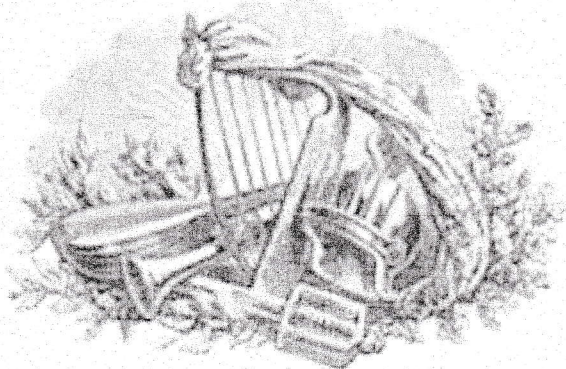


37.1-38.1: 20.2

THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF
COLERIDGE, SHELLEY, AND KEATS.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.



PARIS

PUBLISHED BY A. AND W. GALIGNANI

N° 18, RUE VIENNE

1829



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COL.

This would be a wonderful passage were it only for the physical knowledge displayed in it.

PROMETHEUS UNBOUND.

101

A storm is pour'd
Of their arrowy fashes,
Edg'd air around,
Moss; in its hand
A beam, from whose point
The chariot's prow
Thick as they roll
On, and waves, wake sounds
Follow down.

ATTRA
ing in the wood
A wind harmony,
By thousand spheres,
Gh all its mass
Space, music and light
ing and involved,
Green, and golden,
In every space between
The shapes,
Roll in the lampless deep,
On, and they whirl
Thousand motions,
On other spinning,
In destroying swiftness,
Only roll on,
Sounds, and many tones,
Some wild
Unfathomable orb
Is low an aware mist
The light,
The forest flowers,
Grass and air,
Of entangled beams
Of conflicting speed,
Aerial mass
Up. Within the orb itself,
Over arms,
And with sweet toil,
Up, and every hair,

Planks turn'd to marble; quivers, helms, and spears,
And gorgon-headed targets, and the wheels
Of scythed chariots, and the emblazonry
Of trophies, standards, and armorial beasts,
Round which death laugh'd, sepulchred emblems
Of dead destruction, risen within ruin!
The wrecks beside of many a city vast,
Whose population which the earth grew over
Was mortal, but not human; see, they lie
Their monstrous works, and uncouth skeletons,
Their statues, homes and lanes; prodigious shapes
Huddled in grey annihilation, split,
Damm'd in the hard, black deep; and over these,
The anatomies of unknown winged things,
And fishes which were idle of living scale,
And serpents, bony chains, twisted around
The iron crags, or within heaps of dust
To which the tortuous strength of their last pangs
Had crush'd the iron crags; and over these
The jagged alligator, and the might
Of earth-convulsing behemoth, which once
Were monarch beasts, and on the slumy shores,
And weed-overgrown continents of earth,
Increased and multiplied like summer worms
On an abandon'd corpse, till the blue globe
Wrapt deluge round it like a cloak, and they
Yell'd, gasp'd, and were abolish'd; or some God
Whose throne was in a comet, past, and cried,
Be not! And like my words they were no more.

THE EARTH.

The joy, the triumph, the delight, the madness!
The boundless, overflowing, hursting gladness,
The vaporous exultation not to be confined!
Ha! ha! the annunciation of delight
Which wraps me, like an atmosphere of light,
And bears me as a cloud is borne by its own wind.

ESSAYS,
LETTERS FROM ABROAD,

TRANSLATIONS AND FRAGMENTS.

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

EDITED BY MRS. SHELLEY.

"The Poet, it is true, is the son of his time; but pity for him if he is its pupil, or even its favourite! Let some beneficent deity snatch him when a suckling from the breast of his mother, and nurse him with the milk of a better time; that he may ripen to his full stature beneath a distant Grecian sky. And having grown to manhood, let him return, a foreign shape, into his century; not however to delight it by his presence, but dreadful like the son of Agamemnon, to purify it."—SCHILLER.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:
EDWARD MOXON, DOVER STREET.

1845.

John Ruskin Esq

from Joseph Severn

London March 19th 1846