

# **POETRY**

## **LECTURE 5**

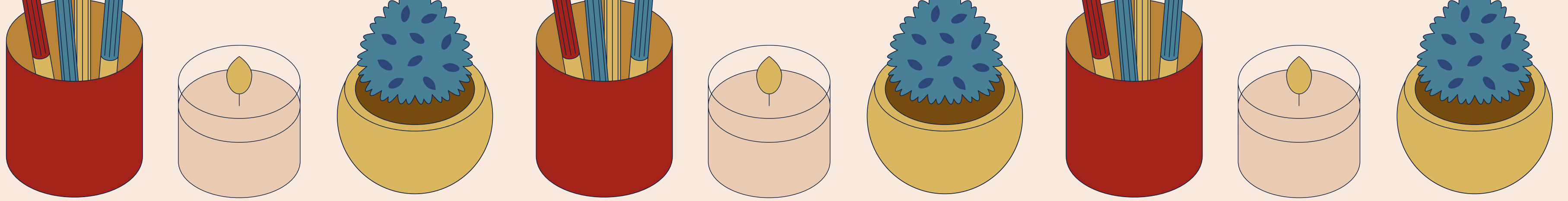
### **READING AND WRITING**

# **POETRY GENRES: LYRIC POETRY (ELEGY, ODE, SONNET AND DRAMATIC MONOLOGUE AND MOST OCCASIONAL POETRY)**

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# TOPICS

1

## Elegy

Will be discussed about type of poem "elegy" and also the explanation about this type of poem

2

## Ode

Will be discussed about type of poem "Ode" and also the explanation about this type of poem

3

## Sonnet

Will be discussed about type of poem "Sonnet" and also the explanation about this type of poem

4

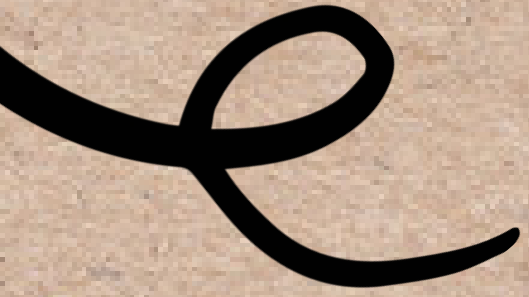
## Dramatic Monologue

Will be discussed about type of poem "Dramatic Monologue" and also the explanation about this type of poem

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## Occasional Poetry

Will be discussed about type of poem "Occasional poetry" and also the explanation about this type of poem

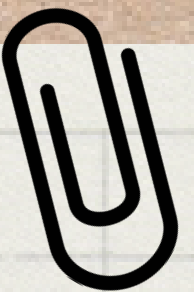
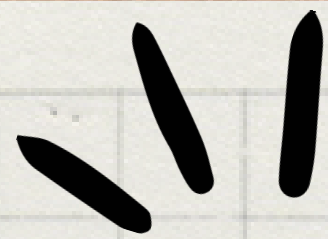



## Learning Objectives

Learners are expected to be able to

1. Understand Lyrics Poetry
2. Understand the types of Lyric Poetry
3. Develop reading skills
4. Identify its element and characteristic



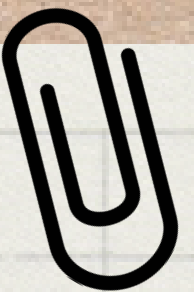
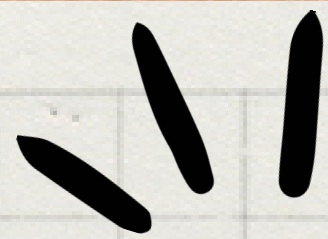



When studying poetry, it is useful first of all to consider the theme and the overall development of the theme in the poem. Obviously, the sort of development that takes place depends to a considerable extent on the type of poem one is dealing with. It is useful to keep two general distinctions in mind: **lyric poetry and narrative poetry.**



(Lethbridge, S., & Mildorf, J., 2003)





**Poetry and poem describe a wide variety of spoken and written forms, styles, and patterns, and also a wide variety of subjects**



**(Roberts, E. V., & Jacobs, H. E., 1998).**



# "How to Read a Poem

Poems are often about subjects that we have never experienced directly. We have never met the poet, never had his or her exact experiences, and never thought about things in exactly the same way. To recapture the experience of the poem, we need to understand the language, ideas, attitudes, and frames of reference that bring the poem to life.

**(Roberts, E. V., & Jacobs, H. E., 1998).**



# "How to Read a Poem

Do not expect the poem (or the poet) to do all the work. The poem contributes its language, imagery, rhythms, ideas, and all the other aspects that make it poetry; but you, the reader, will need to open your mind and your heart to the poem's impact. You have to use your imagination and let it happen.

**(Roberts, E. V., & Jacobs, H. E., 1998).**



”

# How to Read a Poem

1. Read straight through to get a general sense of the poem
2. Try to understand the poem's meaning and organization
  - a. The title
  - b. The speaker
  - c. The meanings of all words, whether familiar or unfamiliar
  - d. The poem's setting and situation
  - e. The poem's basic form and development
  - f. The poem's subject and theme

