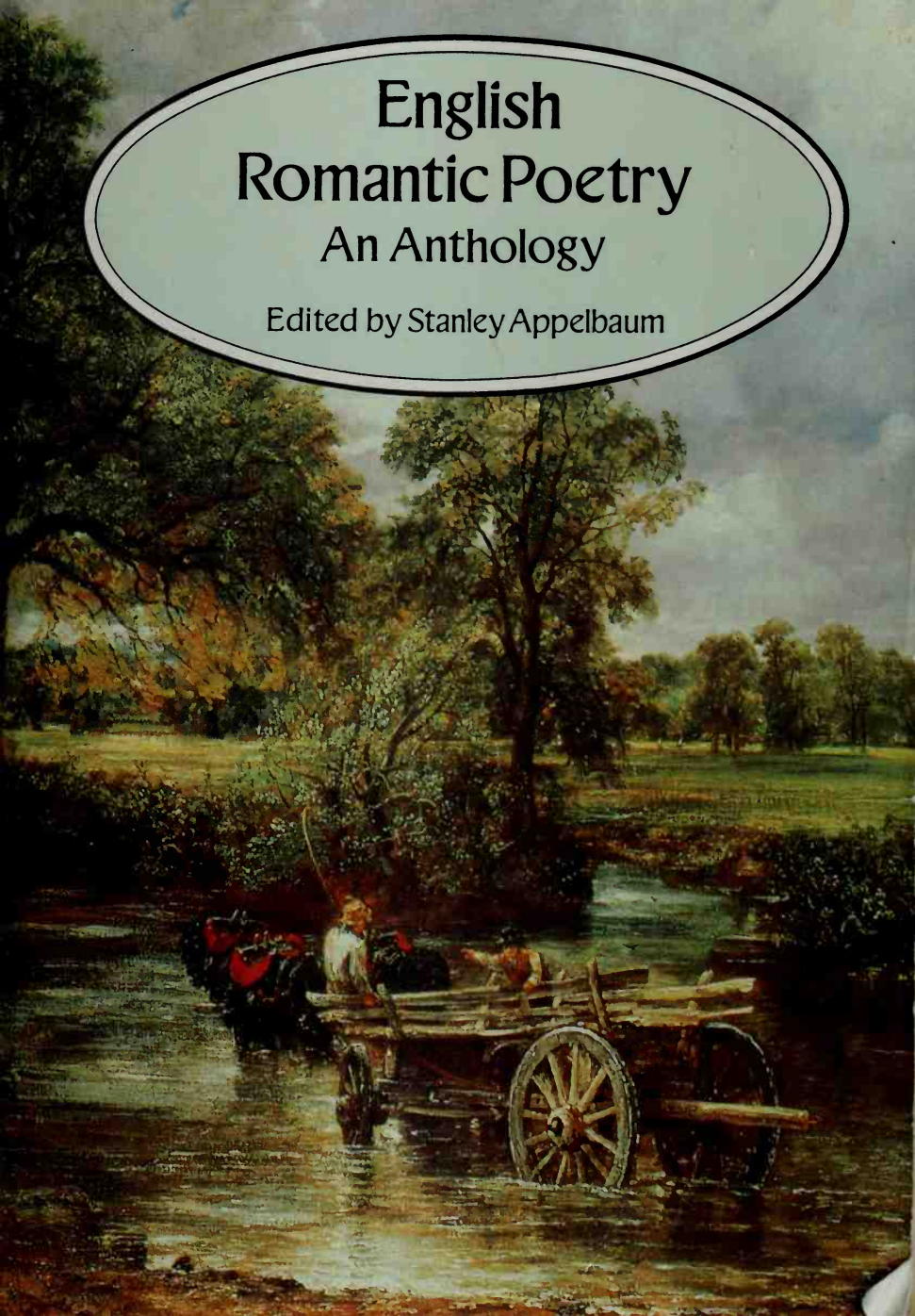
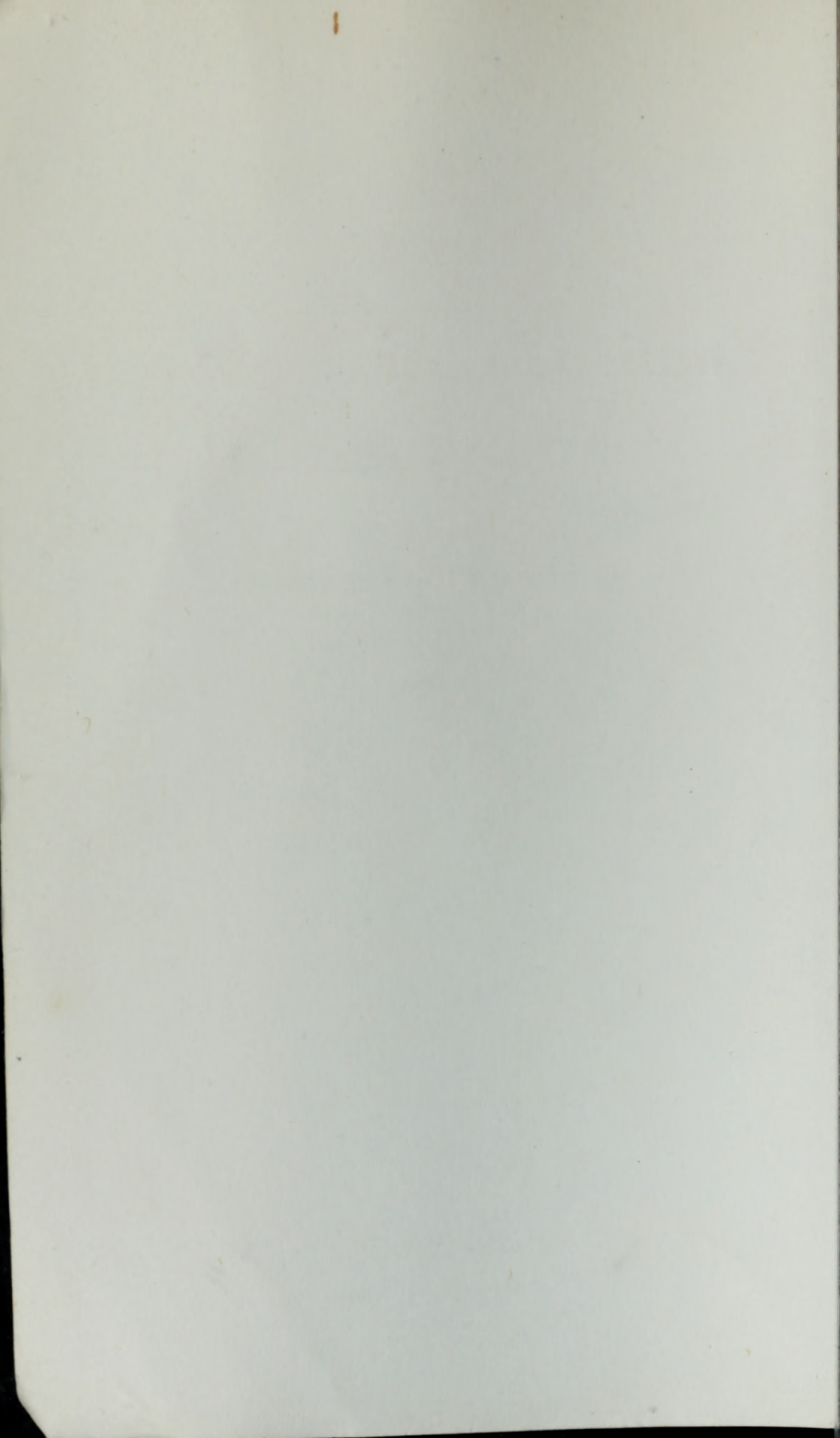


DOVER · THRIFT · EDITIONS

English  
Romantic Poetry  
An Anthology

Edited by Stanley Appelbaum





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# English Romantic Poetry

## AN ANTHOLOGY

EDITED BY

STANLEY APPELBAUM



DOVER PUBLICATIONS, INC.

Mineola, New York

DOVER THRIFT EDITIONS  
GENERAL EDITOR: STANLEY APPELBAUM

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## Introduction

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MANY NEW TRENDS have been introduced into the course of English poetry since the Romantic era, but certain basic achievements and acquisitions of the Romantics, whether original with them or rehabilitated and brilliantly reaffirmed by them, have never again been relinquished by English-language authors. Even today the word poet conjures up the Romantic notion: an individualistic, inspired seer revealing his inmost thoughts in a spontaneous upwelling of emotion (rather than — as in the earlier eighteenth century, for instance — a pontificating moralist legislating for all of mankind in artfully crafted phraseology).

At the very end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth, a number of like-minded individuals (there was never literally a “Romantic school” with codified content and committee directives) — gleaning suggestions from such proto-Romantics of the preceding generation as the poets Thomas Gray, William Collins and Thomas Chatterton and the novelist Horace Walpole; and smitten with the longing for freedom inherent in the American colonies’ fight for independence and the startling revolution in France — rebelled against the smug rationality and optimism of most of their predecessors.

Blake replaced the arid atheism or tepid deism of the encyclopedists and their disciples with a glowing new personal religion; turned the attention of his readers to the downtrodden and disinherited; and eschewed the elaborate formal ode in favor of simple hymn stanzas or his own vigorous type of Bible verses. The upheavals of the incipient Industrial Revolution are also reflected in his social thought.

Wordsworth, likewise using simple verse forms (although he also restored the sonnet and blank verse to their former glory), depicted the life of humble peasants and children (from within, on their own terms); transformed nature poetry from a bland description or a pretext for allegory into an awestruck acknowledgment of God’s grandeur and its effect on the psyche; and celebrated the self, the individual mind and feelings, as hardly anyone had done previously.

Coleridge, a scholar familiar with the past achievements of English poetry and attuned to contemporary European trends (Romanticism was burgeoning in France and Germany as well), opened the sluice gates of the imagination, flooding his verse with fantasy, wonderment

and even horror; tapped his own experiences with dreams and drugs; restored interest in the ballad literature of past centuries; voiced pessimism, doubt and mental unease in a manner that speaks directly to us nearly two centuries later.

Byron bequeathed to us his exoticism and spirit of adventure, his very "modern" cynicism and satirical wit, his deep dissatisfaction with the human condition. In his own handsome person, he was the Romantic poet par excellence: impulsive, bohemian, elegant, seductive.

Shelley replaced the pompous Roman influence of the Neoclassical era with a deeply felt, personally reinterpreted return to Greek ideals; enriched the language's poetic armory immeasurably with original meters and stanzas; made sensitivity and ecstasy the keynotes of his world view; and — in the repressive era of the Napoleonic Wars and the post-Waterloo authoritarian backlash — embodied the spirit of healthy revolt against the fetters of government and society.

Keats was another who reshaped the world of Greece in a meaningful new way, but he also contributed to what would become the typically Romantic infatuation with the Middle Ages; in his best works he raised English poetic diction to unparalleled heights; in both his brief life and his poems he fostered the quintessential Romantic themes of unattainable aspirations and the evanescence of bright visions.

The combination of these varied traits and trends comprises what is now known as Romanticism. The term itself was coined later in the nineteenth century to differentiate from the preceding "classical" generation what was by then recognized as a decidedly new and contrasting movement.

Only the six above-mentioned giants are included in this anthology. The staff of Dover Publications considered the major poet Robert Burns, often anthologized as a Romantic, to be too much of an earlier, essentially eighteenth-century figure; and it seemed better to offer large amounts of Blake, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley and Keats (represented, for the most part, by unabridged poems, sometimes of considerable length) than to dilute the anthology by the inclusion of poets of lesser stature or reputation. The reader interested in a broader view of the entire era is urged to supplement the present volume with selections from Thomas Moore, Leigh Hunt, Thomas Love Peacock, Walter Savage Landor, Charles Lamb, Robert Southey, Thomas Campbell, Samuel Rogers, George Crabbe, Sir Walter Scott, Thomas Hood and especially the visionary peasant-poet John Clare. Major prose works of the era, besides those of Coleridge, include the novels of Scott, Mary Shelley and Jane Austen, the essays of Lamb and William Hazlitt and the writings of Thomas De Quincey.

In the present volume the six chosen poets appear in order of year of birth; in each case, the poems are arranged chronologically by and large (dates in the table of contents). An alphabetical list of titles and first lines appear at the end of the book. Following in this Introduction are brief individual surveys of the six poets, with biographical data and a conspectus of the works included here.

## William Blake (1757–1827)

By far the oldest of the poets in this volume (although he outlived Keats, Shelley and Byron), Blake was basically outside the mainstream of English Romantic poetry. Not only were his major works self-published in small numbers, and thus not readily accessible: his radical ideas on politics, society, ethics and the conduct of life were so advanced as to isolate him as an eccentric; and his poetic expression, although partly based on such traditional models as hymn writing, seventeenth-century poetry and King James biblical verses, was audacious and visionary in the extreme. (Moreover, it should always be recalled that Blake was an artist by profession and that most of his works were illustrated by him in an indissoluble, mutually illuminating marriage of words and pictures.) Blake was thus virtually unknown in his own day except for small coteries, remained unfamiliar for the rest of the nineteenth century except to an occasional champion like Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and was not fully rediscovered and rehabilitated until a full century after his death.

Unlike all the other poets in the present volume, whose travels molded their character, Blake, the son of a London haberdasher, never ventured very far from his native city; but, like those others, he was liberal in politics, sensitive to the oppressive government measures of his day, favorably inspired by the American Revolutionary War and the French Revolution, and inimical to the often stifling rationality and smug optimism of the eighteenth century. Like those others, he also found a new voice in poetry, achieving remarkable results with the simplest means and restoring rich musicality to the language.

The present selection includes 15 excerpts from Blake's two most famous collections, *Songs of Innocence* and *Songs of Experience*, in which, with childhood as his theme — now carefree, now careworn — Blake contrasts two states of the human soul, most strikingly exemplified in the two allegorical animal poems, "The Lamb" (passive Christian innocence, the purity of its whiteness) and "The Tyger" (the glory of color, the savage confrontation of existence). Also included are: "How sweet I roam'd from field to field," one of the pure, euphonious lyrics of his



earliest collection, *Poetical Sketches*; four selections from his later, more philosophical lyrics (*Songs and Ballads*); the complete text of his early prophetic work *The Book of Thel*, which, in other terms and in a totally different poetic form, shares the preoccupations of the *Songs of Innocence* and *Songs of Experience*; the “Proverbs of Hell” section from the satirical *Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, which questions the traditional evilness of Satan; the “Preludium” from *America a Prophecy*, a foretaste of Blake’s later, complex personal mythology; and the fairly late piece “And did those feet in ancient time,” from the long prophetic poem *Milton*, an excerpt which has been adopted as a hymn in England.

Blake’s distinctive spelling and punctuation have been retained in the present selection. The thematic “editorial arrangement” of “Auguries of Innocence,” which occurs in Blake’s manuscript in the form of disconnected couplets, is by David Erdman.

## William Wordsworth (1770–1850)

Probably the most influential in the long run of all the English Romantic poets, Wordsworth was recognized at once as speaking with a new poetic voice that was rejuvenating English literature. Moreover, his “religion” of nature provided the Romantics and their spiritual successors with one of their major abiding themes. The poet’s boyhood in the rugged and picturesque Lake District of northwestern England instilled this love of nature in him, and left him lastingly quiet, brooding and introspective. His foreign travels began in 1790, when he undertook a walking tour with a friend through parts of France, Italy, Switzerland and Germany; soon thereafter he spent another year in France, observing the revolutionary nation at close hand.

In 1795 a legacy left him and his sister Dorothy free of their legal guardians, and they moved to Dorset, where they met Coleridge; in 1797 and 1798 the like-minded trio lived together in Somerset. The latter year was that of the first edition of *Lyrical Ballads*, the epoch-making volume to which Wordsworth and Coleridge both contributed (the poets remained great friends until 1810). After the threesome visited Germany in 1798/9, they all went back to the Lake District, where Wordsworth remained for the rest of his long life, becoming a civil servant (county revenue collector) in 1813. He never stopped writing poetry, and was named poet laureate in 1843, but by general consensus his finest work was done by 1806.

The present selection includes: two pieces from the 1798 *Lyrical Ballads*, the folksong-like “We Are Seven” (one of the many pieces in

which the poet speaks the “language of the lower and middle classes”) and the stately “Tintern Abbey,” exemplifying his philosophical bent and his matchless use of flexible and rich blank verse; “Nutting,” a foretaste of the later *Prelude*; four of the five poems concerning a mysterious, possibly imaginary Lucy (“Strange fits . . .,” “She dwelt . . .,” “I travelled . . .” and “A slumber . . .”); “Lucy Gray”; “My heart leaps up . . .”; “Resolution and Independence,” a unique blending of philosophical ode and rustic character study; five of the splendid 1802 sonnets that proved to be the greatest in English since Milton; “The Solitary Reaper,” part of *Memorials of a Tour in Scotland*; “She was a Phantom of delight”; “I wandered lonely as a cloud,” perhaps the best-known of his brief nature poems; the “Ode to Duty”; two brief excerpts from the vast autobiographical poem *The Prelude*, in which the poet recounted the development of his mind (often considered his greatest work); the “Ode: Intimations of Immortality,” generally considered his finest single effort; and several more brief pieces, including one of the most inspired works of his old age, the elegy on the death of the Scottish writer James Hogg, a self-educated poet and author of the unusual novel *The Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Justified Sinner*.

Wordsworth clearly succeeded in what his friend Coleridge described as his task: to “give the charm of novelty to things of every day . . . directing [the mind] to the loveliness and the wonders of the world before us.”

## Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772–1834)

Poetry comprised a smaller portion of Coleridge’s literary output than was the case of any other poet represented here. He wrote vast amounts of important literary criticism, social thought, philosophy and theology in prose, and his *Biographia Literaria* of 1817 is often considered his greatest and most influential work. But his poetry, the best of which was written in the short space between 1797 and 1803, was innovative in form and spirit, and includes two works that are generally judged to be among the finest in the English language: “The Rime of the Ancient Mariner” and “Kubla Khan.”

Born in Devon, the son of a vicar and grammar-school headmaster, Coleridge was a voracious reader, especially fond of works of fantasy. In his twenties, stirred by the French Revolution, he lectured on social problems along with the poet Robert Southey in Bristol, and the two even planned to found a utopia in America (in connection with this scheme, Coleridge hastily married a woman he never really loved).



In 1795 Coleridge met Wordsworth, and the two shared their existence in Dorset, Somerset, Germany (on funds supplied by the Wedgwood family) and the Lake District (where Coleridge unsuccessfully wooed Wordsworth's sister-in-law) until a bitter quarrel in 1810. Afterward, Coleridge lived in London, where he gave popular lectures and nurtured younger talents (all three of the remaining poets in this anthology were indebted to his advice or example). For years Coleridge was an opium addict, and some of his poems reflect the anguish this caused.

