อธิบายคลอง

วิเควดินเล่นกับเพื่อนในป่า กลอนเวลาโรงเรียนเข้าไม่ตอนเข้า ขณะนั้นเป็นเวลาเข้าตู้ วิเควดินเล่นรอบ ๆ ทะสวาย ซึ่งอยู่ห่างจากโรงเรียน 5 ไมล์ เก็บการเดินเล่นที่มีความสุข สุขที่ได้เดินกับเพื่อนรักที่รู้ใจ สุขที่ได้เดินอยู่ในธรรมชาติที่สงบ วิเควดินมาเล่นเล่นก่อนบรรดาหนังหลายจะออกมาสิ่งเสียงร้อง บรรยากาศเข็นนี้ ทำให้กวีมีความสุขสงบ มีความรู้สึกเหมือน ความสงบอันคัดสิทธิ์ได้แต่ขณะเข้ามาปกคลุมภูมิภูมิของเขานกระทำแข็งสิ่งไปกว่าเขามี bodily eyes และสิ่งที่เขามีนั้นมีรู้สึกเหมือนว่าสถิตย์อยู่ภายในร่างกายของกวีเป็นความผัน ความหวังในใจ

คำศัพท์

jutting ยื่นออก

คำถาม

1. What time of day did he go for a walk?
2. Whom did he walk with?
3. What make he happy?
4. What did he feel when he sate alone?
I walked with nature

“Twere long to tell
What spring and autumn, what the winter snows,
And what the summer shade, what day and night,
The evening and the morning, what my dreams
And what my waking thoughts supplied, to nurse
That spirit of religious love in which
I walked with Nature. But let this, at least
Be not forgotten, that I still retain’d
My first creative sensibility,
That by the regular action of the world
My soul was unsubdu’d. A plastic power
Abode with me, a forming hand, at times
Rebelious, acting I a devious mood,

A local spirit of its own, at war
With general tendency, but for the most
Subservient strictly to the external things
With which it commun’d. An auxiliar light
Came from my mind which on the setting sun
Bestow’d new splendor, the melodious birds,
The gentle breezes, fountains that ran on,
Murmuring so sweetly in themselves, obey’d
A like dominion; and the midnight storm
Grew darker in the presence of my eye.
Hence my obeisance, my devotion hence,
And hence my transport.
What does “my first creative sensibility” mean?

What does “an auxiliar light” mean?

Which part of the verse contains the metaphor of the imagination?

What do the last two lines express?
Bless'd the infant Babe,
(For with my best conjectures I would trace
The progress of our Being) blest the Babe,
Nurs'd in his Mother’s arms, the Babe who sleeps
Upon his Mother’s breast, who, when his soul,
Doth gather passion from his Mother’s eye!
Such feelings pass into his torpid life
Like an awakening breeze, and hence his mind
Even in the first trial of its powers
Is prompt and watchful, eager to combine
In one appearance, all the elements
And parts of the same object, else detach’d
And loth to coalesce. Thus, day by day,
Subjected to the discipline of love,
His organs and recipient faculties
Are quicken’d, are more vigorous, his mind spreads,
Tenacious of the forms which it receives.
In one beloved presence, nay and more,
In that most apprehensive habitude
And those sensations which have been deriv’d
From this beloved Presence, there exists
A virtue which irradiates and exalts
All objects through all intercourse of sense.
No outcast he, bewilder’d and depress’d;
Along his infant veins are interfus’d
The gravitation and the filial bond
Of nature, that connect him with the world.
Emphatically such a Being lives,
An inmate of this active universe;
From nature largely he receives; nor so
Is satisfied, but largely gives again,
For feeling has to him imparted strength,
And powerful in all sentiments of grief,
Of exultation, fear, and joy, his mind,
Even as an agent of the one great mind,
Creates, creator and receiver both,
Working but in alliance with the works
Which it beholds.- Such, verily, is the first
Poetic spirit of our human life;
By uniform control of after years
In most abated or suppress’èd, in some,
Through every change of growht or of decay.
Pre-eminent till death.

