

M.P. Patel Institute of English



Paper 306

History of English Literature (1832 – 1890)

Age of Tennyson or Victorian Age

Unit 2 – Poetry



Dr. Abhipsa Pandya

LYSSES

Ulysses



Alfred Lord Tennyson

published in 1842

Lord Alfred Tennyson

A major Victorian Poet

- most representative poet of the Victorian Age.
- In 1850, appointed as Poet laureate of England during Queen Victoria's reign after the success of his 1842 Poems
- Being a careful student of science and philosophy he was deeply impressed by the new discoveries and speculations
- His poetry reflects the restless spirit of England and its faith in science, commerce and the progress of mankind.

- also dealt with an important problem of the day—that of the higher education of women and their place in the fast changing conditions of modern society (*The Princess*).
- Tennyson reflects them in his love-poems that true love can be found nowhere except a married life (*The Miller's Daughter*)
- The Victorians were moralists at heart. They had a particular fascination for moralizing and teaching lessons of morality to the younger generation. In this respect, Tennyson is the mouthpiece of the Victorians. He is a moralist giving to his readers the proper guidance for the wise conduct of life.

The poem Ulysses was composed in



Alfred Lord Tennyson

1853

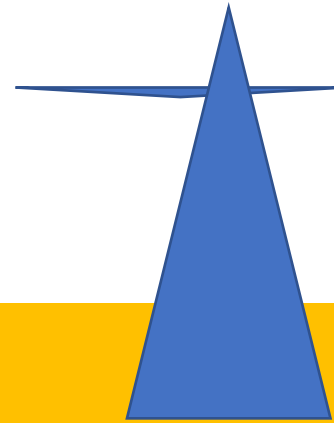
composed

Ulysses



Alfred Lord Tennyson

Dramatic Monologue



The Poem is written in

Ulysses



Alfred Lord Tennyson



Homer

Odyssey

The character of Ulysses has been taken from Greek odysseus from Homer's Iliad And Odyssey

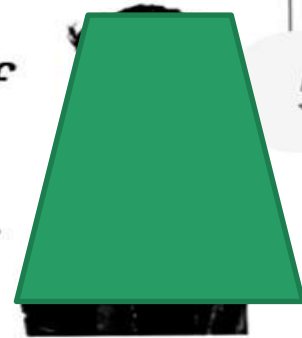
Ulysses



Alfred Lord Tennyson

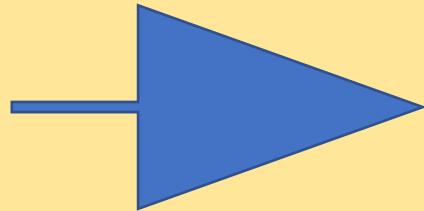
The Trojan War

*Adventures of
Ulysses
After Trojan War*



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**LET'S HAVE THE
DETAILED STUDY
OF THE POEM
ULYSSES**





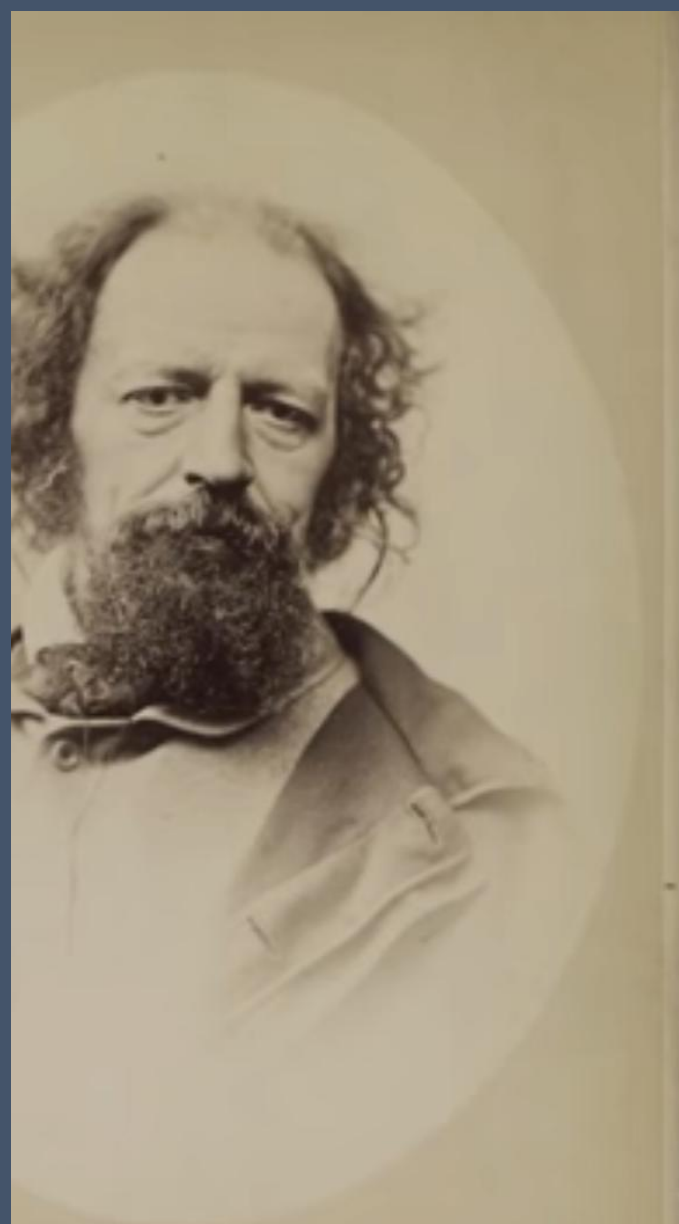
Ulysses

**It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Matched with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel; I will drink
Life to the lees. All times I have enjoyed
Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
that loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vexed the dim sea.**