The present selection begins with "This Lime-Tree Bower My Prison," an early example of one of Coleridge's specialties: freely moving, informal, conversational blank-verse musings which influenced Wordsworth in "Tintern Abbey" and numerous later works. "The Dungeon" and "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" were both first published in the original 1798 edition of *Lyrical Ballads*, the epoch-making joint effort of Wordsworth and Coleridge. "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" (reprinted uncut), more than any other single poem, exemplifies the influence of older anonymous British ballads on the English Romantic movement (note, as well, the reference to "Sir Patrick Spens" at the beginning of "Dejection: An Ode"); the killing of the albatross is a crime against the universal life principle, an important theme in all of Coleridge's thought. "On a Ruined House in a Romantic Country" is a fine example of his humor: "The House That Jack Built" rewritten as a wild Gothic tale. "Christabel," also reprinted in its entirety, is a major philosophical narrative, with elements of the uncanny German writings of the "Sturm und Drang" and early Romantic periods. "Frost at Midnight" is another fine example of a "conversation poem" in blank verse. "France: An Ode," written in long, complex rhyming stanzas, expresses Coleridge's disappointment with the aggressive turn taken by the French Revolution, no longer a guarantor of liberty. "Kubla Khan," based on a dream experience, has possibly been subjected to more interpretation than any other poem, a whole book having been devoted to its subconscious sources in Coleridge's reading. The strongly autobiographical "Dejection: An Ode" and "The Pains of Sleep" are as heartfelt as they are beautifully expressed.

### George Gordon, Lord Byron (1788–1824)

In the nineteenth century, throughout Europe and America, Byron was the most admired and best known of all the poets in this volume. Indeed, he was *the* Romantic poet par excellence, thanks to his good

looks, his public pose, his physical handicap (a clubfoot), his wide travels and eventful existence, his liberality in politics, his gloom and his hectic — and eclectic — sex life. *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, the source of the "Byronic hero," made the poet famous at the age of 24, and this self-tormenting, world-weary hero soon reappeared in the swashbuckling narrative poems of 1813 and 1814, such as "The Giaour" and "The Corsair" (the period of Byron's love affair with his half-sister Augusta). Today, Byron is more admired for his humor and the remarkable satirical vein first revealed in his earliest major poem, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" (1809), developed in his long Venetian narrative poem *Beppo* (1817) and brought to perfection in "The Vision of Judgment" (1821) and the unfinished epic *Don Juan* (begun in 1818).

In his attitude, Byron was basically an eighteenth-century classicist, with a great admiration for Pope; technically, he was far from innovative, often using the conventional meters and manner of convivial songs (as in "She walks in beauty," which was one of a number of poems specifically intended to be set to music and sung), or adopting Italian *ottava rima* (the stanza form of *Beppo* and *Don Juan*).

Byron grew up in Scotland until inheriting his title at the age of ten, when he moved to England. His first long trip, 1809–11, ranging across Europe as far as Turkey, resulted in a captivation with the Mediterranean and Aegean landscape and life-style, and gave him material for both *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* and the later *Don Juan*. His marriage in 1815 was disastrous, and the following year he left England for good. For a while he joined Shelley and his circle near Geneva (the famous paean to liberty, "The Prisoner of Chillon," reprinted in its entirety here, dates from this sojourn). In 1817 he moved on to Italy, where, especially in Venice and Ravenna, he was involved in many romances, both light and serious. In 1821 he rejoined Shelley's group in and near Pisa. In 1823, he went to Greece to aid in that nation's struggle for independence from Turkey; he died of a fever there early in 1824.

The present volume contains brief but important excerpts from *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* (the Waterloo sequence, the invocation to the ocean, and the famous lyrical interpolation "Adieu, adieu! my native shore") and from *Don Juan* (a discussion of the poem itself, a reflection on his contemporaries and rivals among English poets, and the lyrical interpolation "The isles of Greece"). Included, uncut, are a number of lyrics and songs from 1808 to 1817; "The Prisoner of Chillon"; the eerie blank-verse description of the end of the world, "Darkness"; and the introspective "On This Day I Complete My Thirty-sixth Year," written only a couple of months before the poet's death.

For a more complete appreciation of Byron, one should also read

his verse plays (especially *Manfred*) and his (prose) letters, in which he reveals his personality most fully.

## Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792–1822)

For many, Shelley remains the perfect Romantic: for his quest after truth and justice, for his unparalleled learning (Greco-Roman and otherwise) and breadth of scope (poems on love, politics, history and philosophy), for the dazzling variety and novelty of his meters and stanzas, for the exquisiteness of his diction and delicacy of his thought. The present selection is almost fully comprised of brief lyrics (except for the grandiose pastoral elegy on the death of Keats, the “Adonais” of 1821); the only item that is not an entire work in itself is the famous final chorus from the verse play *Hellas* (1821). But the reader is heartily referred to such distinctive longer poems as “Alastor” (1816), “Julian and Maddalo” (1819), “The Mask of Anarchy” (1819) and “Epipsychidion” (1821), and the long verse plays *Prometheus Unbound* (1820) and *The Cenci* (1820). Shelley also wrote novels and important essays.

The poet was born into a wealthy family of landed gentry in Sussex, but even as a boy he was alien to his surroundings, and suffered from bad health all his life. In 1811, his second year at Oxford, he was expelled for writing an atheistic pamphlet. In the same year he infuriated his father by marrying Harriet Westbrook, a tavern keeper’s daughter. The pair lived in the Lake District, Ireland and Wales until Shelley left Harriet in 1814 to elope with Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, daughter of the feminist Mary Wollstonecraft and the influential philosopher William Godwin. The poet and Mary were married in 1816, after Harriet’s suicide, and later that year spent some time near Geneva, where they met Byron. Shelley and his wife left England permanently in 1818, living in various parts of Italy before settling in Pisa in 1821. Their love eventually cooled because of the death of two of their children and Shelley’s unsatisfiable personality. Among their circle in Pisa were Edward Williams and his common-law wife Jane, with whom Shelley flirted (see the three poems to Jane in the present anthology); Williams was drowned along with Shelley when the poet’s yacht went down in a squall in 1822.

The poems in this book are all from Shelley’s peak period, 1816 until his death. They include some of the most famous poems in the English language: the sonnet “Ozymandias,” the rebellious political provocations “Song to the Men of England” and “England in 1819,” the “Ode to the West Wind,” “The Indian Serenade,” “The Cloud,” “To a Skylark” and a number of others. “Adonais,” which was influenced by Milton’s



"Lycidas" and is considered by many to surpass even that towering model as an elegy to the dead, is reprinted here in its entirety.

Shelley's reputation has undergone enormous vicissitudes; he has frequently been called immature, and opinions of his craftsmanship have differed widely. But today he seems firmly established as one of the greatest masters of them all.

## John Keats (1795–1821)

Probably no other English poet developed so rapidly as Keats, all of whose memorable work was written between 1815 and 1820, or fulfilled as much of his promise at such an early age — cut off prematurely by the tuberculosis from which both his mother and his younger brother had died. Of humble social status, the son of a London livery-stable manager, Keats became enamored of Greek mythology and other studies at school, but, orphaned, was compelled to apprentice himself to a surgeon at the age of 15; he later studied at London hospitals. By the age of 18 he was already trying his hand at poetry, and two years later wrote the first uniquely Keatsian poem, the sonnet "On first looking into Chapman's Homer." Within a year or two, although his finances were always precarious, he devoted himself totally to poetry, under the influence of the writer Leigh Hunt, who introduced him to a number of other literary luminaries. In 1817 Keats wrote the long poem in heroic couplets *Endymion*; in 1818 "Isabella," a narrative in *ottava rima* (an Italian stanza form that Byron had made popular in *Beppo* and *Don Juan*). The year 1819 was pivotal, not only for the beginning of the poet's romance with Fanny Brawne but also for his amazing list of achievements: the Miltonic blank-verse epic fragment *Hyperion*, "The Eve of St. Agnes" (a narrative in Spenserian stanzas), the ballad-like "La Belle Dame sans Merci," the narrative in heroic couplets "Lamia," most of the great sonnets and, especially, the great odes, in which he fashioned unique stanzas and reached a perfection of poetic diction and musicality that stands alone. In 1820, on his way to Rome in quest of a better climate — his own tuberculosis had manifested itself — Keats completed the sonnet "Bright star, would I were stedfast as thou art." He died in Rome in 1821. There is no truth to the legend, which Byron believed (see the excerpt from *Don Juan* on page 142), that Keats's death was caused or hastened by hostile reviews of his work in literary journals.

The present selection includes, uncut, all the great odes ("Ode to a Nightingale," "Ode on a Grecian Urn," "Ode to Psyche," "To Autumn" and "Ode on Melancholy"); the most famous sonnets (this was a form

that, along with Wordsworth, Keats raised to new heights in the Romantic era); the long narrative poems "Isabella" and "The Eve of St. Agnes"; "La Belle Dame sans Merci"; and a variety of miscellaneous poems, some of them, such as "To J. H. Reynolds Esq." and "To Mrs. Reynolds's Cat," revealing the good humor and high spirits that were part of the poet's contradictory character — although his bad health and other misfortunes brought him face to face, more than any of the other poets included here, with the misery of human existence.

The longest poems, mentioned above, have been omitted for reasons of space, but should be read for a full appreciation of Keats, in addition to his letters, in which he discusses his literary goals and criteria as well as many personal concerns.



## Contents

---

(The years in parentheses are those of composition, unless  
pertaining to a specific publication.)

### William Blake (1757-1827)

#### From *Songs of Innocence* (1789)

Introduction	1
Holy Thursday	2
Nurse's Song	2
The Little Black Boy	3
The Lamb	4

#### From *Songs of Experience* (1794)

Introduction	4
Earth's Answer	5
The Clod and the Pebble	6
The Chimney Sweeper	6
The Sick Rose	6
The Tyger	7
Ah! Sun-Flower	7
The Garden of Love	8
London	8
A Poison Tree	9

#### From *Poetical Sketches* (1783)

Song: "How sweet I roam'd from field to field"	9
--	---

#### From *Songs and Ballads* (1783-1808)

"I saw a chapel all of gold"	10
"Mock on, mock on, Voltaire, Rousseau"	10
The Smile	10
Auguries of Innocence	11

#### *The Book of Thel* (1789)

14

#### From *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* (1793) ✓

Proverbs of Hell	18
------------------	----

#### From *America a Prophecy* (1793)

Preludium	21
-----------	----

#### From *Milton* (1804)

"And did those feet in ancient time"	22
--------------------------------------	----

**William Wordsworth (1770–1850)**

We Are Seven (1798)	23
Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey (1798)	25
Nutting (1799)	29
"Strange fits of passion have I known" (1799)	30
"She dwelt among the untrodden ways" (1799)	31
"I travelled among unknown men" (1799)	32
"A slumber did my spirit seal" (1799)	32
Lucy Gray (1799)	33
"My heart leaps up when I behold" (1802)	35
Resolution and Independence (1802)	35
Composed upon Westminster Bridge, Sept. 3, 1802 (1802)	39
On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic (1802)	40
To Toussaint L'Ouverture (1802)	40
In London, September 1802 (1802)	41
London, 1802 (1802)	41
The Solitary Reaper (1803)	42
"She was a Phantom of delight" (1804)	43
"I wandered lonely as a cloud" (1804)	43
Ode to Duty (1805)	44
From <i>The Prelude</i> (1799–1805)	
From Book I: "Dust as we are, the immortal spirit grows"	46
From Book XI: "O pleasant exercise of hope and joy!"	47
Character of the Happy Warrior (1806)	48
"The world is too much with us; late and soon" (1806)	51
Ode: Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood (1803–06)	51
Mutability (1821)	57
"Scorn not the Sonnet" (1827)	58
Extempore Effusion upon the Death of James Hogg (1835)	58

**Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772–1834)**

This Lime-Tree Bower My Prison (1797)	60
The Dungeon (1797)	62
The Rime of the Ancient Mariner (1797–98, revised later; marginal glosses added 1815–16)	63
On a Ruined House in a Romantic Country (1797)	81
Christabel (Part I, 1797; Part II, 1800; "The Conclusion to Part II," 1801)	82
Frost at Midnight (1798)	100
France: An Ode (1798)	102

Kubla Khan (1798)	105
Dejection: An Ode (1802)	106
The Pains of Sleep (1803)	110
<b>George Gordon, Lord Byron (1788–1824)</b>	
“When we two parted” (1808)	112
The Girl of Cadiz (1809)	113
From <i>Hebrew Melodies</i> (1814–15)	
“She walks in beauty”	114
The Destruction of Sennacherib	115
Stanzas for Music: “There be none of Beauty’s daughters” (1816)	116
The Prisoner of Chillon (1816)	116
Darkness (1816)	127
Stanzas to Augusta (1816)	130
“So we ’ll go no more a roving” (1817)	131
From <i>Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage</i> (1809–18)	
“Adieu, adieu! my native shore” (I, between xiii and xiv)	132
III, xxi–xxviii [Waterloo]	134
IV, clxxvii–clxxxiv [Ocean]	136
From <i>Don Juan</i> (1818–23)	
I, cc–cciii	138
“The isles of Greece” (III, between lxxxvi and lxxxvii)	139
XI, lvii–lx	142
On This Day I Complete My Thirty-sixth Year (1824)	143
<b>Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792–1822)</b>	
Hymn to Intellectual Beauty (1816)	145
Ozymandias (1817)	147
Stanzas Written in Dejection, Near Naples (1818)	147
Sonnet: “Lift not the painted veil . . .” (1818)	149
Song to the Men of England (1819)	149
Sonnet: England in 1819 (1819)	150
Ode to the West Wind (1819)	151
The Indian Serenade (1819)	153
Love’s Philosophy (1819)	154
The Cloud (1820)	154
To a Skylark (1820)	157
Arethusa (1820)	160
The Waning Moon (1820)	162
To the Moon (1820)	162

To Night (1821)	163
To —: "Music, when soft voices die" (1821)	164
Song: "Rarely, rarely, comest thou" (1821)	164
Adonais: An Elegy on the Death of John Keats (1821)	165
Hellas: A Lyrical Drama [Excerpt: Final Chorus] (1821)	179
Lines: "When the lamp is shattered" (1822)	180
To Jane: The Invitation (1822)	181
To Jane: The Recollection (1822)	183
With a Guitar, to Jane (1822)	186
A Dirge (1822)	188

### John Keats (1795–1821)

From <i>Poems</i> (1817)	
Sonnet: "To one who has been long in city pent"	189
Sonnet: On first looking into Chapman's Homer	189
Sonnet: "Happy is England! . . ."	190
From <i>Lamia, Isabella, The Eve of St. Agnes, and Other Poems</i> (1820)	
Isabella; or, the Pot of Basil. A Story from Boccaccio	190
The Eve of St. Agnes	205
Ode to a Nightingale	216
Ode on a Grecian Urn	218
Ode to Psyche	220
Lines on the Mermaid Tavern	221
To Autumn	222
Ode on Melancholy	223
From <i>Life, Letters and Literary Remains of John Keats</i> (1848)	
La Belle Dame sans Merci: A Ballad	224
Ode on Indolence	226
Sonnet: On the Sea	227
Sonnet: "When I have fears . . ."	228
Sonnet: To Homer	228
Sonnet: To Sleep	229
Sonnet: "Why did I laugh to-night? . . ."	229
Sonnet: "Bright star, . . ."	229
Sonnet: On Seeing the Elgin Marbles	230
To J. H. Reynolds Esq.	230
From <i>Other Posthumous and Fugitive Pieces</i>	
Sonnet: To Mrs. Reynolds's Cat	233
Alphabetical List of Titles and First Lines	235

WILLIAM BLAKE (1757-1827)

happy } Tone.  
joyful }

existens → solipsism

### "Songs of Innocence": Introduction

Piping down the valleys wild,  
Piping songs of pleasant glee,  
On a cloud I saw a child,  
And he laughing said to me:

"Pipe a song about a Lamb!" → children

So I piped with merry cheer.

"Piper, pipe that song again;"

So I piped, he wept to hear.

~~religious~~  
"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;  
Sing thy songs of happy cheer."

So I sung the same again,

While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write

In a book, that all may read."

So he vanish'd from my sight,

And I pluck'd a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,

And I stain'd the water clear,

And I wrote my happy songs

Every child may joy to hear.

Ozymorion → God's glory  
unbelievable  
power

I - [self-realization.]



## Holy Thursday

'Twas on a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean,  
The children walking two & two, in red & blue & green,  
Grey-headed beadies walk'd before, with wands as white as snow,  
Till into the high dome of Paul's they like Thames' waters flow.

O what a multitude they seem'd, these flowers of London town!  
Seated in companies they sit with radiance all their own.  
The hum of multitudes was there, but multitudes of lambs,  
Thousands of little boys & girls raising their innocent hands.

Now like a mighty wind they raise to heaven the voice of song,  
Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of heaven among.  
Beneath them sit the aged men, wise guardians of the poor;  
Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from your door.

## Nurse's Song

When the voices of children are heard on the green,  
And laughing is heard on the hill,  
My heart is at rest within my breast,  
And everything else is still.

"Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down,  
And the dews of night arise;  
Come, come, leave off play, and let us away  
Till the morning appears in the skies."

"No, no, let us play, for it is yet day,  
And we cannot go to sleep;  
Besides, in the sky the little birds fly,  
And the hills are all cover'd with sheep."

"Well, well, go & play till the light fades away,  
And then go home to bed."  
The little ones leaped & shouted & laugh'd  
And all the hills ecchoed.

## The Little Black Boy

My mother bore me in the southern wild,  
And I am black, but O! my soul is white;  
White as an angel is the English child,  
But I am black as if bereav'd of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree,  
And, sitting down before the heat of day,  
She took me on her lap and kissed me,  
And pointing to the east began to say:

"Look on the rising sun: there God does live,  
And gives his light, and gives his heat away;  
And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive  
Comfort in morning, joy in the noonday.

"And we are put on earth a little space,  
That we may learn to bear the beams of love;  
And these black bodies and this sunburnt face  
Is but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

"For when our souls have learn'd the heat to bear,  
The cloud will vanish; we shall hear his voice,  
Saying: 'Come out from the grove, my love & care,  
And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice.' "

Thus did my mother say, and kissed me;  
And thus I say to little English boy.  
When I from black and he from white cloud free,  
And round the tent of God like lambs we joy,

I'll shade him from the heat, till he can bear  
To lean in joy upon our father's knee;  
And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,  
And be like him, and he will then love me.

