

## Text Mapping – an example.

The first two stanzas from Keats' *The Eve of St. Agnes* have been mapped and the key is at the end. The remaining stanzas could be mapped by students in the same way or they may choose a different approach.

St. Agnes' Eve--Ah, **bitter chill** it was!  
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;  
The hare limp'd **trembling** through the **frozen** grass,  
And **silent** was the flock in woolly fold:  
**Numb** were the Beadsman's fingers, while he told  
His rosary, and while his **frosted** breath,  
Like pious incense from a censer **old**,  
Seem'd taking flight for **heaven**, without a **death**,  
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man;  
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,  
And back returneth, **meagre, barefoot, wan**,  
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees:  
The **sculptur'd dead**, on each side, seem to **freeze**,  
Emprison'd in **black, purgatorial** rails:  
Knights, ladies, praying in **dumb** orat'ries,  
He passeth by; and his **weak spirit** fails  
To think how they may ache in **icy** hoods and mails.

Northward he turneth through a little door,  
And scarce three steps, ere Music's golden tongue  
Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor;  
But no--already had his deathbell rung;  
The joys of all his life were said and sung:  
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve:  
Another way he went, and soon among  
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,  
And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to grieve.

That ancient Beadsman heard the prelude soft;  
And so it chanc'd, for many a door was wide,  
From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,  
The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide:  
The level chambers, ready with their pride,  
Were glowing to receive a thousand guests:  
The carved angels, ever eager-eyed,  
Star'd, where upon their heads the cornice rests,  
With hair blown back, and wings put cross-wise on their breasts.

At length burst in the argent revelry,  
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,  
Numerous as shadows haunting fairily  
The brain, new stuff'd, in youth, with triumphs gay  
Of old romance. These let us wish away,  
And turn, sole-thoughted, to one Lady there,  
Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,  
On love, and wing'd St. Agnes' saintly care,  
As she had heard old dames full many times declare.

**Key**

cold

*physical effects of cold*

dying

quiet

religious

Contrasts you might wish to bring out:

Cold/Heat; Stillness/Movement; Silence/Noise; Drabness/Colour;

Life/Death; Poverty/wealth; Age/youth; Piety/Wickedness;

Innocence/Experience; Sickness/Health