

영시 읽기

“옛날 옛적에”—이야기꾼들의 詩

4강

현실과의 대면:

사실적 vs. 환상적 이야기



Sweep's boy.



The Chimney Sweeper

William Blake

When my mother died I was very young,
And my father sold me while yet my tongue
Could scarcely cry 'weep! 'weep! 'weep! 'weep!
So your chimneys I sweep, and in soot I sleep.

There's little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head,
That curled like a lamb's back, was shaved: so I said,
"Hush, Tom! never mind it, for when your head's bare,
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair."

And so he was quiet; and that very night,
As Tom was a-sleeping, he had such a sight—
That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned, and Jack,
Were all of them locked up in coffins of black.

And by came an angel who had a bright key,
And he opened the coffins and set them all free;
Then down a green plain leaping, laughing, they run,
And wash in a river, and shine in the sun.

Then naked and white, all their bags left behind,
They rise upon clouds and sport in the wind;
And the angel told Tom, if he'd be a good boy,
He'd have God for his father, and never want joy.

And so Tom awoke; and we rose in the dark,
And got with our bags and our brushes to work.
Though the morning was cold, Tom was happy and warm;
So if all do their duty they need not fear harm.

The Chimney Sweeper

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 And my father sold me while yet my tongue
 Could scarcely cry weep weep weep weep,
 So your chimneys I sweep & in soot I sleep.
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 But have God for his father & never want joy,
 And so Tom awoke, and we rose in the dark
 And got with our bags & our brushes to work.
 Tho' the morning was cold, Tom was happy & warm,
 So if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.



La Belle Dame Sans Merci: Ballad

John Keats

O WHAT can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge has wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

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

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

10

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

I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She look'd at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

20

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

She found me roots of relish sweet, 25
And honey wild, and manna dew,
And sure in language strange she said—
"I love thee true."

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept, and sigh'd fill sore, 30
And there I shut her wild wild eyes
With kisses four.

And there she lulled me asleep,
And there I dream'd—Ah! woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dream'd
On the cold hill's side. 35

I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
They cried—"La Belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall!" 40

I saw their starved lips in the gloam,
With horrid warning gaped wide,
And I awoke and found me here,
On the cold hill's side.

And this is why I sojourn here, 45
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

by
JOHN
KEATS



○ WHAT CAN AIL THEE,
KNIGHT-AT-ARMS,
ALONE AND PALELY LOITERING?

THE SEDGE HAS WITHER'D
FROM THE LAKE,



AND NO BIRDS SING.



○ WHAT CAN AIL THEE,
KNIGHT-AT-ARMS,
SO HAGGARD AND SO WOE-BEGONE?



THE SQUIRREL'S
GRANARY IS FULL,
AND THE HARVEST'S
DONE.