**(Roberts, E. V., & Jacobs, H. E., 1998).**



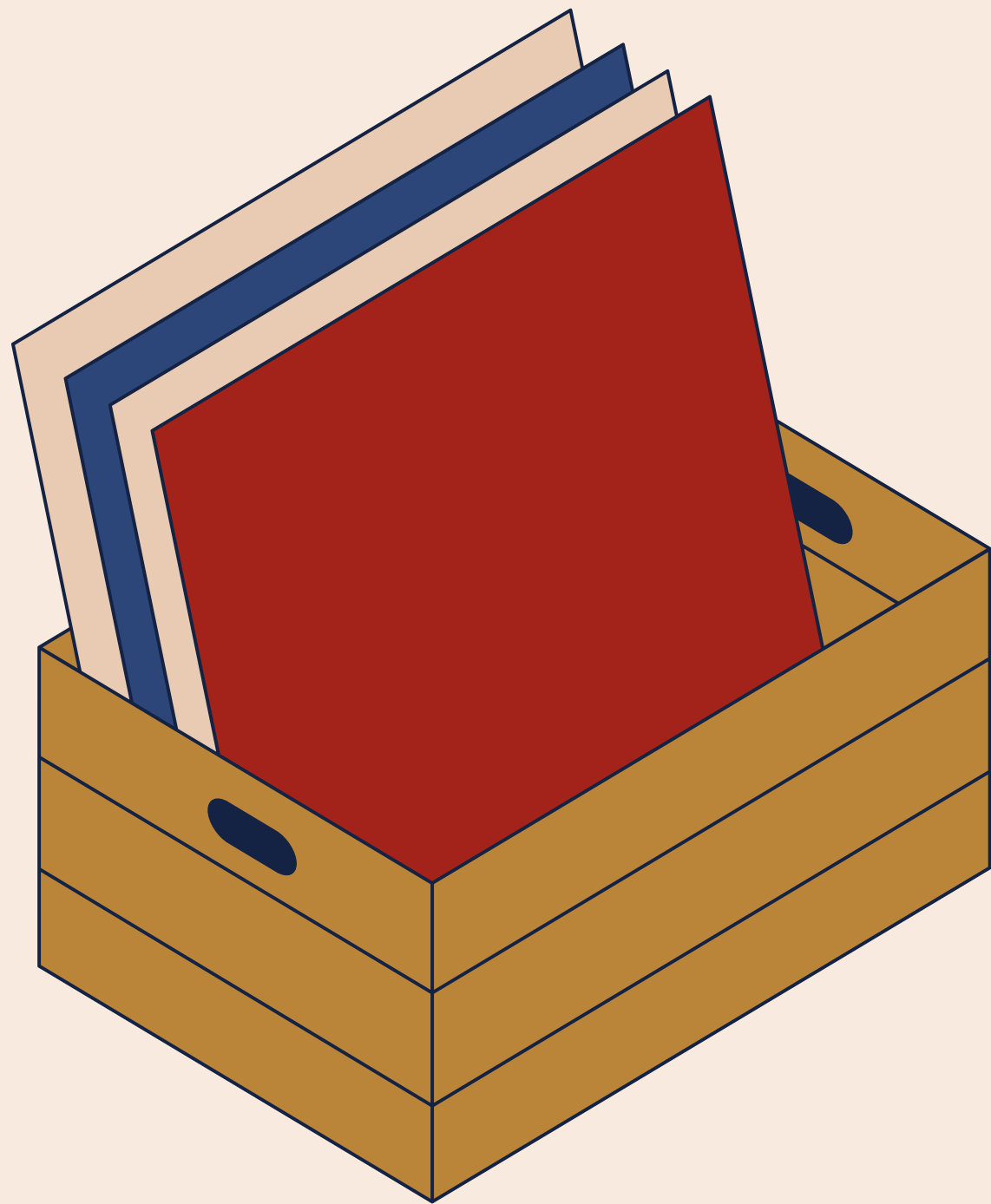
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# How to Read a Poem

3. Read the poem aloud, sounding each word clearly
4. Prepare a paraphrase of the poem, and make an explication of the ideas and themes

**(Roberts, E. V., & Jacobs, H. E., 1998).**





## LYRIC POEM

For the ancient Greeks, a lyric was a song accompanied by a lyre. It was short, and it usually expressed a single emotion, such as joy or sorrow

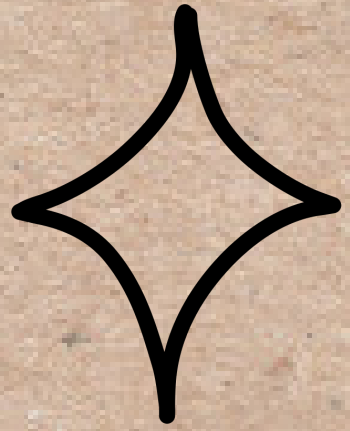
**(Sylvan, B., Morton, B., & William, B., 2008)**



James Joyce saw the lyric as the “verbal vesture of an instant of emotion, a rhythmical cry such as ages ago cheered on the man who pulled at the oar.” Such lyrics, too, were sung more recently than “ages ago.” Here is a song that American slaves sang when rowing heavy loads.

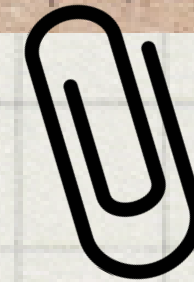
**(Sylvan, B., Morton, B., & William, B., 2008)**





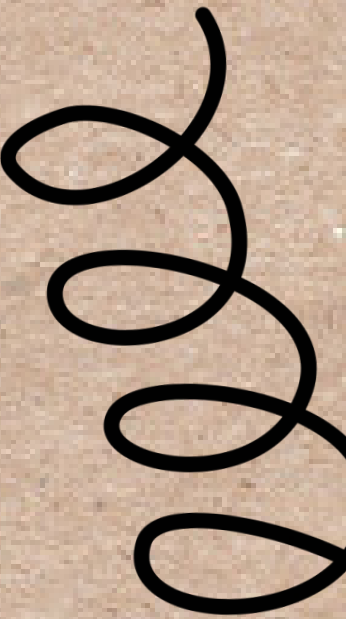
# MICHAEL ROW THE BOAT ASHORE

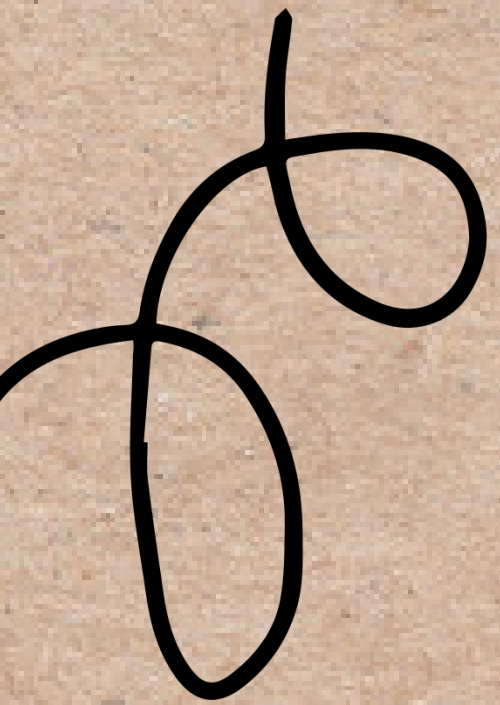
(ANONYMOUS)



Michael row the boat ashore, Hallelujah!  
Michael's boat's a freedom boat, Hallelujah!  
Sister, help to trim the sail, Hallelujah!  
Jordan stream is wide and deep, Hallelujah!  
Freedom stands on the other side, Hallelujah!