From early days.
Beginning not long after that first time
In which, a Babe, by intercourse of touch.
I held mute dialogues with my Mother’s heart
I have endeavour’d to display the means
Whereby this infant sensibility.
Great birthright of our Being, was in me
Augmented and sustain’d. Yet is a path
More difficult before me, and I fear
That in its broken windings we shall need
The chamois sinews, and the eagle’s wing.
For now a trouble came into my mind
From unknown causes. I was left alone.
Seeking the visible world, nor knowing why.
The props of my affections were remov’d.
And yet the building stood, as if sustain’d
By its own spirit! All that I beheld
Was dear to me, and from this cause it came.
That now to Nature’s finer influxes
My mind lay open, to that more exact
And intimate communion which our hearts
Maintain with the minuter properties
Of objects which already are belov’d,
And of those only. Many are the joys
Of youth; but oh! what happiness to live
When every hour brings palpable access
Of knowledge, when all knowledge is delight,
And sorrow is not there. The seasons came,
And every season to my notice brought
A store of transitory qualities
Which, but for this most watchful power of love
Had been neglected, left a register
Of permanent relations, else unknown,
Hence life, and change, and beauty, solitude
More active, even, than “best society,”
Society made sweet as solitude
By silent inobtrusive sympathies,
And gentle agitations of the mind
From manifold distinctions, difference
Perceived in things, where to the common eye,
No difference is; and thence, from the same source
Sublimer joy: for I would walk alone,
In storm and tempest, or in starlight nights
Beneath the quiet Heavens; and, at that time,
Have felt whate’er there is of power in sound
To breathe an elevated mood, by form
Or image unprofanced; and I would stand,
Beneath some rock, listening to sounds that are
The ghostly language of the ancient earth,
Or make their dim abode in distant winds.
Thence did I drink the visionary power,
I deem not profitless these fleeting moods
Of shadowy exultation: not for this,
That they are kindred to our purer mind
And intellectual life; but that the soul,
Remembering how she felt, but what she felt
Remembering not, retains an obscure sense
Of possible sublimity, to which,
With growing faculties she doth aspire,
With faculties still growing, feeling still
That whatsoever point they gain, they still
Have something to pursue.

And not alone,
In grandeur and in tumult, but no less
In tranquil scenes, that universal power
And fitness in the latent qualities
And essences of things, by which the mind
Is mov’d by feelings of delight, to me
Came strengthen’d with a superadded soul,
A virtue not its own. My morning walks
Were early; oft, before the hours of School
I travell’d round our little Lake, five miles
Of pleasant wandering, happy time! more dear
For this, that one was by my side, a Friend
Then passionately olv’d; with heart how full
Will he peruse these lines, this page, perhaps
A blank to other men! for many years
Have since flow’d in between us; and our minds,
Both silent to each other, at this time
We live as if those hours had never been.
Nor seldom did I lift our cottage latch
Far earlier, and before the vernal thrush
Was audible, among the hills I sate
Alone, upon some jutting eminence
At the first hour of morning, when the Vale
Lay quiet in an utter solitude.

How shall I trace the history, where seek
The origin of what I then have felt?
Oft in these moments such a holy calm
Did overspread my soul, that I forgot
That I had bodily eyes, and what I saw
Appear’d like something in myself, a dream,
A prospect in my mind.

อริยาโลก

Wordsworth เริ่มโลกด้วยทำก่อนเหมือนแท่งกล่อมเต็ก เป็นทำอน
ว่าย ๆ นุ่มนวล อ่อนหวาน และสะอาดบริสุทธิ์ เขาเพิ่มหลังให้ซัดเจน ด้วยการพุ่งถึง
ความรู้สึกของการทำงานที่ได้รับการเล่าจูดัวความรัก และอย่างเห็นอกใจอย่างหนักของ
แม่ อารย์ของการทำงานเปลี่ยน คล้อยตามอารมณ์ของแม่

