poetry—and went on to study at Cambridge University. He did not excel there, but managed to graduate in 1791.

Wordsworth had visited France in 1790—in the midst of the French Revolution—and was a supporter of the new government’s republican ideals. On a return trip to France the next year, he fell in love with Annette Vallon, who became pregnant. However, the declaration of war between England and France in 1793 separated the two. Left adrift and without income in England, Wordsworth was influenced by radicals such as William Godwin.

Young Poet

In 1795, Wordsworth received an inheritance that allowed him to live with his younger sister, Dorothy. That same year, Wordsworth met Samuel Taylor Coleridge. The two became friends, and together worked on *Lyrical Ballads* (1798). The volume contained poems such as Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" and Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey," and helped Romanticism take hold in English poetry.

The same year that *Lyrical Ballads* was published, Wordsworth began writing *The Prelude*, an epic autobiographical poem that he would revise throughout his life (it was published posthumously in 1850). While working on *The Prelude*, Wordsworth produced other poetry, such as "Lucy." He also wrote a preface for the second edition of *Lyrical Ballads*; it described his poetry as being inspired by powerful emotions and would come to be seen as a declaration of Romantic principles.

"Though nothing can bring back the hour, Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower." -- from *Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood*
In 1802, a temporary lull in fighting between England and France meant that Wordsworth was able to see Vallon and their daughter, Caroline. After returning to England, he wed Mary Hutchinson, who gave birth to the first of their five children in 1803. Wordsworth was also still writing poetry, including the famous "I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud" and "Ode: Intimations of Immortality." These pieces were published in another Wordsworth collection, *Poems, in Two Volumes* (1807).

**Evolving Poetry and Philosophy**

As he grew older, Wordsworth began to reject radicalism. In 1813, he was named as a distributor of stamps and moved his family to a new home in the Lake District. By 1818, Wordsworth was an ardent supporter of the conservative Tories.

Though Wordsworth continued to produce poetry—including moving work that mourned the deaths of two of his children in 1812—he had reached a zenith of creativity between 1798 and 1808. It was this early work that cemented his reputation as an acclaimed literary figure.

In 1843, Wordsworth became England's poet laureate, a position he held for the rest of his life. At the age of 80, he died on April 23, 1850, at his home in Rydal Mount, Westmorland, England.
ODE ON INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

TEXT

-1-

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream,
It is not now as it hath been of yore:-
Turn wheresoe’er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

-2-

The Rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose,
The Moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare,
Waters on a stormy night
Are beautiful and fair,
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where’er I go,
That there hath past away a glory
from the earth

-3-

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor’s sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief;
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong;
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,
The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every Beast keep holiday:-
Thou Child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy,
Ye, blessed Creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fullness of your bliss, I feel-I feel it all,
Oh evil day! If I were sullen
While Earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May-morning,
And the Children are culling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the Bale leaps up on his Mother’s arm:-
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
-But there’s a Tree, of many, one,
A single field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone:
The Pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Wither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life’s Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence if flows,
He sees it in his joy,
The Youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature’s Priest,
And by vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.
-6-  
Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;  
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,  
And, even with something of a Mother’s mind,  
And no unworthy aim,  
The homely Nurse doth all she can  
To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,  
Forget the glories he hath known,  
And that imperial palace whence he came.

-7-  
Behold the child among his new-born blesses,  
A six year’s Darling of a pigmy size!  
See, where ‘mid work of his own hand he lies,  
Fretted by sallies of his mother’s kisses,  
With light upon him from his father’s eyes!  
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart  
Some fragment from his dream of human life,  
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art:  
A wedding or a festival,  
A mourning or a funeral,  
And this hath now his heart,  
And unto this he frames his song;  
Then will he fit his tongue  
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;  
But it will not be long  
Ere this be thrown aside,  
And with new joy and pride  
The little Actor cons another part;  
Filling from time to time his ‘humorous stage’  
With all the persons, down to palsied Age,  
That life brings with her in her equipage;  
As if his whole vocation  
Were endless imitation.

-8-  
Thou, whose exterior, semblance doth belie  
Thy soul’s immensity;  
Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep  
Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,  
That, deaf and silent, read’st the eternal mind.  
Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!  
On whom those truths do test,  
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,  
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;  
Thou; over whom thy Immortality
Broods like the Day, a Master o’er a slave,
A Presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being’s height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

-9-

O joy! That in our embers
Is something that doth live
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought or our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to the blest-
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:-
Not for those I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questioning
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in word’s not realised,
High instincts before which our mortal Nature
Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised;
But for these first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence; truths that wake,
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
Nor Man not Boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the Childen sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

-10-
Then sing ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
end let the young Lambs bound
As to the tabor’s sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering:
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

-11-
And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills and Groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway,
I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they:
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
Is lovely yet;
The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o’er man’s mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.
SUMMARY OF THE POEM

STANZA-1
In his childhood, the meadow, grove, stream, the earth and every common object appeared to Wordsworth clothed with heavenly beauty. The splendid beauty he saw in Nature appeared to him as vivid and life-like as in a dream. Now he does not find that divine glory in Nature. Wherever he turns and sees in night or day he does not find the former splendour in the objects.