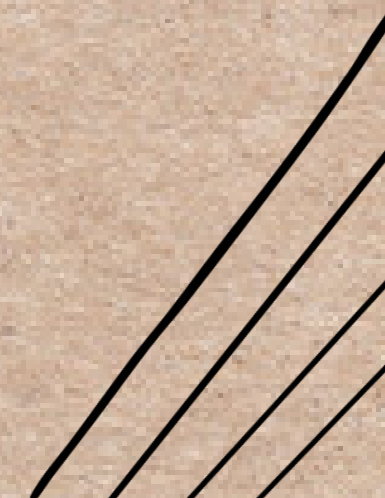
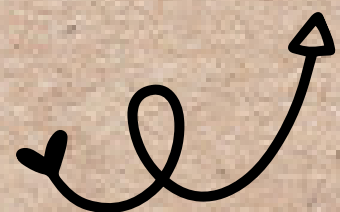
(Sylvan, B., Morton, B., & William, B., 2008)

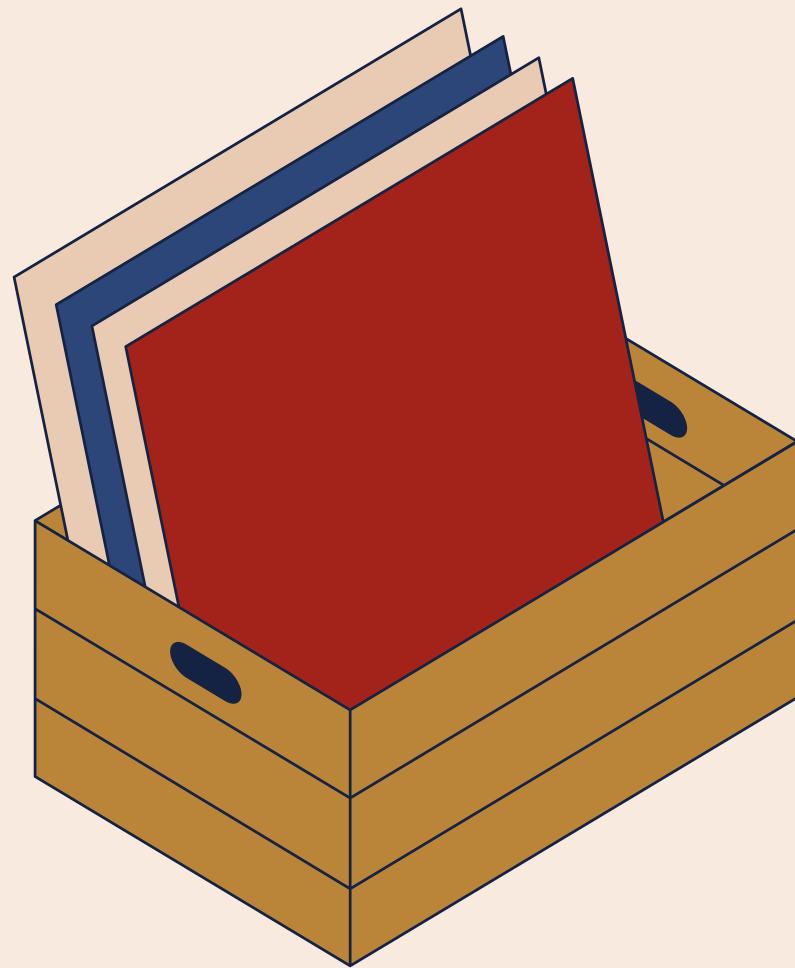




We might pause for a moment to comment on why people sing at work. There are at least three reasons: (1) work done rhythmically goes more efficiently; (2) the songs relieve the boredom of the work; and (3) the songs—whether narrative or lyrical—provide something of an outlet for the workers' frustrations.

**(Sylvan, B., Morton, B., & William, B., 2008)**





## LYRIC VS NARRATIVE POEM

A narrative (whether in prose or poetry) is set in the past, telling what happened, a lyric is set in the present, catching a speaker in a moment of expression. **But a lyric can, of course, glance backward or forward,**

**(Sylvan, B., Morton, B., & William, B., 2008)**

# Careless Love

(Anonymous)

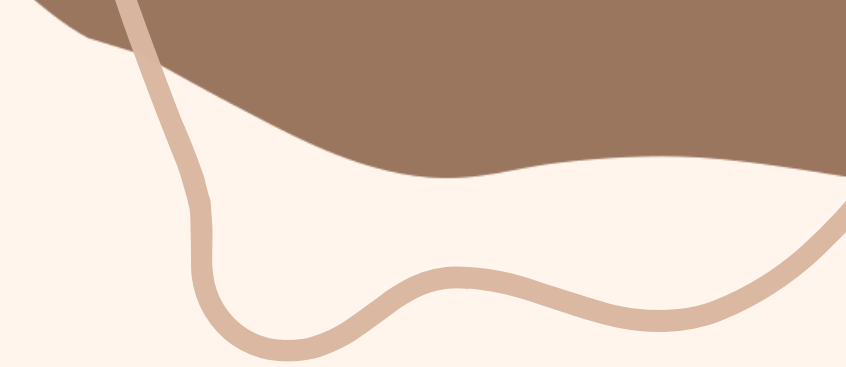

Love, O love, O careless love,  
You see what careless love can do.

When I wore my apron low,  
Couldn't keep you from my do,  
Fare you well, fare you well.

