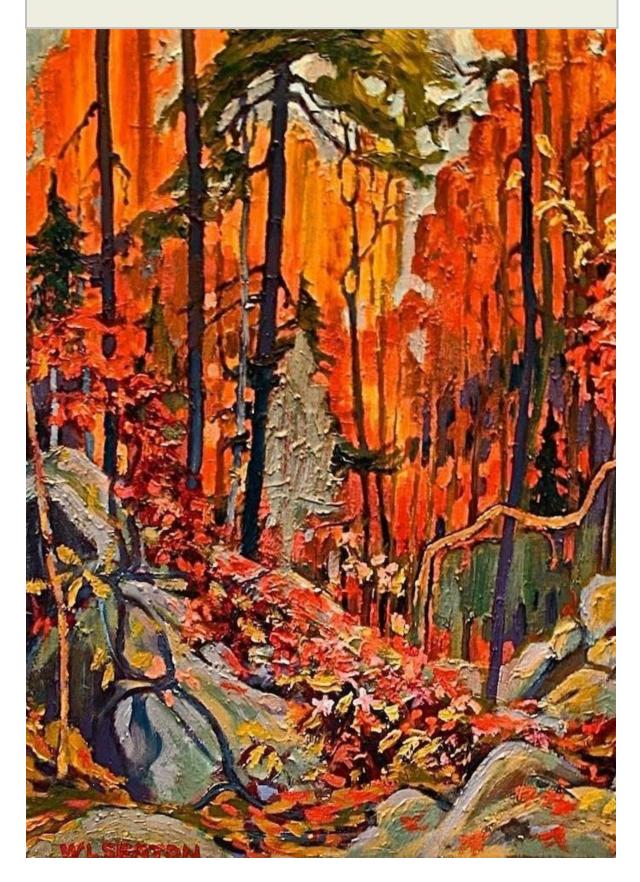
Kalidasa and Keats to Autumn



Kalidasa and Keats to Autumn v. 12.11, www.philaletheians.co.uk, 19 August 2018

The autumn comes, a maiden fair In slenderness and grace, With nodding rice-stems in her hair And lilies in her face. In flowers of grasses she is clad; And as she moves along, Birds greet her with their cooing glad Like bracelets' tinkling song. A diadem adorns the night Of multitudinous stars; Her silken robe is white moonlight, Set free from cloudy bars; And on her face (the radiant moon) Bewitching smiles are shown: She seems a slender maid, who soon Will be a woman grown. Over the rice-fields, laden plants Are shivering to the breeze; While in his brisk caresses dance The blossomed-burdened trees; He ruffles every lily-pond Where blossoms kiss and part, And stirs with lover's fancies fond The young man's eager heart.¹

KALIDASA

¹ Translated by A.W. Ryder (1877–1938), Professor of Sanskrit at the University of California, Berkeley.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness! Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun; Conspiring with him how to load and bless With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run; To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees, And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core; To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells With a sweet kernel; to set budding more And still more, later flowers for the bees, Until they think warm days will never cease; For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store? Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor, Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep, Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers:
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep Steady thy laden head across a brook; Or by a cider-press, with patient look, Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they? Think not of them, — thou hast thy music too,
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day, And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn Among the river-sallows, borne aloft Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn; Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft The redbreast whistles from a garden croft; And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

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