Wordsworth เบริ่ญความรู้สึกต่าง ๆ ที่ผ่านเข้ามาเหมือน awakening
breeze ทำให้เกิดความกระตือรือร้นที่จะเรียรู้ เรียรู้โดยมีความรักเป็นพื้นฐาน ความ
รักช่วยให้เกิดความรู้สึกต่าง ๆ ความรักและการรับรู้ (perception) ผสมผสานเข้าด้วยกัน
ความรักที่ได้รับจากแม่ และ Perception (การรับรู้) ที่รับจาก external nature ทำให้
เป็นมนุษย์ (truely human) เป็นสมาชิกของ active universe ลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกลึกก ลงที่พื้นที่หน้าจอ

122 EN 362
Explain the nuaury

คำถาม

1. How does the baby gather the passion from his mother’s eye?
2. Explain the meaning of awakening breeze.
3. What does the baby get from his mother?
4. How important is it for the human?
5. What is he connected with the world?
6. Who is the one great mind?
7. How did he pass the difficult time in his life?
8. Did he have any help?
9. What do the joys of youth bring to him?
10. What kind of the knowledge does he get?
Imagination lifting up itself
Before the eye and progress of my Song.
Like an unfather’d vapour; here that Power,
In all the might of its endowments, came
Athwart me; I was lost as in a cloud,
Halted, without a struggle to break through.
And now recovering, to my Soul I say
I recognise thy glory; in such strength
Of usurpation, in such visitings
Of awful promise, when the light of sense
Goes out in flashes that have shewn to us
The invisible world, doth Greatness make abode,
There harbours whether we be young or old.
Our destiny, our nature, and our home
Is with infinitude, and only there;
With hope it is, hope that can never die,
Effort, and expectation, and desire,
And something evermore about to be.
The mind beneath such banners militant
Thinks not of spoils or trophies, nor of aught
That may attest its prowess, blest in thoughts
That are their own perfection and reward,
Strong in itself, and in the access of joy
Which hides it like the overflowing Nile.

เล่มที่ 6 บรรทัดที่ 526 – 548
1. What does “The light of sense mean”?
2. What does the poet believe that we should have?
3. What do the banners millitant believe? What does it bring to them?
4. What is the signifiant of Nile which the poet used?
Snowdon

When at my feet the ground appear’d to brighten,
And with a step or two seem’d brighter still;
Nor had I time to ask the cause of this,
For instantly a Light upon the truf
Fell like a flash: I looked about, and lo!
The Moon stood naked in the Heavens, at height
Immense above my head, and on the shore
I found myself of a huge sea of mist,
Which, meek and silent, rested at my feet:
A hundred hills their dusky backs upheaved
All over this still Ocean, and beyond,
Far, far beyond, the vapours shot themselves,
In headlands, tongues, and promontory shapes,
Into the Sea, the real Sea, that seem’d
To dwindle, and give up its majesty,
Usurp’d upon as far as sight could reach.
Meanwhile, the Moon look’d down upon this shew
In single glory, and we stood, the mist
Touching our very feet: and from the shore
At distance not the third part of a mile
Was a blue chasm; a fracture in the vapour,
A deep and gloomy breathing-place through which
Mounted the roars of waters, torrents, streams
Innumerable, roaring with one voice.
The universal spectacle throughout
Was shaped for admiration and delight,
Grand in itself alone, but in that breach
Through which the homeless voice of waters rose,
That dark deep thoroughfare had Nature lodg’d
The Soul, the Imagination of the whole.

เล่มที่ 13 บรรทัดที่ 36 – 59
What did the poet feel when he arrived at the top of the Mount Snowdon?

What does this scene symbolize?