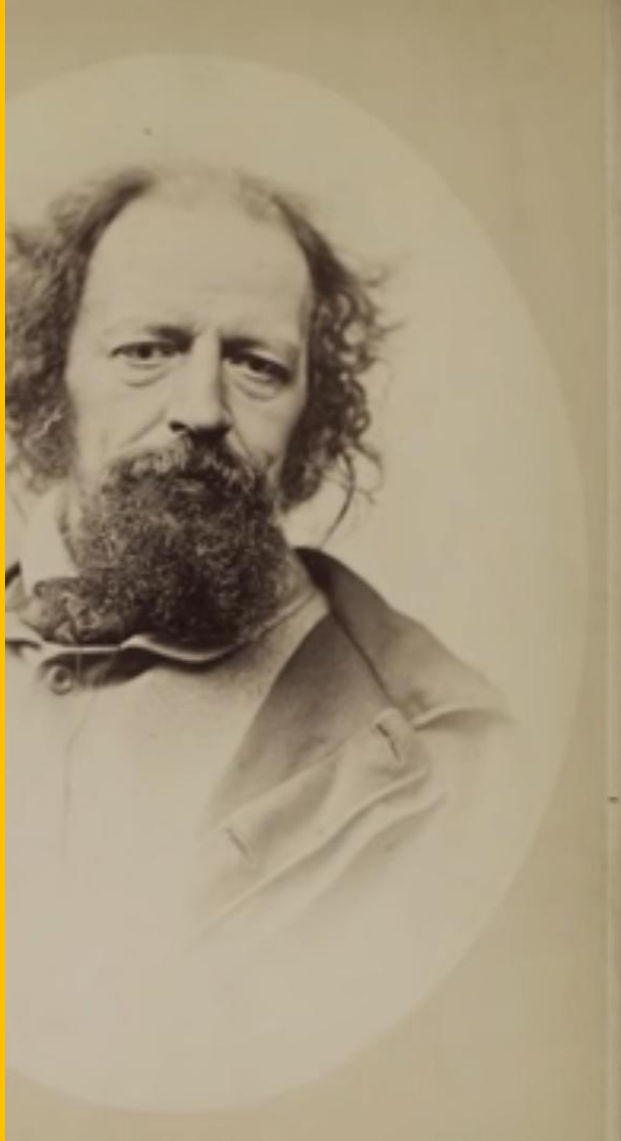
I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known---cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honored of them all---
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch where through
Gleams that untraveled world whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move.





How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As though to breathe were life! Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains; but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

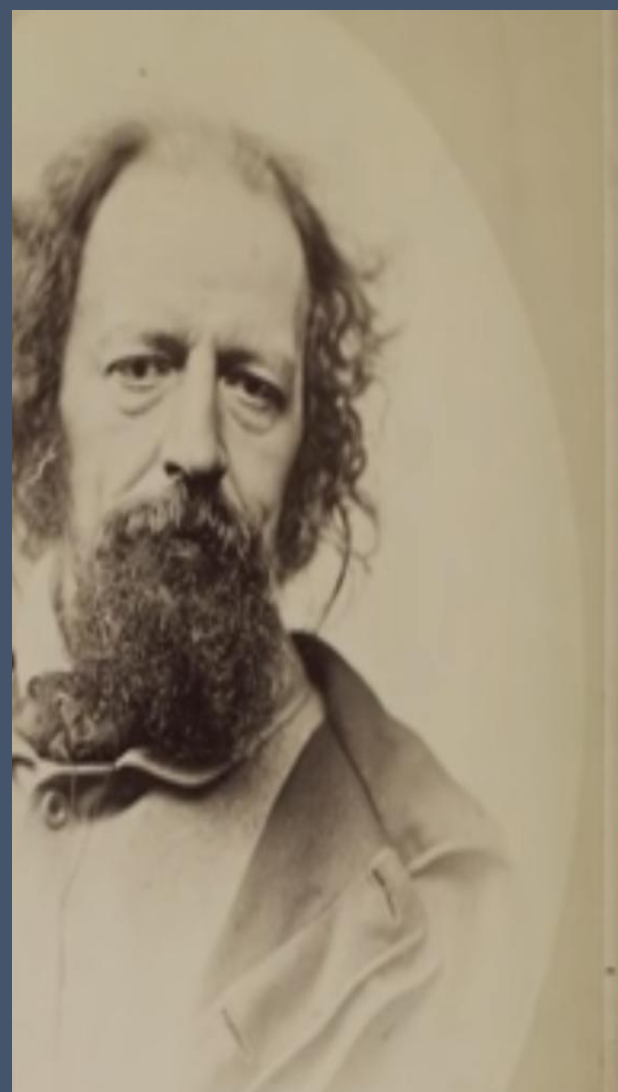
This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle,—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.



**There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail;
There gloom the dark, broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toiled, and wrought,
and thought with me---
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads---you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil.
Death closes all; but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.**



The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks;
The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends.
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
the sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
It may be that we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.



Though much is taken, much abides; and though
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are---
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

The Poem Ends

Thank you