## The Lamb

Little Lamb, who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee?

- Gave thee life & bid thee feed,  
By the stream & o'er the mead;
- Gave thee clothing of delight,  
Softest clothing, wooly, bright;
- Gave thee such a tender voice,  
Making all the vales rejoice?

Little Lamb, who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,  
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee:

- He is called by thy name,  
For he calls himself a Lamb.
  - He is meek & he is mild;
  - He became a little child.
- I a child & thou a lamb.  
We are called by his name.

Little Lamb, God bless thee!  
Little Lamb, God bless thee!

*soft voice*

*Tone: innocent*

## "Songs of Experience": Introduction

Hear the voice of the Bard!  
Who Present, Past, & Future, sees;  
Whose ears have heard  
The Holy Word  
That walk'd among the ancient trees,

Calling the lapsed Soul,  
And weeping in the evening dew;  
That might controll  
The starry pole,  
And fallen, fallen light renew!

"O Earth, O Earth, return!  
"Arise from out the dewy grass;  
"Night is worn,  
"And the morn  
"Rises from the slumberous mass.

"Turn away no more;  
"Why wilt thou turn away?  
"The starry floor,  
"The wat'ry shore,  
"Is giv'n thee till the break of day."

## Earth's Answer

Earth rais'd up her head  
From the darkness dread & drear.  
Her light fled,  
Stony dread!  
And her locks cover'd with grey despair.  
"Prison'd on wat'ry shore,  
"Starry Jealousy does keep my den:  
"Cold and hoar,  
"Weeping o'er,  
"I hear the Father of the ancient men.  
"Selfish father of men!  
"Cruel, jealous, selfish fear!  
"Can delight,  
"Chain'd in night,  
"The virgins of youth and morning bear?  
"Does spring hide its joy  
"When buds and blossoms grow?  
"Does the sower  
"Sow by night,  
"Or the plowman in darkness plow?  
"Break this heavy chain  
"That does freeze my bones around.  
"Selfish! vain!  
"Eternal bane!  
"That free Love with bondage bound."

## The Clod and the Pebble

"Love seeketh not Itself to please,  
 "Nor for itself hath any care,  
 "But for another gives its ease,  
 "And builds a Heaven in Hell's despair."

So sang a little Clod of Clay  
 Trodden with the cattle's feet,  
 But a Pebble of the brook  
 Warbled out these metres meet:

"Love seeketh only Self to please,  
 "To bind another to Its delight,  
 "Joys in another's loss of ease,  
 "And builds a Hell in Heaven's despite."

## The Chimney Sweeper

A little black thing among the snow,  
 Crying 'weep! weep!' in notes of woe!  
 "Where are thy father & mother? say?"  
 "They are both gone up to the church to pray.

"Because I was happy upon the heath,  
 "And smil'd among the winter's snow,  
 "They clothed me in the clothes of death,  
 "And taught me to sing the notes of woe.

"And because I am happy & dance & sing,  
 "They think they have done me no injury,  
 "And are gone to praise God & his Priest & King,  
 "Who make up a heaven of our misery."

## The Sick Rose

O Rose, thou art sick!  
 The invisible worm  
 That flies in the night,  
 In the howling storm,  
 Has found out thy bed  
 Of crimson joy:  
 And his dark secret love  
 Does thy life destroy.



## The Tyger

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies  
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand dare sieze the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil? what dread grasp  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,  
And water'd heaven with their tears,  
Did he smile his work to see?  
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

ability, good / bad) religious

Tyger ~ humans

God create

Tone: questioning

(question marks)

confession

dey vs disney

(turn against)

strong emotion?

## Ah! Sun-Flower

Ah, Sun-flower, weary of time,  
Who countest the steps of the Sun,  
Seeking after that sweet golden clime  
Where the traveller's journey is done:

Where the Youth pined away with desire,  
And the pale Virgin shrouded in snow  
Arise from their graves, and aspire  
Where my Sun-flower wishes to go.

past tense

## The Garden of Love

I went to the Garden of Love,  
 And saw what I never had seen:  
 A Chapel was built in the midst,  
 Where I used to play on the green.

And the gates of this Chapel were shut,  
 And "Thou shalt not" writ over the door;  
 So I turn'd to the Garden of Love  
 That so many sweet flowers bore;

T: Religion constrains people  
 with rules. It kills all  
 vitality and joys.

Tone: Cynical

D: Anaphora:

Sylepsis:

Symbol.

{ And I saw it was filled with graves,  
 And tomb-stones where flowers should be;  
 And Priests in black gowns were walking their rounds,  
 And binding with priars my joys & desires.

ending: shears, lack  
 plant brings: take away  
 Lib controls everything  
 religion the negative result of religion  
 dominance Everything is connected closely and everywhere  
 is full of oppressed feeling.

## London

I wander thro' each charter'd street,  
 Near where the charter'd Thames does flow,  
 And mark in every face I meet  
 Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every Man,  
 In every Infants cry of fear,  
 In every voice, in every ban,  
 The mind-forg'd manacles I hear.

How the Chimney-sweeper's cry  
 Every black'ning Church appalls;  
 And the hapless Soldier's sigh  
 Runs in blood down Palace walls.

But most thro' midnight streets I hear  
 How the youthful Harlot's curse  
 Blasts the new-born Infants tear,  
 And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse.

old teach  
 what they  
 want.

## A Poison Tree

a I was angry with my friend:  
a I told my wrath, my wrath did end.  
b I was angry with my foe:  
b I told it not, my wrath did grow.

And I water'd it in fears,  
Night & morning with my tears;  
And I sunned it with smiles,  
And with soft deceitful wiles.

And it grew both day and night,  
Till it bore an apple bright,  
And my foe beheld it shine,  
And he knew that it was mine,

And into my garden stole  
When the night had veil'd the pole:  
In the morning glad I see  
My foe outstretch'd beneath the tree.

difference  
friend vs. foe

tree apple

snake  
holiness

allusion?

Tone: relief, frustration

## Song

How sweet I roam'd from field to field,  
And tasted all the summer's pride,  
'Till I the prince of love beheld,  
Who in the sunny beams did glide!

He shew'd me lilies for my hair,  
And blushing roses for my brow;  
He led me through his gardens fair,  
Where all his golden pleasures grow.

With sweet May dews my wings were wet,  
And Phoebus fir'd my vocal rage;  
He caught me in his silken net,  
And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,  
Then, laughing, sports and plays with me;  
Then stretches out my golden wing,  
And mocks my loss of liberty.

### "I saw a chapel all of gold"

I saw a chapel all of gold  
That none did dare to enter in  
And many weeping stood without  
Weeping mourning worshipping

I saw a serpent rise between  
The white pillars of the door  
And he forced & forced & forced  
Down the golden hinges tore

And along the pavement sweet  
Set with pearls & rubies bright  
All his slimy length he drew  
Till upon the altar white

Vomiting his poison out  
On the bread & on the wine  
So I turned into a sty  
And laid me down among the swine

### "Mock on, mock on, Voltaire, Rousseau"

Mock on Mock on Voltaire Rousseau  
Mock on Mock on! tis all in vain!  
You throw the sand against the wind  
And the wind blows it back again

And every sand becomes a Gem  
Reflected in the beams divine  
Blown back they blind the mocking Eye  
But still in Israel's paths they shine

The Atoms of Democritus  
And Newton's Particles of light  
Are sands upon the Red sea shore  
Where Israel's tents do shine so bright

### The Smile

There is a Smile of Love  
And there is a Smile of Deceit  
And there is a Smile of Smiles  
In which these two Smiles meet

And there is a Frown of Hate  
And there is a Frown of Disdain  
And there is a Frown of Frowns  
Which you strive to forget in vain

For it sticks in the Hearts deep Core  
And it sticks in the deep Back bone  
And no Smile that ever was smild  
But only one Smile alone

That betwixt the Cradle & Grave  
It only once Smild can be  
But when it once is Smild  
Theres an end to all Misery

## Auguries of Innocence

[AS REARRANGED FROM THE MANUSCRIPT BY DAVID ERDMAN]

To see a World in a Grain of Sand  
And a Heaven in a Wild Flower  
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand  
And Eternity in an hour

A Robin Red breast in a Cage  
Puts all Heaven in a Rage  
A Dove house filld with Doves & Pigeons  
Shudders Hell thro all its regions  
A dog starvd at his Masters Gate  
Predicts the ruin of the State  
A Horse misusd upon the Road  
Calls to Heaven for Human blood  
Each outcry of the hunted Hare  
A fibre from the Brain does tear  
A Skylark wounded in the wing  
A Cherubim does cease to sing  
The Game Cock clipd & armd for fight  
Does the Rising Sun affright  
The Lamb misusd breeds Public Strife  
And yet forgives the Butchers Knife  
He who shall train the Horse to War  
Shall never pass the Polar Bar



Every Wolfs & Lions howl  
Raises from Hell a Human Soul  
The Bleat the Bark Bellow & Roar  
Are Waves that Beat on Heavens Shore  
The wild deer wandring here & there  
Keeps the Human Soul from Care  
The Beggars Dog & Widows Cat  
Feed them & thou wilt grow fat  
He who shall hurt the little Wren  
Shall never be belovd by Men  
He who the Ox to wrath has movd  
Shall never be by Woman lov'd  
He who torments the Chafers sprite  
Weaves a Bower in endless Night  
The wanton Boy that kills the Fly  
Shall feel the Spiders enmity  
The Catterpillar on the Leaf  
Repeats to thee thy Mothers grief  
Kill not the Moth nor Butterfly  
For the Last Judgment draweth nigh  
The Bat that flits at close of Eve  
Has left the Brain that wont Believe  
The Owl that calls upon the Night  
Speaks the Unbelievers fright  
The Gnat that sings his Summers song  
Poison gets from Slanders tongue  
The poison of the Snake & Newt  
Is the sweat of Envys Foot  
The Poison of the Honey Bee  
Is the Artists Jealousy  
A Riddle or the Crickets Cry  
Is to Doubt a fit Reply  
The Emmets Inch & Eagles Mile  
Make Lame Philosophy to smile  
He who Doubts from what he sees  
Will neer Believe do what you Please  
If the Sun & Moon should Doubt  
Theyd immediately Go out  
He who mocks the Infants Faith  
Shall be mock'd in Age & Death  
He who shall teach the Child to Doubt  
The rotting Grave shall neer get out

He who respects the Infants faith  
Triumphs over Hell & Death  
The Childs Toys & the Old Mans Reasons  
Are the Fruits of the Two seasons  
The Questioner who sits so sly  
Shall never know how to Reply  
He who replies to words of Doubt  
Doth put the Light of Knowledge out  
A Truth thats told with bad intent  
Beats all the Lies you can invent  
Joy & Woe are woven fine  
A Clothing for the Soul divine  
Under every grief & pine  
Runs a joy with silken twine  
It is right it should be so  
Man was made for Joy & Woe  
And when this we rightly know  
Thro the World we safely go  
The Babe is more than swadling Bands  
Throughout all these Human Lands  
Tools were made & Born were hands  
Every Farmer Understands  
Every Tear from Every Eye  
Becomes a Babe in Eternity  
This is caught by Females bright  
And returnd to its own delight  
The Babe that weeps the Rod beneath  
Writes Revenge in realms of Death  
The Princes Robes & Beggars Rags  
Are Toadstools on the Misers Bags  
The Beggars Rags fluttering in Air  
Does to Rags the Heavens tear  
The poor Mans Farthing is worth more  
Than all the Gold on Africs Shore  
One Mite wrung from the Labrers hands  
Shall buy & sell the Misers Lands  
Or if protected from on high  
Does that whole Nation sell & buy  
The Strongest Poison ever known  
Came from Caesars Laurel Crown  
Nought can Deform the Human Race  
Like to the Armours iron brace

The Soldier armd with Sword & Gun  
 Palsied strikes the Summers Sun  
 When Gold & Gems adorn the Plow  
 To peaceful Arts shall Envy Bow  
 To be in a Passion you Good may Do  
 But no Good if a Passion is in you  
 The Whore & Gambler by the State  
 Licencd build that Nations Fate  
 The Harlots cry from Street to Street  
 Shall weave Old Englands winding Sheet  
 The Winners Shout the Losers Curse  
 Dance before dead Englands Hearse  
 Every Night & every Morn  
 Some to Misery are Born  
 Every Morn & every Night  
 Some are Born to sweet delight  
 Some are Born to sweet delight  
 Some are Born to Endless Night  
 We are led to Believe a Lie  
 When we see not Thro the Eye  
 Which was Born in a Night to perish in a Night  
 When the Soul Slept in Beams of Light  
 God Appears & God is Light  
 To those poor Souls who dwell in Night  
 But does a Human Form Display  
 To those who Dwell in Realms of day

## The Book of Thel

### THEL'S MOTTO

Does the Eagle know what is in the pit?  
 Or wilt thou go ask the Mole:  
 Can Wisdom be put in a silver rod?  
 Or Love in a golden bowl?

### THEL

I

The daughters of Mne Seraphim led round their sunny flocks.  
 All but the youngest; she in paleness sought the secret air.

To fade away like morning beauty from her mortal day:  
Down by the river of Adona her soft voice is heard:  
And thus her gentle lamentation falls like morning dew.

O life of this our spring! why fades the lotus of the water?  
Why fade these children of the spring? born but to smile & fall.  
Ah! Thel is like a watry bow, and like a parting cloud.  
Like a reflection in a glass. like shadows in the water.  
Like dreams of infants. like a smile upon an infants face,  
Like the doves voice, like transient day, like music in the air;  
Ah! gentle may I lay me down, and gentle rest my head.  
And gentle sleep the sleep of death. and gentle hear the voice  
Of him that walketh in the garden in the evening time.

The Lilly of the valley breathing in the humble grass  
Answer'd the lovely maid and said; I am a watry weed,  
And I am very small, and love to dwell in lowly vales;  
So weak, the gilded butterfly scarce perches on my head.  
Yet I am visited from heaven and he that smiles on all.  
Walks in the valley. and each morn over me spreads his hand  
Saying, rejoice thou humble grass, thou new-born lilly flower,  
Thou gentle maid of silent valleys. and of modest brooks;  
For thou shalt be clothed in light, and fed with morning manna:  
Till summers heat melts thee beside the fountains and the springs  
To flourish in eternal vales: then why should Thel complain,  
Why should the mistress of the vales of Har, utter a sigh.

She ceas'd & smild in tears, then sat down in her silver shrine.

Thel answerd. O thou little virgin of the peaceful valley.  
Giving to those that cannot crave, the voiceless, the o'ertired.  
Thy breath doth nourish the innocent lamb, he smells thy milky  
garments,

He crops thy flowers. while thou sittest smiling in his face,  
Wiping his mild and meekin mouth from all contagious taints.  
Thy wine doth purify the golden honey, thy perfume,  
Which thou dost scatter on every little blade of grass that springs  
Revives the milked cow, & tames the fire-breathing steed.  
But Thel is like a faint cloud kindled at the rising sun:  
I vanish from my pearly throne, and who shall find my place.

Queen of the vales the Lilly answerd, ask the tender cloud,  
And it shall tell thee why it glitters in the morning sky,  
And why it scatters its bright beauty thro' the humid air.  
Descend O little cloud & hover before the eyes of Thel.

The Cloud descended, and the Lilly bowd her modest head:  
And went to mind her numerous charge among the verdant grass.

## II

O little Cloud the virgin said, I charge thee tell to me,  
Why thou complainest not when in one hour thou fade away:  
Then we shall seek thee but not find; ah Thel is like to thee.  
I pass away. yet I complain, and no one hears my voice.

The Cloud then shew'd his golden head & his bright form emerg'd,  
Hovering and glittering on the air before the face of Thel.

O virgin know'st thou not. our steeds drink of the golden springs  
Where Luvah doth renew his horses: look'st thou on my youth,  
And fearest thou because I vanish and am seen no more.  
Nothing remains; O maid I tell thee, when I pass away,  
It is to tenfold life, to love, to peace, and raptures holy:  
Unseen descending, weigh my light wings upon balmy flowers;  
And court the fair eyed dew. to take me to her shining tent;  
The weeping virgin, trembling kneels before the risen sun,  
Till we arise link'd in a golden band, and never part;  
But walk united, bearing food to all our tender flowers

Dost thou O little Cloud? I fear that I am not like thee;  
For I walk through the vales of Har. and smell the sweetest flowers;  
But I feed not the little flowers: I hear the warbling birds,  
But I feed not the warbling birds. they fly and seek their food;  
But Thel delights in these no more because I fade away,  
And all shall say, without a use this shining woman liv'd,  
Or did she only live. to be at death the food of worms.

The Cloud reclind upon his airy throne and answer'd thus.

Then if thou art the food of worms. O virgin of the skies,  
How great thy use. how great thy blessing; every thing that lives,  
Lives not alone, nor for itself: fear not and I will call  
The weak worm from its lowly bed, and thou shalt hear its voice.  
Come forth worm of the silent valley, to thy pensive queen.

The helpless worm arose, and sat upon the Lillys leaf,  
And the bright Cloud saild on, to find his partner in the vale.



## III

Then Thel astonish'd view'd the Worm upon its dewy bed.

Art thou a Worm? image of weakness. art thou but a Worm?

I see thee like an infant wrapped in the Lillys leaf:

Ah weep not little voice, thou can'st not speak. but thou can'st weep;

Is this a Worm? I see thee lay helpless & naked: weeping,

And none to answer, none to cherish thee with mothers smiles.

The Clod of Clay heard the Worms voice, & raisd her pitying head;

She bow'd over the weeping infant, and her life exhal'd

In milky fondness, then on Thel she fix'd her humble eyes.

O beauty of the vales of Har. we live not for ourselves,

Thou seest me the meanest thing, and so I am indeed;

My bosom of itself is cold. and of itself is dark,

But he that loves the lowly, pours his oil upon my head.

And kisses me, and binds his nuptial bands around my breast.

And says; Thou mother of my children, I have loved thee.

And I have given thee a crown that none can take away

But how this is sweet maid, I know not, and I cannot know,

I ponder, and I cannot ponder; yet I live and love.

The daughter of beauty wip'd her pitying tears with her white veil,

And said. Alas! I knew not this, and therefore did I weep:

That God would love a Worm I knew, and punish the evil foot

That wilful, bruise'd its helpless form: but that he cherish'd it

With milk and oil, I never knew; and therefore did I weep,

And I complaind in the mild air, because I fade away,

And lay me down in thy cold bed, and leave my shining lot.

Queen of the vales, the matron Clay answerd; I heard thy sighs.

