

The Second Romantic Generation

....and a Grecian Urn





General Characteristics

- The poets of the Second Romantic generation were young revolutionary rebels
- Talented , charming and anti-comformist
- All died in tragic circumstances far away from home.
- They believed nature was hostile
- Poetry could inspire the reader, but not teach a moral lesson
- Exhibited a more refined choice of words and style





1 st
Romantic
Generation

2nd
Romantic
Generation

IMAGINATION

YES

YES

POET /GENIUS

YES

YES

POET/ TEACHER

YES

NO

NATURE/BENIGN

YES

NO

NATURE/GOD

YES

YES

SIMPLE
LANGUAGE

YES

NO

REBELS

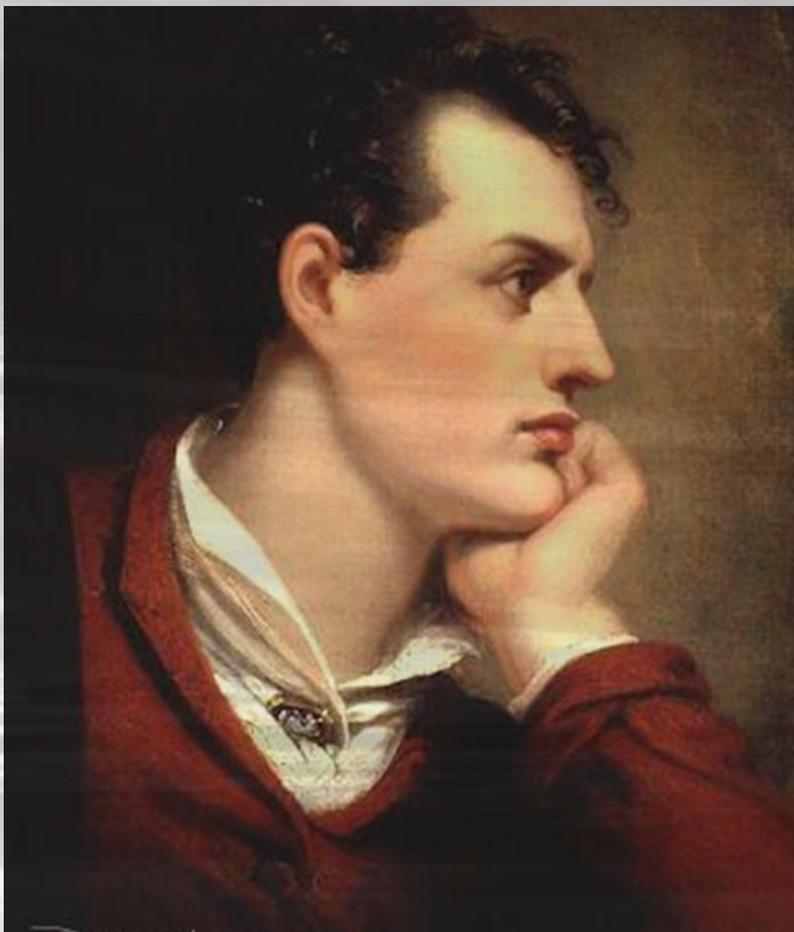
NO

YES





Lord Byron



- Rockstar of English poetry
- Had a scandalous life
- Charming personality
- Died in Greece at 36, while he was there to support Greek Independence

BEST KNOWN WORKS:

- Child Harold Pilgrimage
- Don Juan



Percy Bysshe Shelley



- The most non-conformist and revolutionary of Romantic poets .
- Individualist and idealist
- Rejected the institutions of family , church and rebelled against all forms of tyranny
- Married Mary Wollestonecraft 's daughter, Mary Godwin, the authoress of Frankenstein.
- Died at the age of 30.

Best Known Works:

- Prometheus Unbound
- Adonis
- Odes



John Keats



- Had a real brief life
 - Suffered from tuberculosis
 - Moved to Rome with Shelley
 - Died at the age of 23.
 - The themes of his poetry were
 1. death
 2. decay
 3. an ideal world of beauty, imagination and eternal youth
 - Forerunner of Aestheticism
- BEST KNOWN WORKS:**
- Odes
 - Endymion



«A Thing of Beauty is a Joy Forever»



Ode on a Grecian Urn





*Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?*





Art and the Artist

- **The artist** has a divine power:

He generates ETERNAL BEAUTY=**ART**

BUT

The artist's time follows the rules nature and it will come to an end(clock time)

HENCE

The artist/maker, unlike God, will cease to be, while his creation will survive him.