Now I wear my apron high,  
Scarce see you passin' by,  
Fare you well, fare you well

(Sylvan, B., Morton, B., & William, B., 2008)

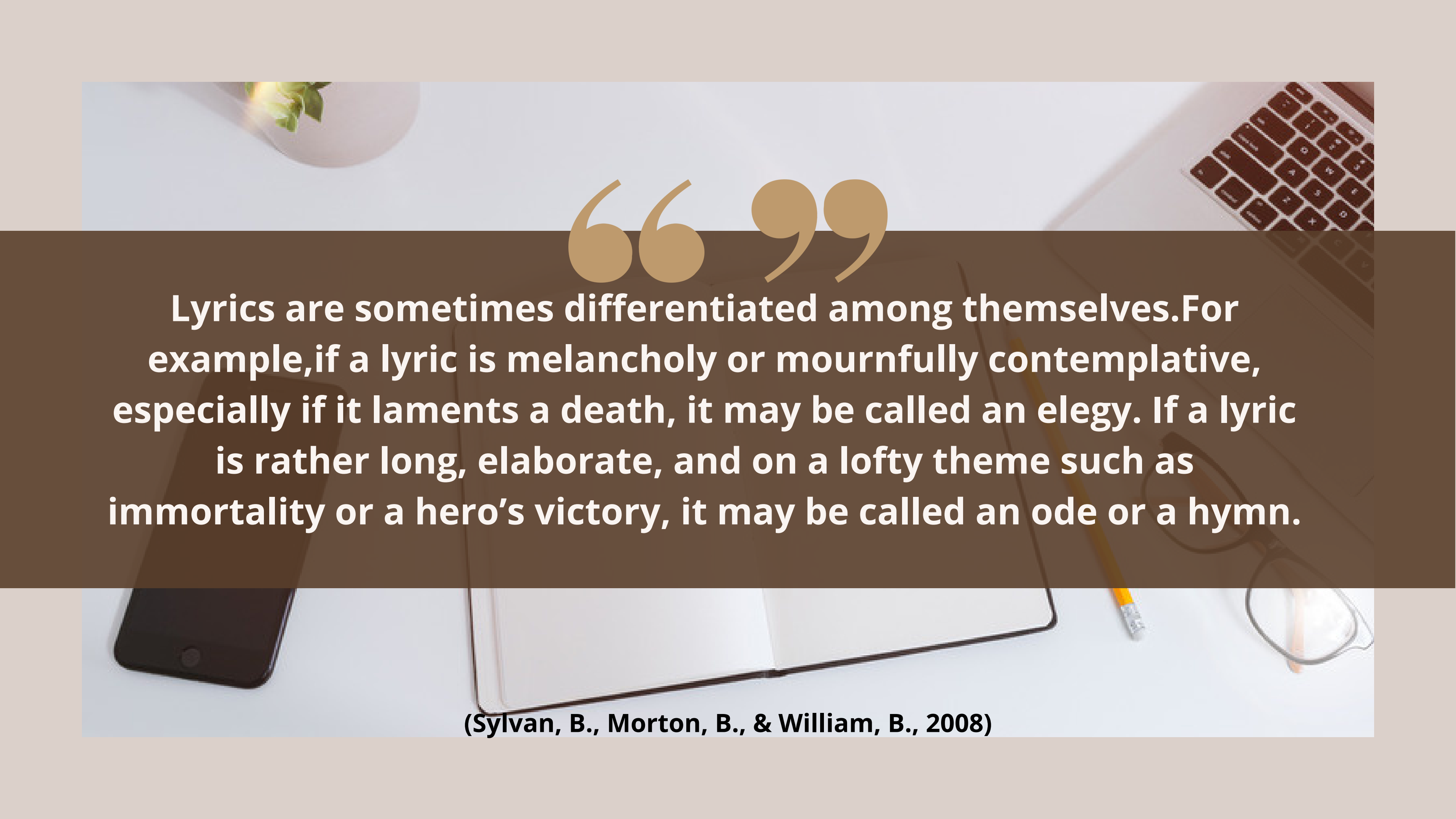




Notice, too, that a lyric, like a narrative, can have a plot: “Michael” moves toward the idea of freedom, and “Careless Love” implies a story of desertion—something has happened between the time that the singer could not keep the man from her door and now, when she “scarce” sees him passing by—but, again, the emphasis is on a present state of mind

(Sylvan, B., Morton, B., & William, B., 2008)



A top-down view of a desk with a laptop, a smartphone, a pair of glasses, and a pencil. The text is overlaid on a dark brown semi-transparent rectangle.

“ ”

**Lyrics are sometimes differentiated among themselves. For example, if a lyric is melancholy or mournfully contemplative, especially if it laments a death, it may be called an elegy. If a lyric is rather long, elaborate, and on a lofty theme such as immortality or a hero's victory, it may be called an ode or a hymn.**

**(Sylvan, B., Morton, B., & William, B., 2008)**

**Distinctions among lyrics are often vague, and one person's ode may be another's elegy. Still, when writers use one of these words in their titles, they are inviting the reader to recall the tradition in which they are working. Of the poet's link to tradition T. S. Eliot said:**

"No poet, no artist of any art, has his complete meaning alone. His significance, his appreciation is the appreciation of his relation to the dead poets and artists. You cannot value him alone; you must set him, for contrast and comparison, among the dead."

**(Sylvan, B., Morton, B., & William, B., 2008)**

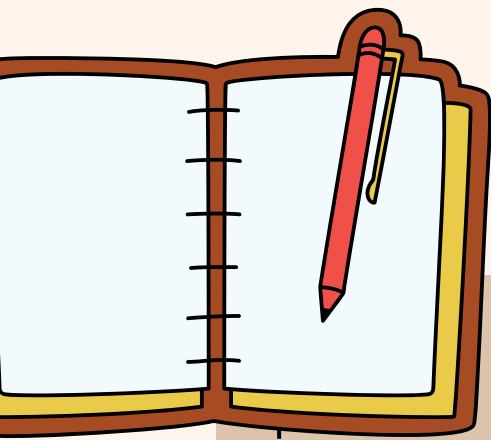
**Although the lyric is often ostensibly addressed to someone (the “you” in “Careless Love”), the reader usually feels that the speaker is really talking to himself or herself. In “Careless Love,” the speaker need not be in the presence of her man; rather, her heart is overflowing (the reader senses) and she pretends to address him.**

**(Sylvan, B., Morton, B., & William, B., 2008)**

## A comment by John Stuart Mill on poetry is especially true of the lyric:

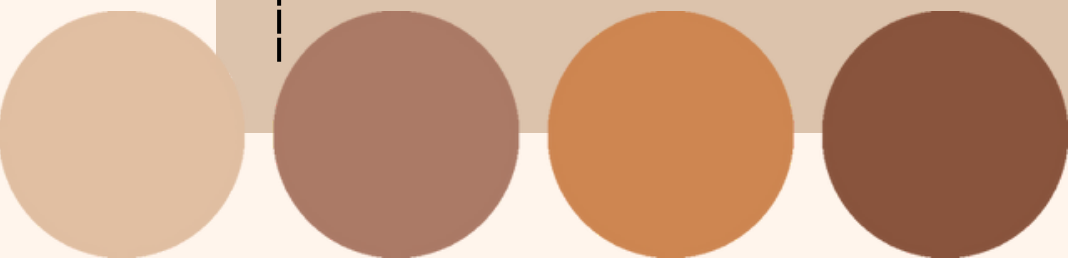
Eloquence is **heard**, poetry is **overheard**. Eloquence supposes an audience; the peculiarity of poetry appears to us to lie in the poet's utter unconsciousness of a listener. Poetry is feeling confessing itself to itself, in moments of solitude.