And all thy moans flew o'er my roof. but I have call'd them down:

Wilt thou O Queen enter my house. 'tis given thee to enter,

And to return; fear nothing. enter with thy virgin feet.

## IV

The eternal gates terrific porter lifted the northern bar:

Thel enter'd in & saw the secrets of the land unknown;

She saw the couches of the dead, & where the fibrous roots

Of every heart on earth infixes deep its restless twists:  
A land of sorrows & of tears where never smile was seen.

She wanderd in the land of clouds thro' valleys dark, listning  
Dolours & lamentations: waiting oft beside a dewy grave  
She stood in silence. listning to the voices of the ground,  
Till to her own grave plot she came, & there she sat down.  
And heard this voice of sorrow breathed from the hollow pit.

Why cannot the Ear be closed to its own destruction?  
Or the glistening Eye to the poison of a smile!  
Why are Eyelids stord with arrows ready drawn,  
Where a thousand fighting men in ambush lie?  
Or an Eye of gifts & graces, show'ring fruits & coined gold!  
Why a Tongue impress'd with honey from every wind?  
Why an Ear, a whirlpool fierce to draw creations in?  
Why a Nostril wide inhaling terror trembling & affright.  
Why a tender curb upon the youthful burning boy!  
Why a little curtain of flesh on the bed of our desire?

The Virgin started from her seat, & with a shriek.  
Fled back unhinderd till she came into the vales of Har

## Proverbs of Hell

In seed time learn, in harvest teach, in winter enjoy.

Drive your cart and your plow over the bones of the dead.  
The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom.

Prudence is a rich ugly old maid courted by Incapacity.  
He who desires but acts not, breeds pestilence.

The cut worm forgives the plow.

Dip him in the river who loves water.

A fool sees not the same tree that a wise man sees.  
He whose face gives no light, shall never become a star.  
Eternity is in love with the productions of time.

The busy bee has no time for sorrow.

The hours of folly are measur'd by the clock, but of wisdom: no clock  
can measure.

All wholsom food is caught without a net or a trap.  
Bring out number weight & measure in a year of dearth.

No bird soars too high. if he soars with his own wings.

A dead body. revenges not injuries.

The most sublime act is to set another before you.

If the fool would persist in his folly he would become wise  
Folly is the cloke of knavery.

Shame is Prides cloke.

Prisons are built with stones of Law, Brothels with bricks of Religion.  
The pride of the peacock is the glory of God.  
The lust of the goat is the bounty of God.  
The wrath of the lion is the wisdom of God.  
The nakedness of woman is the work of God.

Excess of sorrow laughs. Excess of joy weeps.

The roaring of lions, the howling of wolves, the raging of the stormy sea,  
and the destructive sword. are portions of eternity too great for the  
eye of man.

The fox condemns the trap, not himself.

Joys impregnate. Sorrows bring forth.

Let man wear the fell of the lion. woman the fleece of the sheep.

The bird a nest, the spider a web, man friendship.

The selfish smiling fool. & the sullen frowning fool. shall be both  
thought wise. that they may be a rod.

What is now proved was once, only imagin'd.

The rat, the mouse, the fox, the rabbit; watch the roots, the lion, the  
tyger, the horse, the elephant, watch the fruits.

The cistern contains: the fountain overflows

One thought. fills immensity.

Always be ready to speak your mind, and a base man will avoid you.

Every thing possible to be believ'd is an image of truth.

The eagle never lost so much time. as when he submitted to learn of the  
crow.

The fox provides for himself. but God provides for the lion.  
Think in the morning, Act in the noon, Eat in the evening, Sleep in the night.

He who has sufferd you to impose on him knows you.  
As the plow follows words, so God rewards prayers.

The tygers of wrath are wiser than the horses of instruction  
Expect poison from the standing water.

You never know what is enough unless you know what is more than enough.

Listen to the fools reproach! it is a kingly title!

The eyes of fire, the nostrils of air, the mouth of water, the beard of earth.

The weak in courage is strong in cunning.

The apple tree never asks the beech how he shall grow, nor the lion. the horse; how he shall take his prey.

The thankful reciever bears a plentiful harvest.

If others had not been foolish. we should be so.

The soul of sweet delight. can never be defil'd,

When thou seest an Eagle, thou seest a portion of Genius. lift up thy head!

As the catterpillar chooses the fairest leaves to lay her eggs on, so the priest lays his curse on the fairest joys.

To create a little flower is the labour of ages.

Damn. braces: Bless relaxes.

The best wine is the oldest. the best water the newest.

Prayers plow not! Praises reap not!

Joys laugh not! Sorrows weep not!

The head Sublime, the heart Pathos, the genitals Beauty, the hands & feet Proportion.

As the air to a bird or the sea to a fish, so is contempt to the contemptible.  
The crow wish'd every thing was black, the owl, that every thing was white.

Exuberance is Beauty.

If the lion was advised by the fox. he would be cunning.

Improvement makes strait roads, but the crooked roads without  
Improvement, are roads of Genius.

Sooner murder an infant in its cradle than nurse unacted desires  
Where man is not nature is barren.

Truth can never be told so as to be understood, and not be believ'd.

Enough! or Too much

### "America a Prophecy": Preludium

The shadowy daughter of Urthona stood before red Orc.  
When fourteen suns had faintly journey'd o'er his dark abode;  
His food she brought in iron baskets, his drink in cups of iron;  
Crown'd with a helmet & dark hair the nameless female stood;  
A quiver with its burning stores, a bow like that of night,  
When pestilence is shot from heaven; no other arms she need:  
Invulnerable tho' naked, save where clouds roll round her loins,  
Their awful folds in the dark air; silent she stood as night;  
For never from her iron tongue could voice or sound arise;  
But dumb till that dread day when Orc assay'd his fierce embrace.

Dark virgin; said the hairy youth, thy father stern abhorr'd;  
Rivets my tenfold chains while still on high my spirit soars;  
Sometimes an eagle screaming in the sky, sometimes a lion,  
Stalking upon the mountains, & sometimes a whale I lash  
The raging fathomless abyss, anon a serpent folding  
Around the pillars of Urthona, and round thy dark limbs,  
On the Canadian wilds I fold, feeble my spirit folds.  
For chain'd beneath I rend these caverns; when thou bringest food  
I howl my joy! and my red eyes seek to behold thy face  
In vain! these clouds roll to & fro, & hide thee from my sight.

Silent as despairing love, and strong as jealousy,  
The hairy shoulders rend the links, free are the wrists of fire;  
Round the terrific loins he siez'd the panting struggling womb;  
It joy'd: she put aside her clouds & smiled her first-born smile;  
As when a black cloud shews its light'nings to the silent deep.

Soon as she saw the terrible boy then burst the virgin cry.

I know thee, I have found thee, & I will not let thee go;  
Thou art the image of God who dwells in darkness of Africa;



And thou art fall'n to give me life in regions of dark death.  
On my American plains I feel the struggling afflictions  
Endur'd by roots that writhe their arms into the nether deep:  
I see a serpent in Canada, who courts me to his love;  
In Mexico an Eagle, and a Lion in Peru;  
I see a Whale in the South-sea, drinking my soul away.  
O what limb rending pains I feel. thy fire & my frost  
Mingle in howling pains, in furrows by thy lightnings rent;  
This is eternal death; and this the torment long foretold.

### **"And did those feet in ancient time"**

And did those feet in ancient time,  
Walk upon Englands mountains green:  
And was the holy Lamb of God,  
On Englands pleasant pastures seen!

And did the Countenance Divine,  
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?  
And was Jerusalem builded here,  
Among these dark Satanic Mills?

Bring me my Bow of burning gold:  
Bring me my Arrows of desire:  
Bring me my Spear: O clouds unfold!  
Bring me my Chariot of fire!

I will not cease from Mental Fight,  
Nor shall my Sword sleep in my hand:  
Till we have built Jerusalem,  
In Englands green & pleasant Land.

## WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770–1850)

### We Are Seven

— A simple Child,  
That lightly draws its breath,  
And feels its life in every limb,  
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage Girl:  
She was eight years old, she said;  
Her hair was thick with many a curl  
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,  
And she was wildly clad:  
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;  
— Her beauty made me glad.

“Sisters and brothers, little Maid,  
How many may you be?”

“How many? Seven in all,” she said  
And wondering looked at me.

“And where are they? I pray you tell.”  
She answered, “Seven are we;  
And two of us at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea.

“Two of us in the church-yard lie,  
My sister and my brother;  
And, in the church-yard cottage, I  
Dwell near them with my mother.”

*days with brother and sister*

"You say that two at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea,  
Yet ye are seven! — I pray you tell,  
Sweet Maid, how this may be."

Then did the little Maid reply,  
"Seven boys and girls are we;  
Two of us in the church-yard lie,  
Beneath the church-yard tree."

"You run about, my little Maid,  
Your limbs they are alive;  
If two are in the church-yard laid,  
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"  
The little Maid replied,  
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,  
And they are side by side."

"My stockings there I often knit,  
My kerchief there I hem;  
And there upon the ground I sit,  
And sing a song to them."

"And often after sunset, Sir,  
When it is light and fair,  
I take my little porringer,  
And eat my supper there."

"The first that died was sister Jane;  
In bed she moaning lay,  
Till God released her of her pain;  
And then she went away."

"So in the church-yard she was laid;  
And, when the grass was dry,  
Together round her grave we played,  
My brother John and I."

"And when the ground was white with snow,  
And I could run and slide,  
My brother John was forced to go,  
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,  
"If they two are in heaven?"  
Quick was the little Maid's reply,  
"O Master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!  
Their spirits are in heaven!"  
'T was throwing words away; for still  
The little Maid would have her will,  
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

## Lines

COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE  
TINTERN ABBEY, ON REVISITING  
THE BANKS OF THE WYE  
DURING A TOUR. JULY 13, 1798

Five years have past; five summers, with the length  
Of five long winters! and again I hear  
These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs  
With a soft inland murmur. — Once again  
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,  
That on a wild secluded scene impress  
Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect  
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.  
The day is come when I again repose  
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view  
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,  
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,  
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves  
'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see  
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines  
Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms,  
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke  
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!  
With some uncertain notice, as might seem  
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,

Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire  
The Hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,  
Through a long absence, have not been to me  
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:  
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din  
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them  
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,  
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;  
And passing even into my purer mind,  
With tranquil restoration: — feelings too  
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,  
As have no slight or trivial influence  
On that best portion of a good man's life,  
His little, nameless, unremembered, acts  
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,  
To them I may have owed another gift,  
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,  
In which the burthen of the mystery,  
In which the heavy and the weary weight  
Of all this unintelligible world,  
Is lightened: — that serene and blessed mood,  
In which the affections gently lead us on, —  
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame  
And even the motion of our human blood  
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep  
In body, and become a living soul:  
While with an eye made quiet by the power  
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,  
We see into the life of things.

If this  
Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft —  
In darkness and amid the many shapes  
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir  
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,  
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart —  
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,  
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer thro' the woods,  
How often has my spirit turned to thee!

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,  
With many recognitions dim and faint,  
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,  
The picture of the mind revives again:



While here I stand, not only with the sense  
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts  
That in this moment there is life and food  
For future years. And so I dare to hope,  
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first  
I came among these hills; when like a roe  
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides  
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,  
Wherever nature led: more like a man  
Flying from something that he dreads, than one  
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then  
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,  
And their glad animal movements all gone by)  
To me was all in all. — I cannot paint  
What then I was. The sounding cataract  
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,  
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,  
Their colours and their forms, were then to me  
An appetite; a feeling and a love,  
That had no need of a remoter charm,  
By thought supplied, nor any interest  
Unborrowed from the eye. — That time is past,  
And all its aching joys are now no more,  
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this  
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts  
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,  
Abundant recompense. For I have learned  
To look on nature, not as in the hour  
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing often-times  
The still, sad music of humanity,  
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power  
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt  
A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;  
A motion and a spirit, that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still  
A lover of the meadows and the woods,  
And mountains; and of all that we behold

From this green earth; of all the mighty world  
 Of eye, and ear, — both what they half create,  
 And what perceive; well pleased to recognise  
 In nature and the language of the sense,  
 The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,  
 The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul  
 Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,  
 If I were not thus taught, should I the more  
 Suffer my genial spirits to decay:  
 For thou art with me here upon the banks  
 Of this fair river; thou my dearest Friend,  
 My dear, dear Friend; and in thy voice I catch  
 The language of my former heart, and read  
 My former pleasures in the shooting lights  
 Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while  
 May I behold in thee what I was once,  
 My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I make,  
 Knowing that Nature never did betray  
 The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,  
 Through all the years of this our life, to lead  
 From joy to joy: for she can so inform  
 The mind that is within us, so impress  
 With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
 With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,  
 Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,  
 Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all  
 The dreary intercourse of daily life,  
 Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb  
 Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold  
 Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon  
 Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;  
 And let the misty mountain-winds be free  
 To blow against thee: and, in after years,  
 When these wild ecstasies shall be matured  
 Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind  
 Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,  
 Thy memory be as a dwelling-place  
 For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,  
 If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,  
 Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts  
 Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,

And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance —  
If I should be where I no more can hear  
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams  
Of past existence — wilt thou then forget  
That on the banks of this delightful stream  
We stood together; and that I, so long  
A worshipper of Nature, hither came  
Unwearied in that service: rather say  
With warmer love — oh! with far deeper zeal  
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,  
That after many wanderings, many years  
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,  
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me  
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

## Nutting

— It seems a day

(I speak of one from many singled out)  
One of those heavenly days that cannot die;  
When, in the eagerness of boyish hope,  
I left our cottage-threshold, sallying forth  
With a huge wallet o'er my shoulders slung,  
A nutting-crook in hand; and turned my steps  
Tow'rd some far-distant wood, a Figure quaint,  
Tricked out in proud disguise of cast-off weeds  
Which for that service had been husbanded,  
By exhortation of my frugal Dame —  
Motley accoutrement, of power to smile  
At thorns, and brakes, and brambles, — and, in truth,  
More ragged than need was! O'er pathless rocks,  
Through beds of matted fern, and tangled thickets,  
Forcing my way, I came to one dear nook  
Unvisited, where not a broken bough  
Drooped with its withered leaves, ungracious sign  
Of devastation; but the hazels rose  
Tall and erect, with tempting clusters hung,  
A virgin scene! — A little while I stood,  
Breathing with such suppression of the heart

As joy delights in; and, with wise restraint  
Voluptuous, fearless of a rival, eyed  
The banquet; — or beneath the trees I sate  
Among the flowers, and with the flowers I played;  
A temper known to those, who, after long  
And weary expectation, have been blest  
With sudden happiness beyond all hope.  
Perhaps it was a bower beneath whose leaves  
The violets of five seasons re-appear  
And fade, unseen by any human eye;  
Where fairy water-breaks do murmur on  
For ever; and I saw the sparkling foam,  
And — with my cheek on one of those green stones  
That, fleeced with moss, under the shady trees,  
Lay round me, scattered like a flock of sheep —  
I heard the murmur and the murmuring sound,  
In that sweet mood when pleasure loves to pay  
Tribute to ease; and, of its joy secure,  
The heart luxuriates with indifferent things,  
Wasting its kindliness on stocks and stones,  
And on the vacant air. Then up I rose,  
And dragged to earth both branch and bough, with crash  
And merciless ravage: and the shady nook  
Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower,  
Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up  
Their quiet being; and, unless I now  
Confound my present feelings with the past;  
Ere from the mutilated bower I turned  
Exulting, rich beyond the wealth of kings,  
I felt a sense of pain when I beheld  
The silent trees, and saw the intruding sky —  
Then, dearest Maiden, move along these shades  
In gentleness of heart; with gentle hand  
Touch — for there is a spirit in the woods.

“Strange fits of passion have I known”

Strange fits of passion have I known:  
And I will dare to tell,  
But in the Lover's ear alone,  
What once to me befell.



When she I loved looked every day  
Fresh as a rose in June,  
I to her cottage bent my way,  
Beneath an evening-moon.

Upon the moon I fixed my eye,  
All over the wide lea;  
With quickening pace my horse drew nigh  
Those paths so dear to me.

And now we reached the orchard-plot;  
And, as we climbed the hill,  
The sinking moon to Lucy's cot  
Came near, and nearer still.

In one of those sweet dreams I slept,  
Kind Nature's gentlest boon!  
And all the while my eyes I kept  
On the descending moon.

My horse moved on; hoof after hoof  
He raised, and never stopped:  
When down behind the cottage roof,  
At once, the bright moon dropped.

What fond and wayward thoughts will slide  
Into a Lover's head!  
"O mercy!" to myself I cried,  
"If Lucy should be dead!"

### "She dwelt among the untrodden ways"

She dwelt among the untrodden ways  
Beside the springs of Dove,  
A Maid whom there were none to praise  
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone  
Half hidden from the eye!  
— Fair as a star, when only one  
Is shining in the sky.



She lived unknown, and few could know  
When Lucy ceased to be;  
But she is in her grave, and, oh,  
The difference to me!

**"I travelled among unknown men"**

I travelled among unknown men,  
In lands beyond the sea;  
Nor, England! did I know till then  
What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream!  
Nor will I quit thy shore  
A second time; for still I seem  
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel  
The joy of my desire;  
And she I cherished turned her wheel  
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed  
The bowers where Lucy played;  
And thine too is the last green field  
That Lucy's eyes surveyed.

**"A slumber did my spirit seal"**

A slumber did my spirit seal;  
I had no human fears:  
She seemed a thing that could not feel  
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force;  
She neither hears nor sees;  
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,  
With rocks, and stones, and trees.

## Lucy Gray

### OR, SOLITUDE

Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray:  
And, when I crossed the wild,  
I chanced to see at break of day  
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;  
She dwelt on a wide moor,  
— The sweetest thing that ever grew  
Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,  
The hare upon the green;  
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray  
Will never more be seen.

“To-night will be a stormy night —  
You to the town must go;  
And take a lantern, Child, to light  
Your mother through the snow.”

“That, Father! will I gladly do:  
’Tis scarcely afternoon —  
The minster-clock has just struck two,  
And yonder is the moon!”

At this the Father raised his hook,  
And snapped a faggot-band;  
He plied his work; — and Lucy took  
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe:  
With many a wanton stroke  
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,  
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time:  
She wandered up and down;  
And many a hill did Lucy climb:  
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night  
Went shouting far and wide;  
But there was neither sound nor sight  
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood  
That overlooked the moor;  
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,  
A furlong from their door.

They wept — and, turning homeward, cried,  
“In heaven we all shall meet;”  
— When in the snow the mother spied  
The print of Lucy’s feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill’s edge  
They tracked the footmarks small;  
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,  
And by the long stone-wall;

And then an open field they crossed:  
The marks were still the same;  
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;  
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank  
Those footmarks, one by one,  
Into the middle of the plank;  
And further there were none!

