



## Blake's London and Upon Westminster Bridge by Wordsworth

A comparison is a good way of getting more deeply into both poems and there are many nice contrasts - and very few similarities! In this resource the two poems are displayed side by side with room for notes in the middle. The second sheet is an example of some of the annotations which might be made. It uses the text-mapping approach where students use marking devices available on a word processor (bold, italic, highlight, colour etc) to bring out different aspects of a text. The central column gives the opportunity to explain why items have been marked and to pose questions. A larger space can be provided underneath for developing notes and ideas further.

<p><b>LONDON - William Blake</b></p> <p>I wander through each chartered street, Near where the chartered Thames does flow, And mark in every face I meet, Marks of weakness, marks of woe.</p> <p>In every cry of every man, In every infant's cry of fear, In every voice, in every ban, The mind-forged manacles I hear:</p> <p>How the chimney-sweeper's cry Every blackening church appals, And the hapless soldier's sigh Runs in blood down palace-walls.</p> <p>But most, through midnight streets I hear hear How the youthful harlot's curse Blasts the new-born infant's tear, And blights with plagues the marriage-hearse</p>		<p><b>Upon Westminster Bridge - William Wordsworth</b></p> <p>EARTH has not anything to show more fair: Dull would he be of soul who could pass by A sight so touching in its majesty: This City now doth like a garment wear The beauty of the morning; silent, bare, Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie Open unto the fields, and to the sky; All bright and glittering in the smokeless air. Never did sun more beautifully steep In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill; Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep! The river glideth at his own sweet will: Dear God! the very houses seem asleep; And all that mighty heart is lying still!</p>
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<p>Notes:</p>		
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<p><b>LONDON - William Blake</b></p> <p>I wander through each <b>chartered street</b>, Near where the <b>chartered</b> Thames does flow, And <b>mark</b> in every face I meet, <b>Marks of weakness, marks of woe.</b></p> <p>In <b>every cry of every</b> man, In <b>every infant's cry of fear</b>, In <b>every</b> voice, in every ban, The mind-forged <b>manacles I hear</b>:</p> <p>How the chimney-sweeper's <b>cry</b> <b>Every blackening church</b> appals, And the <b>hapless</b> soldier's <b>sigh</b> Runs in <b>blood down palace-walls.</b></p> <p>But most, through midnight <b>streets I hear</b> How the youthful harlot's <b>curse</b> <b>Blasts the new-born infant's tear</b>, And <b>blights</b> with <b>plagues</b> the <b>marriage-hearse</b></p>	<p>Personal</p> <p>impersonal</p> <p>Sights, but especially sounds</p> <p>Just sights</p> <p>Wearing manacles (chains)</p> <p>Dressed in splendid clothes</p> <p>River is chartered (owned, constrained)</p> <p>river freely gliding</p> <p>dark</p> <p>light</p> <p><b>violent contrasts</b></p> <p>harmony</p>	<p><b>Upon Westminster Bridge - William Wordsworth</b></p> <p>EARTH has not anything to show more <b>fair</b>: Dull would he be of soul who could pass by A sight so touching in its <b>majesty</b>: This City now <i>doth like a garment wear</i> <i>The beauty of the morning</i>; silent, bare, Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie Open unto the fields, and to the sky; All <b>bright</b> and <b>glittering</b> in the <b>smokeless</b> air. <b>Never</b> did sun more <b>beautifully</b> steep <i>In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;</i> <b>Ne'er</b> saw I, <b>never</b> felt, a <b>calm</b> so deep! <i>The river glideth at his own sweet will:</i> <i>Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;</i> <i>And all that mighty heart is lying still!</i></p>
<p>Notes</p> <p>Repetition - an impression of a speech (the rhetoric of an orator)? - or the ranting and raving of someone obsessed?</p> <p>No room for compromise: it is in <b>everyone's</b> voice, everyone's face.</p> <p>There is little actual description of the place and the buildings which are mentioned are only symbolic: the church, the palace.</p> <p>Rhythm (8 beats to a line) is staccato and most lines are end-stopped giving a jerky quality.</p>	<p>So: violent contrasts in meaning and in sound in Blake, harmony in Wordsworth</p>	<p>Because the poem is impersonal (no use of 'I') does it mean it is less personally experienced?</p> <p>Language is exalted – beauty, majesty, splendour. The place is beautiful but there are no people.</p> <p>Rhythm is smooth, the lines are longer (10 beats) and the use of run-on lines means that the sense and the sound flows on from one line to another.</p>