King Saud University

College of Applied Studies and Community Service

Kingdom of Saudi Arabia

Riyadh

**Appreciating Poetry 231**

Miss. Afnan Al-Abdulatif

**LEVEL 4**

تذوق الشعر 231نجل

المستوى الرابع

ا.أفــنـان الـعبد اللــطـيــف

**Course Description & syllabus**

**Course title and code:** Appreciating Poetry 231 ENG **Credit hours:** 2

**Instructor:** Miss. Afnan Al-Abdulatife [dr.fno@hotmail.com](mailto:dr.fno@hotmail.com)

**Text book:**

* *Sound and Sense* *An Introduction to Poetry* by Laurence Perrine & Thomas R. Arp.
* *NTC's Dictionary of Literary Terms* by Kathleen Morner and Ralph Rausch

**Description and Objective:** The objective of this course is to introduce the students to English poetry; to enable them to understand and appreciate its essential characteristics as a literary genre. With the help of these select poems, covering a wide range of themes, the students will be acquainted with the craft of verse. It also seeks to equip the students with the necessary techniques like devices of comparison, devices of grammar, devices of sound, etc. to critically appreciate the poems. The textbook contains a glossary of literary terms for easy reference.

**Course Plan :**

* WEEK 1: Registration
* WEEK 2: Introduction to poetry
* WEEK 3: "The Eagle" by Alfred, Lord Tennyson
* WEEK 4 : Sonnet 18 by William Shakespeare
* WEEK 5 : "Ozymandias" by Percy Bysshe Shelley
* WEEK 6 :"Ballad of Birmingham" by Dudley Randall
* WEEK 7 : "Mirror" by Sylvia Plath
* WEEK 8: **1st mid Term Exam**
* WEEK 9: **\*\*\* BREAK \*\*\***
* WEEK 10 : "Metaphors" by Sylvia Plath
* WEEK 11 : "The Sick Rose" by William Blake
* WEEK 12 :"I Wander Lonely as a Cloud" by William Wordsworth
* WEEK 13 : "I'm nobody! Who are you?" by Emily Dickinson
* WEEK 14 : **2nd mid Term Exam**
* WEEK 15 : "Dying" by Emily Dickinson.
* WEEK 16 : Make up exam & Revision

**Grading Policy:**

* Home Assignments and Quiz : 10 points (Copying Home Assignment from another student will cost you your grade).
* 1st and 2nd In-Term Exam: 25 points each
* Final Exam: 40 points.

**Note:**

* If your absence exceeds three lectures; you are automatically prevented from taking the final exam.
* The Mid-term exam is not repeated unless the student has a valid medical report from a governmental hospital
* The students MUST prepare before class.
* The home assignment MUST be submitted on time.
* Do not hesitate to ask me during the lecture about any point you do not understand.

**The Eagle** *by Alfred, Lord Tennyson*

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;

Close to the sun in lonely lands,

Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;

He watches from his mountain walls,

And like a thunderbolt he falls.

# Break, Break, Break

## *By Alfred, Lord Tennyson*

Break, break, break,  
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.  
  
O, well for the fisherman's boy,  
That he shouts with his sister at play!  
O, well for the sailor lad,  
That he sings in his boat on the bay!  
  
And the stately ships go on  
To their haven under the hill;  
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still!  
  
Break, break, break,  
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!  
But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me.

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| **Shall I Compare Thee To A Summer's Day?** |
| *by William Shakespeare (1564-1616)* |
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| Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  Thou art more lovely and more temperate.  Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  And summer's lease hath all too short a date.  Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;  And every fair from fair sometime declines,  By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;  But thy eternal summer shall not fade  Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;  Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:  So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,  So long lives this, and this gives life to thee |

**BALLAD OF BIRMINGHAM**

***By Dudley Randall***

"Mother dear, may I go downtown   
instead of out to play,   
and march the streets of Birmingham   
in a Freedom March today?"

"No, baby, no, you may not go,   
for the dogs are fierce and wild,   
and clubs and hoses, guns and jails   
ain't good for a little child."

"But, mother, I won't be alone.   
Other children will go with me,   
and march the streets of Birmingham   
to make our country free."

"No, baby, no, you may not go,   
for I fear those guns will fire.   
But you may go to church instead   
and sing in the children's choir."

She has combed and brushed her nightdark hair,   
and bathed rose petal sweet,   
and drawn white gloves on her small brown hands,   
and white shoes on her feet.

The mother smiled to know her child   
was in the sacred place,   
but that smile was the last smile   
to come upon her face.

For when she heard the explosion,   
her eyes grew wet and wild.   
She raced through the streets of Birmingham   
calling for her child.

She clawed through bits of glass and brick,   
then lifted out a shoe.   
"O, here's the shoe my baby wore,   
but, baby, where are you?"

# The Sick Rose Analysis

*By William Blake*

O Rose, thou art sick!   
The invisible worm   
That flies in the night,   
In the howling storm,

Has found out thy bed   
Of crimson joy:   
And his dark secret love   
Does thy life destroy.