— Yet some maintain that to this day  
She is a living child;  
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray  
Upon the lonesome wild.

O’er rough and smooth she trips along,  
And never looks behind;  
And sings a solitary song  
That whistles in the wind.

### “My heart leaps up when I behold”

My heart leaps up when I behold

A rainbow in the sky:

So was it when my life began;

So is it now I am a man;

So be it when I shall grow old,

Or let me die!

The Child is father of the Man;

And I could wish my days to be

Bound each to each by natural piety.

### Resolution and Independence

- I There was a roaring in the wind all night;  
The rain came heavily and fell in floods;  
But now the sun is rising calm and bright;  
The birds are singing in the distant woods;  
Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove broods;  
The Jay makes answer as the Magpie chatters;  
And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters.
- II All things that love the sun are out of doors;  
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;  
The grass is bright with rain-drops; — on the moors  
The hare is running races in her mirth;  
And with her feet she from the plashy earth  
Raises a mist, that, glittering in the sun,  
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.
- III I was a Traveller then upon the moor,  
I saw the hare that raced about with joy;  
I heard the woods and distant waters roar;  
Or heard them not, as happy as a boy:  
The pleasant season did my heart employ:  
My old remembrances went from me wholly;  
And all the ways of men, so vain and melancholy.

- IV But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the might  
Of joy in minds that can no further go,  
As high as we have mounted in delight  
In our dejection do we sink as low;  
To me that morning did it happen so;  
And fears and fancies thick upon me came;  
Dim sadness — and blind thoughts, I knew not, nor could name.
- V I heard the sky-lark warbling in the sky;  
And I bethought me of the playful hare:  
Even such a happy Child of earth am I;  
Even as these blissful creatures do I fare;  
Far from the world I walk, and from all care;  
But there may come another day to me —  
Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty.
- VI My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought,  
As if life's business were a summer mood;  
As if all needful things would come unsought  
To genial faith, still rich in genial good;  
But how can He expect that others should  
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call  
Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?
- VII I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous Boy,  
The sleepless Soul that perished in his pride;  
Of Him who walked in glory and in joy  
Following his plough, along the mountain-side:  
By our own spirits are we deified:  
We Poets in our youth begin in gladness;  
But thereof come in the end despondency and madness.
- VIII Now, whether it were by peculiar grace,  
A leading from above, a something given,  
Yet it befell, that, in this lonely place,  
When I with these untoward thoughts had striven,  
Beside a pool bare to the eye of heaven  
I saw a Man before me unawares:  
The oldest man he seemed that ever wore grey hairs.



- IX As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie  
Couched on the bald top of an eminence;  
Wonder to all who do the same espy,  
By what means it could thither come, and whence;  
So that it seems a thing endued with sense:  
Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a shelf  
Of rock or sand reposes, there to sun itself;
- X Such seemed this Man, not all alive nor dead,  
Nor all asleep — in his extreme old age:  
His body was bent double, feet and head  
Coming together in life's pilgrimage;  
As if some dire constraint of pain, or rage  
Of sickness felt by him in times long past,  
A more than human weight upon his frame had cast.
- XI Himself he propped, limbs, body, and pale face,  
Upon a long grey staff of shaven wood:  
And, still as I drew near with gentle pace,  
Upon the margin of that moorish flood  
Motionless as a cloud the old Man stood,  
That heareth not the loud winds when they call  
And moveth all together, if it move at all.
- XII At length, himself unsettling, he the pond  
Stirred with his staff, and fixedly did look  
Upon the muddy water, which he conned,  
As if he had been reading in a book:  
And now a stranger's privilege I took;  
And, drawing to his side, to him did say,  
"This morning gives us promise of a glorious day."
- XIII A gentle answer did the old Man make,  
In courteous speech which forth he slowly drew:  
And him with further words I thus bespake,  
"What occupation do you there pursue?  
This is a lonesome place for one like you."  
Ere he replied, a flash of mild surprise  
Broke from the sable orbs of his yet-vivid eyes,

- XIV His words came feebly, from a feeble chest,  
But each in solemn order followed each,  
With something of a lofty utterance drest —  
Choice word and measured phrase, above the reach  
Of ordinary men; a stately speech;  
Such as grave Livers do in Scotland use,  
Religious men, who give to God and man their dues.
- XV He told, that to these waters he had come  
To gather leeches, being old and poor:  
Employment hazardous and wearisome!  
And he had many hardships to endure:  
From pond to pond he roamed, from moor to moor;  
Housing, with God's good help, by choice or chance,  
And in this way he gained an honest maintenance.
- XVI The old Man still stood talking by my side;  
But now his voice to me was like a stream  
Scarce heard; nor word from word could I divide;  
And the whole body of the Man did seem  
Like one whom I had met with in a dream;  
Or like a man from some far region sent,  
To give me human strength, by apt admonishment.
- XVII My former thoughts returned: the fear that kills;  
And hope that is unwilling to be fed;  
Cold, pain, and labour, and all fleshly ills;  
And mighty Poets in their misery dead.  
— Perplexed, and longing to be comforted,  
My question eagerly did I renew,  
“How is it that you live, and what is it you do?”
- XVIII He with a smile did then his words repeat;  
And said, that, gathering leeches, far and wide  
He travelled; stirring thus above his feet  
The waters of the pools where they abide.  
“Once I could meet with them on every side;  
But they have dwindled long by slow decay;  
Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may.”

- XIX While he was talking thus, the lonely place,  
The old Man's shape, and speech — all troubled me:  
In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pace  
About the weary moors continually,  
Wandering about alone and silently.  
While I these thoughts within myself pursued,  
He, having made a pause, the same discourse renewed.
- XX And soon with this he other matter blended,  
Cheerfully uttered, with demeanour kind,  
But stately in the main; and when he ended,  
I could have laughed myself to scorn to find  
In that decrepit Man so firm a mind.  
"God," said I, "be my help and stay secure;  
I'll think of the Leech-gatherer on the lonely moor!"

### Composed upon Westminster Bridge, Sept. 3, 1802

Earth has not anything to show more fair:  
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
A sight so touching in its majesty:  
This City now doth, like a garment, wear  
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,  
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;  
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
Never did sun more beautifully steep  
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;  
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!  
The river glideth at his own sweet will:  
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;  
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

## On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic

Once did She hold the gorgeous east in fee;  
And was the safeguard of the west: the worth  
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,  
Venice, the eldest Child of Liberty.  
She was a maiden City, bright and free;  
No guile seduced, no force could violate;  
And, when she took unto herself a Mate,  
She must espouse the everlasting Sea.  
And what if she had seen those glories fade,  
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay;  
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid  
When her long life hath reached its final day:  
Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade  
Of that which once was great, is passed away.

## To Toussaint L'Ouverture

Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men!  
Whether the whistling Rustic tend his plough  
Within thy hearing, or thy head be now  
Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den; —  
O miserable Chieftain! where and when  
Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not; do thou  
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow:  
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,  
Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind  
Powers that will work for thee; air, earth, and skies;  
There's not a breathing of the common wind  
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;  
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,  
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

## In London, September 1802

O Friend! I know not which way I must look  
For comfort, being, as I am, opprest,  
To think that now our life is only drest  
For show; mean handy-work of craftsman, cook,  
Or groom! — We must run glittering like a brook  
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest:  
The wealthiest man among us is the best:  
No grandeur now in nature or in book  
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,  
This is idolatry; and these we adore:  
Plain living and high thinking are no more:  
The homely beauty of the good old cause  
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,  
And pure religion breathing household laws.

## London, 1802

Milton! thou should'st be living at this hour:  
England hath need of thee: she is a fen  
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,  
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,  
Have forfeited their ancient English dower  
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;  
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;  
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.  
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:  
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:  
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,  
So didst thou travel on life's common way,  
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart  
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.



## The Solitary Reaper

Behold her, single in the field,  
Yon solitary Highland Lass!  
Reaping and singing by herself;  
Stop here, or gently pass!  
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,  
And sings a melancholy strain;  
O listen! for the Vale profound  
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt  
More welcome notes to weary bands  
Of travellers in some shady haunt,  
Among Arabian sands:  
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard  
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,  
Breaking the silence of the seas  
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings? —  
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
For old, unhappy, far-off things,  
And battles long ago:  
Or is it some more humble lay,  
Familiar matter of to-day?  
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,  
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang  
As if her song could have no ending;  
I saw her singing at her work,  
And o'er the sickle bending; —  
I listened, motionless and still;  
And, as I mounted up the hill  
The music in my heart I bore,  
Long after it was heard no more.

**"She was a Phantom of delight"**

She was a Phantom of delight  
When first she gleamed upon my sight;  
A lovely Apparition, sent  
To be a moment's ornament;  
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;  
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;  
But all things else about her drawn  
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn;  
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,  
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

I saw her upon nearer view,  
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!  
Her household motions light and free,  
And steps of virgin-liberty;  
A countenance in which did meet  
Sweet records, promises as sweet;  
A Creature not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food;  
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene  
The very pulse of the machine;  
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,  
A Traveller between life and death;  
The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;  
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort, and command;  
And yet a Spirit still, and bright  
With something of angelic light.

**"I wandered lonely as a cloud"**

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of golden daffodils;

Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they  
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:  
A poet could not but be gay,  
In such a jocund company:  
I gazed — and gazed — but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

### Ode to Duty

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!  
O Duty! if that name thou love  
Who art a light to guide, a rod  
To check the erring, and reprove;  
Thou, who art victory and law  
When empty terrors overawe;  
From vain temptations dost set free;  
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye  
Be on them; who, in love and truth,  
Where no misgiving is, rely  
Upon the genial sense of youth:  
Glad Hearts! without reproach or blot  
Who do thy work, and know it not:

Oh! if through confidence misplaced  
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power! around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,  
And happy will our nature be,  
When love is an unerring light,  
And joy its own security.  
And they a blissful course may hold  
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,  
Live in the spirit of this creed;  
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried;  
No sport of every random gust,  
Yet being to myself a guide,  
Too blindly have reposed my trust:  
And oft, when in my heart was heard  
Thy timely mandate, I deferred  
The task, in smoother walks to stray;  
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,  
Or strong compunction in me wrought,  
I supplicate for thy control;  
But in the quietness of thought:  
Me this unchartered freedom tires;  
I feel the weight of chance-desires:  
My hopes no more must change their name,  
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear  
The Godhead's most benignant grace;  
Nor know we anything so fair  
As is the smile upon thy face:  
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds  
And fragrance in thy footing treads;  
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;  
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!  
I call thee: I myself commend  
Unto thy guidance from this hour;

Oh, let my weakness have an end!  
 Give unto me, made lowly wise,  
 The spirit of self-sacrifice;  
 The confidence of reason give;  
 And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live!

Nature reflects who  
 we are!

Theme: ① Nature & her role in this boy's life  
 ② Democracy & the need for  
 each citizen's conscience.

William Wordsworth

# "The Prelude": Book I, 340-400

Samuel Taylor

Coleridge

(writing buddy)

Percy Wordsworth

Growth of a Poet's  
 mind.

the book = introduction

Dust as we are, the immortal spirit grows  
 Like harmony in music; there is a dark  
 Inscrutable workmanship that reconciles  
 Discordant elements, makes them cling together  
 In one society. How strange, that all  
 The terrors, pains, and early miseries,  
 Regrets, vexations, lassitudes interfused  
 Within my mind, should e'er have borne a part,  
 And that a needful part, in making up  
 The calm existence that is mine when I  
 Am worthy of myself! Praise to the end!  
 Thanks to the means which Nature deigned to employ;  
 Whether her fearless visitings, or those  
 That came with soft alarm, like hurtless light  
 Opening the peaceful clouds; or she would use  
 Severer interventions, ministry  
 More palpable, as best might suit her aim.

One summer evening (led by her) I found  
 A little boat tied to a willow tree  
 Within a rocky cove, its usual home.  
 Straight I untied her chain, and stepping in  
 Pushed from the shore. It was an act of stealth  
 And troubled pleasure, nor without the voice  
 Of mountain-echoes did my boat move on;  
 Leaving behind her still, on either side,  
 Small circles glittering idly in the moon,  
 Until they melted all into one track  
 Of sparkling light. But now, like one who rows,  
 Proud of his skill, to reach a chosen point  
 With an unswerving line, I fixed my view  
 Upon the summit of a craggy ridge,

inefficient

dream?

voice of democracy  
 weakness of  
 democracy (not  
 clearly tell where  
 the thing should do)

one reflected reflective  
 device, • structure (shifting from reflection → event  
 → reflection)



imagery → lack of religious natural imagery → plural 1st → singular  
 → overwhelming self/individual dark/light

## The Prelude (excerpts)

47

The horizon's utmost boundary; far above  
 Was nothing but the stars and the grey sky.  
 She was an elfin pinnace; lustily  
 I dipped my oars into the silent lake,  
 And, as I rose upon the stroke, my boat  
 Went heaving through the water like a swan;  
 When, from behind that craggy steep till then  
 The horizon's bound, a huge peak, black and huge,  
 As if with voluntary power instinct,  
 Upreared its head. I struck and struck again,  
 And growing still in stature the grim shape  
 Towered up between me and the stars, and still,  
 For so it seemed, with purpose of its own  
 And measured motion like a living thing,  
 Strode after me. With trembling oars I turned,  
 And through the silent water stole my way  
 Back to the covert of the willow tree;  
 There in her mooring-place I left my bark, —  
 And through the meadows homeward went, in grave  
 And serious mood; but after I had seen  
 That spectacle, for many days, my brain  
 Worked with a dim and undetermined sense  
 Of unknown modes of being; o'er my thoughts  
 There hung a darkness, call it solitude  
 Or blank desertion. No familiar shapes  
 Remained, no pleasant images of trees,  
 Of sea or sky, no colours of green fields;  
 But huge and mighty forms, that do not live—  
 Like living men, moved slowly through the mind  
 By day, and were a trouble to my dreams.

scene  
 Dictator → personification  
 } nonsense?  
 → repetition  
 strength ⇒ Time for  
 of democracy consider  
 again end.  
 } (similar with the beginning canon cycle)

## "The Prelude": Book XI, 105–143

O pleasant exercise of hope and joy!  
 For mighty were the auxiliars which then stood  
 Upon our side, us who were strong in love!  
 Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,  
 But to be young was very Heaven! O times,  
 In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways  
 Of custom, law, and statute, took at once  
 The attraction of a country in romance!

When Reason seemed the most to assert her rights,  
 When most intent on making of herself  
 A prime enchantress — to assist the work,  
 Which then was going forward in her name!  
 Not favoured spots alone, but the whole Earth,  
 The beauty wore of promise — that which sets  
 (As at some moments might not be unfelt  
 Among the bowers of Paradise itself)  
 The budding rose above the rose full blown.  
 What temper at the prospect did not wake  
 To happiness unthought of? The inert  
 Were roused, and lively natures rapt away!  
 They who had fed their childhood upon dreams,  
 The play-fellows of fancy, who had made  
 All powers of swiftness, subtilty, and strength  
 Their ministers, — who in lordly wise had stirred  
 Among the grandest objects of the sense,  
 And dealt with whatsoever they found there  
 As if they had within some lurking right  
 To wield it; — they, too, who of gentle mood  
 Had watched all gentle motions, and to these  
 Had fitted their own thoughts, schemers more mild,  
 And in the region of their peaceful selves; —  
 Now was it that *both* found, the meek and lofty  
 Did both find, helpers to their hearts' desire,  
 And stuff at hand, plastic as they could wish, —  
 Were called upon to exercise their skill,  
 Not in Utopia, — subterranean fields, —  
 Or some secreted island, Heaven knows where!  
 But in the very world, which is the world  
 Of all of us, — the place where, in the end,  
 We find our happiness, or not at all!

### Character of the Happy Warrior

Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he  
 That every man in arms should wish to be?  
 — It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought  
 Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought  
 Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought:  
 Whose high endeavours are an inward light

That makes the path before him always bright:  
Who, with a natural instinct to discern  
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;  
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,  
But makes his moral being his prime care;  
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,  
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!  
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;  
In face of these doth exercise a power  
Which is our human nature's highest dower;  
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves  
Of their bad influence, and their good receives:  
By objects, which might force the soul to abate  
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate;  
Is placable — because occasions rise  
So often that demand such sacrifice;  
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,  
As tempted more; more able to endure,  
As more exposed to suffering and distress;  
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.  
— 'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends  
Upon that law as on the best of friends;  
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still  
To evil for a guard against worse ill,  
And what in quality or act is best  
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,  
He labours good on good to fix, and owes  
To virtue every triumph that he knows:  
— Who, if he rise to station of command,  
Rises by open means; and there will stand  
On honourable terms, or else retire,  
And in himself possess his own desire;  
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same  
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;  
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait  
For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state;  
Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall,  
Like showers of manna, if they come at all:  
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,  
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,  
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;  
But who, if he be called upon to face

Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined  
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,  
Is happy as a Lover; and attired  
With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired;  
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law.  
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;  
Or if an unexpected call succeed,  
Come when it will, is equal to the need:  
— He who, though thus endued as with a sense  
And faculty for storm and turbulence,  
Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans  
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes;  
Sweet images! which, wheresoe'er he be,  
Are at his heart; and such fidelity  
It is his darling passion to approve;  
More brave for this, that he hath much to love: —  
'Tis, finally, the Man, who, lifted high,  
Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,  
Or left unthought-of in obscurity, —  
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,  
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not —  
Plays, in the many games of life, that one  
Where what he most doth value must be won:  
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,  
Nor thought of tender happiness betray;  
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,  
Looks forward, persevering to the last,  
From well to better, daily self-surpast:  
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth  
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,  
Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,  
And leave a dead unprofitable name —  
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;  
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws  
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause:  
This is the happy Warrior; this is He  
That every Man in arms should wish to be.

**“The world is too much with us; late and soon”**

The world is too much with us; late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:  
Little we see in Nature that is ours;  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!  
The Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;  
The winds that will be howling at all hours,  
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;  
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;  
It moves us not. — Great God! I'd rather be  
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;  
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

**Ode:**

**Intimations of Immortality from  
Recollections of Early Childhood**

I

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,  
The earth, and every common sight,  
    To me did seem  
    Apparelled in celestial light,  
The glory and the freshness of a dream.  
It is not now as it hath been of yore; —  
    Turn wheresoe'er I may,  
    By night or day,  
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.



