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**“Cosmologia romantica: terra, acqua, fuoco e aria in Wordsworth,
Coleridge, Shelley e Keats”**

Dispensa dei testi primari



earth

Percy Bysshe Shelley

Mont Blanc: Lines Written in the Vale of Chamouni

(I, IV, V)

I

1. The everlasting universe of things
2. Flows through the mind, and rolls its rapid waves,
3. Now dark—now glittering—now reflecting gloom—
4. Now lending splendour, where from secret springs
5. The source of human thought its tribute brings
6. Of waters—with a sound but half its own,
7. Such as a feeble brook will oft assume,
8. In the wild woods, among the mountains lone,
9. Where waterfalls around it leap for ever,
10. Where woods and winds contend, and a vast river
11. Over its rocks ceaselessly bursts and raves.

[...]

IV

84. The fields, the lakes, the forests, and the streams,
85. Ocean, and all the living things that dwell
86. Within the daedal earth; lightning, and rain,
87. Earthquake, and fiery flood, and hurricane,
88. The torpor of the year when feeble dreams
89. Visit the hidden buds, or dreamless sleep
90. Holds every future leaf and flower; the bound
91. With which from that detested trance they leap;
92. The works and ways of man, their death and birth,
93. And that of him and all that his may be;
94. All things that move and breathe with toil and sound

95. Are born and die; revolve, subside, and swell.
96. Power dwells apart in its tranquillity,
97. Remote, serene, and inaccessible:
98. And *this*, the naked countenance of earth,
99. On which I gaze, even these primeval mountains
100. Teach the adverting mind. [...]

V

127. Mont Blanc yet gleams on high:—the power is there,
128. The still and solemn power of many sights,
129. And many sounds, and much of life and death.
130. In the calm darkness of the moonless nights,
131. In the lone glare of day, the snows descend
132. Upon that Mountain; none beholds them there,
133. Nor when the flakes burn in the sinking sun,
134. Or the star-beams dart through them. Winds contend
135. Silently there, and heap the snow with breath
136. Rapid and strong, but silently! Its home
137. The voiceless lightning in these solitudes
138. Keeps innocently, and like vapour broods
139. Over the snow. The secret Strength of things
140. Which governs thought, and to the infinite dome
141. Of Heaven is as a law, inhabits thee!
142. And what were thou, and earth, and stars, and sea,
143. If to the human mind's imaginings
144. Silence and solitude were vacancy?



William Wordsworth
The Prelude. Book XIV: "Conclusion"

In one of those excursions (may they ne'er
Fade from remembrance!) through the Northern tracts
Of Cambria ranging with a youthful friend,
I left Bethgelert's huts at couching-time,
And westward took my way, to see the sun
Rise, from the top of Snowdon. To the door
Of a rude cottage at the mountain's base
We came, and roused the shepherd who attends
The adventurous stranger's steps, a trusty guide;
Then, cheered by short refreshment, sallied forth. 10

It was a close, warm, breezeless summer night,
Wan, dull, and glaring, with a dripping fog
Low-hung and thick that covered all the sky;
But, undiscouraged, we began to climb
The mountain-side. The mist soon girt us round,
And, after ordinary travellers' talk
With our conductor, pensively we sank
Each into commerce with his private thoughts:
Thus did we breast the ascent, and by myself
Was nothing either seen or heard that checked 20
Those musings or diverted, save that once
The shepherd's lurcher, who, among the crags,
Had to his joy unearthed a hedgehog, teased
His coiled-up prey with barkings turbulent.
This small adventure, for even such it seemed
In that wild place and at the dead of night,
Being over and forgotten, on we wound

