



Ode To Autumn

John Keats



ABOUT JOHN KEATS



- Born on October 31, 1795, in London
- The oldest of four children, he lost both his parents at a young age.
- When Keats was fifteen, he apprenticed with an apothecary-surgeon and studied medicine in a London hospital
- He never practiced his profession, deciding instead to write poetry.

Who is John Keats?

- English Romantic poet.
- Born on October 31, 1795, in London.
- In 1816 Keats became a licensed apothecary, but he never practiced his profession, deciding instead to write poetry.
- In July 1820, he published his third and best volume of poetry, *Lamia, Isabella, The Eve of St. Agnes, and Other Poems*.

- ❖ John Keats, born in London, lived only twenty-five years and four months (1795-1821), yet his poetic achievement is extraordinary.
- ❖ His writing career lasted a little more than five years (1814-1820), and three of his great odes
 1. "Ode to a Nightingale,"
 2. "Ode on a Grecian Urn,"
 3. "Ode on Melancholy"--
- ❖ In this brief period, he produced poems that rank him as one of the great English poets. He also wrote letters which T.S. Eliot calls "the most notable and the most important ever written by any English poet." In the twentieth century, the perception of Keats's poetry expanded



John Keats

Ode to Autumn

Summary

- In this ode Keats's addressing Autumn, describing its abundance and its intimacy with the sun, with whom Autumn ripens fruits and causes the late flowers to bloom.
- Speaker describes the figure of Autumn as a female goddess.
- The speaker tells Autumn not to wonder where the songs of spring have gone, but instead to listen to her own music.

Background

- In To Autumn [John Keats](#) vividly describes the three stages of Autumn from a "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness" through a time after the harvest and finally to the first signs of approaching winter.
- [John Keats](#) was considered one of the greatest poets of the Romantic genre. Written in September of 1819, this piece is regarded as his most achieved ode.
- Keats totally accepts the natural world, with its mixture of ripening, fulfillment, dying, and death.

ODE TO AUTUMN POEM

I

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



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

BLESSED TREES



MIST IN AUTUMN



**Conspiring with him how to load
and bless**

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



BEES COLLECTING HONEY



FRUITS WITH RIPENESS



**All fruits with ripeness to the
core:
later flowers for the bees,**

Analysis : Stanza I

- Keats describes autumn with a series of specific, concrete, vivid visual images. The stanza begins with autumn at the peak of fulfillment and continues the ripening to an almost unbearable intensity. Initially autumn and the sun "load and bless" by ripening the fruit.
- But the apples become so numerous that their weight bends the trees; the gourds "swell," and the hazel nuts "plump."
- This fertility that has no end is suggested in the flower and bee images in the last four lines of the stanza. Keats refers to "more" later flowers "budding" (the *-ing* form of the word suggests activity that is ongoing or continuing); the potentially overwhelming number of flowers is suggested by the repetition "And still more" flowers.
- The bees cannot handle this abundance, for their cells are "o'er-brimm'd." In other words, their cells are not just full, but are over-full or brimming over with honey.

II STANZA

II

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

Winnowing wind



Autumn as an women



**Thy hair soft – lifted by the
winnowing wind**

Half reaped furrows



**A sleepy farmer by the
drowsiness of poppy flowers**



**Half reaped furrows, drowsed
with fume of poppies**

Gleaners



BROOK



**Like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across the
brook**

Cider press



Last oozing hours by
hours



Or by a cider-press, with patient
look

- The second stanza has a bit of a different approach where Keats is addressing someone. He personifies Autumn as a woman for he refers to Autumn by “thy hair is soft-lifted by the winnowing wind”. In line 12 he addresses Autumn to rhetorical question. It is clear that Autumn is the time for harvesting, gathering and preparing for the Winter that lies ahead. The stanza ends appropriately in that it literally describes the process of the last apples being pressed for cider, but more importantly it describes the last breathes of life being squeezed out of Autumn.

III STANZA

III

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

Barred clouds



Sky with rosy hue



Where are the songs of spring?

Among the river-sallows, borne aloft



Sinking as the light wind lives or
dies



**The small gnats mourn among
the river salallows**

Lambs bleat



Crickets sing



**Lambs loud bleat from hilly
bourn**

Red breast Whistles



Swallows in the sky



**The red breast whistles from a garden –
croft; And gathering swallows twitter in
the skies**

Stanza III

- Spring in line 1 has the same function as Summer in stanza I; they represent process, the flux of time. In addition, spring is a time of a rebirth of life, an association which contrasts with the explicitly dying autumn of this stanza.
- Furthermore, autumn spells death for the now "full-grown" lambs which were born in spring; they are slaughtered in autumn. And the answer to the question of line 1, where are Spring's songs, is that they are past or dead. The day, like the season, is dying. The dying of day is presented favorably, "soft-dying." Its dying also creates beauty; the setting sun casts a "bloom" of "rosy hue" over the dried stubble or stalks left after the harvest.
- Keats accepts all aspects of autumn; this includes the dying, and so he introduces sadness; the gnats "mourn" in a "wailful choir" and the doomed lambs bleat (Why does Keats use "lambs," rather than "sheep" here? would the words have a different effect on the reader?). It is a "light" or enjoyable wind that "lives or dies," and the treble of the robin is pleasantly "soft." The swallows are gathering for their winter migration.
- Keats blends living and dying, the pleasant and the unpleasant, because they are inextricably one; he accepts the reality of the mixed nature of the world.

Conclusion.....

- ❖ To Autumn expresses the essence of the season, but it draws no lesson, no over comparison with human life.
- ❖ Keats's strength, his ability to take the beauty of the present moment, so completely into his heart that it become an eternal possession.
- ❖ For him the poetry of the earth is never dead.
- ❖ Keats's sense of the wholeness of life is nowhere communicated so richly or with such concentration as in this ode.

A white rectangular card with the words "Thank You" in a large, black, handwritten-style font. The card is placed on a background of vibrant autumn leaves in shades of red, orange, and yellow. In the upper left corner, there are several clusters of small, round, orange berries. The entire image is watermarked with "123RF" and a camera icon.

**Thank
You**