

*Second Year Poems (Semester One)*

<b>Poem</b>	<b>Analysis</b>
<p><b>William Shakespeare Sonnet 13</b></p> <p>O, that you were yourself! but, love, you are. No longer yours than you yourself here live: Against this coming end you should prepare, And your sweet semblance to some other give. So should that beauty which you hold in lease Find no determination: then you were Yourself again after yourself's decease, When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear. Who lets so fair a house fall to decay, Which husbandry in honour might uphold Against the stormy gusts of winter's day And barren rage of death's eternal cold? O, none but unthrifths! Dear my love, you know You had a father: let your son say so.</p>	

<b>Poem</b>	<b>Analysis</b>
<p><b>Sonnet 17</b></p> <p>Who will believe my verse in time to come, If it were filled with your most high deserts? Though yet heaven knows it is but as a tomb Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts. If I could write the beauty of your eyes, And in fresh numbers number all your graces, The age to come would say 'This poet lies; Such heavenly touches ne'er touched earthly faces.' So should my papers, yellowed with their age, Be scorned, like old men of less truth than tongue, And your true rights be termed a poet's rage And stretched metre of an antique song: But were some child of yours alive that time, You should live twice, in it, and in my rhyme.</p>	

**Sonnet 18****Analysis**

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.

**The Human Seasons by John Keats****Analysis**

Four Seasons fill the measure of the year;  
 There are four seasons in the mind of man:  
 He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear  
 Takes in all beauty with an easy span:  
 He has his Summer, when luxuriously  
 Spring's honied cud of youthful thought he loves  
 To ruminate, and by such dreaming high  
 Is nearest unto heaven: quiet coves  
 His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings  
 He furleth close; contented so to look  
 On mists in idleness—to let fair things  
 Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.  
 He has his Winter too of pale misfeature,  
 Or else he would forego his mortal nature.

**La Belle Dame sans Merci: A Ballad**  
By John Keats

**Analysis**

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.

**When I have Fears by John Keats**

**Analysis**

When I have fears that I may cease to be  
 Before my pen has gleaned my teeming brain,  
 Before high-pilèd books, in charactery,  
 Hold like rich garners the full ripened grain;  
 When I behold, upon the night's starred face,  
 Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,  
 And think that I may never live to trace  
 Their shadows with the magic hand of chance;  
 And when I feel, fair creature of an hour,  
 That I shall never look upon thee more,  
 Never have relish in the faery power  
 Of unreflecting love—then on the shore  
 Of the wide world I stand alone, and think  
 Till love and fame to nothingness do sink.

<b>Emily Dickinson “I am Nobody”</b>	<b>Analysis</b>
<p>I'm Nobody! Who are you? Are you – Nobody – too? Then there's a pair of us! Don't tell! they'd advertise – you know!</p> <p>How dreary – to be – Somebody! How public – like a Frog – To tell one's name – the livelong June To an admiring Bog!</p>	