A BRIDE

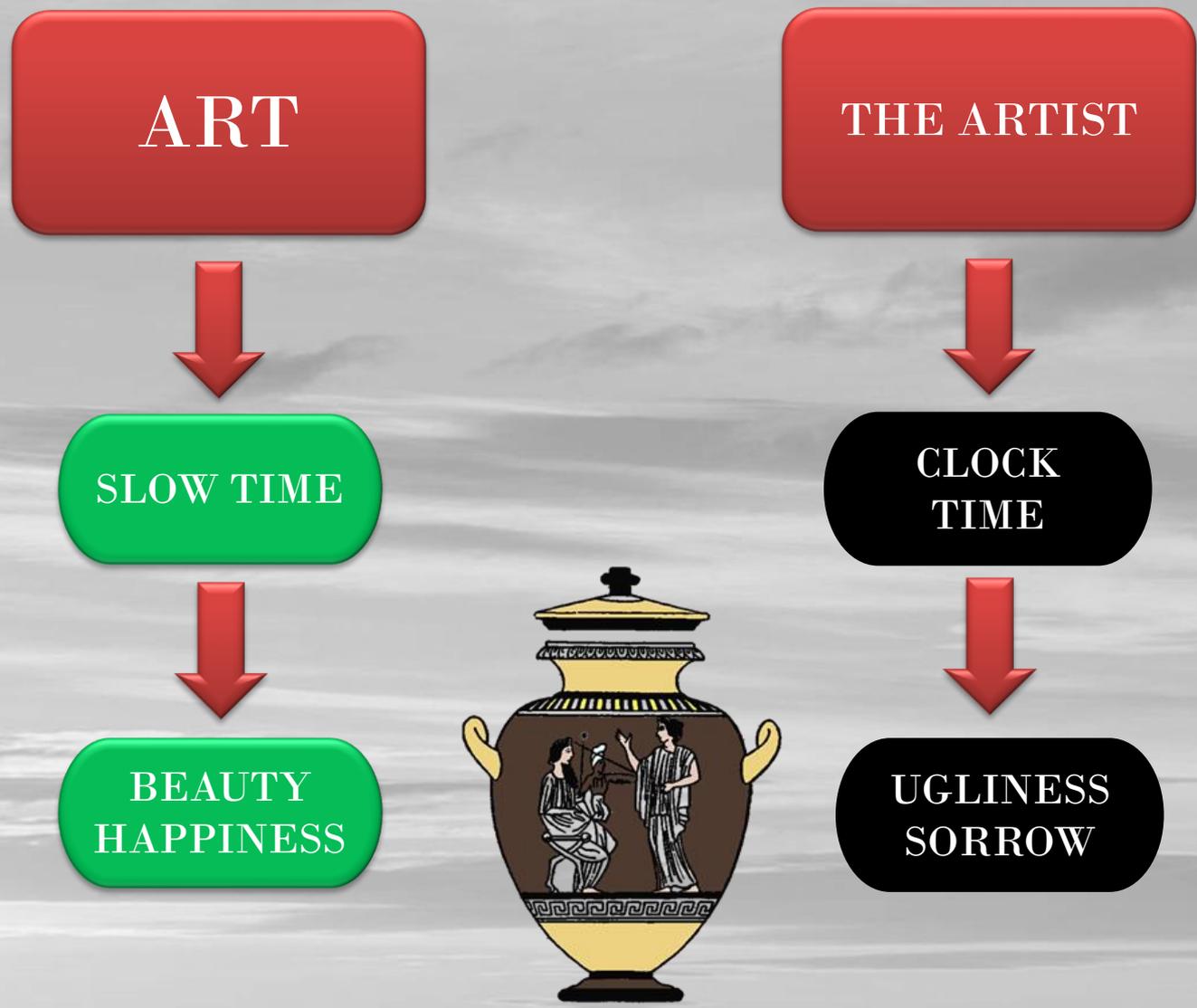


- The artist's creation belongs to «**slow time**»/ eternity.
- Once created clock time (man's time) won't be able to **ravish** it.

HENCE

- The work of art becomes the «**bride**» of slow time, where everything is **still**, immutable and painless.
- While the artist/creator is left alone in a world full of sorrows, ruled by «**clock time**»







Two Times

- The act of creation becomes, therefore, an act of separation.
- Imagination can be the bridge which allows the artist to enjoy the immutable beauty of art.
- Through the series of questions, the poet's imagination is at work to take him into the heart of beauty, but.....

FOR HOW LONG?





*Heard melodies are sweet, but those **unheard**
Are **sweeter**; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of **no** tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst **not** leave
Thy song, **nor** ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, **never, never** canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal yet, do **not** grieve;
She can**not** fade, though thou hast **not** thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!*





NEVERLAND

- In the second stanza the poet marks the power of imagination, which allows him even to address the figures on the Urn.
- The fair youth's songs, the bold lover's attempt to reach (ravish) her lover will be eternal.

HENCE

There will always be music, love, desire , beauty, in a word, happiness.



Stop the Ticking!

- People in Neverland may cease to age.
- Its best known resident famously refused to grow up.
- Neverland is often used as a metaphor for eternal childhood happiness, immortality and escapism.
- Art = Neverland



*Ah, **happy, happy** boughs! that **cannot** shed
Your leaves, **nor** ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, **happy** melodist, **unwearied**,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! **more happy, happy** love!
For ever warm and **still** to be enjoy'd,
For ever panting, and **for ever** young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.*



Negative Capability



- The artist can access to truth without the pressure and framework of logic or science.
- Contemplating his own craft and the art of others, Keats supposed that a great thinker is “capable of being in uncertainties, Mysteries, doubts, without any irritable reaching after fact and reason.”
- A poet, then, has the power to bury self-consciousness, dwell in a state of openness to all experience, and identify with the object contemplated.