คำศัพท์

1. chasm = รอยแตก
2. fracture = รอยแตก
3. breach = ช่องว่าง

คำถาม

1. What did the poet feel when he arrived at the top of the Mount Snowdon?
2. What does this scene symbolize?
Meditation

A meditation rose in me that night
Upon the lonely Mountain when the scene
Has pass’d away, and it appear’d to me
The perfect image of a mighty Mind,
Of one that feeds upon infinity,
That is exalted by an underpresence,
The sense of God, or whatsoe’er is dim
Or vast in its own being, above all
One function of such mind had Nature there
Exhibited by putting forth, and that
With circumstance most awful and sublime,
That domination which she oftentimes
Exerts upon the outward face of things,
So moulds them, and endues, abstracts, combines,
Or by abrupt and unhabitual influence
Doth make one object so impress itself
Upon all others, and pervade them so
That even the grossest minds must see and hear
And cannot choose but feel. The Power which these
Acknowledge when thus moved. which Nature thus
Thrusts forth upon the senses, is the express
Resemblance, in the fulness of its strength
Made visible, a genuine Counterpart
And Brother of the glorious faculty
Which higher minds bear with them as their own.
That is the very spirit in which they deal
With all the objects of the universe;
They from their native selves can send abroad
Like transformations, for themselves create
A like existence, and, whene’er it is
Created for them, catch it by an instinct;
Them the enduring and the transient both
Serve to exalt; they build up greatest things
From least suggestions, ever on the watch.
Willing to work and to be wrought upon,
They need not extraordinary calls
To rouse them, in a world of life they live.
By sensible impressions not enthrall’d,
But quicken’d, rouz’d and made thereby more apt
To hold communion with the invisible world.
Such minds are truly from the Deity,
For they are Powers; and hence the highest bliss
That can be known is theirs, the consciousness
Of whom they are habitually infused
Through every image, and through every thought,
And all impressions; hence religion, faith,
And endless occupation for the soul
Whether discursive or intuitive;
Hence sovereignty within and peace at will.
Emotion which best foresight need not fear
Most worthy then of trust when most intense.
Hence cheerfulness in every act of life
Hence truth in moral judgements and delight
That fails not in the external universe.

เมื่อที่ 13 บรรทัดที่ 66 - 119

อธิบายโดย

โลกของหนึ่งเป็น Meditation จาก Prelude เมื่อที่ 13 หลัง
จากWordsworth ได้เป็นไปจนถึงยอดเขา Snowdon ความงามของธรรมชาติบัญญัติเข้ามาให้วิภิกความสงบ และความศรัทธา

ใน meditation พุทธถือการพัฒนาของ Mind (จิต) ก่อนที่จะเป็น"The perfect image of the mighty Mind การพัฒนาของจิต จิตได้วับชีวิตริพะจากพระเจ้า ซึ่งอยู่ในธรรมชาติ ผลลัพธ์ เป็นสัตย์ให้จิตได้พัฒนาต่อมาการใช้ประสบการณ์ ทั้งนี้ และไม่ ตีงสมสัมภานัก ปรับเปลี่ยนทำให้เกิด Imagination เห็นภาพยั่งยืนได้แย้มเจิดที่ยั่ง หยาบกระด้างยังเห็น ได้ยิน และรู้สึก ซึ่งเกิดจากอำนาจของธรรมชาติที่ทำให้เกิดความรู้สึกต่าง ๆ นี้ และทำให้เกิดการพัฒนาสู่ยกระดับหนึ่งที่มีพลังมากกว่า

spirit ซึ่งเกิดขึ้นจากความสมัมพันธ์กับสรรพสิ่งต่าง ๆ ในโลก ความรู้สึก มีคุณสมบัติที่เปลี่ยนแปลงหรือสร้างใหม่ได้ จิตนั้นจะพัฒนาจนถึงระดับสูง สามารถแยก เปลี่ยนความรู้สึกกับโลกที่มองไม่เห็นได้ จิตระดับนี้ได้อานามมาจากพระเจ้า เป็นจิตที่มี ความปิติสูง เป็นสัมสัญสูง
I.4 external universe