## II

The Rainbow comes and goes,  
And lovely is the Rose,  
The Moon doth with delight  
Look round her when the heavens are bare,  
Waters on a starry night  
Are beautiful and fair;  
The sunshine is a glorious birth;  
But yet I know, where'er I go,  
That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

## III

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,  
And while the young lambs bound  
As to the tabor's sound,  
To me alone there came a thought of grief:  
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,  
And I again am strong:  
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;  
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;  
I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,  
The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,  
And all the earth is gay;  
Land and sea  
Give themselves up to jollity,  
And with the heart of May  
Doth every Beast keep holiday; —  
Thou Child of Joy,  
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy  
Shepherd-boy!

## IV

Ye blessèd Creatures, I have heard the call  
Ye to each other make; I see  
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;  
My heart is at your festival,  
My head hath its coronal,  
The fulness of your bliss, I feel — I feel it all.  
Oh evil day! if I were sullen  
While Earth herself is adorning,

This sweet May-morning,  
 And the Children are culling  
     On every side,  
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,  
 Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,  
 And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm: —  
     I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!  
     — But there's a Tree, of many, one,  
 A single Field which I have looked upon,  
 Both of them speak of something that is gone:  
     The Pansy at my feet  
     Doth the same tale repeat:  
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam?  
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

## V

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:  
 The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,  
     Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
     And cometh from afar:  
     Not in entire forgetfulness,  
     And not in utter nakedness,  
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
     From God, who is our home:  
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy!  
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
     Upon the growing Boy,  
 But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,  
     He sees it in his joy;  
 The Youth, who daily farther from the east  
     Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,  
     And by the vision splendid  
     Is on his way attended;  
 At length the Man perceives it die away,  
 And fade into the light of common day.

## VI

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;  
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,

And, even with something of a Mother's mind,  
And no unworthy aim,  
The homely Nurse doth all she can  
To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,  
Forget the glories he hath known,  
And that imperial palace whence he came.

## VII

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,  
A six years' Darling of a pigmy size!  
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,  
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,  
With light upon him from his father's eyes!  
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,  
Some fragment from his dream of human life,  
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art;  
A wedding or a festival,  
A mourning or a funeral;  
And this hath now his heart,  
And unto this he frames his song:  
Then will he fit his tongue  
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;  
But it will not be long  
Ere this be thrown aside,  
And with new joy and pride  
The little Actor cons another part;  
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"  
With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,  
That Life brings with her in her equipage;  
As if his whole vocation  
Were endless imitation.

## VIII

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie  
Thy Soul's immensity;  
Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep  
Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,  
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,  
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind, —  
Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!  
On whom those truths do rest,

Which we are toiling all our lives to find,  
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;  
 Thou, over whom thy Immortality  
 Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,  
 A Presence which is not to be put by;  
 Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might  
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,  
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke  
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,  
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?  
 Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,  
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight,  
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

## IX

O joy! that in our embers  
 Is something that doth live,  
 That nature yet remembers  
 What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me doth breed  
 Perpetual benediction: not indeed  
 For that which is most worthy to be blest —  
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed  
 Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,  
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast: —  
     Not for these I raise  
     The song of thanks and praise;  
 But for those obstinate questionings  
 Of sense and outward things,  
 Fallings from us, vanishings;  
 Blank misgivings of a Creature  
 Moving about in worlds not realised,  
 High instincts before which our mortal Nature  
 Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised:  
     But for those first affections,  
     Those shadowy recollections,  
     Which, be they what they may,  
 Are yet the fountain light of all our day,  
 Are yet a master light of all our seeing;  
     Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make  
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being

Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,  
     To perish never;  
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,  
     Nor Man nor Boy,  
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
 Can utterly abolish or destroy!  
     Hence in a season of calm weather  
     Though inland far we be,  
 Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea  
     Which brought us hither,  
     Can in a moment travel thither,  
 And see the Children sport upon the shore,  
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

X

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song!  
     And let the young Lambs bound  
     As to the tabor's sound!  
 We in thought will join your throng,  
     Ye that pipe and ye that play,  
     Ye that through your hearts to-day  
     Feel the gladness of the May!  
 What though the radiance which was once so bright  
 Be now for ever taken from my sight,  
     Though nothing can bring back the hour  
 Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;  
     We will grieve not, rather find  
     Strength in what remains behind;  
     In the primal sympathy  
     Which having been must ever be;  
     In the soothing thoughts that spring  
     Out of human suffering;  
     In the faith that looks through death,  
 In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,  
 Forebode not any severing of our loves!



Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;  
I only have relinquished one delight  
To live beneath your more habitual sway.  
I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,  
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;  
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day  
    Is lovely yet;  
The Clouds that gather round the setting sun  
Do take a sober colouring from an eye  
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;  
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.  
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,  
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,  
To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

## Mutability

From low to high doth dissolution climb,  
And sink from high to low, along a scale  
Of awful notes, whose concord shall not fail;  
A musical but melancholy chime,  
Which they can hear who meddle not with crime,  
Nor avarice, nor over-anxious care.  
Truth fails not; but her outward forms that bear  
The longest date do melt like frosty rime,  
That in the morning whitened hill and plain  
And is no more; drop like the tower sublime  
Of yesterday, which royally did wear  
His crown of weeds, but could not even sustain  
Some casual shout that broke the silent air,  
Or the unimaginable touch of Time.

### “Scorn not the Sonnet”

Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned,  
Mindless of its just honours; with this key  
Shakspeare unlocked his heart; the melody  
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;  
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;  
With it Camöens soothed an exile's grief;  
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf  
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned  
His visionary brow: a glow-worm lamp,  
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-land  
To struggle through dark ways; and, when a damp  
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand  
The Thing became a trumpet; whence he blew  
Soul-animating strains — alas, too few!

### Extempore Effusion upon the Death of James Hogg

When first, descending from the moor-lands,  
I saw the Stream of Yarrow glide  
Along a bare and open valley,  
The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide.

When last along its banks I wandered,  
Through groves that had begun to shed  
Their golden leaves upon the pathways,  
My steps the Border-minstrel led.

The mighty Minstrel breathes no longer,  
'Mid mouldering ruins low he lies;  
And death upon the braes of Yarrow,  
Has closed the Shepherd-poet's eyes:

Nor has the rolling year twice measured,  
From sign to sign, its stedfast course,  
Since every mortal power of Coleridge  
Was frozen at its marvellous source;

The rapt One, of the godlike forehead,  
The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth:  
And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,  
Has vanished from his lonely hearth.

Like clouds that rake the mountain-summits,  
Or waves that own no curbing hand,  
How fast has brother followed brother  
From sunshine to the sunless land!

Yet I, whose lids from infant slumber  
Were earlier raised, remain to hear  
A timid voice, that asks in whispers,  
"Who next will drop and disappear?"

Our haughty life is crowned with darkness,  
Like London with its own black wreath,  
On which with thee, O Crabbe! forth-looking,  
I gazed from Hampstead's breezy heath.

As if but yesterday departed,  
Thou too art gone before; but why,  
O'er ripe fruit, seasonably gathered,  
Should frail survivors heave a sigh?

Mourn rather for that holy Spirit,  
Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep;  
For Her who, ere her summer faded,  
Has sunk into a breathless sleep.

No more of old romantic sorrows,  
For slaughtered Youth or love-lorn Maid!  
With sharper grief is Yarrow smitten,  
And Ettrick mourns with her their Poet dead.

## SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (1772–1834)

### This Lime-Tree Bower My Prison

Well, they are gone, and here must I remain,  
This lime-tree bower my prison! I have lost  
Beauties and feelings, such as would have been  
Most sweet to my remembrance even when age  
Had dimm'd mine eyes to blindness! They, meanwhile,  
Friends, whom I never more may meet again,  
On springy heath, along the hill-top edge,  
Wander in gladness, and wind down, perchance,  
To that still roaring dell, of which I told;  
The roaring dell, o'erwooded, narrow, deep,  
And only speckled by the mid-day sun;  
Where its slim trunk the ash from rock to rock  
Flings arching like a bridge; — that branchless ash,  
Unsun'd and damp, whose few poor yellow leaves  
Ne'er tremble in the gale, yet tremble still,  
Fann'd by the water-fall! and there my friends  
Behold the dark green file of long lank weeds,  
That all at once (a most fantastic sight!)  
Still nod and drip beneath the dripping edge  
Of the blue clay-stone.

Now, my friends emerge  
Beneath the wide wide Heaven — and view again  
The many-steeped tract magnificent  
Of hilly fields and meadows, and the sea,  
With some fair bark, perhaps, whose sails light up  
The slip of smooth clear blue betwixt two Isles  
Of purple shadow! Yes! they wander on  
In gladness all; but thou, methinks, most glad,  
My gentle-hearted Charles! for thou hast pined  
And hunger'd after Nature, many a year,

nature  
female-male  
remembering  
a man  
heaven  
positive  
way-out  
way-in

In the great City pent, winning thy way  
With sad yet patient soul, through evil and pain  
And strange calamity! Ah! slowly sink  
Behind the western ridge, thou glorious Sun!  
Shine in the slant beams of the sinking orb,  
Ye purple heath-flowers! richlier burn, ye clouds!  
Live in the yellow light, ye distant groves!  
And kindle, thou blue Ocean! So my friend  
Struck with deep joy may stand, as I have stood,  
Silent with swimming sense; yea, gazing round  
On the wide landscape, gaze till all doth seem  
Less gross than bodily; and of such hues  
As veil the Almighty Spirit, when yet he makes  
Spirits perceive his presence.

A delight

Comes sudden on my heart, and I am glad  
As I myself were there! Nor in this bower,  
This little lime-tree bower, have I not mark'd  
Much that has sooth'd me. Pale beneath the blaze  
Hung the transparent foliage; and I watch'd  
Some broad and sunny leaf, and lov'd to see  
The shadow of the leaf and stem above  
Dappling its sunshine! And that walnut-tree  
Was richly ting'd, and a deep radiance lay  
Full on the ancient ivy, which usurps  
Those fronting elms, and now, with blackest mass  
Makes their dark branches gleam a lighter hue  
Through the late twilight: and though now the bat  
Wheels silent by, and not a swallow twitters,  
Yet still the solitary humble-bee  
Sings in the bean-flower! Henceforth I shall know  
That Nature ne'er deserts the wise and pure;  
No plot so narrow, be but Nature there,  
No waste so vacant, but may well employ  
Each faculty of sense, and keep the heart  
Awake to Love and Beauty! and sometimes  
'Tis well to be bereft of promis'd good,  
That we may lift the soul, and contemplate  
With lively joy the joys we cannot share.  
My gentle-hearted Charles! when the last rook  
Beat its straight path along the dusky air



Homewards, I blest it! deeming its black wing  
(Now a dim speck, now vanishing in light)  
Had cross'd the mighty Orb's dilated glory,  
While thou stood'st gazing; or, when all was still,  
Flew creaking o'er thy head, and had a charm  
For thee, my gentle-hearted Charles, to whom  
No sound is dissonant which tells of Life.

## The Dungeon

And this place our forefathers made for man!  
This is the process of our love and wisdom,  
To each poor brother who offends against us —  
Most innocent, perhaps — and what if guilty?  
Is this the only cure? Merciful God!  
Each pore and natural outlet shrivell'd up  
By Ignorance and parching Poverty,  
His energies roll back upon his heart,  
And stagnate and corrupt; till chang'd to poison,  
They break out on him, like a loathsome plague-spot;  
Then we call in our pamper'd mountebanks —  
And this is their best cure! uncomforted  
And friendless solitude, groaning and tears,  
And savage faces, at the clanking hour,  
Seen through the steams and vapour of his dungeon,  
By the lamp's dismal twilight! So he lies  
Circled with evil, till his very soul  
Unmoulds its essence, hopelessly deform'd  
By sights of ever more deformity!

With other ministrations thou, O Nature!  
Healest thy wandering and distemper'd child:  
Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,  
Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets,  
Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters,  
Till he relent, and can no more endure  
To be a jarring and a dissonant thing,  
Amid this general dance and minstrelsy;  
But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,  
His angry spirit heal'd and harmoniz'd  
By the benignant touch of Love and Beauty.

## The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

### IN SEVEN PARTS

Facile credo, plures esse Naturas invisibiles quam visibiles in rerum universitate. Sed horum omnium familiam quis nobis enarrabit? et gradus et cognationes et discrimina et singulorum munera? Quid agunt? quae loca habitant? Harum rerum notitiam semper ambivit ingenium humanum, nunquam attigit. Juvat, interea, non diffiteor, quandoque in animo, tanquam in tabula, majoris et melioris mundi imaginem contemplari: ne mens assuefacta hodiernae vitae minutiis se contrahat nimis, et tota subsidat in pusillas cogitationes. Sed veritati interea invigilandum est, modusque servandus, ut certa ab incertis, diem a nocte, distinguamus. — T BURNET, *Archaeol. Phil.* p. 68.\*

### ARGUMENT

How a Ship having passed the Line was driven by storms to the cold Country towards the South Pole; and how from thence she made her course to the tropical Latitude of the Great Pacific Ocean; and of the strange things that befell; and in what manner the Ancyent Marinere came back to his own Country.

### PART I

*An ancient  
Mariner meeteth  
three Gallants  
bidden to a  
wedding-feast, and  
detaineth one.*

It is an ancient Mariner,  
And he stoppeth one of three.  
'By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,  
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,  
And I am next of kin;  
The guests are met, the feast is set:  
May'st hear the merry din.'

---

\*TRANSLATION: I readily believe that in the totality of things there are more invisible than visible natures. But who shall recount to us the family of all these things? and their degrees and relationships and distinctive signs and their individual functions? What do they do? What places do they inhabit? The human mind has always solicited knowledge of these matters but has never attained it. Meanwhile, I do not deny, it is sometimes pleasant to contemplate the image of a greater and better world in the mind as if in a picture, lest the mind, accustomed to the trivia of modern life, should shrink excessively and sink completely into petty musings. But at the same time one must be intent upon truth, and moderation must be observed, so that we may distinguish the sure from the unsure, day from night.

He holds him with his skinny hand,  
 'There was a ship,' quoth he.  
 'Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!  
 Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

*The Wedding-Guest is  
 spellbound by the  
 eye of the old  
 seafaring man,  
 and constrained to  
 hear his tale.*

He holds him with his glittering eye —  
 The Wedding-Guest stood still,  
 And listens like a three years' child:  
 The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:  
 He cannot choose but hear;  
 And thus spake on that ancient man,  
 The bright-eyed Mariner.

*The Mariner tells  
 how the ship sailed  
 southward with a  
 good wind and fair  
 weather, till it  
 reached the line.*

'The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,  
 Merrily did we drop  
 Below the kirk, below the hill,  
 Below the lighthouse top.

The Sun came up upon the left,  
 Out of the sea came he!  
 And he shone bright, and on the right  
 Went down into the sea.

*The Wedding-Guest  
 heareth the  
 bridal music; but  
 the Mariner  
 continueth his tale.*

Higher and higher every day,  
 Till over the mast at noon —  
 The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,  
 For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,  
 Red as a rose is she;  
 Nodding their heads before her goes  
 The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,  
 Yet he cannot choose but hear;  
 And thus spake on that ancient man,  
 The bright-eyed Mariner.

*The ship driven by  
 a storm toward  
 the south pole.*

'And now the STORM-BLAST came, and he  
 Was tyrannous and strong:  
 He struck with his o'ertaking wings,  
 And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,  
As who pursued with yell and blow  
Still treads the shadow of his foe,  
And forward bends his head,  
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,  
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,  
And it grew wondrous cold:  
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,  
As green as emerald.

*The land of ice,  
and of fearful  
sounds where no  
living thing was to  
be seen.*

And through the drifts the snowy clifts  
Did send a dismal sheen:  
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken —  
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,  
The ice was all around:  
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,  
Like noises in a swound!

*Till a great sea-  
bird, called the  
Albatross, came  
through the snow-  
fog, and was  
received with great  
joy and hospitality.*

At length did cross an Albatross,  
Thorough the fog it came;  
As if it had been a Christian soul,  
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,  
And round and round it flew.  
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;  
The helmsman steered us through!

*And lo! the  
Albatross proveth a  
bird of good omen,  
and followeth the  
ship as it returned  
northward through  
fog and floating  
ice.*

And a good south wind sprung up behind;  
The Albatross did follow,  
And every day, for food or play,  
Came to the mariner's hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,  
It perched for vespers nine;  
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,  
Glimmered the white Moon-shine.'

*The ancient  
Mariner  
inhospitably killeth  
the pious bird of  
good omen.*

'God save thee, ancient Mariner!  
From the fiends, that plague thee thus! —  
Why look'st thou so?' — With my cross-bow  
I shot the ALBATROSS.

## PART II

The Sun now rose upon the right:  
 Out of the sea came he,  
 Still hid in mist, and on the left  
 Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,  
 But no sweet bird did follow,  
 Nor any day for food or play  
 Came to the mariners' hollo!

*His shipmates cry  
 out against the  
 ancient Mariner,  
 for killing the bird  
 of good luck.*

And I had done a hellish thing,  
 And it would work 'em woe:  
 For all averred, I had killed the bird  
 That made the breeze to blow.  
 Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,  
 That made the breeze to blow!

*But when the fog  
 cleared off, they  
 justify the same,  
 and thus make  
 themselves  
 accomplices in the  
 crime.*

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,  
 The glorious Sun uprist:  
 Then all averred, I had killed the bird  
 That brought the fog and mist.  
 'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,  
 That bring the fog and mist.

*The fair breeze  
 continues; the ship  
 enters the Pacific  
 Ocean, and sails  
 northward, even  
 till it reaches the  
 Line.*

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,  
 The furrow followed free;  
 We were the first that ever burst  
 Into that silent sea.

*The ship hath been  
 suddenly  
 becalmed.*

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,  
 'Twas sad as sad could be;  
 And we did speak only to break  
 The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,  
 The bloody Sun, at noon,  
 Right up above the mast did stand,  
 No bigger than the Moon.

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



*And the Albatross  
begins to be  
avenged.*

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

The very deep did rot: O Christ!  
That ever this should be!  
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs  
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout  
The death-fires danced at night;  
The water, like a witch's oils,  
Burnt green, and blue and white.

*A Spirit had  
followed them; one  
of the invisible  
inhabitants of this  
planet, neither*

And some in dreams assuréd were  
Of the Spirit that plagued us so;  
Nine fathom deep he had followed us  
From the land of mist and snow.

*departed souls nor angels; concerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic  
Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there  
is no climate or element without one or more.*

And every tongue, through utter drought,  
Was withered at the root;  
We could not speak, no more than if  
We had been choked with soot.

*The shipmates, in  
their sore distress,  
would fain throw  
the whole guilt on  
the ancient*

Ah! well a-day! what evil looks  
Had I from old and young!  
Instead of the cross, the Albatross  
About my neck was hung.