In silence as before. With forehead bent
 Earthward, as if in opposition set
 Against an enemy, I panted up 30
 With eager pace, and no less eager thoughts.
 Thus might we wear a midnight hour away,
 Ascending at loose distance each from each,
 And I, as chanced, the foremost of the band;
 When at my feet the ground appeared to brighten,
 And with a step or two seemed brighter still;
 Nor was time given to ask or learn the cause,
 For instantly a light upon the turf
 Fell like a flash, and lo! as I looked up,
 The Moon hung naked in a firmament 40
 Of azure without cloud, and at my feet
 Rested a silent sea of hoary mist.
 A hundred hills their dusky backs upheaved
 All over this still ocean; and beyond,
 Far, far beyond, the solid vapours stretched,
 In headlands, tongues, and promontory shapes,
 Into the main Atlantic, that appeared
 To dwindle, and give up his majesty,
 Usurped upon far as the sight could reach.
 Not so the ethereal vault; encroachment none 50
 Was there, nor loss; only the inferior stars
 Had disappeared, or shed a fainter light
 In the clear presence of the full-orbed Moon,
 Who, from her sovereign elevation, gazed
 Upon the billowy ocean, as it lay
 All meek and silent, save that through a rift--
 Not distant from the shore whereon we stood,
 A fixed, abysmal, gloomy, breathing-place--
 Mounted the roar of waters, torrents, streams
 Innumerable, roaring with one voice! 60
 Heard over earth and sea, and, in that hour,
 For so it seemed, felt by the starry heavens.



earth

Percy Bysshe Shelley
Ozymandias

1. I met a traveller from an antique land
2. Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
3. Stand in the desert. . . Near them, on the sand,
4. Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
5. And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
6. Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
7. Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
8. The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed:
9. And on the pedestal, these words appear:
10. 'My name is OZYMANDIAS, King of Kings.
11. Look on my Works, ye Mighty, and despair!'
12. Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
13. Of that Colossal Wreck, boundless and bare
14. The lone and level sands stretch far away.



earth

John Keats

La Belle Dame sans Merci: A Ballad

1. O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
2. Alone and palely loitering?
3. The sedge has withered from the lake,
4. And no birds sing.

5. O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
6. So haggard and so woe-begone?
7. The squirrel's granary is full,
8. And the harvest's done.

9. I see a lily on thy brow,
10. With anguish moist and fever-dew,
11. And on thy cheeks a fading rose
12. Fast withereth too.

13. I met a lady in the meads,
14. Full beautiful—a faery's child,
15. Her hair was long, her foot was light,
16. And her eyes were wild.

17. I made a garland for her head,
18. And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
19. She looked at me as she did love,
20. And made sweet moan.

21. I set her on my pacing steed,
22. And nothing else saw all day long,
23. For sidelong would she bend, and sing
24. A faery's song.

25. She found me roots of relish sweet,
26. And honey wild, and manna-dew,
27. And sure in language strange she said—
28. ‘I love thee true’.

29. She took me to her Elfin grot,
30. And there she wept and sighed full sore,
31. And there I shut her wild wild eyes
32. With kisses four.
33.

34. And there she lullèd me asleep,
35. And there I dreamed—Ah! woe betide!—
36. The latest dream I ever dreamt
37. On the cold hill side.

38. I saw pale kings and princes too,
39. Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
40. They cried—‘La Belle Dame sans Merci
41. Thee hath in thrall!’

42. I saw their starved lips in the gloam,
43. With horrid warning gapèd wide,
44. And I awoke and found me here,
45. On the cold hill’s side.

46. And this is why I sojourn here,
47. Alone and palely loitering,
48. Though the sedge is withered from the lake,
49. And no birds sing.



water

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner (text of 1834)

PART II

83. The Sun now rose upon the right:
84. Out of the sea came he,
85. Still hid in mist, and on the left
86. Went down into the sea.

87. And the good south wind still blew behind,
88. But no sweet bird did follow,
89. Nor any day for food or play
90. Came to the mariner's hollo!

91. And I had done a hellish thing,
92. And it would work 'em woe:
93. For all averred, I had killed the bird
94. That made the breeze to blow.
95. Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
96. That made the breeze to blow!

97. Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
98. The glorious Sun uprist:
99. Then all averred, I had killed the bird
100. That brought the fog and mist.
101. 'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
102. That bring the fog and mist.

103. The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
104. The furrow followed free;
105. We were the first that ever burst
106. Into that silent sea.

107. Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
108. 'Twas sad as sad could be;
109. And we did speak only to break
110. The silence of the sea!

111. All in a hot and copper sky,
112. The bloody Sun, at noon,
113. Right up above the mast did stand,
114. No bigger than the Moon.

115. Day after day, day after day,
116. We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
117. As idle as a painted ship
118. Upon a painted ocean.

119. Water, water, every where,
120. And all the boards did shrink;
121. Water, water, every where,
122. Nor any drop to drink.

123. The very deep did rot: O Christ!
124. That ever this should be!
125. Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
126. Upon the slimy sea.

127. About, about, in reel and rout
128. The death-fires danced at night;
129. The water, like a witch's oils,
130. Burnt green, and blue and white.

131. And some in dreams assurèd were
132. Of the Spirit that plagued us so;
133. Nine fathom deep he had followed us
134. From the land of mist and snow.

135. And every tongue, through utter drought,
136. Was withered at the root;

137. We could not speak, no more than if
138. We had been choked with soot.
139. Ah! well a-day! what evil looks
140. Had I from old and young!
141. Instead of the cross, the Albatross
142. About my neck was hung.



water

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Kubla Khan: Or, a Vision in a Dream. A Fragment

The following fragment is here published at the request of a poet of great and deserved celebrity [Lord Byron], and, as far as the Author's own opinions are concerned, rather as a psychological curiosity, than on the ground of any supposed poetic merits.

In the summer of the year 1797, the Author, then in ill health, had retired to a lonely farm-house between Porlock and Linton, on the Exmoor confines of Somerset and Devonshire. In consequence of a slight indisposition, an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effects of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment that he was reading the following sentence, or words of the same substance, in Purchas's Pilgrimage : "Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto. And thus ten miles of fertile ground were inclosed with a wall." The Author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has the most vivid confidence, that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines; if that indeed can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as things, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awakening he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink, and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved. At this moment he was unfortunately called out by a person on business from Porlock, and detained by him above an hour, and on his return to his room, found, to his no small surprise and mortification, that though he still retained some vague and dim

recollection of the general purport of the vision, yet, with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away like the images on the surface of a stream into which a stone has been cast, but, alas! without the after restoration of the latter!

Then all the charm
Is broken — all that phantom world so fair
Vanishes, and a thousand circlets spread,
And each misshape[s] the other. Stay awhile,
Poor youth! who scarcely dar'st lift up thine eyes —
The stream will soon renew its smoothness, soon
The visions will return! And lo, he stays,
And soon the fragments dim of lovely forms
Come trembling back, unite, and now once more
The pool becomes a mirror.

[From *The Picture; or, the Lover's Resolution*, ll. 91-100]

Yet from the still surviving recollections in his mind, the Author has frequently purposed to finish for himself what had been originally, as it were, given to him. Αὐριον ἄδιον ἄσω [“I'll sing to you a sweeter song tomorrow”]: but the to-morrow is yet to come. As a contrast to this vision, I have annexed a fragment of a very different character, describing with equal fidelity the dream of pain and disease.

