

Task 7: Preparing for the mid-semester essay

This weekly task has two purposes: (1) to help you to prepare for the mid-semester close reading test and (2) to help you think about essay planning in general. In no more than **200 words**, write notes for an essay plan on ONE of the following texts. You are asked to do a 'close reading', so your notes *might* be on the following topics:

- How is the text **framed** (what are its location and contents; how does it situate the reader or listener)?
- What **form** does it take (what is the genre; what metaphors, allusions and diction are used; how do stylistic features contribute to the meaning; how – if at all – is Scots used in the text)?
- Pay attention to **time** (is there anything interesting about the sequencing, duration, or pace of events?)
- Pay attention to **plot** (is there anything remarkable about the causality, climax of events, interaction of characters?)
- Reflect on the negotiation of **desire** (how – if at all! - do you respond emotionally or empathically to the text?)

1. William Dunbar, *On the Resurrection of Christ [Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro]*

Done is a battell on the dragon blak,
Our campoun Chryst confoundit hes his force;
The gettis of Hell ar brokin with a crak,
The signe triumphall rasis is of the Croce,
The divillis trymmillis with hiddous voce,
The saulis ar borrowit and to the blis can go,
Chryst with His blud our ransonis dois indoce:
Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro.

Dungin is the deidly dragon Lucifer,
The crewall serpent with the mortall stang,
The auld kene tegir with his teith on char,
Quhilk in a wait hes lyne for us so lang,
Thinking to grip us in his clowis strang;
The merciful Lord wald nocht that it wer so,
He maid him for to felye of that fang:
Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro.

He for our saik that sufferit to be slane,
And lyk a lamb in sacrifice wes dicht,
Is lyk a lyone rissin up agane,
And as a gyane raxit Him on hicht;
Sprungin is Aurora, radius and bricht,
On loft is gone the gloriis Appollo,
The blisfull day depairtit fro the nycht:
Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro.

The grit Victour agane is rissin on hicht
That for our querrell to the deth wes woundit;
The sone that wox all pail now schynis bricht,

And dirknes clerit, our fayth is now refoundit.
The knell of mercy fra the hevin is soundit,
The Cristin ar deliverit of thair wo,
The Jowis and thair errour ar confoundit:
Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro.

The fo is chasit, the battell is done ceis,
The presone brokin, the jevellouris fleit and flemit;
The weir is gon, confermit is the peis,
The fetteris lowsit and the dungeoun temit,
The ransoun maid, the presoneris redemit,
The feild is win, ourcumin is the fo,
Dispulit of the tresur that he yemit:
Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro.

2. Robert Henryson: Prologue to *The Fables of Aesop*.

Prologue

Thocht feinyeit fabils of ald poetre
Be not al grunded upon truth, yit than
Thair polite termes of sweit rhetore
Richt plesand ar unto the eir of man
And als the caus quhy that thay first began
Wes to repreif thee of thi misleving,
O man, be figure of ane uther thing,

In lyke maner as throw a bustious eird,
Swa it be laubourit with grit diligence,
Springis the flouris and the corne abreird
Hailsum and gude to mannis sustenance,
Sa springis thar a morall sweit sentence
Oute of the subtell dyte of poetry
To gude purpois, quha culd it weill apply.

The nuttis schell thocht it be hard and teuch
Haldis the kinnell sweit and delectabill,
Sa lysis thair ane doctrine wyse aneuch
And full of frute under ane fenyeit fabill,
And clerkis sayis it is richt profitabill
Amangis ernist to ming ane merie sport
To blyth the spreit and gar the tyme be schort.

For as we se, ane bow that ay is bent
Worthis unsmart and dullis on the string
Sa dois the mynd that ay is diligent
In ernistfull thochtis and in studying.
With sad materis sum merines to ming
Accordis weill; thus Esope said iwis,
*Dulcius arrirent seria picta iocis.*¹

¹ Serious matters please more sweetly when mixed with entertainment

Of this authour, my maisteris, with your leif,
Submitting me to your correctioun,
In mother toung, of Latyng, I wald preif
To mak ane maner of translatioun,
Nocht of myself for vane presumptioun
Bot be requeist and precept of ane lord
Of quhome the name it neidis not record.

