

The romantic Poets (I)

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Auteur(s) : William Wordsworth

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

George Gordon Byron Byron

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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 : 17,5 cm

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

Notes : Disque contient : - Face A : 1. The Rainbow, 2. The Solitary Reaper, 3. The Daffodils, 4. Lines Written in March, 5. On Westminster Bridge, 6. Lucy / (Wordsworth) ; 7. A passage from "The Ancient Mariner" / Coleridge ; - Face B : 1. The Ocean / Byron ; 2. Autumn, a dirige, 3. To a Skylark / Shelley. 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/bpt6k88376901?rk=21459;2>





PLEIADE

THE ROMANTIC POETS (1)

WORDSWORTH :

THE RAINBOW

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky :
So was it when my life began ;
So is it now I am a man ;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die !
The Child is father of the Man ;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

THE SOLITARY REAPER

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass !
Reaping and singing by herself ;
Stop here, or gently pass !
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain ;
O listen ! for the vale profound
Is over-flowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands :
No sweeter voice was ever heard
In spring time from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings ?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago :
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day ?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again ?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending :
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending ;
I listen'd, till I had my fill ;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.

THE DAFFODILS

I wander'd lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretch'd in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay :
Then thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance
The waves beside them danced, but they

Out-did the sparkling waves in glee :—
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company !
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought ;
For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude ;
And then my heart with pleasure fills.
And dances with the daffodils.

LINES WRITTEN IN MARCH

The Cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun ;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest ;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising ;
There are forty feeding like one !
Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill :
The ploughboy is whooping—anon—anon ;
There's joy in the mountains ;
There's life in the fountains ;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing ;
The rain is over and gone !

SONNET ON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

Earth has not anything to show more fair ;
Dull would he be of soul, who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty ;
This city now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare.
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill ;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
The river glideth at his own sweet will :
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
And all that mighty heart is lying still !

LUCY

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love.
A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye !
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.
She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be ;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me !

COLERIDGE :

A PASSAGE FROM THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free ;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.
Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down.
‘Twas sad as sad could be ;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea !
All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.
Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion.
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.
Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink ;
Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.
The very deep did rot : O Christ !
That ever this should be !
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.
About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night ;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue and white.