1. In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
2. A stately pleasure dome decree:
3. Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
4. Through caverns measureless to man
5. Down to a sunless sea.
6. So twice five miles of fertile ground
7. With walls and towers were girdled round:
8. And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
9. Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
10. And here were forests ancient as the hills,
11. Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

12. But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
13. Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
14. A savage place! as holy and enchanted
15. As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
16. By woman wailing for her demon lover!
17. And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
18. As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
19. A mighty fountain momentarily was forced:
20. Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
21. Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,

22. Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:
 23. And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
 24. It flung up momentarily the sacred river.
 25. Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
 26. Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
 27. Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
 28. And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
 29. And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
 30. Ancestral voices prophesying war!
 31. The shadow of the dome of pleasure
 32. Floated midway on the waves;
 33. Where was heard the mingled measure
 34. From the fountain and the caves.
 35. It was a miracle of rare device,
 36. A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

 37. A damsel with a dulcimer
 38. In a vision once I saw:
 39. It was an Abyssinian maid,
 40. And on her dulcimer she played,
 41. Singing of Mount Abora.
 42. Could I revive within me
 43. Her symphony and song,
 44. To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
 45. That with music loud and long,
 46. I would build that dome in air,
 47. That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
 48. And all who heard should see them there,
 49. And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
 50. His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
 51. Weave a circle round him thrice,
 52. And close your eyes with holy dread,
 53. For he on honey-dew hath fed,
 54. And drunk the milk of Paradise.



Water

William Wordsworth

Composed by the Side of Grasmere Lake, 1806

1. Clouds, lingering yet, extend in solid bars
2. Through the grey west; and lo! these waters, steeled
3. By breezeless air to smoothest polish, yield
4. A vivid repetition of the stars;
5. Jove, Venus, and the ruddy crest of Mars
6. Amid his fellows beauteously revealed
7. At happy distance from earth's groaning field,
8. Where ruthless mortals wage incessant wars.
9. Is it a mirror?--or the nether Sphere
10. Opening to view the abyss in which she feeds
11. Her own calm fires?--But list! a voice is near;
12. Great Pan himself low-whispering through the reeds,
13. "Be thankful, thou; for, if unholy deeds
14. Ravage the world, tranquillity is here!"



water

John Keats
On the Sea

1. It keeps eternal whisperings around
2. Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell
3. Gluts twice ten thousand Caverns, till the spell
4. Of Hecate leaves them their old shadowy sound.
5. Often 'tis in such gentle temper found,
6. That scarcely will the very smallest shell
7. Be moved for days from where it sometime fell.
8. When last the winds of Heaven were unbound.
9. Oh, ye! who have your eyeballs vexed and tired,
10. Feast them upon the wideness of the Sea;
11. Oh ye! whose ears are dinned with uproar rude,
12. Or fed too much with cloying melody---
13. Sit ye near some old Cavern's Mouth and brood,
14. Until ye start, as if the sea nymphs quired!



FIRE

William Wordsworth

I wandered lonely as a cloud...

1. I wandered lonely as a Cloud
2. That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
3. When all at once I saw a crowd,
4. A host, of golden daffodils;
5. Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
6. Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

7. Continuous as the stars that shine
8. And twinkle on the milky way,
9. They stretched in never-ending line
10. Along the margin of a bay:
11. Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
12. Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

13. The waves beside them danced; but they
14. Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
15. A poet could not but be gay,
16. In such a jocund company;
17. I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
18. What wealth the show to me had brought:

19. For oft when on my couch I lie
20. In vacant or in pensive mood,
21. They flash upon that inward eye
22. Which is the bliss of solitude;
23. And then my heart with pleasure fills,
24. And dances with the daffodils.



FIRE

Percy Bysshe Shelley
Evening: Ponte al Mare, Pisa

I.

1. The sun is set; the swallows are asleep;
2. The bats are flitting fast in the gray air;
3. The slow soft toads out of damp corners creep,
4. And evening's breath, wandering here and there
5. Over the quivering surface of the stream,
6. Wakes not one ripple from its summer dream.

II.

7. There is no dew on the dry grass to-night,
8. Nor damp within the shadow of the trees;
9. The wind is intermitting, dry, and light;
10. And in the inconstant motion of the breeze
11. The dust and straws are driven up and down,
12. And whirled about the pavement of the town.

III.

13. Within the surface of the fleeting river
14. The wrinkled image of the city lay,
15. Immovably unquiet, and forever
16. It trembles, but it never fades away;
17. Go to the...
18. You, being changed, will find it then as now.