In hamelie language and in termes rude
Me neidis wryte for quhy of eloquence
Nor rethorike I never understude,
Thairfoir meiklie I pray your reverence
Gif ye find ocht that throw my negligence
Be deminute or yit superfluous,
Correct it at your willis gracious.

My author in his fabillis tellis how
That brutal beistis spak and understude
And to gude purposis dispute and argow,
Ane sillogisme propone and eik conclude,
Puttyng exempill and similitude
How mony men in operatioun
Ar like to beistis in conditioun.

Na mervell is ane man be lyke ane beist
Quhilk lufis ay carnall and foull delyte
That schame cannot him renye nor arreist
Bot takis all the lust and appetyte
Quhilk throw custum and the daylie ryte
Syne in the mynd sa fast is radicate
That he in brutal beist is transformate.

This nobill clerk Esope, as I haif tauld,
In gay metir and facound purpurat
Be figure wrait his buke for he nocht wald
Tak the disdane off hie nor low estate,
And to begin, first of ane cok he wrate,
Seikand his meit, quhilk fand ane jolie stone,
Of quhome the fabill ye sall heir anone.

3. From Sir David Lyndsay's *A Satire of the Three Estates*

SPIRITVALITIE.

3e temporall men, be him that heryit hell !
3e ar ovir peart with sik maters to mell.
such things.

You laymen have no business with

TEMPORALITIE.

Sit still, my Lord.
3e neid not for til braull.

Thir ar the verie words of th' Apostill Paull.

SPIRITVALITIE.

Sum sayis, be him that woare the croun of thorne!
It had bene gude that Paull had neir bene borne.

GVDE-COVNSALL.

Bot je may knaw, my Lord, Sanct Pauls intent.
Did you never read the New testament ?

SPIRITVALITIE.

Na, sir. Be him that our Lord Jesus sauld !
I red never the New testament, nor auld ;
Nor ever thinks to do, sir, be the Rude !
I heir freiris say that reiding dois na gude.

GVDE-COVNSALL.

Till jow to reid them I think it is na lack;
For, anis I saw them, baith, bund on jour back, —
That samin day that je was consecrat.
Sir, quhat meinis that?

Reading would do you no harm

SPIRITVALITIE.

The feind stick them that wat!

"To hell with that!"

MERCHAND.

Then befor God how can je be excusit,
To haif ane office, and waits not how to vs it?
it?

...how can you be excused

To have an office and not know how to use

Quhairfoir war gifin jow all the temporal lands,
And all thir teinds je haif amang jour hands ?
Thay war giuin jow for vther causses, I weine,
Nor mummil matins and hald jour clayis cleine.
clothes

Than to mumble matins and keep your

Je say to the Appostils that je succeid ;

clean

Bot je schaw nocht that into word nor deid.

The law is plaine, our teinds suld furnisch teichours.

Our tithes should supply teachers.

4. William Fowler, 'O quhat great power lurketh in these eyes'

O quhat great power lurketh in these eyes,
Which brings me deathe quhen I there beames behold!
O how bothe sueit and soure ar these bright rayes,
Which att one instant maks me whote and cold!
Proud eyes, meik eyes, which maks in doubts me bold,
And dimmis my sight, and dois subdewe my harte;
Fair eyes which bothe dois plagues and peace vnfold,
And by sueit discord dois my saule subvert.

Stey, stey, my faire, and do not theme devert	
Which beares the message of my future payne;	10
Go, go, my dame, and theme no more convert	
To summond me unto your love agayne.	
Stey, stey! Go, go! I wott not quhat I wishe:	<i>I don't know what I desire</i>
Bot this I know, they bring me bayle and bliss.	<i>pain and joy</i>

5. From Sir Thomas Urquhart's *Logopandecteisio*n ['The Universal Language']

70. Now to the end the Reader may be more enamored of the Language, wherein I am to publish a Grammar and Lexicon, I will here set down some few qualities and advantages peculiar to it self, and which no Language else (although all other concurred with it) is able to reach unto.