*Mariner: in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird round his neck.*

### PART III

There passed a weary time. Each throat  
Was parched, and glazed each eye.  
A weary time! a weary time!  
How glazed each weary eye,

*The ancient  
Mariner beholdeth  
a sign in the  
element afar off.*

When looking westward, I beheld  
A something in the sky.

At first it seemed a little speck,  
And then it seemed a mist;  
It moved and moved, and took at last  
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!  
And still it neared and neared:  
As if it dodged a water-sprite,  
It plunged and tacked and veered.

*At its nearer  
approach, it  
seemeth him to be  
a ship; and at a  
dear ransom he  
freeth his speech  
from the bonds of  
thirst.*

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,  
We could nor laugh nor wail;  
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!  
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,  
And cried, A sail! a sail!

*A flash of joy;*

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,  
Agape they heard me call:  
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,  
And all at once their breath drew in,  
As they were drinking all.

*And horror follows.  
For can it be a ship  
that comes onward  
without wind or  
tide?*

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!  
Hither to work us weal;  
Without a breeze, without a tide,  
She steadies with upright keel!

The western wave was all a-flame.  
The day was well nigh done!  
Almost upon the western wave  
Rested the broad bright Sun;  
When that strange shape drove suddenly  
Betwixt us and the Sun.

*It seemeth him but  
the skeleton of a  
ship.*

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,  
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)  
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered  
With broad and burning face.

*And its ribs are  
seen as bars on the  
face of the setting  
Sun.*

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)  
How fast she nears and nears!  
Are those *her* sails that glance in the Sun,  
Like restless gossameres?

*The Spectre-  
Woman and her  
Deathmate, and  
no other on board  
the skeleton ship.*

Are those *her* ribs through which the Sun  
Did peer, as through a grate?  
And is that Woman all her crew?  
Is that a DEATH? and are there two?  
Is DEATH that woman's mate?

*Like vessel,  
like crew!*

*Her* lips were red, *her* looks were free,  
*Her* locks were yellow as gold:  
*Her* skin was as white as leprosy,  
The Night-mare LIFE-IN-DEATH was she,  
Who thickens man's blood with cold.

*Death and Life-  
in-Death have  
diced for the ship's  
crew, and she (the  
latter) winneth the  
ancient Mariner.*

The naked hulk alongside came,  
And the twain were casting dice;  
'The game is done! I've won! I've won!'  
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

*No twilight within  
the courts of the  
Sun.*

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:  
At one stride comes the dark;  
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,  
Off shot the spectre-bark.

*At the rising of the  
Moon,*

We listened and looked sideways up!  
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,  
My life-blood seemed to sip!  
The stars were dim, and thick the night,  
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;  
From the sails the dew did drip —  
Till clomb above the eastern bar  
The hornéd Moon, with one bright star  
Within the nether tip.

*One after another,*

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,  
Too quick for groan or sigh,  
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,  
And cursed me with his eye.

*His shipmates drop  
down dead.*

Four times fifty living men,  
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)  
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,  
They dropped down one by one.

*But Life-in-Death  
begins her work on  
the ancient  
Mariner.*

The souls did from their bodies fly, —  
They fled to bliss or woe!  
And every soul, it passed me by,  
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!

## PART IV

*The Wedding-Guest  
feareth that  
a Spirit is talking  
to him;*

*But the ancient  
Mariner assurath  
him of his bodily  
life, and  
proceedeth to relate  
his horrible  
penance.*

*He despiseth the  
creatures of the  
calm,*

*And envieth that  
they should live,  
and so many lie  
dead.*

*But the curse liveth  
for him in the eye  
of the dead man.*

'I fear thee, ancient Mariner!  
I fear thy skinny hand!  
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,  
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,  
And thy skinny hand, so brown.' —  
Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!  
This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,  
Alone on a wide wide sea!  
And never a saint took pity on  
My soul in agony.

The many men, so beautiful!  
And they all dead did lie:  
And a thousand thousand slimy things  
Lived on; and so did I.

I looked upon the rotting sea,  
And drew my eyes away;  
I looked upon the rotting deck,  
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;  
But or ever a prayer had gusht,  
A wicked whisper came, and made  
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,  
And the balls like pulses beat;  
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky  
Lay like a load on my weary eye,  
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,  
Nor rot nor reek did they:  
The look with which they looked on me  
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell  
A spirit from on high;  
But oh! more horrible than that



Is the curse in a dead man's eye!  
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,  
And yet I could not die.

*In his loneliness  
and fixedness he  
yearneth towards  
the journeying  
Moon, and the  
stars that still  
sojourn, yet still  
move onward; and  
every where the  
blue sky belongs to  
them, and is their  
appointed rest, and*

The moving Moon went up the sky,  
And no where did abide:  
Softly she was going up,  
And a star or two beside —

Her beams bemoaned the sultry main,  
Like April hoar-frost spread;  
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,  
The charmed water burnt always  
A still and awful red.

*their native country and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as  
lords that are certainly expected and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.*

*By the light of the  
Moon he beholdeth  
God's creatures of  
the great calm.*

Beyond the shadow of the ship,  
I watched the water-snakes:  
They moved in tracks of shining white,  
And when they reared, the elfish light  
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship  
I watched their rich attire:  
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,  
They coiled and swam; and every track  
Was a flash of golden fire.

*Their beauty and  
their happiness.*

O happy living things! no tongue  
Their beauty might declare:  
A spring of love gushed from my heart,  
And I blessed them unaware:  
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,  
And I blessed them unaware.

*He blesseth them  
in his heart.*

The self-same moment I could pray;  
And from my neck so free  
The Albatross fell off, and sank  
Like lead into the sea.

*The spell begins to  
break.*

## PART V

Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,  
Beloved from pole to pole!



*By grace of the  
holy Mother, the  
ancient Mariner is  
refreshed with rain.*

To Mary Queen the praise be given!  
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,  
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,  
That had so long remained,  
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;  
And when I awoke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,  
My garments all were dank;  
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,  
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:  
I was so light — almost  
I thought that I had died in sleep,  
And was a blessed ghost.

*He heareth sounds  
and seeth strange  
sights and  
commotions in the  
sky and the  
element.*

And soon I heard a roaring wind:  
It did not come anear;  
But with its sound it shook the sails,  
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life!  
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,  
To and fro they were hurried about!  
And to and fro, and in and out,  
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,  
And the sails did sigh like sedge;  
And the rain poured down from one black cloud;  
The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still  
The Moon was at its side:  
Like waters shot from some high crag,  
The lightning fell with never a jag,  
A river steep and wide.

*The bodies of the  
ship's crew are  
inspired and the  
ship moves on;*

The loud wind never reached the ship,  
Yet now the ship moved on!  
Beneath the lightning and the Moon  
The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,  
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;  
It had been strange, even in a dream,  
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;  
Yet never a breeze up-blew;  
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,  
Where they were wont to do;  
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools —  
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son  
Stood by me, knee to knee:  
The body and I pulled at one rope,  
But he said nought to me.

'I fear thee, ancient Mariner!  
Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!  
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,  
Which to their corpses came again,  
But a troop of spirits blest:

*But not by the  
souls of the men,  
nor by dæmons of  
earth or middle air,  
but by a blessed  
troop of angelic  
spirits, sent down  
by the invocation  
of the guardian  
saint.*

For when it dawned — they dropped their arms,  
And clustered round the mast;  
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,  
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,  
Then darted to the Sun;  
Slowly the sounds came back again,  
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky  
I heard the sky-lark sing;  
Sometimes all little birds that are,  
How they seemed to fill the sea and air  
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,  
Now like a lonely flute;  
And now it is an angel's song,  
That makes the heavens be mute.

*The lonesome  
Spirit from the  
south-pole carries  
on the ship as far  
as the Line, in  
obedience to the  
angelic troop, but  
still requireth  
vengeance.*

*The Polar Spirit's  
fellow-dæmons, the  
invisible  
inhabitants of the  
element, take part  
in his wrong; and  
two of them relate,  
one to the other,  
that penance long  
and heavy for the  
ancient Mariner  
hath been accorded  
to the Polar Spirit,  
who returneth  
southward.*

It ceased; yet still the sails made on  
A pleasant noise till noon,  
A noise like of a hidden brook  
In the leafy month of June,  
That to the sleeping woods all night  
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,  
Yet never a breeze did breathe:  
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,  
Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,  
From the land of mist and snow,  
The spirit slid: and it was he  
That made the ship to go.  
The sails at noon left off their tune,  
And the ship stood still also.

The Sun, right up above the mast,  
Had fixed her to the ocean:  
But in a minute she 'gan stir,  
With a short uneasy motion —  
Backwards and forwards half her length  
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,  
She made a sudden bound:  
It flung the blood into my head,  
And I fell down in a swoond.

How long in that same fit I lay,  
I have not to declare;  
But ere my living life returned,  
I heard and in my soul discerned  
Two voices in the air.

'Is it he?' quoth one, 'Is this the man?  
By him who died on cross,  
With his cruel bow he laid full low  
The harmless Albatross.

The spirit who bideth by himself  
In the land of mist and snow,  
He loved the bird that loved the man  
Who shot him with his bow.'

The other was a softer voice,  
As soft as honey-dew:  
Quoth he, 'The man hath penance done,  
And penance more will do.'

## PART VI

### FIRST VOICE

'But tell me, tell me! speak again,  
Thy soft response renewing —  
What makes that ship drive on so fast?  
What is the ocean doing?'

### SECOND VOICE

'Still as a slave before his lord,  
The ocean hath no blast;  
His great bright eye most silently  
Up to the Moon is cast —

If he may know which way to go;  
For she guides him smooth or grim.  
See, brother, see! how graciously  
She looketh down on him.'

### FIRST VOICE

'But why drives on that ship so fast,  
Without or wave or wind?'

### SECOND VOICE

'The air is cut away before,  
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!  
Or we shall be belated:  
For slow and slow that ship will go,  
When the Mariner's trance is abated.'

I woke, and we were sailing on  
As in a gentle weather:  
'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high;  
The dead men stood together.

*The Mariner hath  
been cast into a  
trance; for the  
angelic power  
causeth the vessel  
to drive northward  
faster than human  
life could endure.*

*The supernatural  
motion is retarded;  
the Mariner awakes,  
and his penance  
begins anew.*

All stood together on the deck,  
 For a charnel-dungeon fitter:  
 All fixed on me their stony eyes,  
 That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,  
 Had never passed away:  
 I could not draw my eyes from theirs,  
 Nor turn them up to pray.

*The curse is finally  
 expiated.*

And now this spell was snapt: once more  
 I viewed the ocean green,  
 And looked far forth, yet little saw  
 Of what had else been seen —

Like one, that on a lonesome road  
 Doth walk in fear and dread,  
 And having once turned round walks on,  
 And turns no more his head;  
 Because he knows, a frightful fiend  
 Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,  
 Nor sound nor motion made:  
 Its path was not upon the sea,  
 In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek  
 Like a meadow-gale of spring —  
 It mingled strangely with my fears,  
 Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,  
 Yet she sailed softly too:  
 Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze —  
 On me alone it blew.

*And the ancient  
 Mariner beholdeth  
 his native country.*

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed  
 The light-house top I see?  
 Is this the hill? is this the kirk?  
 Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,  
 And I with sobs did pray —



O let me be awake, my God!  
Or let me sleep away.

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,  
So smoothly it was strewn!  
And on the bay the moonlight lay,  
And the shadow of the Moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,  
That stands above the rock:  
The moonlight steeped in silentness  
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light,  
Till rising from the same,  
Full many shapes, that shadows were,  
In crimson colours came.

*The angelic spirits  
leave the dead  
bodies,*

*And appear in  
their own forms of  
light.*

A little distance from the prow  
Those crimson shadows were:  
I turned my eyes upon the deck —  
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,  
And, by the holy rood!  
A man all light, a seraph-man,  
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand:  
It was a heavenly sight!  
They stood as signals to the land,  
Each one a lovely light;

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,  
No voice did they impart —  
No voice; but oh! the silence sank  
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,  
I heard the Pilot's cheer;  
My head was turned perforce away  
And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,  
I heard them coming fast:

Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy  
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third — I heard his voice:  
It is the Hermit good!  
He singeth loud his godly hymns  
That he makes in the wood.  
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away  
The Albatross's blood.

## PART VII

*The Hermit of the  
Wood,*

This Hermit good lives in that wood  
Which slopes down to the sea.  
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!  
He loves to talk with mariners  
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve —  
He hath a cushion plump:  
It is the moss that wholly hides  
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,  
'Why, this is strange, I trow!  
Where are those lights so many and fair,  
That signal made but now?'

*Approacheth the  
ship with wonder.*

'Strange, by my faith!' the Hermit said —  
'And they answered not our cheer!  
The planks looked warped! and see those sails,  
How thin they are and sere!  
I never saw aught like to them,  
Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag  
My forest-brook along;  
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,  
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,  
That eats the she-wolf's young.'

'Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look —  
(The Pilot made reply)  
I am a-feared' — 'Push on, push on!' —  
Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,  
But I nor spake nor stirred;  
The boat came close beneath the ship,  
And straight a sound was heard.

*The ship suddenly  
sinketh.*

Under the water it rumbled on,  
Still louder and more dread:  
It reached the ship, it split the bay;  
The ship went down like lead.

*The ancient  
Mariner is saved in  
the Pilot's boat.*

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,  
Which sky and ocean smote,  
Like one that hath been seven days drowned  
My body lay afloat;  
But swift as dreams, myself I found  
Within the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,  
The boat spun round and round;  
And all was still, save that the hill  
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips — the Pilot shrieked  
And fell down in a fit;  
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,  
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,  
Who now doth crazy go,  
Laughed loud and long, and all the while  
His eyes went to and fro.  
'Ha! ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I see,  
The Devil knows how to row.'

And now, all in my own countree,  
I stood on the firm land!  
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,  
And scarcely he could stand.

*The ancient  
Mariner earnestly  
entreateth the  
Hermit to shrieve  
him; and the  
penance of life falls  
on him.*

'O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!'  
The Hermit crossed his brow.  
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say —  
What manner of man art thou?'

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched  
With a woful agony,

*And ever and anon  
throughout his  
future life an  
agony constraineth  
him to travel from  
land to land;*

Which forced me to begin my tale;  
And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,  
That agony returns:  
And till my ghastly tale is told,  
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;  
I have strange power of speech;  
That moment that his face I see,  
I know the man that must hear me:  
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door!  
The wedding-guests are there:  
But in the garden-bower the bride  
And bride-maids singing are:  
And hark the little vesper bell,  
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been  
Alone on a wide wide sea:  
So lonely 'twas, that God himself  
Scarce seeméd there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,  
'Tis sweeter far to me,  
To walk together to the kirk  
With a goodly company! —

To walk together to the kirk,  
And all together pray,  
While each to his great Father bends,  
Old men, and babes, and loving friends  
And youths and maidens gay!

*And to teach, by  
his own example,  
love and reverence  
to all things that  
God made and  
loveth.*

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell  
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!  
He prayeth well, who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,  
Whose beard with age is hoar,  
Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest  
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,  
And is of sense forlorn:  
A sadder and a wiser man,  
He rose the morrow morn.

### On a Ruined House in a Romantic Country

And this reft house is that the which he built,  
Lamented Jack! And here his malt he pil'd,  
Cautious in vain! These rats that squeak so wild,  
Squeak, not unconscious of their father's guilt.  
Did ye not see her gleaming thro' the glade?  
Belike, 'twas she, the maiden all forlorn.  
What though she milk no cow with crumpled horn,  
Yet *aye* she haunts the dale where *erst* she stray'd;  
And *aye* beside her stalks her amorous knight!  
Still on his thighs their wonted brogues are worn,  
And thro' those brogues, still tatter'd and betorn,  
His hindward charms gleam an unearthly white;  
As when thro' broken clouds at night's high noon  
Peeps in fair fragments forth the full-orb'd harvest-moon!

house family

ghost



## Christabel

## PART I

'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 bitch;  
 From her kennel beneath the rock  
 She 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:  
 'Tis a month before the month of May,  
 And the Spring comes slowly up this way.

The lovely lady, Christabel,  
 Whom her father loves so well,  
 What makes her in the wood so late,  
 A furlong from the castle gate?  
 She had dreams all yesternight  
 Of her own betrothed knight;  
 And she in the midnight wood will pray  
 For the weal of her lover that's far away.

She stole along, she nothing spoke,  
 The sighs she heaved were soft and low,  
 And naught was green upon the oak

dark-night

rhyme

But moss and rarest misletoe:  
She kneels beneath the huge oak tree,  
And in silence prayeth she.

The lady sprang up suddenly,  
The lovely lady, Christabel!  
It moaned as near, as near can be,  
But what it is she cannot tell. —  
On the other side it seems to be,  
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak tree.

The night is chill; the forest bare;  
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?  
There is not wind enough in the air  
To move away the ringlet curl  
From the lovely lady's cheek —  
There is not wind enough to twirl  
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,  
That dances as often as dance it can,  
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,  
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel!  
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!  
She folded her arms beneath her cloak,  
And stole to the other side of the oak.  
What sees she there?

There she sees a damsel bright,  
Drest in a silken robe of white,  
That shadowy in the moonlight shone:  
The neck that made that white robe wan,  
Her stately neck, and arms were bare;  
Her blue-veined feet unsandal'd were,  
And wildly glittered here and there  
The gems entangled in her hair.

I guess, 'twas frightful there to see  
A lady so richly clad as she —  
Beautiful exceedingly!

Mary mother, save me now!  
(Said Christabel,) And who art thou?

The lady strange made answer meet,  
And her voice was faint and sweet: —  
Have pity on my sore distress,  
I scarce can speak for weariness:  
Stretch forth thy hand, and have no fear!  
Said Christabel, How camest thou here?  
And the lady, whose voice was faint and sweet,  
Did thus pursue her answer meet: —

My sire is of a noble line,  
And my name is Geraldine:  
Five warriors seized me yesternorn,  
Me, even me, a maid forlorn:  
They choked my cries with force and fright,  
And tied me on a palfrey white.  
The palfrey was as fleet as wind,  
And they rode furiously behind.  
They spurred amain, their steeds were white:  
And once we crossed the shade of night.  
As sure as Heaven shall rescue me,  
I have no thought what men they be;  
Nor do I know how long it is  
(For I have lain entranced I wis)  
Since one, the tallest of the five,  
Took me from the palfrey's back,  
A weary woman, scarce alive.  
Some muttered words his comrades spoke:  
He placed me underneath this oak;  
He swore they would return with haste;  
Whither they went I cannot tell —  
I thought I heard, some minutes past,  
Sounds as of a castle bell.  
Stretch forth thy hand (thus ended she),  
And help a wretched maid to flee.