(Sylvan, B., Morton, B., & William, B., 2008)



in work songs such as “Michael Row the Boat Ashore,” there is no audience: the singers sing for themselves, participating rather than performing. As one prisoner in Texas said: “They really be singing about the way they feel inside. Since they can’t say it to nobody, they sing a song about it.” The sense of “feeling confessing itself to itself, in moments of solitude” or of “singing about the way they feel inside” is strong and clear in this short cowboy song.

(Sylvan, B., Morton, B., & William, B., 2008)

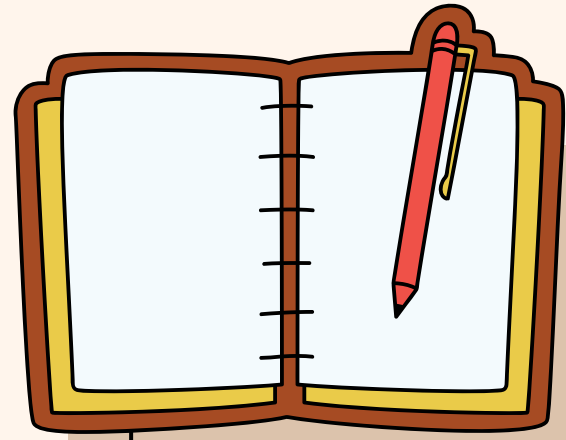




# The Colorado Trail (Anonymous)

Eyes like the morning star,  
Cheeks like a rose,  
Laura was a pretty girl  
God Almighty knows. 4  
Weep all ye little rains,  
Wail winds wail,  
All along, along, along  
The Colorado trail.

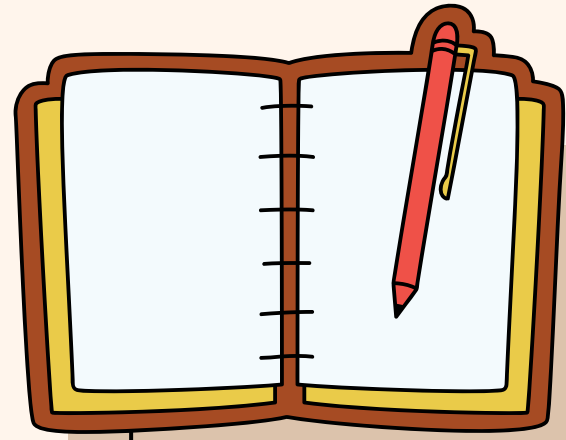
**(Sylvan, B., Morton, B., & William, B., 2008)**



When we read a lyric poem, no matter who the speaker is, for a moment— while we recite or hear the words—we become the speaker.

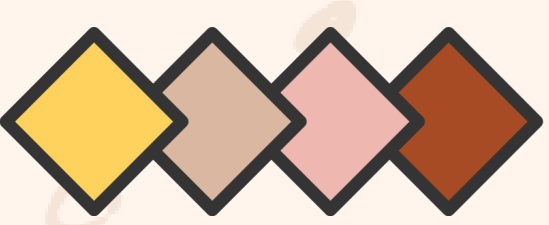
That is, we get into the speaker's mind, or, perhaps more accurately, the speaker takes charge of our mind, and we undergo (comfortably seated in a chair or sprawled on a bed) the mental experience that is embodied in the words

(Sylvan, B., Morton, B., & William, B., 2008)



The lyric can range from expressions of emotion focused on personal matters to expressions of emotion focused on public matters, and the latter are sometimes characterized as odes or hymns. the most memorable hymns produced in the United States are the spirituals, or Sorrow Songs, created by black slaves in the United States, chiefly in the first half of the nineteenth century.

(Sylvan, B., Morton, B., & William, B., 2008)

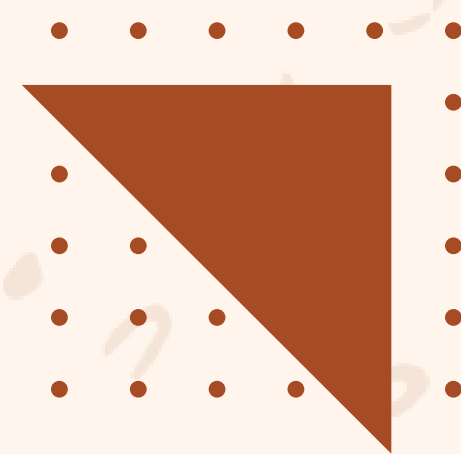


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**Subcategories of the lyric are, for example elegy, ode, sonnet and dramatic monologue and most occasional poetry:**

