

The romantic Poets (II)

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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>





PLEIADE

ENGLISH TEXTS

SHELLEY

ODE TO THE WEST WIND

I

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from those unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing.

Yellow and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes : O, thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed,

The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill :

Wild Spirit which art moving everywhere
Destroyer and preserver ; hear, oh, hear !

II

Thou on whose stream, mid steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean.

Angels of rain and lightning : there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm, Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst : oh, hear !

III

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lull'd by the coils of his crystalline streams

Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet the sense faints picturing them ! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves : oh, hear !

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.