

The romantic Poets (II)

Numéro d'inventaire : 2010.07760

Auteur(s) : Percy Bysshe Shelley

John Keats

Thomas Moore

Type de document : disque

Imprimeur : Anc. imp. Etaix-Havre

Collection : Artistique. English texts

Inscriptions :

- lieu d'édition inscrit : 8 rue du Berri, Paris (8e)
- marque : Pléiade P. 4524
- logo : harpe

Matériau(x) et technique(s) : vinyle, papier

Description : Pochette en carton rouge illustrée de harpes contenant un disque microsillon 45 tours protégé par une pochette cristal, et une feuille double.

Mesures : diamètre : 18 cm

hauteur : 16,6 cm ; largeur : 16,6 cm (dimensions du livret fermé)

Notes : Disque contient : - Face A : 1. Ode to the West Wind / Shelley ; 2. On the Grasshopper and Cricket, 3. A thing of Beauty is a Joy for ever / Keats. - Face B : 1. La belle dame sans merci, 2. Ode to Autumn / Keats ; 3. The last rose of summer / Thomas Moore. Speakers : Christopher Hassall, Miss Jill Balcon.

Mots-clés : Anglais

Autres descriptions : Langue : anglais

Nombre de pages : 3 p.

Voir aussi : <https://gallica.bnf.fr/ark:/12148/bpt6k8837691f?rk=42918;4>





IV

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear ;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee ;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable ! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of the wanderings over Heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
Scarce seem'd a vision ; I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need,
Oh ! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud !
I fall upon the thorns of life ! I bleed !

A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bow'd
One too like thee : tameless, and swift, and proud.

V

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is :
What if my leaves are falling like its own !
The tumults of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,
My spirit ! Be thou me, impetuous one !

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like wither'd leaves to quicken a new birth !
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguish'd hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind !
Be through my lips to unawaken'd earth

The trumpet of a prophecy ! O, wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind ?

KEATS

ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET

The poetry of earth is never dead :
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead ;

That is the Grasshopper's—he takes the lead
In summer luxury,—he has never done
With his delights ; for when tired out with fun
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never :
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence from the stove there shrills
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems, to one in drowsiness half lost,
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

KEATS

A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOR EVER

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever :
Its loveliness increases ; it will never
Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing
Therefore on every morrow are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
Made for our searching : yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon
Trees old and young ; sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep ; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in ; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
Gainst the hot season : the mid-forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms :
And such, too, is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead ;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.