71. First, There is not a word utterable by the mouth of man, which in this language hath not a peculiar signification by it self ; so that the allegation of *Bliteri* by the Summulists, will be of small validity.

72. Secondly, Such as will harken to my instructions, if some strange word be proposed to them, whereof there are many thousands of millions, deviseable by the wit of man, which never hitherto by any breathing have been uttered, shall be able, although he know not the ultimate signification thereof, to declare what part of speech it is ; or if a Noun, unto what predicament or class it is to be reduced ; whether it be the sign of a real or notional thing, or somewhat concerning mechanick Trades in their Tooles, or tearmes ; or if real, whether natural or artificial, compleat, or incompleat ; for words here do suppose for the things which they signifie ; as when we see my Lord Generals picture, we say, there is my Lord General.

73. Thirdly, This world of words hath but two hundred and fifty prime radices, upon which all the rest are branched : for better understanding whereof, with all its dependant boughs, sprigs, and ramelets, I have before my Lexicon set down the division thereof (making use of another allegory) into so many Cities, which are subdivided into streets, they again into lanes, those in to houses, these into stories, whereof each room standeth for a word : and all these so methodically, that who observeth my precepts therein, shall at the first hearing of a word, know to what City it belongeth, and consequently not to be ignorant of some generall signification thereof, till after a most exact prying into all its letters, finding the street, lane, house, story and room thereby denotated, he punctually hit upon the very proper thing it represents in its most specifical signification.

74. Fourthly, By vertue of adjectious syllabicals annexible to Nouns and Verbs, there will arise of several words, what compound, what derivative, belonging in this Language to one Noun or to one Verb alone, a greater number then doth pertain to all the parts of speech, in the most copious Language in the world besides.

75. Fifthly, So great energy to every meanest constitutive part of a word in this Language is appropriated, that one word thereof, though but of seven syllables at most shall comprehend that which no Language else in the world is able to express in fewer then fourscore and fifteen several words ; and that not only a word here and there for masteries sake, but several millions of such ; which, to any initiated in the rudiments of my Grammar, shall be easie to frame.

76. Sixthly, In the cases of the declinable parts of speech, it surpasseth all other Languages whatsoever : for whilst others have but five or six at most, it hath ten, besides the nominative.

77. Seventhly, There is none of the learned Languages, but hath store of Nouns defective of some case or other, but in this Language there is no Heteroclite in any declinable word, nor redundancie or deficiencie of cases.

78. Eighthly, Every word capable of number, is better provided therewith in this Language, then by any other : for instead of two or three numbers which others have, this affordeth you four ; to wit, the singular, dual, plural, and redual.
79. Ninthly, It is not in this as other Languages, wherein some words lack one number, and some another : for here each casitive or personal part of speech is endued with all the numbers.
80. Tenthly, In this Tongue there are eleven genders ; wherein likewise it exceedeth all other Languages.
81. Eleventhly, Verbs, Mongrels, Participles, and Hybrids, have all of them ten Tenses, besides the present ; which number, no Language else is able to attain to.
82. Twelfthly, though there be many conjugable words in other Languages defective of Tenses, yet doth this Tongue allow of no such anomaly, but granteth all to each.
83. Thirteenthly, In lieu of six Moods which other Languages have at most, this one injoyeth seven in its conjugable words.
84. Fourteenthly, Verbs here, or other conjugable parts of speech, admit of no want of Moodes, as do other Languages.
85. Fifteenthly, In this Language, the Verbs and Participles have four voices, although it was never heard that ever any other Language had above three.
86. Sixteenthly, No other Tongue hath above eight or nine parts of speech ; but this hath twelve.
87. Seventeenthly, For variety of diction in each part of speech, it surmounteth all the Languages in the world.
88. Eighteenthly, Each Noun thereof, or Verb, may begin or end with a Vowel or Consonant, as to the peruser shall seem most expedient.

6. Anonymous, 'The Daemon Lover'

"O where have you been, my long, long love,
This long seven years and more?"—
"O I'm come to seek my former vows
Ye granted me before."—

"O hold your tongue of your former vows,
For they will breed sad strife;
O hold your tongue of your former vows,
For I am become a wife."

