

Tintern Abbey

About the Author

1. Poet - **William Wordsworth**
2. Born - **7 April 1770**, in Cockermouth, Cumberland,
3. When did the poet died - **on 23 April 1850**
4. Cause of death - **of pleurisy**

He was **one of the members of lake poets** who born in a lake district. Other lake poets are **Coleridge and Robert Southey**

He is a Nature poet and founder of Romantic Movement.

Romantic period developed with **the publication of Lyrical Ballads of Wordsworth and Coleridge in 1798.**

Herbert divides his period of creative activity into four parts.

First Period:- Before 1791 'the Descriptive sketches', and 'Evening walk' are the best known poems of this period.

Second period:-1792to1797. His work 'The Borderers, Guilt and sorrow, Margaret or The Ruined cottage' are published.

Third Period:- 1797 to 1807. In this period the poet's powers were at their Zenith. The most notable works are 'The Lyrical ballads, Lines Written in Early Spring, Michael, Tintern Abbey, Peter Bell, Lucy Poems, The Prelude, Immortality Ode, Ode to duty, The Solitary Reaper, Resolution and Independence, to the Cuckoo, The Exclusions, Sonnet on his, Milton, Upon West Minister bridge etc..

Fourth Period:- 1808 to 1850. After 1807 the poet's powers began to decline. 'Laodamia, Punishment of Death, Lines written on the death of Charles Lamb' are written in this period.

Wordsworth's view of Nature is coloured by his 'hyper individualism'.

Wordsworth's development is divided into three stages.

The First Stage:-

In his **early days of boyhood** he experienced a 'calm delight'. Nature seemed to speak to him "rememberable things" and served only a background.

The Second Stage:-

He experienced a **sensuous beauty of Nature.**

The Third Stage:-

He sees Nature by the eye of soul in this period. Wordsworth passes through spiritual experiences of Nature.

He says in his poem 'The Tables Turned', 'Let Nature be your Teacher'. 'The Prelude' is an account of the best part of the poet's education that he received from Nature.

To him **the God is Man and in Nature is one.**

The poems 'The Prelude' 'Tintern Abbey', 'Immortality Ode', are remarkable for their auto biographical significance. 'The Prelude' is subtitled as 'The Growth of a Poet's Mind'.

Lord Byron used to call William Wordsworth "Turdsworth

He was **Poet Laureate from 1843 to 1850**

Works

1. **Descriptive Sketches - published in 1793**

2. Lyrical Ballads published in 1798:

3. **The Prelude:** Wordsworth composed it in 1805 but it was published posthumously in 1850. It is considered an epic of self which has a record of his development as a poet.
 4. **The Excursion** published in 1814: The poem deals with good pictures and tales of country life. It is incomplete.
 5. The White Doe of Ralston -1815
 6. The Waggoner - 1819
 7. Peter Bell - 1819
 8. Yarrow Revisited - 1835
 9. The Recluse: This poem was also an incomplete poem.
 10. **The Ruined Cottage:** This is also an incomplete poem.
- Bordes- 1842: This is the only play written by Wordsworth.**
5. Two volumes of poems - Wordsworth also composed two volumes of poems published in 1807. It has his best poems such as The Solitary Reaper, I Wondered Lonely as a Cloud, Ode on the Intimations of Immortality, Ode to Duty and The Green Linnet.

His critical works are

1. Advertisement to the Lyrical Ballads, 1798
2. Preface to the Lyrical Ballads, 1800
3. **Preface to the Lyrical ballads, 1802**
4. Appendix on Poetic Diction
5. His Notes to 'The thorn'.

About the work

He wrote this poem after visiting the ruins of the medieval abbey on the England-Wales border. He began composing the poem in his head while still in the Wye valley, he wrote it down while sitting in the parlour of his publisher, Joseph Cottle, in Bristol.

It was published – 1798

About Poem

It was written after a walking tour with his sister Dorothy in this section of the Welsh Borders. The description of his encounters with the countryside on the banks of the River Wye grows into an outline of his general philosophy.

This poem was published on 13 July 1798

It was **published in Lyrical ballads (Past poem)**

Full Title of the poem is Lines Written (or Composed) a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey, on Revisiting the Banks of the Wye during a Tour, July 13, 1798

It was composed **in blank verse**

The type/genre of the poem **is loco-descriptive genre**

It contains some elements of the ode and of **the dramatic monologue**

The theme of the poem is **the memory of pure communion with nature** in childhood works upon the mind even in adulthood, when access to that pure communion has been lost, and that the maturity of mind present in adulthood offers

compensation for the loss of that communion—specifically, the ability to “look on nature” and hear “human music”; that is, to see nature with an eye toward its relationship to human life.

Wordsworth describes his impassioned love of youth in this poem.

He says this is his best poem. He later recalled: ‘No poem of mine was composed under circumstances more pleasant for me to remember than this. I began it upon leaving Tintern, after crossing the Wye, and concluded it just as I was entering Bristol in the evening, after a ramble of four or five days, with my Sister. Not a line of it was altered, and not any part of it written down till I reached Bristol.’

