



POEMS

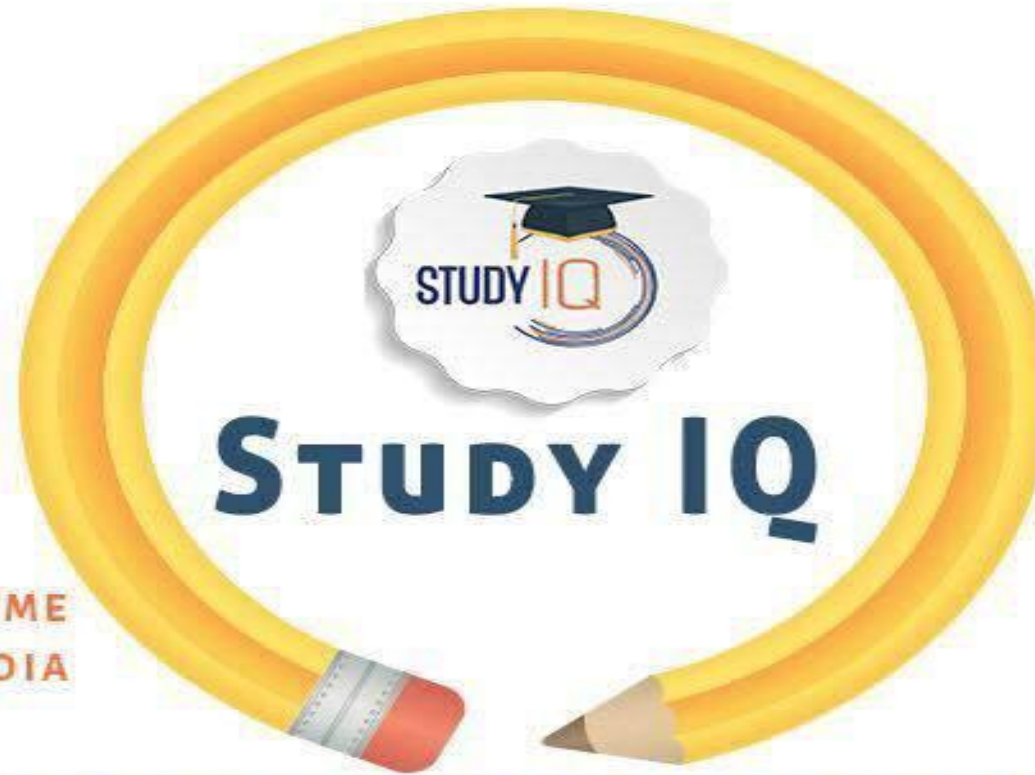
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ODE TO AUTUMN



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ODES OF JOHN KEATS

Summary and Analysis

Ode on Indolence

Ode to Psyche

Ode to a Nightingale

Ode on a Grecian Urn

Ode on Melancholy

To Autumn

NOTES

Sonnet –

A sonnet contains 14 lines, typically with two rhyming stanzas known as a rhyming couplet at the end.

Couplet – two lines

Haiku - There are only three lines, totalling 17 syllables.

- Ode is a long lyric/serious/elaborate

AUTUMN



- Spring - March to May.
- Summer - June to August.
- Autumn - September to November.
- Winter - December to February.

autumn

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- As it were, Keats wrote "To Autumn" on September 19, 1819, at the height of his skill.
- It was one of his last poems
- "To Autumn" is a poem for anyone who has a little trouble letting good things come to an end. It could be a relationship, a cherished experience, or just something you outgrow. And, of course, it could even be a favourite time of year.

To Autumn

1.

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

2.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spare the next swath and all its twined flowers:
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cyder-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.

3.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-cricket sing; and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

STANZA - 1



*Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;*

"Mists" often accompany chilly weather because the moisture in the air condenses into a vapor when it's cold.

The word "mellow," meaning low-key or subdued, soft

A "bosom-friend" is like that friend you told all your secrets to (adjective)

*Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;*



STANZA - 1

*To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;*

The apples "bend" down the branches of mossy trees with their weight.

*To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,*



STANZA - 1

*And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells*

The speaker goes on a little imaginative trip into the next spring and summer, where the bees take advantage of the flowers that began as a small seed in autumn.

Unlike humans, who can make sense of past, present, and future, the bees only know their task for the present.

Brimmed - be full to the point of overflowing.

STANZA - 2

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?

rheterical question: Who hasn't seen autumn
The word "store" suggests the abundance of crops

*Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,*

All anyone has to do is travel through the countryside hitting up every "granary"
– buildings where large amounts of harvested grain are kept cool and dry –
until you find autumn sitting on the floor of one of them.