STANZA-2
The rainbow had a special fascination to Wordsworth. It comes and goes. Still the rose is lovely. The moon shines brightly in the cloudless sky. The stars reflect in the water are beautiful. The bright rays of the sun are glorious. Now he finds that glory has passed away from the earth.

STANZA -3
The birds are singing joyous song. The young lambs are leaping to the tune of the little drum. The poet feels lonely. He griefs over the loss of heavenly glory which he experienced in his childhood. Again he feels strong when he notices the joy of Nature. He hears the loud noise of the waterfalls rushing down from the top of the hill. It sounds like the blowing of a trumpet. He does not like to spoil the joy of the season with his grief. The poet hears a number of sounds of animals, birds, waterfalls etc., The wind comes to him from the calm fields. The whole earth and sea are full of joy with the spirit of spring season. He asks the joyful shepherd boy to shout playfully around him so that he also may share his happiness.

STANZA-4
The lambs and shepherd boy are blessed. Wordsworth has heard the sounds made by them in their fullest joy. The heavens seem to share their happiness. Wordsworth wants to share their happiness. He wants to become one with these objects of Nature in their joyous moments. The whole earth is rejoicing but he is gloomy. In the month of May the earth seems to be adorned with beautiful flowers. Children are plucking flowers from the valleys far and wide. The sunshine brightly. The baby leaps on his mother’s arm. He hears the sound of joy around him. But a tree or a piece of green field speaks of something which he has lost. Pansy also speaks of the charm which he has lost. Where has gone the divine light of the inner vision and the glory in the objects of Nature.

STANZA-5
Our birth is a temporary forgetfulness as in sleep. Before coming to this earth, the soul lived in heaven. It does not cease to exist with death. It goes back to heaven and comes from there. When the child comes to this world it does not completely forget its pre-natal existence. Even after the sun is set, the clouds still retain its glory. Likewise, the child after his birth, retains traces of divine vision. In our childhood, we have clear vision of heaven. But as we grow the anxieties and worries of the earth the vision of heaven become fainter.
and fainter. The youth goes farther and farther away from the heaven. As he grows the celestial light that shines on Nature always goes with him. In is replaced by the sober light of the earthly life.

**STANZA-6**

The earth is full of her own pleasures. She has strong feelings which belong to her own nature. The earth has maternal affections for the child. It makes the child fall in love with earthly things. This is not an unworthy aim. The earth is the simple nurse. It does the best she can. This makes her foster child a temporary inhabitant of earth to forget heaven from where he came.

**STANZA-7**

The child is among his newly found joys. The child is six year old and small in size. He arranges the toys according to his imaginations. The mother kisses the child. It disturbs his playing with the toys. The father also looks at the child. His eyes are beaming with love. The child arranges the toys according to some idea of what he dreams of human life. The child has just learned to arrange the play things. Sometimes he tries to imitate a marriage, a festival, a mourning or a funeral. Some other times he may be engrossed in some other things. Sometimes he speaks about some business, love or strife. But soon the child shifts to some other object with a feeling of new joy and pride. Like an actor the child assumes various roles and imitates various actions. In the whole vocation the child imitates all the characters that he sees around him at one time being an old man, and at another time another.

**STANZA-8**

The outward appearance of the child gives a wrong idea about the greatness of his soul. The child is the best philosopher who has the vision of heaven. The grown up man is blind to see heaven. But the child is able to see them. The child is not deaf but he is deaf to the external temptations. He understands the mysteries of the universe. He continually possesses the divine visions. He is a great seer of truths who has a vision of unseen things. He has an instinctive perception of truth, which the grownups has been laboring to find out. We are enveloped with spiritual and physical darkness. But the child is enveloped with divinity like day light. The child is mastered and can not get rid of the idea of immortality. The child is small in stature but mighty in glory. He enjoys the heaven-born freedom. Then why the child desires and strives to be grown-up? He invites the cares and anxieties of life which are bound to curse. He is ignorant of his blissful state and puts an end to his celestial happiness. Soon he carries the load of worldly cares and anxieties. They press him down with great burden as frost lies upon the soil.