Poem

Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey, On Revisiting the Banks of during a Tour. July 13, 1798

Five years have past; five summers, with the length
Of five 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 copses. 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 beautiful 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,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,
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 hung upon the beatings of my heart—
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer thro' the woods,
How often has my spirit 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 mind 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 aching joys are now no more,
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 recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
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 banks
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 pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy 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. Therefore 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! Nor, perchance—
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
Of past existence—wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I, so long
A worshipper of Nature, hither came
Unwearied in that service: rather say
With warmer love—oh! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

Summary

After five years from his first visit the poet visits with her sister Dorothy, the river Wye again in 1798. He hears the waters falling from the mountain and flows with a soft murmur and 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 **poet takes rest under a large sycamore tree**. In July, the trees seem **to be dressed green with their unripe fruits and the hedge** rows like lines. The trees are not in straight line. The pastoral farms are green in colour. **Columns of smoke rise among the trees**. They are sent up calmly. It seems **gypsies or hermits may live in the woods**. These beautiful objects of nature have not been seen during this gap of five years as **a landscape to a blind man**. During this period he **has spent his time in London. It is like hell**. Even his heart felt stick 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 and help him to regain the peace of mind. **This gives him pleasure and this has great influence in every day's life on good man's life, help him to make him a man of kindness and of love**. It induces in him the

state of mind and eraser the sense of depression caused by things in the world. **The body becomes perfectly calm.** We become a living spirit. With our mental vision we see harmony. The mystical experience and the bliss accompanies it give a spiritual exaltation.

When **the poet feels depressed in the disturbed city life**, he **recalls the river Wye and its rural scenery and seeks solace by visualizing its beauty.** He has lost **the buoyancy of youth.** Now he is conscious of the present beautiful surroundings and experiences something more. He was like 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 led. All the coarser pleasures of his boyhood days and the physical pleasures have gone away. He had not yet realized the spiritual influence of nature. 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.** That time is past. **The 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 realized the presence of a divine spirit in Nature.** He experiences that **there is something present in Nature, the Universal Spirit. The spirit is in the twilight, in the ocean, in the air and in the mind of man.**

He has not lost his love of the objects of nature. Everything in nature can be perceived by the senses. He knows 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.**

Pope writes, Wordsworth's poem Tintern Abbey is said to borrow the "language of the heart".

Dorothy Wordsworth was also a lover of nature. She recorded everything of the tour in her diary. **Nature was always a true friend to those that loved her.** Nature has the power to mould mind and feature to her influences. There is nothing wrong as long as **nature is our guide and friend. He wishes that the moon shines on her in her solitary walk** and the misty mountain winds be free enough to blow against her. **Her last years were unhappy. If the poet were not present before her, she would remember his company on the place as a worshipper of Nature.** These woods, cliffs, pastoral landscapes were dear to the poet both for themselves and for their own sake.

This poem 'Tintern Abbey' speaks of the poet's attitude towards nature and the ends with a moving address of the poet's sister Dorothy.

Opening lines
Five years have past; five summers, with the length Of five long winters! and again I hear These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs With a soft inland murmur.—Once again
Closing lines

That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

Important lines

1. "For I have learned to look on nature, not as in the hour of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes the still, sad music of humanity."
2. "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..."
3. "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 recognize / 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."
4. "My dear, dear Friend; and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once..."
5. "To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,
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."
6. "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.”

7. “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 pleasures; such, perhaps,
As have made no trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life;
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.”

Literary Devices

Literary Devices	Examples
Metaphor: a comparison that does not use like or as	the speaker compares his sister's mind to a mansion.
Antithesis: means “opposite,” is a rhetorical device in which two opposite ideas are put together in a sentence to achieve a contrasting effect.	to contrast the "dreary" quality of everyday life with the "cheerful faith" the speaker and his sister develop through communing with nature.
Apostrophe -Addressing an abstraction or a thing, present or absent, or addressing an absent person or entity	For thou art with me here upon the banks Of this fair river; thou my dearest Friend, My dear, dear Friend. This direct speech to another person makes the poem feel more personal and heartfelt.

SLIP TEST

1. The movement of 'return of Nature' has to do with
A) The Neo-Classical age B) The Romantic Age C) Jacobean Age
D) None
2. The Pre-Romantics were influenced by the Middle Ages.
A) Yes B) No C) May D) None of these
3. Who earlier English odes were written to eulogize a person or the art of music or poetry.
A) Yes B) No C) Cannot be said D) None of these
6. Among the following who is not a romantic poet?
A) Wordsworth B) Keats C) Pope D) Shelley
8. The two 'Lakes Poets' are
A) Wordsworth and Keats
B) Byron and Keats
C) Keats and Coleridge
D) Coleridge and Wordsworth
9. Find out who is not the precursor of Romanticism:
A) Gray B) Collins
C) Thomson D) Donne.
10. "In thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart and read
My former pleasures in the shooting light of Thy wild eyes"
Who is addressed here?
A) Coleridge B) Annette Vallon C) Dorothy D) Lucy
11. Which of the following poems ends with a moving address of the poet's sister Dorothy?
A) Tintern Abbey Lines B) Prelude
C) Ode on Intimations of Immortality D) Michael
12. "She gave me eyes, she gave me ears And humble tears and delicate fears".
A) Nature B) His wife
C) His sister D) His daughter.
13. Tintern Abbey is written on revisiting the banks of during a tour on July 13, 1798.
A) River Mississippi B. River Thames
C. River Wye D. River Amazon.