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| **Go, lovely Rose**  *By Edmund Waller* |
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| --- | --- |
| GO, lovely Rose— |  |
| Tell her that wastes her time and me, |  |
| That now she knows, |  |
| When I resemble her to thee, |  |
| How sweet and fair she seems to be. | *5* |
|  |  |
| Tell her that 's young, |  |
| And shuns to have her graces spied, |  |
| That hadst thou sprung |  |
| In deserts where no men abide, |  |
| Thou must have uncommended died. | *10* |
|  |  |
| Small is the worth |  |
| Of beauty from the light retired: |  |
| Bid her come forth, |  |
| Suffer herself to be desired, |  |
| And not blush so to be admired. | *15* |
|  |  |
| Then die—that she |  |
| The common fate of all things rare |  |
| May read in thee; |  |
| How small a part of time they share |  |
| That are so wondrous sweet and fair! | *20* |

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**Mirror** *by Sylvia Plath*

I am silver and exact. I have no preconceptions.  
Whatever I see I swallow immediately  
Just as it is, unmisted by love or dislike.  
I am not cruel, only truthful-  
The eye of the little god, four cornered.  
Most of the time I meditate on the opposite wall.   
It is pink, with speckles. I have looked at it so long  
I think it is a part of my heart. But it flickers.  
Faces and darkness separate us over and over.

Now I am a lake. A woman bends over me,  
Searching my reaches for what she really is.  
Then she turns to those liars, the candles or the moon.  
I see her back, and reflect it faithfully.  
She rewards me with tears and an agitation of hands.  
I am important to her. She comes and goes.  
Each morning it is her face that replaces the darkness.  
In me she has drowned a young girl, and in me an old woman  
Rises toward her day after day, like a terrible fish.

***Metaphors*** *by Sylvia Plath*

*I'm a riddle in nine syllables,*

*An elephant, a ponderous house,*

*A melon strolling on two tendrils.*

*O red fruit, ivory, fine timbers!*

*This loaf's big with its yeasty rising.*

*Money's new-minted in this fat purse.*

*I'm a means, a stage, a cow in calf.*

*I've eaten a bag of green apples,*

*Boarded the train there's no getting off.*

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| |  | | --- | | **"I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud"** *by William Wordsworth* | |  |
| |  |  | | --- | --- | |  | I wandered lonely as a cloud That floats on high o'er vales and hills, When all at once I saw a crowd, A host, of golden daffodils; Beside the lake, beneath the trees, Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.  Continuous as the stars that shine And twinkle on the milky way, They stretched in never-ending line Along the margin of a bay: Ten thousand saw I at a glance, Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.  The waves beside them danced; but they Out-did the sparkling waves in glee: A poet could not but be gay, In such a jocund company: I gazed---and gazed---but little thought What wealth the show to me had brought:  For oft, when on my couch I lie In vacant or in pensive mood, They flash upon that inward eye Which is the bliss of solitude; And then my heart with pleasure fills, And dances with the daffodils. | |

**Ozymandias** *by Percy Bysshe Shelley*

I met a traveller from an antique land  
Who said: "Two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,  
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown  
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command  
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read  
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,  
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed.  
And on the pedestal these words appear:  
`My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings:  
Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!'  
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,  
The lone and level sands stretch far away".

**The Chimney Sweeper***by William Blake*

When my mother died I was very young,  
And my father sold me while yet my tongue,  
Could scarcely cry weep weep weep weep,  
So your chimneys I sweep & in soot I sleep.  
  
Theres little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head  
That curled like a lambs back was shav'd, so I said.  
Hush Tom never mind it, for when your head's bare,  
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair  
  
And so he was quiet. & that very night.  
As Tom was a sleeping he had such a sight  
That thousands of sweepers Dick, Joe, Ned, & Jack  
Were all of them lock'd up in coffins of black,  
  
And by came an Angel who had a bright key  
And he open'd the coffins & set them all free.  
Then down a green plain leaping laughing they run  
And wash in a river and shine in the Sun.  
  
Then naked & white, all their bags left behind.  
They rise upon clouds, and sport in the wind.  
And the Angel told Tom, if he'd be a good boy,  
He'd have God for his father & never want joy.  
  
And so Tom awoke and we rose in the dark  
And got with our bags & our brushes to work.  
Tho' the morning was cold, Tom was happy & warm  
So if all do their duty, they need not fearharm

**Dying** *by Emily Dickinson*

I heard a fly buzz when I died;  
      The stillness round my form  
Was like the stillness in the air  
      Between the heaves of storm.

The eyes beside had wrung them dry,  
      And breaths were gathering sure  
For that last onset, when the king  
      Be witnessed in his power.

I willed my keepsakes, signed away  
      What portion of me I  
Could make assignable,-and then  
      There interposed a fly,

With blue, uncertain, stumbling buzz,  
      Between the light and me;  
And then the windows failed, and then  
      I could not see to see.

**"I'm nobody! Who are you?"** *by Emily Dickinson*

I'm nobody! Who are you?  
Are you nobody, too?  
Then there's a pair of us — don't tell!  
They'd banish us, you know.

How dreary to be somebody!  
How public, like a frog  
To tell your name the livelong day  
To an admiring bog!

### "THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US; LATE AND SOON"

*By William Wordsworth*

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!

The 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 wreathed horn.

[**Because I could not stop for Death**- *by Emily Dickinson.*](http://stefanihid.multiply.com/reviews/item/22)

Because I could not stop for Death,  
He kindly stopped for me;  
The carriage held but just ourselves  
And Immortality.   
We slowly drove, he knew no haste,   
And I had put away  
My labor, and my leisure too,  
For his civility.   
We passed the school, where children strove  
At recess, in the ring;  
We passed the fields of gazing grain,  
We passed the setting sun.   
Or rather, be passed us;  
The dews grew quivering and chill,  
For only gossamer my gown,  
My tippet only tulle.   
We paused before house that seemed  
A swelling of the ground;  
The roof was scarcely visible,  
The cornice but a mound.   
Since then 'tis centuries, and yet each  
Feels shorter than the day  
I first surmised the horses' heads  
Were toward eternity.