

# **DR. AMBEDKAR COLLEGE**

**DEEKSHABHOOMI, NAGPUR-10**

**DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH**

**NAME OF THE PROGRAMME : STUDY CELL LECTURE**  
**RESOURCE PERSON : MS. RUPALI BHAVE**  
**TOPIC : CHRISTABEL-PART I**  
**DATE OF PROGRAMME : TUE & WED, 27-28 DEC. 2021**  
**NUMBER OF STUDENTS : 45 (POST GRADUATE COURSE)**

A STUDY CELL LECTURE SERIES was organized under Better English Association by the department during 21 to 30 December 2021. A proper schedule was prepared beforehand in order to streamline the entire lecture series. Each resource person delivered 02 lectures via online mode on zoom /google meet platform. All the students in Post Graduate course attended the programme.

## DR. AMBEDKAR COLLEGE

DEEKSHABHOOMI, NAGPUR

(Department of English)

### NOTICE

DATE: 18/12/2021

All the students of POST GRADUATE COURSE IN ENGLISH (M.A. SEM I & SEM III) are hereby informed that a LECTURE SERIES on the content of the prescribed syllabus has been organized as per the following schedule.

As the topics are framed according to the current syllabus of the Rashtrasant Tuakdoji Maharaj Nagpur University, Nagpur, all the lectures will be of immense benefit to the learning community. Lectures will be held online via ZOOM platform and links will be shared as per the scheduled dates.

It is compulsory to attend all the lectures and submit feedback at the end of the series. Participating students will be given 'Certificate of Appreciation' by the college.

RESOURCE PERSON	TOPIC OF PRESENTATION	DAY	DATE	TIME
Mr. Shreyash Kokate	W.H. Pater's 'Renaissance'	TUE & WED	21-22 Dec. 2021	12.00 PM
Ms. Devyani Sharma	Paradise Lost - Book -II	THU & FRI	23-24 Dec. 2021	12.00 PM
Dr. Ms. Rupali Bhawe	S.T. Coleridge Christabel-Part 1	MON & TUE	27-28 Dec. 2021	12.00 PM
Mr. Dilip Rathod	Chinua Achebe - Things Fall Apart	WED & THU	29-30 Dec. 2021	12.00PM


(Dr. Mrs. B. A. Mehere)

Principal

(Dr. Shailesh Bahadure)

Head, Department of English






**Dr. Rupali S. Bhawe**  
**Dr. Babasaheb Ambedkar**  
**College Dikshbhoomi**  
**Nagpur.**

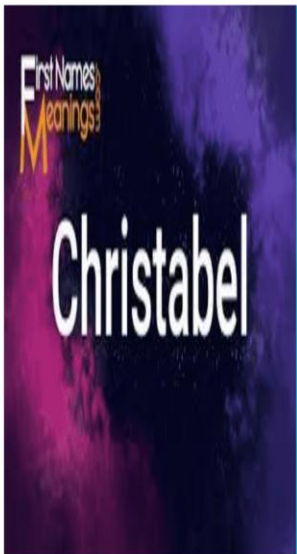
**Lecture on Christabel**  
**Part 1 Day 2- M.A.**  
**English**  
**28<sup>th</sup> December 2021**  
**12.00 P.M to 1.00 P.M**

**Christabel**  
 Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Schlaflosreihe  
 Ripberger & Kremers



‘Tis the middle of night by  
 the castle clock,  
 And the owls have  
 awakened the crowing  
 cock;  
 Tu—whit! Tu—whoo!  
 And hark, again! the  
 crowing cock,  
 How drowsily it crew.



**Christabel**

Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,  
 Hath a toothless mastiff bitch;  
 From her kennel beneath the  
 rock  
 She maketh answer to the clock,  
 Four for the quarters, and twelve  
 for the hour;  
 Ever and aye, by shine and  
 shower,  
 Sixteen short howls, not over  
 loud;  
 Some say, she sees my lady’s  
 shroud.



**CHRISTABEL**

Is the night chilly and dark?  
 The night is chilly, but not dark.  
 The thin gray cloud is spread on  
 high,  
 It covers but not hides the sky.  
 The moon is behind, and at the full;  
 And yet she looks both small and  
 dull.  
 The night is chill, the cloud is gray:  
 ‘Tis a month before the month of  
 May,  
 And the Spring comes slowly up  
 this way.

And with low voice and doleful look

These words did say:

'In the touch of this bosom there worketh a spell,

Which is lord of thy utterance, Christabel!

Thou knowest to-night, and wilt know to-morrow,

This mark of my shame, this seal of my sorrow;

But through her brain of weal and woe

So many thoughts moved to and fro,

That vain it were her lids to close;

So half-way from the bed she rose,

And on her elbow did recline

To look at the lady Geraldine.

But vainly thou warrest,

For this is alone in

Thy power to declare,

That in the dim forest

Thou heard'st a low moaning,

And found'st a bright lady, surpassingly fair;

And didst bring her home with thee in love and in charity,

To shield her and shelter her from the damp air.'

### THE CONCLUSION TO PART I

It was a lovely sight to see  
The lady Christabel, when she  
Was praying at the old oak tree.  
Amid the jagged shadows  
Of mossy leafless boughs,  
Kneeling in the moonlight,  
To make her gentle vows;  
Her slender palms together prest,  
Heaving sometimes on her breast;  
Her face resigned to bliss or bale—  
Her face, oh call it fair not pale,  
And both blue eyes more bright  
than clear,  
Each about to have a tear.

With open eyes (ah woe is me!)  
Asleep, and dreaming fearfully,  
Fearfully dreaming, yet, I wis,  
Dreaming that alone, which is—  
O sorrow and shame! Can this be she,  
The lady, who knelt at the old oak tree?  
And lo! the worker of these harms,  
That holds the maiden in her arms,  
Seems to slumber still and mild,  
As a mother with her child.

A star hath set, a star hath risen,  
O Geraldine! since arms of thine  
Have been the lovely lady's prison.  
O Geraldine! one hour was thine—  
Thou'st had thy will! By tairn and rill,  
The night-birds all that hour were still.  
But now they are jubilant anew,  
From cliff and tower, tu—whoo!  
tu—whoo!  
Tu—whoo! tu—whoo! from wood and fell!

And see! the lady Christabel  
Gathers herself from out her trance;  
Her limbs relax, her countenance  
Grows sad and soft; the smooth thin lids  
Close o'er her eyes; and tears she sheds—  
Large tears that leave the lashes bright!  
And oft the while she seems to smile  
As infants at a sudden light!

Yea, she doth smile, and she doth weep,  
Like a youthful hermitess,  
Beauteous in a wilderness,  
Who, praying always, prays in sleep.  
And, if she move unquietly,  
Perchance, 'tis but the blood so free  
Comes back and tingles in her feet.  
No doubt, she hath a vision sweet.  
What if her guardian spirit 'twere,  
What if she knew her mother near?  
But this she knows, in joys and woes,  
That saints will aid if men will call:  
For the blue sky bends over all!