

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW ENGLISH POETRY

Golubtsova I.M.
Teacher of English
Lyceum №28
Tambov
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What are the names of these people?



George Gordon Lord Byron



**John
Clare**



John Keats

**Percy Bysshe
Shelley**



Robert Burns



What poets are these words about?

1. He was born in 1788. After attending Cambridge he quickly scaled the poetic ladder and secured much acclaim in 1809 with his satirical poem *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* – an attack on the criticism of his early works. After taking the traditional Grand Tour of Europe, visiting Spain, Portugal, Italy and the Balkans he returned to England and launched a career that would see him become a celebrity of his day. His social status, liberal beliefs and looks had led him to create an iconic presence.
2. Known as "the peasant poet" he spent much of his life in and around the small Northamptonshire village of Helpston. Born in 1793 he worked as a farm labourer and in the local tavern the Blue Bell Inn next door to his home. His work focused on his natural surroundings, capturing the changing seasons and the nature around him but he struggled to make any impact as a poet in his early life. Success came in 1820 after completing *Poems Descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery*. Visits to literary society London enhanced his reputation and increased his fame, but the tag "peasant poet" remained throughout his life, possibly because he lacked an academic background.
3. He is the tragic figure of the Romantic movement who died young, but during his brief life he created some of the best known and enduring poetry of the 19th century. Born in London in 1795 he pursued a medical career as an apprentice surgeon but gave up the practice shortly after performing his first operation in 1816, an experience that affected him profoundly. He died in Rome in 1821 at the tender age of 25. He wrote his own epitaph, which describes his belief that he would not be remembered: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water".

1 George Gordon Lord Byron

2 John Clare

3 John Keats

Who are the authors of these poems

She Walks in Beauty

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.
One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling place.
And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

London

I wander thro' each charter'd street,
Near where the charter'd Thames does flow
And mark in every face I meet
Marks of weakness, marks of woe,
In every cry of every Man,
In every Infants cry of fear,
In every voice; in every ban,
The mind-forg'd manacles I hear
How the Chimney-sweepers cry
Every blackning Church appalls,
And the hapless Soldiers sigh
Runs in blood down Palace walls
But most thro' midnight streets I hear
How the youthful Harlots curse
Blasts the new-born Infants tear
And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse

▣ **Ozymandias**

- ▣ 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.'

▣ **When I Have Fears the I May Cease
to Be**

- ▣ When I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has glean'd my teeming
brain,
Before high-piled books, in charact'ry,
Hold like rich garner's the full-ripen'd
grain;
When I behold, upon the night's starr'd
face,
Huge cloudy symbols of a high
romance,
And feel 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.

Robert Burns

Любовь и бедность навсегда
Меня поймали в сети.
Но мне и бедность не беда,
Не будь любви на свете.
Зачем разлучница-судьба –
Всегда любви помеха?
И почему любовь - раба
Достатка и успеха?
Богатство, честь в конце концов
Приносят мало счастья.
И жаль мне трусов и глупцов,
Что их покорны власти.
Твои глаза горят в ответ,
Когда теряю ум я,
А на устах твоих совет –
Хранить благоразумье.

Но как же мне его хранить,
Когда с тобой мы рядом?
Но как же мне его хранить,
С тобой встречаясь взглядом?
На свете счастлив тот бедняк
С его простой любовью,
Кто не завидует никак
Богатому сословью.
Ах, почему жестокий рок –
Всегда любви помеха
И не цветет любви цветок
Без славы и успеха?

THANK YOU FOR PARTICIPATION !