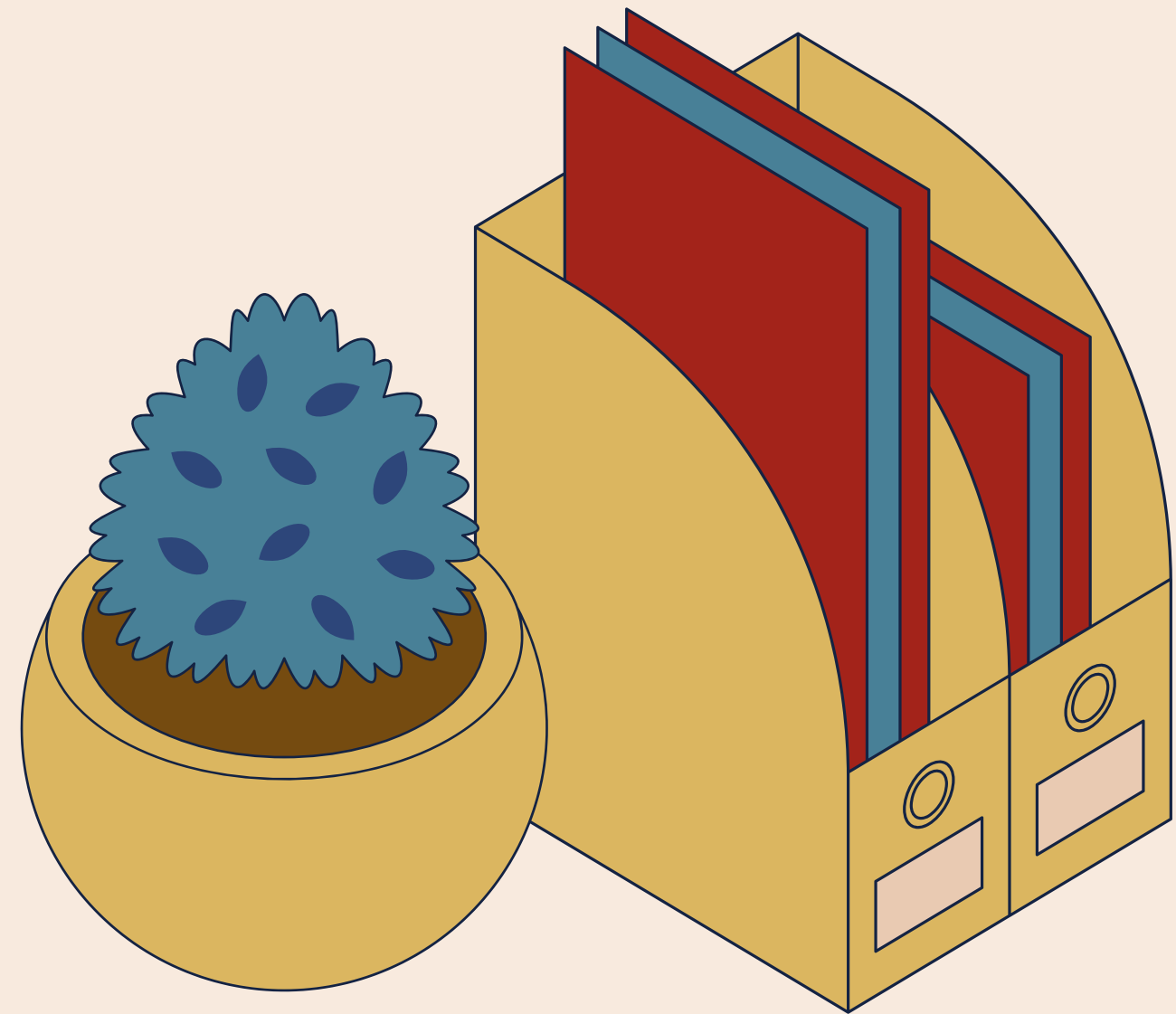
(Lethbridge, S., & Mildorf, J., 2003)



# ELEGY

In modern usage, elegy is a formal lament for the death of a particular person. More broadly defined, the term elegy is also used for solemn meditations often on questions of death.

**(Lethbridge, S., & Mildorf, J., 2003)**




# ELEGY

EXAMPLES!

O Captain! My Captain! by  
Walt Whitman

Sonnet On the Death of  
Richard West by Thomas Gray

In Memoriam A.H.H. by Alfred  
Lord Tennyson



O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,  
The ship has weather'd 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.

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 ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,  
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;

Here Captain! dear father!  
This arm beneath your head!  
It is some dream that on the deck,  
You've fallen cold and dead.

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 anchor'd 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 mournful tread,  
Walk the deck my Captain lies,  
Fallen cold and dead.



(<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/45474/o-captain-my-captain>)