**STANZA-9**

In the maturer years the glow of childhood is not seen. The spark of boyhood is covered with the ashes of the old age. The divine influence is not wholly extinct. Something of it still exists. Our human nature has recollections of the short-lived heavenly memories. The thoughts of the past years produce feelings of gratefulness to God. This gratefulness to God is not for the blessings such as delight and liberty enjoyed in childhood but for all his
moods full of eager curiosity or calmly receptive, with the heart full of new hopes. The poet sings this hymn for the sake of persistent doubts about the reality of existence. The feeling we have that external visible and tangible objects seem to fall away and vanish as unreal. The vague doubts about the reality of objects are not understood by the person who moves in a mysterious world. The realization of the reality of this earth and our existence upon it shocks our moral nature. The poet is grateful for the early impressions of childhood. They are the vague remembrances of our previous existence in heaven. They are the guiding light of human life. They are the real source of all our knowledge. This enables us to see the reality of things. They have the power to convert the noise and fury of our life into eternal calm. The divine memories do not disappear altogether. Neither indifference nor the fret and fever of life, neither in manhood nor in boyhood nor everything that spoils our joys. When man in advanced in years, the soul has the glimpse of the sea of immortality which helped us to come to this world. In a moment our soul can recollect the experiences of childhood. In our imagination we can enjoy childhood hearing the mighty sound of the waves of eternity.

STANZA-10

Therefore Wordsworth wants the birds to sing a joyous song and the young lamb to leap to the sound of the tabor. In imagination the poet would join this singing and playing crowd and feel the jollity of the spring. What does it matter if the heavenly light that was enjoyed in childhood is now seen no more? The radiance was bright once was taken out from our sight. The poet does not want to feel sorry for the loss of the vision of childhood. Nothing can bring back the beauty in the grass and in the flower. Instead of lamenting for the loss of childhood visions, he wishes to find strength in what has remained behind. The first sympathy felt for Nature in childhood remains in memory. He wishes to have soothing thoughts that arise out of human sufferings. He would seek strength in the faith about the immortality of the soul and there is life beyond death and in the mature years the mind would become philosophical.

STANZA-11

Wordsworth addresses the objects of Nature not to anticipate any separation between Nature and his heart. In his heart of hearts he owns the influence of Nature. He has given up only that particular kind of pleasure which he used to feel in his childhood. Still he loves the brooks which ran swiftly and the innocent brightness of the dawn more than he did in his childhood. But now his love for Nature gives gloomy meaning. The clouds that gather round the setting sun fill him with sober ideas. Always the poet has been conscious about the mortal nature of man. This consciousness made him gloomy in his thoughts. The poet thanks the human heart which makes life worth living. Human heart is capable of feeling, sympathy, joy and fear. The most ordinary flower fill him with thoughts so deep that they cannot be expressed even by tears.
LINES COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY

-William Wordsworth

FIVE years have past; five summers, with the length
Of love 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 copes. 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,
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,
In which the affections gently lead us on,—
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.
If this
Be but a vain belief, yet, Oh! how oft-
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mid revives again:
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills; when like a roe
I bounded o’er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led: more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved, For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all. –I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.-That time is past
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 recommence. For I have learned
To took on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearting often times
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 backs
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
My former pleasure in the shooting lights
Ofthey 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. Therefor 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!
SUMMARY OF THE POEM

Lines 1-49

After five years the poet visits Wye. He has come after five happy summers and long tedious winters. Again he hears the waters falling from the mountain and flows with a soft murmur. Once again he sees the deep and wooded hills. He realizes that he is lonely and the place is wild. This feeling of seclusion is deepened when his eyes go up from the valley to the calm sky. The day has come. Again the poet takes rest here under the large sycamore tree. He observes the plots of cottage-ground and the groups of fruit-trees. In this month of July, the trees seem to be dressed green with their unripe fruits. As they are among the groves and green woods, they are not seen clearly. Once again he sees the hedge rows appear like lines. The trees are not in straight line. The pastoral farms are green in colour. Among the trees columns of smoke rise. They are sent up calmly. The moving up of the columns of smoke is uncertain. It seems gypsies or hermits may live in the woods and the hermit may sit by the side of the fire lonely. During this gap of five years, these beautiful objects of nature have not been seen as a landscape to a blind man. In these five years, he has spent his time in London and in other cities. But nothing effaces from his memory. Even when he felt sick at heart, the sweet memory of those beautiful scenes thrill him both physically and mentally. These transferred sensations make either the mind or the higher intellectual powers pure. They help him to regain the peace of mine which he has lost on account of mental weariness. The memory of these scenes give him pleasurable feelings. These feelings have great influence in every day’s life on good man’s life. These feeling help him to make him a man of kindness and of love. He owes something to the recollection of those scenes. It induces in him the state of mind which cannot understand the sense of depression caused by things in the world. The sense of mystery is oppressive to the human heart. It is forgotten and man’s mind feels relieved of a great burden. In that calm and blissful state of mind, the vital functions and physical nature are for the time suppressed. We lose the sense of physical existence. The body becomes perfectly calm. Then we become a living spirit. With our mental vision we see harmony all round without any trace of chaos in the world. The mystical experience and the bliss accompanies it give a spiritual exaltation. Then we understand the real significance of things and spiritually enlightened.

