

The romantic Poets (II)

Numéro d'inventaire : 2010.07760 Auteur(s) : Percy Bysshe Shelley

John Keats Thomas Moore

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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.

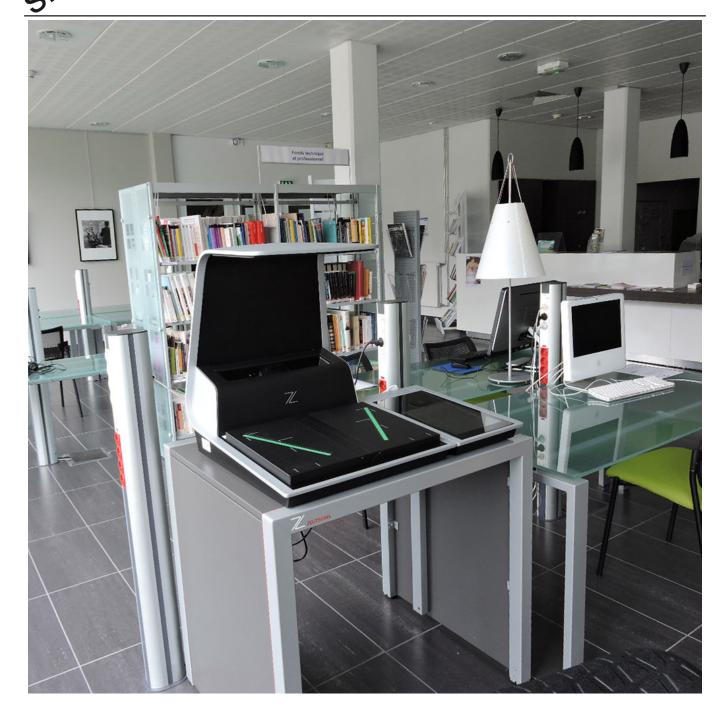
Mots-clés : Anglais

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 hegde 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.