I SEE A LILY ON THY BROW
WITH ANGUISH MOIST
AND FEVER DEW,



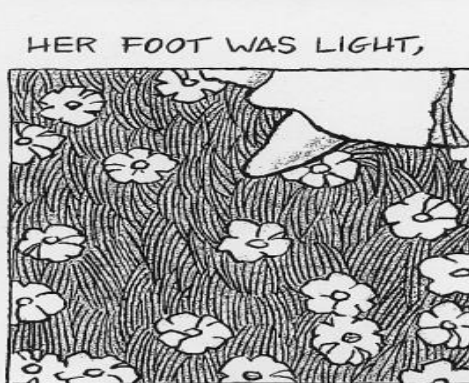
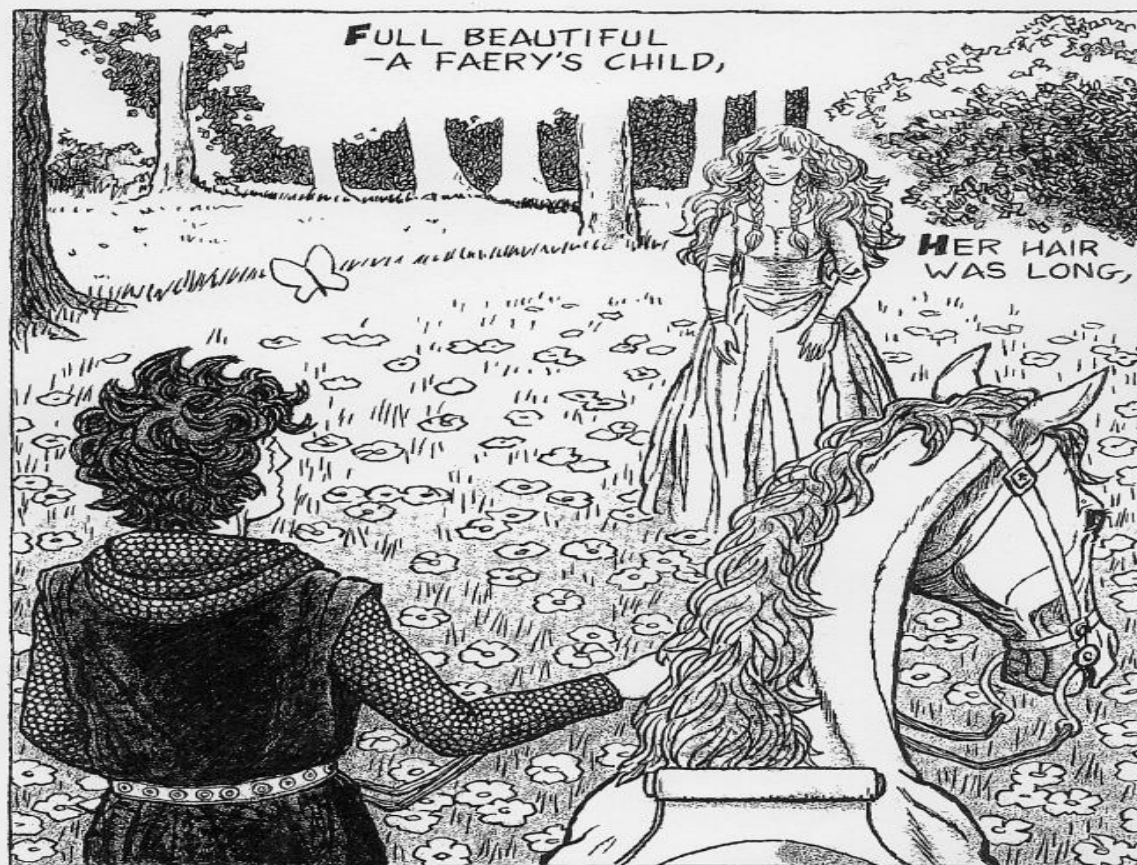
AND ON THY CHEEKS
A FADING ROSE



FAST
WITHERETH
TOO.



I MET
A LADY
IN THE
MEADS,



I MADE A GARLAND
FOR HER HEAD,



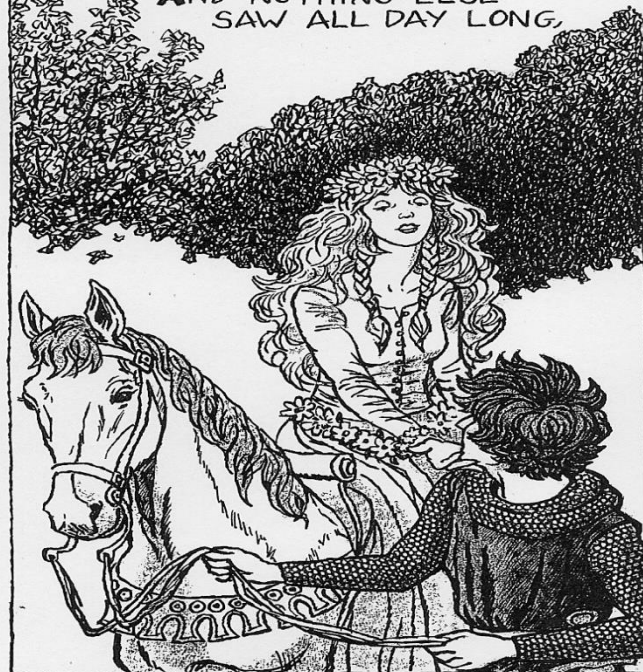
AND BRACELETS TOO,
AND FRAGRANT ZONE;

SHE LOOK'D
AT ME
AS SHE
DID LOVE,



AND
MADE
SWEET
MOAN.

I SET HER ON MY PACING STEED,
AND NOTHING ELSE
SAW ALL DAY LONG,



FOR SIDELONG WOULD
SHE BEND, AND SING



A FAERY'S SONG.