STANZA - 2

Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;

The word "winnowing" is perfect here because "to winnow" in farm-speak means to separate the grain (the edible part of the plant) from the chaff (its inedible covering).

This action loosens the heavier grain, and then the chaff is light enough that it can be blown away, or "winnowed," in the wind.

STANZA - 2

*Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers:*

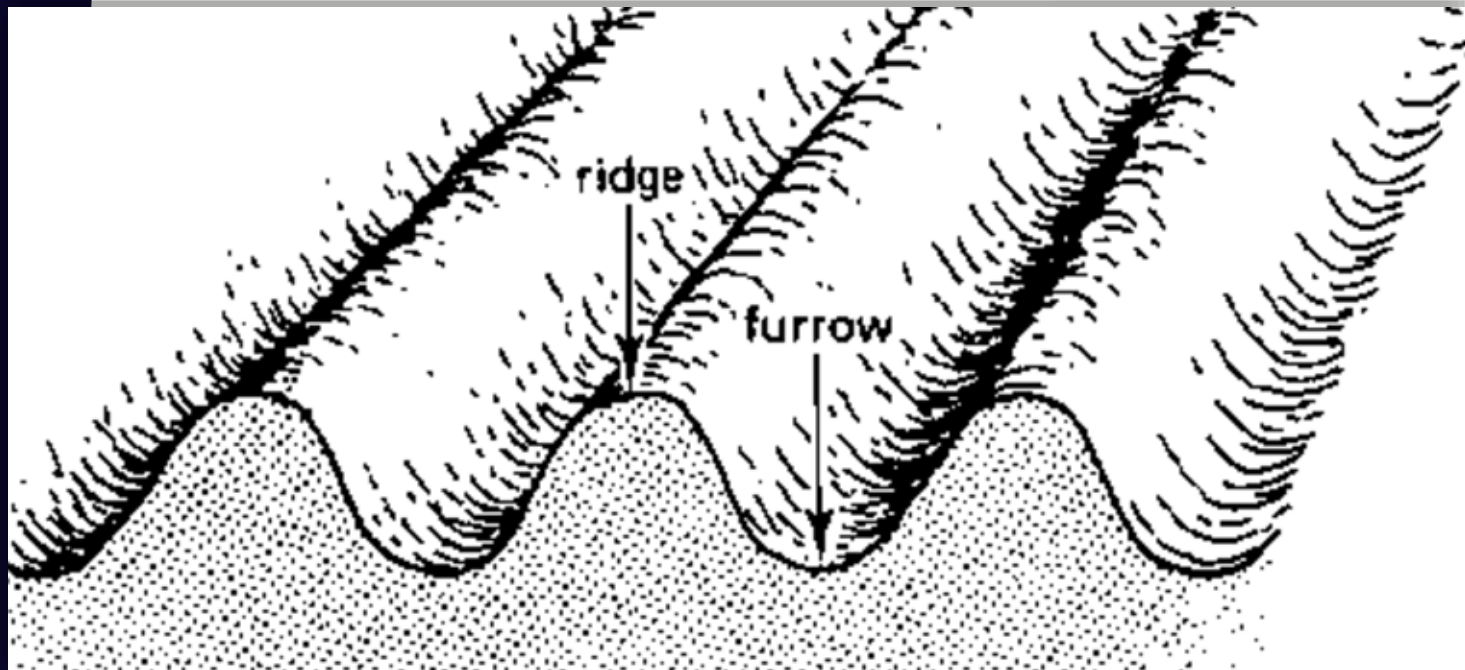


She might also be on the furrow of a field that has only partially been harvested.

("Furrows" are the long, undulating hills that you see in fields, on top of which crops grow. The dips in the furrows are used for irrigation.)

Poppies were used to make opium, a drug that was popular in England in the 19th century.

"hook," or sickle



STANZA - 2

*And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;*

"gleaner," someone who picks out the last stalks of grain that were missed during the threshing process. Poor peasants would often be allowed to "glean" the field, the equivalent of picking up scraps after a feast.

Brook - stream, small river

STANZA - 2

*Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.*



Oozing - to flow slowly out of something through a small opening

Blood was still oozing out of the wound.

STANZA - 3

*Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,--*

*While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;*

The speaker begins to describe the "song" of autumn.

The reddish colors of the sunlight "touch" the fields gently. The fields have been harvested, so all that is left is a flat "stubble" of crop.

STANZA - 3

*Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river shallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;*

*And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-cricket sing; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.*

With a soft but high ("treble") voice

