



I Wandered lonely as a Cloud

By

William Wordsworth





WHAT DO YOU FEEL, WHILE WATCHING THIS PICTURE?





Do you know what
you need to make
things
extraordinary?

«A CERTAIN
COLOURING OF
IMAGINATION.....»

William Wordsworth







Imagination
turns whatever is
GLOOMY into
COLORFUL.....

Whatever
looks SAD
into
JOYFUL!



William Wordsworth



THIS IS THE POWER OF IMAGINATION



My friend Blake said
that only children and
poets could enjoy the
divine power of
imagination....

And he was
right! So, I made
my points in the
Preface to the
Lyrical Ballads.



William Wordsworth



The Lyrical Ballads is a collection of poems written by Coleridge and myself. I actually wrote a great deal of them.



Samuel Taylor Coleridge

All right, buddy, but I wrote the one teacher Giofrè loves the most, my «Rime»...



William Wordsworth



The Lyrical Ballads

- First edition written in 1798
- The book was published anonymously

WHY?

- The content is different from neoclassical standard
- Because of its unexpected popularity a second edition was published, this time with the names of the authors in full
- Second edition in 1800
- A Preface written by Wordsworth was added
- Manifesto of Romanticism





Samuel Taylor Coleridge

At those times we
even didn't know
we were
Romantics

The Schlegel brothers first
used the word , when they
wrote «Romantische
Poesie» in 1798

It was Madame de
Stael that popularized
the term, once back
from Germany in 1813

So, we found out
we were actually
Romantic!



William Wordsworth



The Manifesto of Romanticism

- The poet is a common man endowed with a superior sensibility. God chosen.
- It is his task to communicate what he feels through means of poetry.
- On this purpose the language must be simple
- Common topics
- Nature is the privileged one

WHY?

- Nature is a spiritual purifying force
- Dealing with the feelings that arise from nature, is like dealing with God.
- Longing for the natural state



«Daffodils» First Stanza

- *I wandered lonely as a cloud*
 - *That floats on high o'er vales and hills, (1)*
 - *When **all at once** (2) I saw a crowd,*
 - *A host, of golden (3) daffodils;*
 - *Beside the lake, beneath the trees, (4)*
 - *Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.*
- (1) *The poet is lost in his thoughts and feels light as a cloud*
 - (2) *unexpected*
 - (3) *gold= precious or sun kissed*
 - (4) *the poet is overwhelmed by the sight of the daffodils*





I was so
impressed
because I didn't
expect to see
such a beautiful
sight

That was truly a
«*spontaneous overflow
of powerful feelings*»

William Wordsworth



Second Stanza

- *Continuous(1) as the stars that shine*
- *And twinkle on the milky(2) way,*
- *They stretched in never-ending line(3)*
- *Along the margin of a bay:*
- *Ten thousand saw I at a glance,*
- *Tossing their heads in sprightly dance. (4)*
- (1) He is surrounded by the flowers
- (2) the K and the L together reinforce the sense of brightness
- (3) lost among the countless flowers
- (4) This line introduces the overwhelming feeling of happiness of the next stanza.





And you, have
you ever felt
overwhelmed by
the incredible
beauty of nature?

If not, this is
how it feels....



William Wordsworth



Third Stanza

- *The waves beside them danced; but they*
 - *Out-did the sparkling waves in glee(1)*
 - *A poet could not but be gay,*
 - *In such a jocund (2) company:*
 - *I gazed—and gazed—but little thought (3)*
 - *What wealth (4) the show to me had brought:*
- 1. nature in all its form shares the sense of joy.
 - 2. At this point the poet is in harmony with nature
 - 3. sublime
 - 4. What he felt was precious





Fourth Stanza

- *For oft, when on my couch I lie*
 - *In vacant or in pensive mood, (1)*
 - *They flash (2) upon that inward eye*
 - *Which is the bliss (3) of solitude;*
 - *And then my heart with pleasure fills,*
 - *And dances with the daffodils (4).*
- 1. When the poet is alone
 - 2. He remembers those emotions
 - 3. sense of joy
 - 4. Those spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings must be recollected in tranquility to become poetry.



If you want to
hear my opinion
about
«Daffodils»....

...well, I don't
mean to be rude,
but this poem is
«puerile»!!!



George Byron



I can't remember asking your opinion, we are not even in speaking terms!!

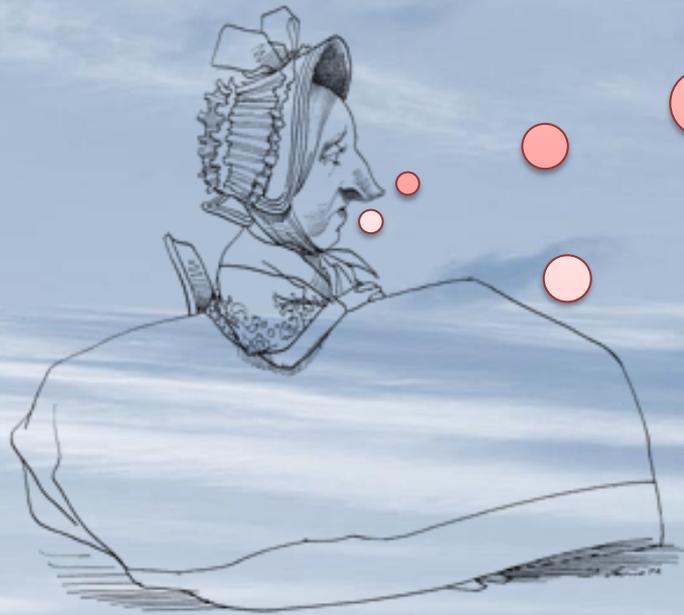
These rockstars! So annoying!



But , maybe my imagination  embellished my recollection a bit....

William Wordsworth





Dorothy Wordsworth

But, I can tell you exactly what you saw ! I was with you that day, can't you remember it?

We were strolling around Glencoyne Bay, in the Lake District.





It was a **threatening, misty** morning, but mild(...)The **wind was furious**, and we thought we must have returned. (...)The **wind seized our breath**. The lake was **rough**. There was a boat by itself floating in the middle of the bay below Water Millock. (..). When we were in the woods beyond Gowbarrow Park we saw a few daffodils close to the water-side. We fancied that the sea had floated the seeds ashore, and that the little colony had so sprung up. But as we went along there were more and yet more; and at last, under the boughs of the trees, we saw that there was a long belt of them along the shore, about the breadth of a country turnpike road. I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones about and above them; some rested their heads upon these stones, as on a pillow, for weariness; and the rest tossed and reeled and danced, and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind, that blew upon them over the lake; they looked so gay, ever glancing, ever changing. This wind blew directly over the lake to them. (...)The **bays were stormy**, and we heard the waves at different distances, and in the middle of the water, like the sea.... **All was cheerless and gloomy**, so we faced **the storm**(.....)

"April 15th, 1802" from the Journal Written at Grasmere

by Dorothy Wordsworth

Thursday, 15th.

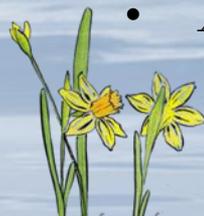


Daffodils

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Thanks for your attention!