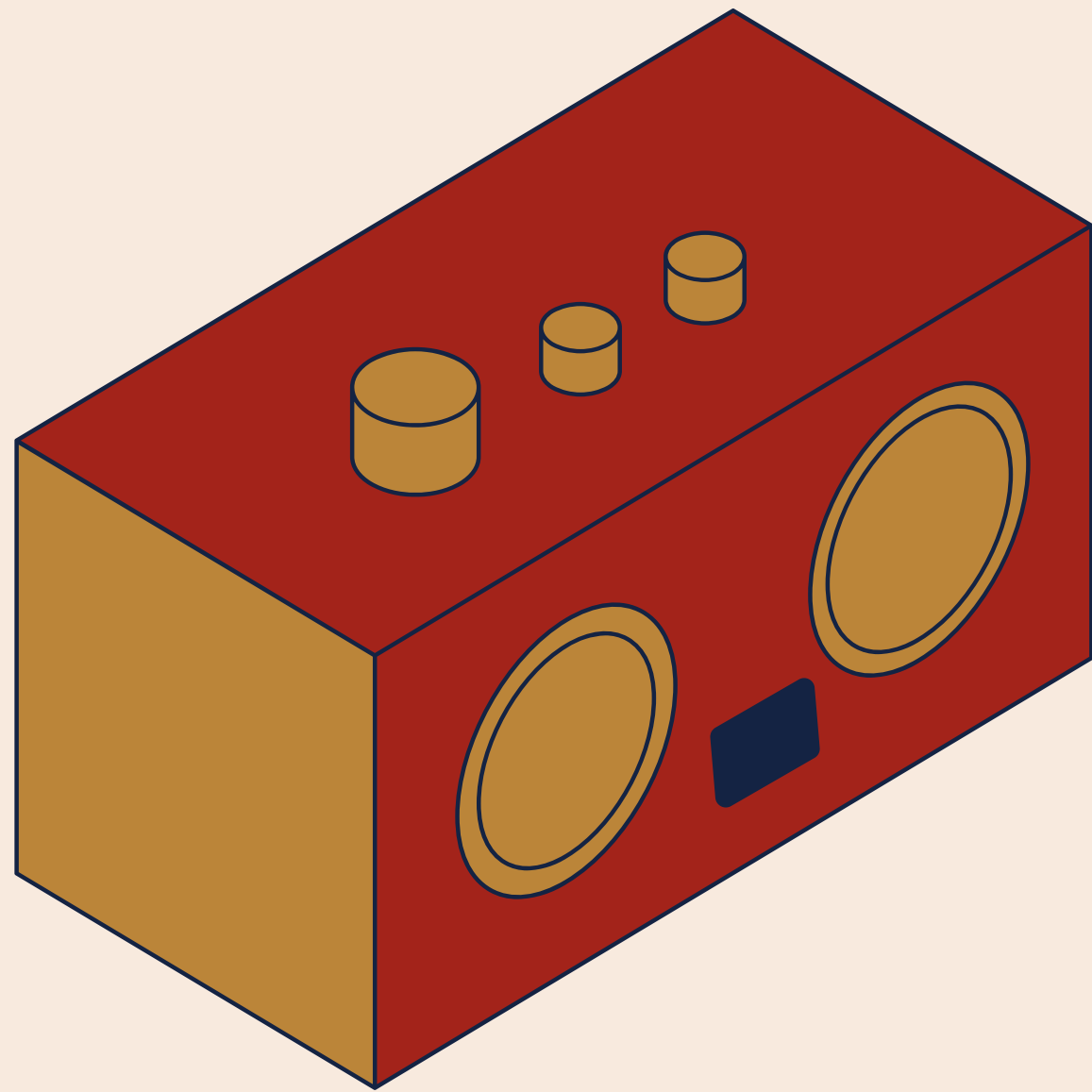


# On the Death of Richard West

BY THOMAS GRAY

In vain to me the smiling Mornings shine,  
And reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire;  
The birds in vain their amorous descant join;  
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire;  
These ears, alas! for other notes repine,  
A different object do these eyes require;  
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;  
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.  
Yet Morning smiles the busy race to cheer,  
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men;  
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear;  
To warm their little loves the birds complain;  
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,  
And weep the more because I weep in vain.

<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/44305/on-the-death-of-richard-west>



# ODE

An ode is a long lyric poem with a serious subject written in an elevated style. Famous examples are Wordsworth's Hymn to Duty or Keats' Ode to a Grecian Urn.

**(Lethbridge, S., & Mildorf, J., 2003)**

# ODE

**“Ode to  
Autumn” by  
John Keats**

**“Ode on  
Solitude” by  
Alexander  
Pope**

**“Ode on a  
Grecian Urn”  
by John Keats**

## “Ode to Autumn”

by John Keats

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,  
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;  
Conspiring with him how to load and bless  
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;  
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,  
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;  
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells  
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,  
And still more, later flowers for the bees,  
Until they think warm days will never cease,  
For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

(<https://allpoetry.com/Ode-To-Autumn>)

# “Ode on Solitude”

by Alexander Pope

Happy the man, whose wish and care  
A few paternal acres bound,  
Content to breathe his native air,  
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,  
Whose flocks supply him with attire,  
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,  
In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcernedly find  
Hours, days, and years slide soft away,  
In health of body, peace of mind,  
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,  
Together mixed; sweet recreation;  
And innocence, which most does please,  
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;  
Thus unlamented let me die;  
Steal from the world, and not a stone  
Tell where I lie.

<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/46561/ode-on-solitude>



# SONNET

The sonnet was originally a love poem which dealt with the lover's sufferings and hopes. It originated in Italy and became popular in England.

**(Lethbridge, S., & Mildorf, J., 2003)**



# SONNET

"How Do I Love Thee?" by Elizabeth Barrett Browning

"Shall I Compare Thee To A Summers' Day?" by William Shakespeare

"My Mistress' Eyes Are Nothing Like the Sun," by William Shakespeare

"When I Consider How My Light is Spent" by John Milton

"What My Lips Have Kissed, and Where, and Why" by Edna St. Vincent Millay

# Shall I Compare Thee To A Summers' Day?" by William Shakespeare

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

(<https://blog.prepscholar.com/famous-sonnet-examples>)

# My Mistress' Eyes Are Nothing Like the Sun, by William Shakespeare

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;  
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;  
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;  
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.  
I have seen roses damasked, red and white,  
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;  
And in some perfumes is there more delight  
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.  
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know  
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;  
I grant I never saw a goddess go;  
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground.  
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare  
As any she belied with false compare.

(<https://blog.prepscholar.com/famous-sonnet-examples>)

## **How Do I Love Thee?**

by Elizabeth Barrett Browning

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.  
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height  
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
For the ends of being and ideal grace.  
I love thee to the level of every day's  
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.  
I love thee freely, as men strive for right.  
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.

I love thee with the passion put to use  
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.  
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,  
Smiles, tears, of all my life; and, if God choose,  
I shall but love thee better after death.

(<https://blog.prepscholar.com/famous-sonnet-examples>)

From the seventeenth century onwards the sonnet was also used for other topics than love, for instance for religious experience (by Donne and Milton), reflections on art (by Keats or Shelley) or even the war experience (by Brooke or Owen).

