Read the poem carefully and answer the questions below in as much detail as you can!

The rain set early in tonight,
The sullen wind was soon awake,
It tore the elm-tops down for spite,
And did its worst to vex the lake.
I listened with heart fit to break,
When glided in Porphyria; straight
She shut the cold out and the storm,
And kneeled and made the cheerless grate
Blaze up, and all the cottage warm;
Which done, she rose, and from her form
Withdraw the dripping cloak and shawl,
And laid her soiled gloves by, untied
Her hat and let the damp hair fall,
And, last, she sat down by my side
And called me. When no voice replied,
She put my arm about her waist,
And made her smooth white shoulder bare,
And all her yellow hair displaced,
And, stooping, made my cheek lie there,
And spread o’er all her yellow hair,
Murmuring how she loved me -she
Too weak, for all her heart’s endeavour,
To set its struggling passion free
From pride, and vainer ties dissever,
And give herself to me for ever.
But passion sometimes would prevail,
Nor could tonight’s gay feast restrain
A sudden thought of one so pale
For love of her, and all in vain:
So, she was come through wind and rain.
Be sure I looked up at her eyes
Happy and proud; at last I knew
Porphyria worshipped me; surprise
Made my heart swell, and still it grew
While I debated what to do.
That moment she was mine, mine, fair,
Perfectly pure and good: I found
A thing to do, and all her hair
In one long yellow string I wound
Three times her little throat around,
And strangled her. No pain felt she;
I am quite sure she felt no pain.
As a shut bud that holds a bee
I warily oped her lids: again
Laughed the blue eyes without a stain.
And I untightened next the tress
About her neck; her cheek once more
Blushed bright beneath my burning kiss:
I propped her head up as before,
Only, this time my shoulder bore
Her head, which droops upon it still:
The smiling rosy little head,
So glad it has its utmost will,
That all it scorned at once is fled,
And I, its love, am gained instead!

Porphyria’s love: she guessed not how
Her darling one wish would be heard.
And thus we sit together now,
And all night long we have not stirred,
And yet God has not said a word!

More complicated questions to consider
1. Who are the two lovers?
2. What clues are given about the circumstances of the two lovers?
3. Why can’t / won’t Porphyria be with her lover?
4. Why do you think the narrator strangles Porphyria?
5. Look closely at the last line of the poem. What is the lover’s frame of mind after the murder?
6. What do you think will happen next?

Writing tasks
A. Write the murderer’s letter of confession, explaining why he killed Porphyria.
   You might decide he will commit suicide, or be imprisoned for his crime. This will affect the letter he would write.
B. Write the police report after the crime. Include details about the crime scene, statements from the murderer and suggested motives for the crime.

Speaking & listening task
Put Porphyria’s lover on trial!
Your task is to prepare a trial of the murderer.
You will need:
• a defence team
• a prosecution team
• witnesses
• experts
Prepare your questions and statements in advance.
The trial will need to decide the murderer’s verdict and sentence.