

Samuel Taylor Coleridge  
Fancy in Nubibus, or The Poet in the Clouds, 1817.<sup>1</sup>

1 O! it is pleasant, with a heart at ease,  
2 Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,  
3 To make the shifting clouds be what you please,  
4 Or let the easily persuaded eyes  
5 Own each quaint likeness issuing from the mould  
6 Of a friend's fancy; or with head bent low  
7 And cheek aslant see rivers flow of gold  
8 'Twixt crimson banks; and then, a traveller, go  
9 From mount to mount through Cloudland, gorgeous land!  
10 Or list'ning to the tide, with closéd sight,  
11 Be that blind bard, who on the Chian strand  
12 By those deep sounds possessed with inward light,  
13 Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssee  
14 Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.

Percy Bysshe Shelley, The Cloud, 1820.<sup>2</sup>

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

13 I sift the snow on the mountains below,  
14 And their great pines groan aghast;  
15 And all the night 'tis my pillow white,  
16 While I sleep in the arms of the blast.  
17 Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,

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<sup>1</sup> Samuel Taylor Coleridge. *The Complete Poetical Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge: including poems and versions of poems now published for the first time, edited with textual and bibliographical notes by Ernest Hartley Coleridge*, Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1912.

<sup>2</sup> Percy Bysshe Shelley. *The Complete Poetical Works of Shelley: including material never before printed in any edition of the poems, edited with textual notes by Thomas Hutchinson*, Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1904.

18 Lightning my pilot sits;  
19 In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,  
20 It struggles and howls at fits;  
21 Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,  
22 This pilot is guiding me,  
23 Lured by the love of the genii that move  
24 In the depths of the purple sea;  
25 Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,  
26 Over the lakes and the plains,  
27 Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,  
28 The Spirit he loves remains;  
29 And I all the while bask in Heaven's blue smile,  
30 Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

31 The sanguine Sunrise, with his meteor eyes,  
32 And his burning plumes outspread,  
33 Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,  
34 When the morning star shines dead;  
35 As on the jag of a mountain crag,  
36 Which an earthquake rocks and swings,  
37 An eagle alit one moment may sit  
38 In the light of its golden wings.  
39 And when Sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,  
40 Its ardours of rest and of love,  
41 And the crimson pall of eve may fall  
42 From the depth of Heaven above,  
43 With wings folded I rest, on mine aëry nest,  
44 As still as a brooding dove.

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

59 I bind the Sun's throne with a burning zone,  
60 And the Moon's with a girdle of pearl;  
61 The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,  
62 When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.  
63 From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,  
64 Over a torrent sea,

65 Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,---  
66 The mountains its columns be.  
67 The triumphal arch through which I march  
68 With hurricane, fire, and snow,  
69 When the Powers of the air are chained to my chair,  
70 Is the million-coloured bow;  
71 The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,  
72 While the moist Earth was laughing below.

73 I am the daughter of Earth and Water,  
74 And the nursling of the Sky;  
75 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;  
76 I change, but I cannot die.  
77 For after the rain when with never a stain  
78 The pavilion of Heaven is bare,  
79 And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams  
80 Build up the blue dome of air,  
81 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,  
82 And out of the caverns of rain,  
83 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,  
84 I arise and unbuild it again.

Percy Bysshe Shelley, first stanza from *The Flight of Love*.<sup>3</sup>  
(undated, Shelley died in 1822)

1 When the lamp is shatter'd  
2 The light in the dust lies dead—  
3 When the cloud is scatter'd,  
4 The rainbow's glory is shed.  
5 When the lute is broken,  
6 Sweet tones are remember'd not;  
7 When the lips have spoken,  
8 Loved accents are soon forgot. ...

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<sup>3</sup> from F. T. Palgrave. *The Golden Treasury*, first published 1861, many subsequent, such as London and Glasgow: Collins' Clear-Type Press, undated, and London: Dent, 1907.