He turn'd him right and round about,
And the tear blinded his ee;
"I wad never hae trodden on Irish ground,
If it had not been for thee.

"I might hae had a king's daughter
Far, far beyond the sea;
I might have had a king's daughter,
Had it not been for love o' thee."—

"If ye might have had a king's daughter,
Yer sell ye had to blame;
Ye might have taken the king's daughter,
For ye kend that I was nane."—

"O faulse are the vows of womankind,
But fair is their faulse bodie;
I never wad hae trodden on Irish ground,
Had it not been for love o' thee."—

"If I was to leave my husband dear,
And my two babes also,
O what have you to take me to,
If with you I should go?"—

"I hae seven ships upon the sea,
The eighth brought me to land;
With four-and-twenty bold mariners,
And music on every hand."

She has taken up her two little babes,
Kiss'd them baith cheek and chin;
"O fair ye weel, my ain two babes,
For I'll never see you again."

She set her foot upon the ship,
No mariners could she behold;
But the sails were o' the taffetie,
And the masts o' the beaten gold.

She had not sail'd a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When dismal grew his countenance,
And drumlie grew his ee.

The masts that were like the beaten gold,
Bent not on the heaving seas;
But the sails, that were o' the taffetie,
Fill'd not in the east land breeze.—

They had not sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
Until she espied his cloven foot,
And she wept right bitterlie.

"O hold your tongue of your weeping," says he,
"Of your weeping now let me be;
I will show you how the lilies grow
On the banks of Italy."—

"O what hills are yon, yon pleasant hills,
That the sun shines sweetly on?"—
"O yon are the hills of heaven," he said,
"Where you will never win."—

"O whaten a mountain is yon," she said,
"All so dreary wi' frost and snow?"—
"O yon is the mountain of hell," he cried,
"Where you and I will go."

And aye when she turn'd her round about,
Aye taller he seem'd for to be;
Until that the tops o' that gallant ship
Nae taller were than he.

The clouds grew dark, and the wind grew loud,
And the levin fill'd her ee;
And waesome wail'd the snaw-white sprites
Upon the gurlie sea.

He strack the tap-mast wi' his hand,
The fore-mast wi' his knee;
And he brake that gallant ship in twain,
And sank her in the sea.

7. Robert Burns, 'To A Louse, On Seeing One On A Lady's Bonnet, At Church'

Ha! whaur ye gaun, ye crawlin ferlie? *crawling wonder*
Your impudence protects you sairly;
I canna say but ye strunt rarely,
Owre gauze and lace;
Tho', faith! I fear ye dine but sparely
On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin, blastit wonner,
Detested, shunn'd by saunt an' sinner,
How daur ye set your fit upon her-
Sae fine a lady?
Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner
On some poor body.

Swith! in some beggar's haffet squattle; *squat in some beggar's temple*
There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle,
Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle,
In shoals and nations;
Whaur horn nor bane ne'er daur unsettle *horn & bane [bone] = combs*
Your thick plantations.

Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight,
Below the fatt'rels, snug and tight; *ends of ribbons*
Na, faith ye yet! ye'll no be right,
Till ye've got on it-
The verra tapmost, tow'rin height
O' Miss' bonnet.

My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out,
As plump an' grey as ony groset:
O for some rank, mercurial rozet,
Or fell, red smeddum,
I'd gie you sic a hearty dose o't,
Wad dress your droddum.

gooseberry
resin (for treating thread)
fine particles of grain

give you a thrashing

I wad na been surpris'd to spy
You on an auld wife's flainen toy;
Or aiblins some bit dubbie boy,
On's wyliecoat;
But Miss' fine Lunardi! fye!
How daur ye do't?

flannel undercoat
Lunardi = a fashionable bonnet

O Jeany, dinna toss your head,
An' set your beauties a' abroad!
Ye little ken what cursed speed
The blastie's makin:
Thae winks an' finger-ends, I dread,
Are notice takin.

O wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
An' foolish notion:
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
An' ev'n devotion!