Lines 50-102

If the poet believes by mistake and overestimates the influence of nature upon his mind, there can be no doubt about one thing. When the poet feels depressed among many experiences of joyless daylight in the disturbed city life, he recalls the river Wye and its rural scenery and seeks solace by visualizing its beauty. The sight of the natural awakens recollections of the past as dying embers are stirred into a blaze. Now the poet is standing among the natural surroundings which he had seen already and treasured for five years in his memory. Now the poet realizes that the appeal which nature made to him before is not same as now because he
is not so young now as he was before. He has lost the buoyancy of youth. The scene which he had preserved in his memory is being refreshed now. Now he is conscious of the present beautiful surroundings and experiences something more. Now the picture is more vivid than before. The healthy influence of nature continues to exert. Now it gives him great pleasure. He was like a swift and light small deer ran wildly and freely among these hills and mountains, by the sides of the rivers, the lonely stream and wherever nature let. The physical enjoyment of nature appealed to him. Now he is not such. All the coarser pleasures of his boyhood days and the physical pleasures have gone away. That aspect of nature appealed to him then. He had not yet realised the spiritual influence of nature. He cannot describe what he was then. The sounding waterfall was an object of his intense desire. The tall rock, the mountain, and the dark and thick forest, their colours and shapes were the objects of his intense desire, feeling and love. He felt satisfied with the physical pleasures of nature. He did not expect its spiritual influence. At that time the physical beauty of nature was enough for him. There was no need of get it to be supplemeted by imagination. Now he is not such. That time is past. The Joys he derives on account of intense physical pleasure which caused him pain and the giddy pleasures of physical enjoyment are no more now. The poet does not pine or mourn or murmur for this kind of joy which is now a thing of the past. The poet no longer revels in the sensuous enjoyment of youth. His love of Nature has led him to the love of Man and also realised the presence of a divine spirit in Nature. The loss of joy in the external aspect of nature has been made up by other gifts more than which nature has given. His view point has changed with his growing experience. The poet has now gone through the experience of human suffering and sorrow. The poet understands that human sorrow and suffering are in harmony with the universe. It is a force to purify which cannot be neglected. The poet experiences that there is something present in Nature. That something is the Universal Spirit. Its contemplation induces in him noble and exalted thoughts. The spirit is all pervading. It is in the twilight, in the ocean, in the air and in the mind of man. All subjects and objects of thought are interfused with it.

Lines 103-159

His view point may have changed. He has not lost his love of the objects of nature. Everything in nature can be perceived by the senses. It has its own value for him. He knows that the perception of beauty is subjective. He is happy to realize that the contemplation of nature helped him to retain his hold upon the highest and purest thoughts. Nature cherished and nourished his thoughts and directed his feelings His moral sense is derived from the same source. If the poet has not been influenced by nature his natural cheerfulness will go away completely. Dorothy Wordsworth was the poet’s sister. She has accompanied by the poet on his tour. Their tastes were alike. She was also a lover of nature. She kept a diary of her tour with the poet. From that record he comes to know the physical enjoyment of nature. Her wild and enthusiastic admiration of nature was like his own. Still she looks at nature in the same way as the poet had done in former years. Nature was always a true friend to those
that loved her. Throughout the years of their life nature lead them from joy to joy. Nature has the power to mould mind and feature to her influences. With the appreciation of beauty the mind imparts a calmness to it. Nature can fill our mind with lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues, nor rash judgments, nor sneers of selfish people will have any adverse effect upon their soul. Insincere relationships and the common dull gossiping of daily life shall be able to shake our joyful faith. They will be able to affect the course of our life. There is nothing wrong as long as nature is our guide and friend. Therefore let her enjoy nature as she had been doing all the time without any change in her outlook. He wishes let the moon shines on her in her solitary walk and the misty mountain winds be free enough to blow against her. When her wild joys shall be matured into a thoughtful enjoyment of the beauties of nature and her mind shall be a loving form of nature, her memory will be the living place of all the sweet sounds and harmonies of nature. Dorothy’s last years were unhappy. If loneliness or fear or pain or grief was the part of her life, she should remember with tender joy the teachings of Wordsworth. Even if the poet were not present before her, she would remember his company on the bank of the river Wye. She would remember his company on the place as a worshipper of Nature. She would also not forget that after many wandering and many years of absence, these woods, cliffs, pastoral landscapes were dear to the poet both for themselves and for their own sake.
MATERIAL சுவாரசிக்கு

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