**(Lethbridge, S., & Mildorf, J., 2003)**



# SONNET

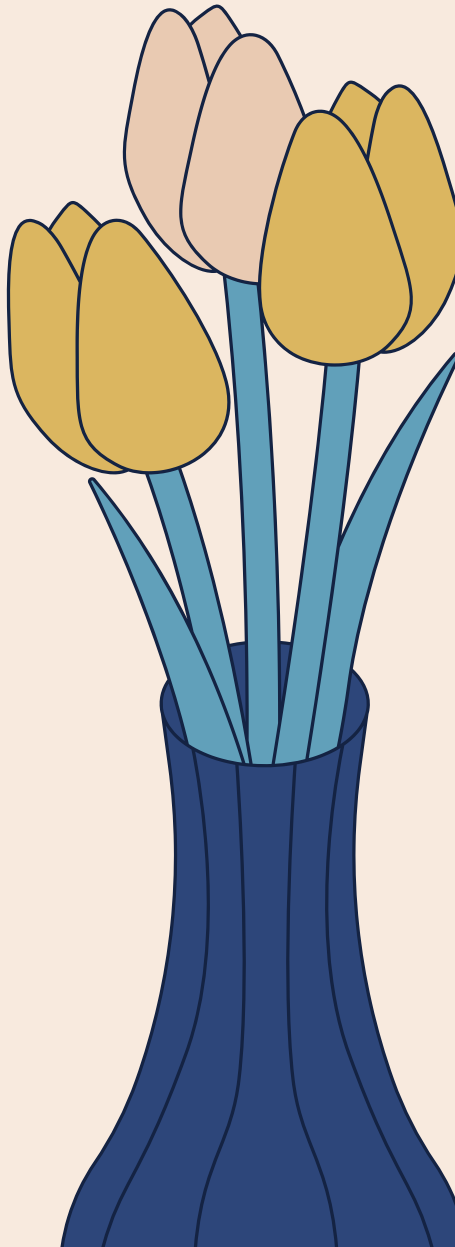
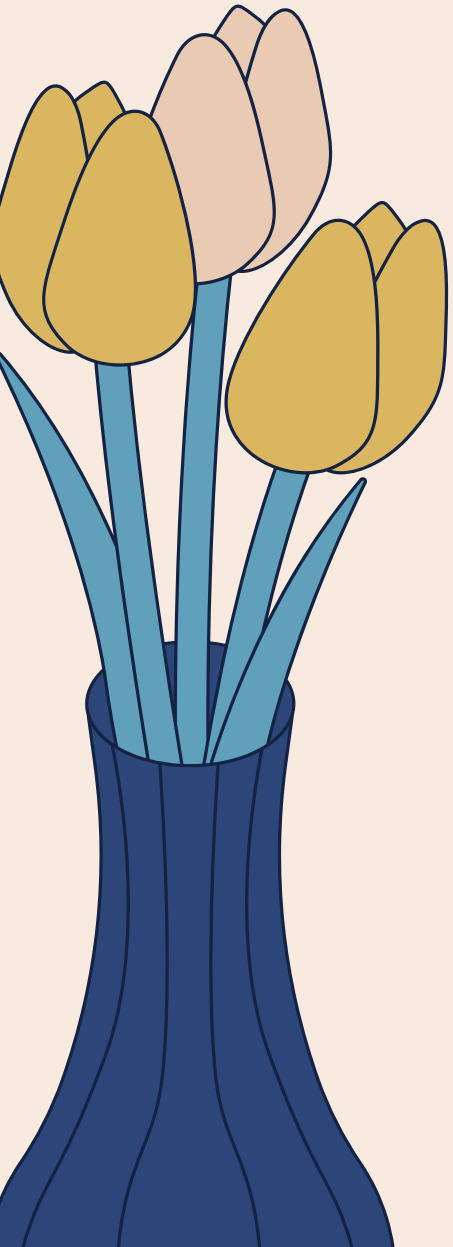
The sonnet uses a single stanza of (usually) fourteen lines and an intricate rhyme pattern (see stanza forms ch. 4.5.). Many poets wrote a series of sonnets linked by the same theme, so-called sonnet cycles (for instance Petrarch, Spenser, Shakespeare, Drayton, Barret-Browning, Meredith) which depict the various stages of a love relationship.

(Lethbridge, S., & Mildorf, J., 2003)

# DRAMATIC MONOLOGUE

In a dramatic monologue a speaker, who is explicitly someone other than the author, makes a speech to a silent auditor in a specific situation and at a critical moment. Without intending to do so, the speaker reveals aspects of his temperament and character.

**(Lethbridge, S., & Mildorf, J., 2003)**



# DRAMATIC MONOLOGUE

**'The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock' (1915)**

**'My Last Duchess' (1849) Robert Browning**

**'Dilemma' (1990) by Anthony Hecht**

# Dilemma

BY ANTHONY HECHT

“Dark and amusing he is, this handsome gallant,  
Of chamois-polished charm,  
Athlete and dancer of uncommon talent—  
Is there cause for alarm  
In his smooth demeanor, the proud tilt of his chin,  
This cavaliere servente, this Harlequin?

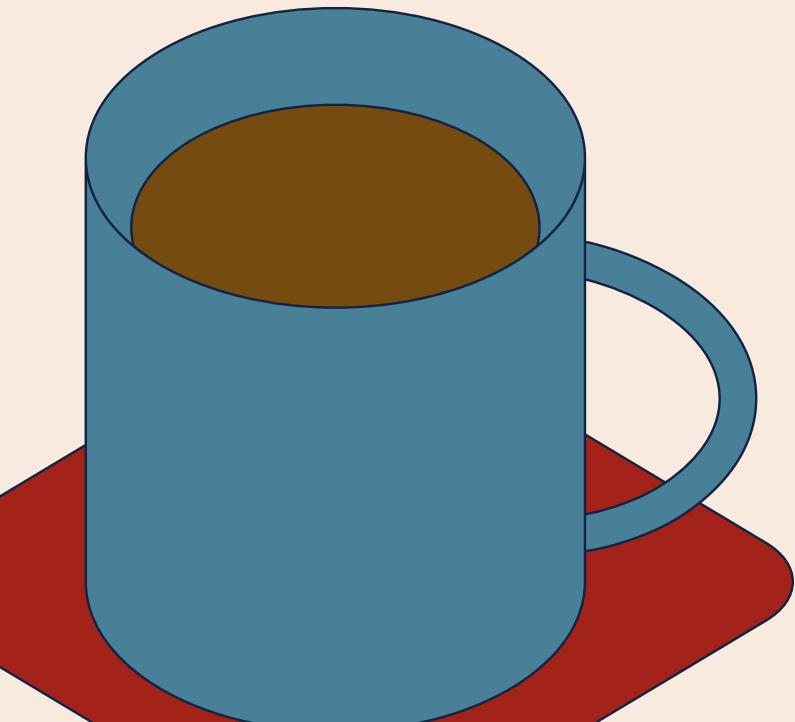
“Gentle and kindly this other, ardent but shy,  
With an intelligence  
Who would not glory to be guided by—  
And would it not make sense  
To trust in someone so devoted, so  
Worshipful as this tender, pale Pierrot?

“Since both of them delight, if I must choose  
I win a matchless mate,  
But by that very winning choice I lose—  
I pause, I hesitate,  
Putting decision off,” says Columbine,  
“And while I hesitate, they both are mine.”

# OCCASIONAL POEM

Occasional poetry is written for a specific occasion: a wedding (then it is called an **epithalamion**, for instance Spenser's Epithalamion), the return of a king from exile (for instance Dryden's Annus Mirabilis) or a death (for example Milton's Lycidas), etc.

(Lethbridge, S., & Mildorf, J., 2003)



**"My Birthday"**  
**BY ROBERT LEE BREWER**

**Snuck up on me this year,  
the routine of growing older  
making me think my biggest  
achievement today was  
getting in to work on time.  
Well, that was good too, fine  
enough for another day  
where work sometimes feels like play**

(<https://www.writersdigest.com/personal-updates/occasional-poems-or-happy-birthday-to-me>)

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- <https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/44305/on-the-death-of-richard-west>
- <https://www.writersdigest.com/personal-updates/occasional-poems-or-happy-birthday-to-me>