

The Chambered Nautilus [ðʌ 'tʃeɪm.bəd 'nɔ.tɪ(ə).ləs]

Text by *Oliver Wendell Holmes* (1809-1894) [Am]

Set by *Mark Andrews* (1875-1939) [Am], *Build Thee More Stately Mansions*

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
[ðɪs ɪz ðʌ ʃɪp ɔv pɜl wɪtʃ 'po:ʊ.ɪts feɪn]

Sails the unshadowed main,—
[seɪlz ðɪ ,ʌn.'ʃæd.o:ʊd meɪn]

The venturesome bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!...

The entire text to this title with the complete
IPA transcription is available for download.

Thank you!