SHE FOUND ME ROOTS
OF RELISH SWEET,
AND HONEY WILD,
AND MANNA DEW,



AND SURE IN LANGUAGE
STRANGE SHE SAID-



SHE TOOK ME TO HER ELFIN GROT,



AND THERE SHE WEPT,



AND SIGH'D FULL SORE,



AND THERE I SHUT
HER WILD WILD EYES

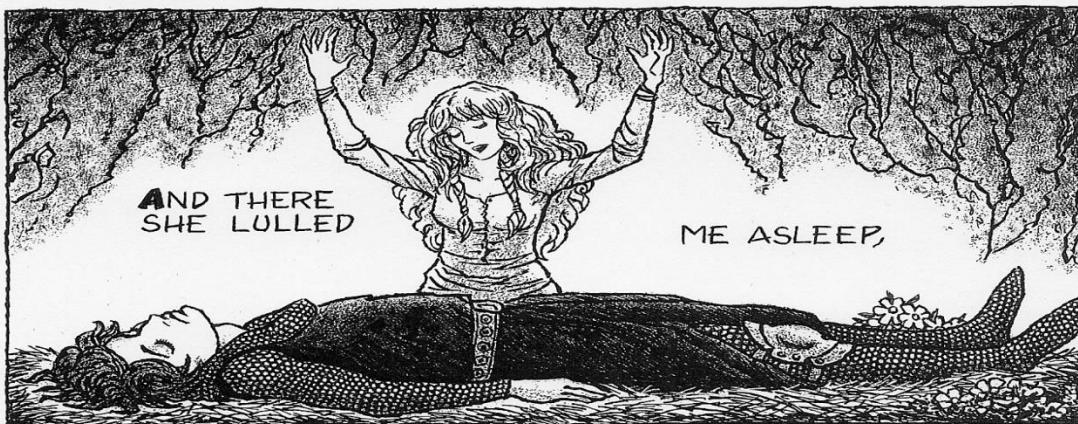


WITH KISSES FOUR.



AND THERE
SHE LULLED

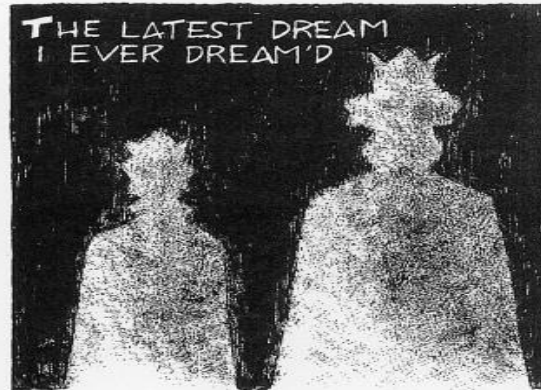
ME ASLEEP,



AND THERE I DREAM'D—
AH! WOE BETIDE!



THE LATEST DREAM
I EVER DREAM'D

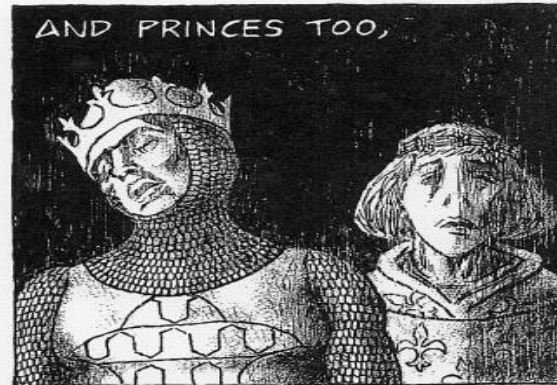


ON THE COLD HILL'S SIDE.

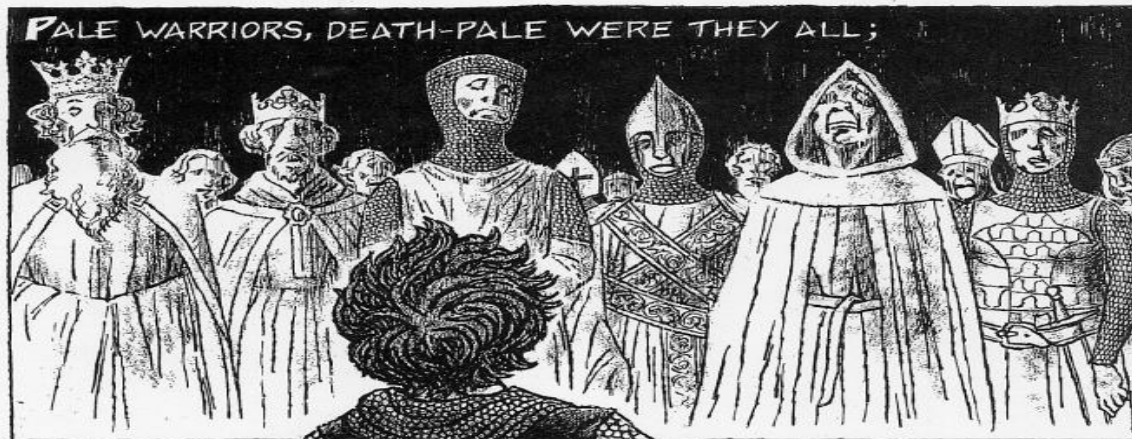
I SAW PALE KINGS,



AND PRINCES TOO,



PALE WARRIORS, DEATH-PALE WERE THEY ALL;



THEY CRIED—



**I SAW THEIR STARVED LIPS
IN THE GLOAM,**



**WITH HORRID WARNING
GAPED WIDE,**



AND I AWOKE