But, for how long?





A Burning Forehead

- The poet experiences the happiness and the beauty of art.
- That joy cannot last forever, as stated before, art and the artist belong to two different times: slow time and clock time.
- What remains is only sorrow as the artist is more conscious of his decay.





*Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.*



The Emptiness of the Soul



- The entire stanza remarks the feeling of emptiness after the fulfilling experience of joy.
- The soul of the poet is as desolate as the the streets of the emptied citadel.
- There is no solution to the sense of desolation of the poet.





*O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, **silent** form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: **Cold Pastoral!**
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is
all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to
know."*



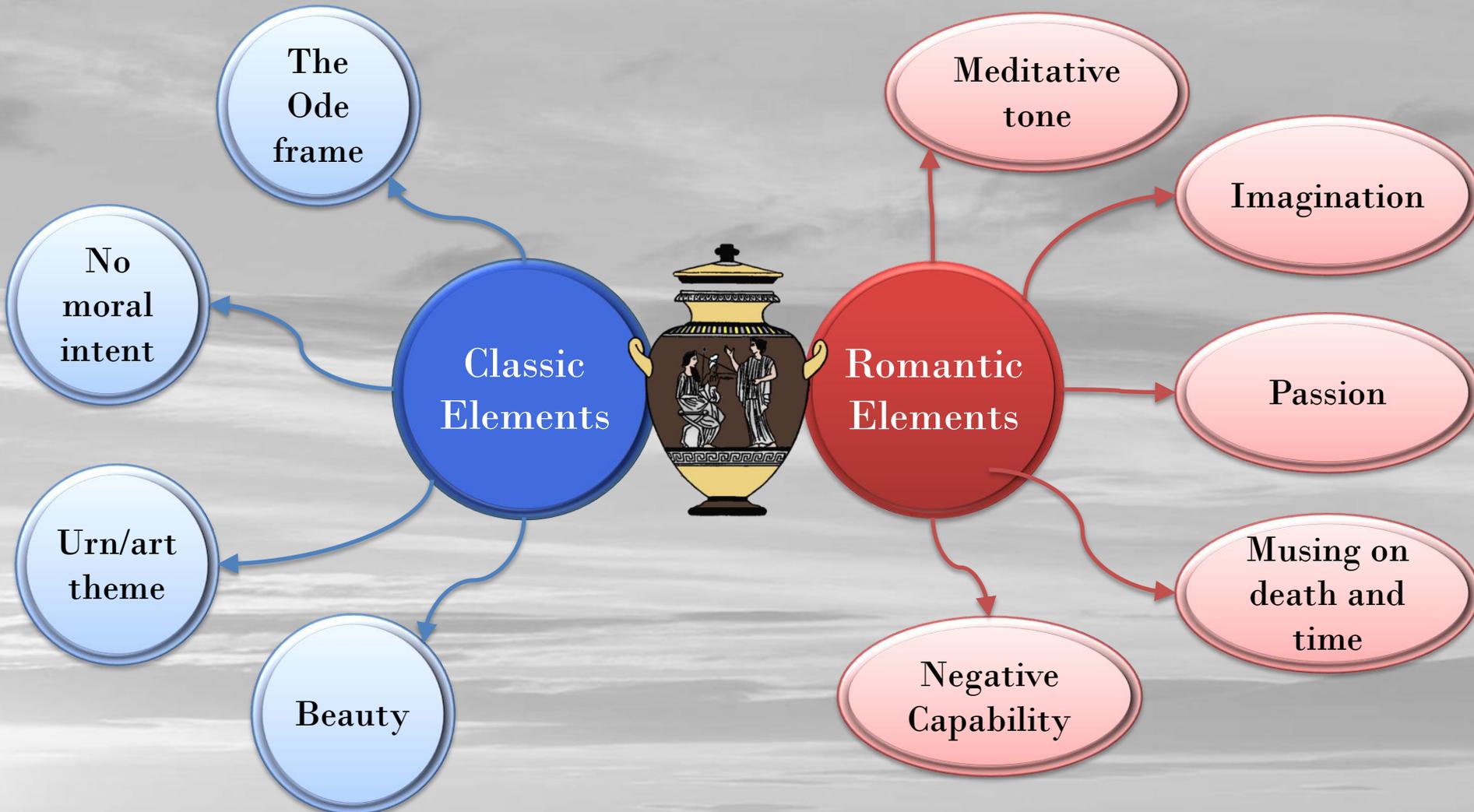
What is art for?



- Art offers no consolation and is silent to man's sorrow.
- Art watches indifferent time wasting generation after generation.
- Hence, it is cold and cruel.
- At this point the Urn/art speaks and reminds the poet that the only purpose of art is beauty and nothing more.



Ode on a Grecian Urn





This is
The End