1. What is the perfect image of a mighty Mind?
2. What does the sense of God have?
3. How does the Nature work with the circumstances?
4. What is a genuine Counterpart and Brother of the glorious faculty?
5. Explain the characteristics of the spirit.
6. Explain the characteristics of the consciousness.
7. Why can the grossest minds only see hear and feel but cannot choose?
8. Why does the truth in moral judgements and delight not fail in the external universe?
9. Explain the meaning of the invisible world and the external universe.
My sister

Child of my Parents! Sister of my Soul!
Elsewhere have streams of gratitude been breath’d
To thee for all the early tenderness
Which I from thee imbibed. And true it is
That later seasons owed to thee no less:
For, spite of thy sweet influence and the touch
of other kindred hands that open’d out
The springs of tender thought in infancy.
And spite of all which singly I had watch’d
of elegance, and each minuter charm
In nature and in life, still to the last
Even to the-very going out of youth.
The period which our Story now hath reach’d.
I too exclusively esteem’d that love.
And sought that beauty, which. as Milton sings.
Hath terror in it. Thou didst soften down
This over-sternness; but for thee. sweet Friend.
My soul, too reckless of mild grace, had been
Far longer what by Nature it was framed.
Longer retain’d its countenance severe.
A rock with torrents roaring, with the clouds
Familiar, and a favourite of the Stars:
But thou didst plant its crevices with flowers.
Hang it with shrubs that twinkle in the breeze.
And teach the little birds to build their nests
And warble in its chambers. At a time
When Nature, destined to remain so long
Foremost in my affections, had fallen back
Into a second place, well pleas’d to be
A handmaid to a nobler than herself,
When every day brought with it some new sense
Of exquisite regard for common things.
And all the earth was budding with these gifts
Of more refined humanity, thy breath,
Dear Sister, was a kind of gentler spring
That went before my steps.
Wednesday I 8th. We sate in the house in the morning reading Spenser. I was unwell and lay in bed all the afternoon. Wm and Mary walked to Rydale. Very pleasant moonlight. The Lakes beautiful. The church an image of peace. Wm wrote some lines upon it. I in bed when they came home. Mary and I walked as far as Sara’s Gate before Supper. We stood there a long time, the whole scene impressive, the mountains indistinct the Lake calm and partly ruffled--large Island, a sweet sound of water falling into the quiet Lake. A storm was gathering in Easedale so we returned but the moon came out and opened to us the Church and village. “Helm Crag in shade, the larger Moun-tains Dappled like a sky. We stood long upon the bridge. Wished for Wm, he had stayed at home being sickish--found him better. We went to bed.

Dorothy เล่าเรื่องของเธอเองใน The Journals เป็นบันทึกประจำวัน จุดประสงค์ที่เธอเขียน The Journals เพื่อให้ที่ราบ (Wordsworth) อ่าน เพื่อความ เผลิดเฟลิน

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1 Mary Moorman, Journals of Dorothy Wordsworth (1983) หน้า 59–60
October 19th, 1800. Rydale was very very beautiful. The surface of the water quite still, like a dim mirror. The colours of the large island exquisitely beautiful, and the trees still fresh and green were magnified by the mists.

October 20th, 1800. The lights were very grand upon the woody Rydale hills. the two lakes divinely beautiful. Grasmere excessively solemn and the whole lake was calm and dappled with soft grey ripples.

October 24th, 1800. After dinner we walked round Rydale lake, rich calm, streaked, very beautiful.

**Journals** ของ Dorothy มีส่วนกระตุ้นในการเขียนเพลงของ Wordsworth ตั้งที่ Wordsworth เขียนถึงเธอ

The blessing of my later years was with me when a bury:
She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
And humble cares, and delicate fears;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;
And love, and Thought, and joy
to imbibede = รับความรู้ ดื่ม
countenance = หน้า, สีหน้า
torrent = คว้ามรุนแรง
warble = ร้องเพลง

คำถาม

1. What kind of love does Milton sing?
2. Compare Milton’s love with Dorothy’s love
3. Describe Wordsworth’s imagery of his sister, Dorothy.
4. Cite lines that Wordsworth praises his sister.