IV.

19. The chasm in which the sun has sunk is shut
20. By darkest barriers of cinereous cloud,
21. Like mountain over mountain huddled--but
22. Growing and moving upwards in a crowd,
23. And over it a space of watery blue,
24. Which the keen evening star is shining through.



FIRE

John Keats

Bright star

1. Bright star, would I were stedfast as thou art—
2. Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night
3. And watching, with eternal lids apart,
4. Like nature's patient, sleepless Eremite,
5. The moving waters at their priestlike task
6. Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
7. Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask
8. Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—
9. No—yet still stedfast, still unchangeable,
10. Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,
11. To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
12. Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
13. Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
14. And so live ever—or else swoon to death.



air

William Wordsworth
The Tables Turned

1. Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books;
2. Or surely you'll grow double:
3. Up! up! my Friend, and clear your looks;
4. Why all this toil and trouble?

5. The sun above the mountain's head,
6. A freshening lustre mellow
7. Through all the long green fields has spread,
8. His first sweet evening yellow.

9. Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife:
10. Come, hear the woodland linnet,
11. How sweet his music! on my life,
12. There's more of wisdom in it.

13. And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
14. He, too, is no mean preacher:
15. Come forth into the light of things,
16. Let Nature be your teacher.

17. She has a world of ready wealth,
18. Our minds and hearts to bless—
19. Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
20. Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

21. One impulse from a vernal wood

22. May teach you more of man,
23. Of moral evil and of good,
24. Than all the sages can.

25. Sweet is the lore which Nature brings;
26. Our meddling intellect
27. Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things:—
28. We murder to dissect.

29. Enough of Science and of Art;
30. Close up those barren leaves;
31. Come forth, and bring with you a heart
32. That watches and receives.



air

Percy Bysshe Shelley
Ode to the West Wind

- I
1. O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
 2. Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
 3. Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

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

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

 10. Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
 11. (Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)

12. With living hues and odours plain and hill:

13. Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;

14. Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh hear!

II

15. Thou on whose stream, mid the steep sky's commotion,

16. Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,

17. Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,

18. Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread

19. On the blue surface of thine aëry surge,

20. Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

21. Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge

22. Of the horizon to the zenith's height,

23. The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

24. Of the dying year, to which this closing night

25. Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,

26. Vaulted with all thy congregated might

27. Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere

28. Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: oh hear!

III

29. Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams

30. The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,

31. Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams,

32. Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,

33. And saw in sleep old palaces and towers

34. Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

35. All overgrown with azure moss and flowers

36. So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou

37. For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

38. Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below

39. The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear

40. The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

41. Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,

42. And tremble and despoil themselves: oh hear!

IV

43. If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;

44. If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;

45. A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share
46. The impulse of thy strength, only less free
47. Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
48. I were as in my boyhood, and could be
49. The comrade of thy wanderings over Heaven,
50. As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
51. Scarce seem'd a vision; I would ne'er have striven
52. As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
53. Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
54. I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!
55. A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bow'd
56. One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.
- V
57. Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
58. What if my leaves are falling like its own!
59. The tumult of thy mighty harmonies
60. Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
61. Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
62. My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!
63. Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
64. Like wither'd leaves to quicken a new birth!
65. And, by the incantation of this verse,
66. Scatter, as from an unextinguish'd hearth
67. Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
68. Be through my lips to unawaken'd earth
69. The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,
70. If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?



air

Percy Bysshe Shelley
The Cloud

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken 5
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under, 10
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white, 15
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits,
In a cavern under is fretted the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits; 20
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills, 25
Over the lakes and the plains,

Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains. 30

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead,
As on the jag of a mountain crag, 35
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardours of rest and of love, 40
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden, 45
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear, 50
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent, 55
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl; 60
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof, 65

The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-coloured bow; 70
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores; 75
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain when with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air, 80
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.