

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

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1772 - 1834



Robert Southey



1774 -1843

William Wordsworth

1770 - 1850



SPECIMENS OF THE TABLE TALK OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Works of imagination should be written in very plain language; the more purely imaginative they are the more necessary it is to be plain.

SPECIMENS OF THE TABLE TALK OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

**What is an epigram? A dwarfish whole,
its body brevity, and wit its soul.**

SPECIMENS OF THE TABLE TALK OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

**Only the wise possess ideas;
the greater part of mankind are
possessed by them.**

SPECIMENS OF THE TABLE TALK OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

If you would stand well with a great mind, leave him with a favorable impression of yourself; if with a little mind, leave him with a favorable impression of himself.

Either we have an immortal soul, or we have not. If we have not, we are beasts; the first and wisest of beasts, it may be; but still true beasts. We shall only differ in degree, and not in kind; just as the elephant differs from the slug. But by the concession of all the materialists of all the schools, or almost all, we are not of the same kind as beasts--and this also we say from our own consciousness. Therefore, methinks, it must be the possession of a soul within us that makes the difference.

**SPECIMENS OF THE TABLE TALK OF
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.**

**The Earth with its scarred face is the
symbol of the Past; the Air and Heaven,
of Futurity.**

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I think nothing can be added to Milton's definition or rule of poetry,--that it ought to be simple, sensuous, and impassioned; that is to say, single in conception, abounding in sensible images, and informing them all with the spirit of the mind.

SPECIMENS OF THE TABLE TALK OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Silence does not always mark wisdom. I was at dinner, some time ago, in company with a man, who listened to me and said nothing for a long time; but he nodded his head, and I thought him intelligent. At length, towards the end of the dinner, some apple dumplings were placed on the table, and my man had no sooner seen them, than he burst forth with -"Them's the jockies for me!" I wish Spurzheim could have examined the fellow's head

"Christabel"

Мне остается только добавить, что размер "Кристабели", строго говоря, не является свободным, хотя он и может показаться таким, ибо он основан на новом принципе – на подсчете в каждой строке не всех, а только ударных слогов. Хотя число слогов в каждой строке колеблется от семи до двенадцати, ударными среди них всегда будут только четыре. Я, однако, пользовался этим приемом не ради прихоти или простого удобства, но в соответствии с

переменами в системе образов или настроении

'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock
And the owls have awakened the crowing
cock;
Tu-whit!- Tu-whoo!
And hark, again! the crowing cock,
How drowsily it crew.
Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,
Hath a toothless mastiff, which
From her kennel beneath the rock
Maketh answer to the clock,
Four for the quarters, and twelve for the hour;
Ever and aye, by shine and shower,
Sixteen short howls, not over loud;
Some say, she sees my lady's shroud.

**Is the night chilly and dark?
The night is chilly, but not dark.
The thin gray cloud is spread on high,
It covers but not hides the sky.
The moon is behind, and at the full;
And yet she looks both small and dull.
The night is chill, the cloud is gray:
'T is a month before the month of May,
And the Spring comes slowly up this
way.**

Над башней замка полночь глуха
И совиный стон разбудил петуха.
Ту-ху! Ту-уит! И снова пенье петуха,
Как сонно он кричит!

Сэр Леолайн, знатный барон,
Старую суку имеет он.

Из своей конуры меж скал и кустов
Она отвечает бою часов,
Четыре четверти, полный час,
Она завывает шестнадцать раз.

Говорят, что саван видит она,
В котором леди погребена.
Ночь холодна ли и темна?
Ночь холодна, но не темна!
Серая туча в небе висит,
Но небосвод сквозь нее сквозит.
Хотя полнолуние, но луна
Мала за тучей и темна.
Ночь холодна, сер небосвод,
Еще через месяц - маю черед,
Так медленно весна идет.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner



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

Gustave Dore Ancient Mariner Illustration

**Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.**