Then Christabel stretched forth her hand,  
And comforted fair Geraldine:  
O well, bright dame! may you command  
The service of Sir Leoline;  
And gladly our stout chivalry  
Will he send forth and friends withal

To guide and guard you safe and free  
Home to your noble father's hall.

She rose: and forth with steps they passed  
That strove to be, and were not, fast.  
Her gracious stars the lady blest,  
And thus spake on sweet Christabel:  
All our household are at rest,  
The hall as silent as the cell;  
Sir Leoline is weak in health,  
And may not well awakened be,  
But we will move as if in stealth,  
And I beseech your courtesy,  
This night, to share your couch with me.

They crossed the moat, and Christabel  
Took the key that fitted well;  
A little door she opened straight,  
All in the middle of the gate;  
The gate that was ironed within and without,  
Where an army in battle array had marched out.  
The lady sank, belike through pain,  
And Christabel with might and main  
Lifted her up, a weary weight,  
Over the threshold of the gate:  
Then the lady rose again,  
And moved, as she were not in pain.

So free from danger, free from fear,  
They crossed the court: right glad they were.  
And Christabel devoutly cried  
To the lady by her side,  
Praise we the Virgin all divine  
Who hath rescued thee from thy distress!  
Alas, alas! said Geraldine,  
I cannot speak for weariness.  
So free from danger, free from fear,  
They crossed the court: right glad they were.

Outside her kennel, the mastiff old  
Lay fast asleep, in moonshine cold.  
The mastiff old did not awake,  
Yet she an angry moan did make!

And what can ail the mastiff bitch?  
Never till now she uttered yell  
Beneath the eye of Christabel.  
Perhaps it is the owl's scritch:  
For what can ail the mastiff bitch?

They passed the hall, that echoes still,  
Pass as lightly as you will!  
The brands were flat, the brands were dying,  
Amid their own white ashes lying;  
But when the lady passed, there came  
A tongue of light, a fit of flame;  
And Christabel saw the lady's eye,  
And nothing else saw she thereby,  
Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline tall,  
Which hung in a murky old niche in the wall.  
O softly tread, said Christabel,  
My father seldom sleepeth well.

Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare,  
And jealous of the listening air  
They steal their way from stair to stair,  
Now in glimmer, and now in gloom,  
And now they pass the Baron's room,  
As still as death, with stifled breath!  
And now have reached her chamber door;  
And now doth Geraldine press down  
The rushes of the chamber floor.

The moon shines dim in the open air,  
And not a moonbeam enters here.  
But they without its light can see  
The chamber carved so curiously,  
Carved with figures strange and sweet,  
All made out of the carver's brain,  
For a lady's chamber meet:  
The lamp with twofold silver chain  
Is fastened to an angel's feet.

The silver lamp burns dead and dim;  
But Christabel the lamp will trim.  
She trimmed the lamp, and made it bright,  
And left it swinging to and fro,



While Geraldine, in wretched plight,  
Sank down upon the floor below.

O weary lady, Geraldine,  
I pray you, drink this cordial wine!  
It is a wine of virtuous powers;  
My mother made it of wild flowers.

And will your mother pity me,  
Who am a maiden most forlorn?  
Christabel answered — Woe is me!  
She died the hour that I was born.  
I have heard the grey-haired friar tell  
How on her death-bed she did say,  
That she should hear the castle-bell  
Strike twelve upon my wedding-day.  
O mother dear! that thou wert here!  
I would, said Geraldine, she were!  
But soon with altered voice, said she —  
'Off, wandering mother! Peak and pine!  
I have power to bid thee flee.'

Alas! what ails poor Geraldine?  
Why stares she with unsettled eye?  
Can she the bodiless dead espy?  
And why with hollow voice cries she,  
'Off, woman, off! this hour is mine —  
Though thou her guardian spirit be,  
Off, woman, off! 'tis given to me.'

Then Christabel knelt by the lady's side,  
And raised to heaven her eyes so blue —  
Alas! said she, this ghastly ride —  
Dear lady! it hath wildered you!  
The lady wiped her moist cold brow,  
And faintly said, ' 'tis over now!'

Again the wild-flower wine she drank:  
Her fair large eyes 'gan glitter bright,  
And from the floor whereon she sank,  
The lofty lady stood upright:  
She was most beautiful to see,  
Like a lady of a far countrée.

And thus the lofty lady spake —  
'All they who live in the upper sky,  
Do love you, holy Christabel!  
And you love them, and for their sake  
And for the good which me befel,  
Even I in my degree will try,  
Fair maiden, to requite you well.  
But now unrobe yourself; for I  
Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie.'

Quoth Christabel, So let it be!  
And as the lady bade, did she.  
Her gentle limbs did she undress,  
And lay down in her loveliness.

But through her brain of weal and woe  
So many thoughts moved to and fro,  
That vain it were her lids to close;  
So half-way from the bed she rose,  
And on her elbow did recline  
To look at the lady Geraldine.

Beneath the lamp the lady bowed,  
And slowly rolled her eyes around;  
Then drawing in her breath aloud,  
Like one that shuddered, she unbound  
The cincture from beneath her breast:  
Her silken robe, and inner vest,  
Dropt to her feet, and full in view,  
Behold! her bosom and half her side —  
A sight to dream of, not to tell!  
O shield her! shield sweet Christabel!

Yet Geraldine nor speaks nor stirs;  
Ah! what a stricken look was hers!  
Deep from within she seems half-way  
To lift some weight with sick assay,  
And eyes the maid and seeks delay;  
Then suddenly, as one defied,  
Collects herself in scorn and pride,  
And lay down by the Maiden's side! —  
And in her arms the maid she took,  
Ah wel-a-day!

And with low voice and doleful look  
These words did say:  
'In the touch of this bosom there worketh a spell,  
Which is lord of thy utterance, Christabel!  
Thou knowest to-night, and wilt know to-morrow,  
This mark of my shame, this seal of my sorrow;  
    But vainly thou warrest,  
    For this is alone in  
    Thy power to declare,  
    That in the dim forest  
    Thou heard'st a low moaning,  
And found'st a bright lady, surpassingly fair;  
And didst bring her home with thee in love and in charity,  
To shield her and shelter her from the damp air.'

#### THE CONCLUSION TO PART I

It was a lovely sight to see  
The lady Christabel, when she  
Was praying at the old oak tree.  
    Amid the jagged shadows  
    Of mossy leafless boughs,  
    Kneeling in the moonlight,  
    To make her gentle vows;  
Her slender palms together prest,  
Heaving sometimes on her breast;  
Her face resigned to bliss or bale —  
Her face, oh call it fair not pale,  
And both blue eyes more bright than clear,  
Each about to have a tear.

With open eyes (ah woe is me!)  
Asleep, and dreaming fearfully,  
Fearfully dreaming, yet, I wis,  
Dreaming that alone, which is —  
O sorrow and shame! Can this be she,  
The lady, who knelt at the old oak tree?  
And lo! the worker of these harms,  
That holds the maiden in her arms,  
Seems to slumber still and mild,  
As a mother with her child.

A star hath set, a star hath risen,  
O Geraldine! since arms of thine  
Have been the lovely lady's prison.  
O Geraldine! one hour was thine —  
Thou'st had thy will! By tairn and rill,  
The night-birds all that hour were still.  
But now they are jubilant anew,  
From cliff and tower, tu — whoo! tu — whoo!  
Tu — whoo! tu — whoo! from wood and fell!

And see! the lady Christabel  
Gathers herself from out her trance;  
Her limbs relax, her countenance  
Grows sad and soft; the smooth thin lids  
Close o'er her eyes; and tears she sheds —  
Large tears that leave the lashes bright!  
And oft the while she seems to smile  
As infants at a sudden light!

Yea, she doth smile, and she doth weep,  
Like a youthful hermitess,  
Beauteous in a wilderness,  
Who, praying always, prays in sleep.  
And, if she move unquietly,  
Perchance, 'tis but the blood so free  
Comes back and tingles in her feet.  
No doubt, she hath a vision sweet.  
What if her guardian spirit 'twere,  
What if she knew her mother near?  
But this she knows, in joys and woes,  
That saints will aid if men will call:  
For the blue sky bends over all!

## PART II

Each matin bell, the Baron saith,  
Knells us back to a world of death.  
These words Sir Leoline first said,  
When he rose and found his lady dead:  
These words Sir Leoline will say  
Many a morn to his dying day!

*Christabel*

And hence the custom and law began  
That still at dawn the sacristan,  
Who duly pulls the heavy bell,  
Five and forty beads must tell  
Between each stroke — a warning knell,  
Which not a soul can choose but hear  
From Bratha Head to Wyndermere.

Saith Bracy the bard, So let it knell!  
And let the drowsy sacristan  
Still count as slowly as he can!  
There is no lack of such, I ween,  
As well fill up the space between.  
In Langdale Pike and Witch's Lair,  
And Dungeon-ghyll so foully rent,  
With ropes of rock and bells of air  
Three sinful sextons' ghosts are pent,  
Who all give back, one after t'other,  
The death-note to their living brother;  
And oft too, by the knell offended,  
Just as their one! two! three! is ended,  
The devil mocks the doleful tale  
With a merry peal from Borodale.

The air is still! through mist and cloud  
That merry peal comes ringing loud;  
And Geraldine shakes off her dread,  
And rises lightly from the bed;  
Puts on her silken vestments white,  
And tricks her hair in lovely plight,  
And nothing doubting of her spell  
Awakens the lady Christabel.  
'Sleep you, sweet lady Christabel?  
I trust that you have rested well.'

And Christabel awoke and spied  
The same who lay down by her side —  
O rather say, the same whom she  
Raised up beneath the old oak tree!  
Nay, fairer yet! and yet more fair!  
For she belike hath drunken deep  
Of all the blessedness of sleep!



And while she spake, her looks, her air  
Such gentle thankfulness declare,  
That (so it seemed) her girded vests  
Grew tight beneath her heaving breasts.  
'Sure I have sinn'd!' said Christabel,  
'Now heaven be praised if all be well!'  
And in low faltering tones, yet sweet,  
Did she the lofty lady greet  
With such perplexity of mind  
As dreams too lively leave behind.

So quickly she rose, and quickly arrayed  
Her maiden limbs, and having prayed  
That He, who on the cross did groan,  
Might wash away her sins unknown,  
She forthwith led fair Geraldine  
To meet her sire, Sir Leoline.

The lovely maid and the lady tall  
Are pacing both into the hall,  
And pacing on through page and groom,  
Enter the Baron's presence-room.

The Baron rose, and while he prest  
His gentle daughter to his breast,  
With cheerful wonder in his eyes  
The lady Geraldine espies,  
And gave such welcome to the same,  
As might beseem so bright a dame!

But when he heard the lady's tale,  
And when she told her father's name,  
Why waxed Sir Leoline so pale,  
Murmuring o'er the name again,  
Lord Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine?

Alas! they had been friends in youth;  
But whispering tongues can poison truth;  
And constancy lives in realms above;  
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;  
And to be wroth with one we love  
Doth work like madness in the brain.  
And thus it chanced, as I divine,

With Roland and Sir Leoline.  
Each spake words of high disdain  
And insult to his heart's best brother:  
They parted — ne'er to meet again!  
But never either found another  
To free the hollow heart from paining —  
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,  
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;  
A dreary sea now flows between; —  
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,  
Shall wholly do away, I ween,  
The marks of that which once hath been.

Sir Leoline, a moment's space,  
Stood gazing on the damsel's face:  
And the youthful Lord of Tryermaine  
Came back upon his heart again.

O then the Baron forgot his age,  
His noble heart swelled high with rage;  
He swore by the wounds in Jesu's side  
He would proclaim it far and wide,  
With trump and solemn heraldry,  
That they, who thus had wronged the dame,  
Were base as spotted infamy!  
'And if they dare deny the same,  
My herald shall appoint a week,  
And let the recreant traitors seek  
My tourney court — that there and then  
I may dislodge their reptile souls  
From the bodies and forms of men!'  
He spake: his eye in lightning rolls!  
For the lady was ruthlessly seized; and he kenned  
In the beautiful lady the child of his friend!

And now the tears were on his face,  
And fondly in his arms he took  
Fair Geraldine, who met the embrace,  
Prolonging it with joyous look.  
Which when she viewed, a vision fell  
Upon the soul of Christabel,  
The vision of fear, the touch and pain!

She shrunk and shuddered, and saw again —  
(Ah, woe is me! Was it for thee,  
Thou gentle maid! such sights to see?)

Again she saw that bosom old,  
Again she felt that bosom cold,  
And drew in her breath with a hissing sound:  
Whereat the Knight turned wildly round,  
And nothing saw, but his own sweet maid  
With eyes upraised, as one that prayed.

The touch, the sight, had passed away,  
And in its stead that vision blest,  
Which comforted her after-rest  
While in the lady's arms she lay,  
Had put a rapture in her breast,  
And on her lips and o'er her eyes  
Spread smiles like light!

With new surprise,  
'What ails then my beloved child?'  
The Baron said — His daughter mild  
Made answer, 'All will yet be well!'  
I ween, she had no power to tell  
Aught else: so mighty was the spell.

Yet he, who saw this Geraldine,  
Had deemed her sure a thing divine:  
Such sorrow with such grace she blended,  
As if she feared she had offended  
Sweet Christabel, that gentle maid!  
And with such lowly tones she prayed  
She might be sent without delay  
Home to her father's mansion.

'Nay!

Nay, by my soul!' said Leoline.  
'Ho! Bracy the bard, the charge be thine!  
Go thou, with music sweet and loud,  
And take two steeds with trappings proud,  
And take the youth whom thou lov'st best  
To bear thy harp, and learn thy song,  
And clothe you both in solemn vest,  
And over the mountains haste along,

Lest wandering folk, that are abroad,  
Detain you on the valley road.

'And when he has crossed the Irthing flood,  
My merry bard! he hastes, he hastes  
Up Knorren Moor, through Halegarth Wood,  
And reaches soon that castle good  
Which stands and threatens Scotland's wastes.

'Bard Bracy! bard Bracy! your horses are fleet,  
Ye must ride up the hall, your music so sweet,  
More loud than your horses' echoing feet!  
And loud and loud to Lord Roland call,  
Thy daughter is safe in Langdale hall!  
Thy beautiful daughter is safe and free —  
Sir Leoline greets thee thus through me!  
He bids thee come without delay  
With all thy numerous array  
And take thy lovely daughter home:  
And he will meet thee on the way  
With all his numerous array  
White with their panting palfreys' foam:  
And, by mine honour! I will say,  
That I repent me of the day  
When I spake words of fierce disdain  
To Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine! —  
— For since that evil hour hath flown,  
Many a summer's sun hath shone;  
Yet ne'er found I a friend again  
Like Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine.'

The lady fell, and clasped his knees,  
Her face upraised, her eyes o'erflowing;  
And Bracy replied, with faltering voice,  
His gracious Hail on all bestowing! —  
'Thy words, thou sire of Christabel,  
Are sweeter than my harp can tell;  
Yet might I gain a boon of thee,  
This day my journey should not be,  
So strange a dream hath come to me,  
That I had vowed with music loud  
To clear yon wood from thing unblest,

Warned by a vision in my rest!  
For in my sleep I saw that dove,  
That gentle bird, whom thou dost love,  
And call'st by thy own daughter's name —  
Sir Leoline! I saw the same  
Fluttering, and uttering fearful moan,  
Among the green herbs in the forest alone.  
Which when I saw and when I heard,  
I wonder'd what might ail the bird;  
For nothing near it could I see,  
Save the grass and green herbs underneath the old tree.

'And in my dream methought I went  
To search out what might there be found;  
And what the sweet bird's trouble meant,  
That thus lay fluttering on the ground.  
I went and peered, and could descry  
No cause for her distressful cry;  
But yet for her dear lady's sake  
I stooped, methought, the dove to take,  
When lo! I saw a bright green snake  
Coiled around its wings and neck.  
Green as the herbs on which it couched,  
Close by the dove's its head it crouched;  
And with the dove it heaves and stirs,  
Swelling its neck as she swelled hers!  
I woke; it was the midnight hour,  
The clock was echoing in the tower;  
But though my slumber was gone by,  
This dream it would not pass away —  
It seems to live upon my eye!  
And thence I vowed this self-same day  
With music strong and saintly song  
To wander through the forest bare,  
Lest aught unholy loiter there.'

Thus Bracy said: the Baron, the while,  
Half-listening heard him with a smile;  
Then turned to Lady Geraldine,  
His eyes made up of wonder and love;  
And said in courtly accents fine,  
'Sweet maid, Lord Roland's beauteous dove,



With arms more strong than harp or song,  
Thy sire and I will crush the snake!’  
He kissed her forehead as he spake,  
And Geraldine in maiden wise  
Casting down her large bright eyes,  
With blushing cheek and courtesy fine  
She turned her from Sir Leoline;  
Softly gathering up her train,  
That o’er her right arm fell again;  
And folded her arms across her chest,  
And couched her head upon her breast,  
And looked askance at Christabel —  
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!

A snake’s small eye blinks dull and shy;  
And the lady’s eyes they shrunk in her head,  
Each shrunk up to a serpent’s eye,  
And with somewhat of malice, and more of dread,  
At Christabel she looked askance! —  
One moment — and the sight was fled!  
But Christabel in dizzy trance  
Stumbling on the unsteady ground  
Shuddered aloud, with a hissing sound;  
And Geraldine again turned round,  
And like a thing, that sought relief,  
Full of wonder and full of grief,  
She rolled her large bright eyes divine  
Wildly on Sir Leoline.

The maid, alas! her thoughts are gone,  
She nothing sees — no sight but one!  
The maid, devoid of guile and sin,  
I know not how, in fearful wise,  
So deeply had she drunken in  
That look, those shrunken serpent eyes,  
That all her features were resigned  
To this sole image in her mind:  
And passively did imitate  
That look of dull and treacherous hate!  
And thus she stood, in dizzy trance,  
Still picturing that look askance  
With forced unconscious sympathy

Full before her father's view —  
As far as such a look could be  
In eyes so innocent and blue!

And when the trance was o'er, the maid  
Paused awhile, and inly prayed:  
Then falling at the Baron's feet,  
'By my mother's soul do I entreat  
That thou this woman send away!  
She said: and more she could not say:  
For what she knew she could not tell,  
O'er-mastered by the mighty spell.

Why is thy cheek so wan and wild,  
Sir Leoline? Thy only child  
Lies at thy feet, thy joy, thy pride,  
So fair, so innocent, so mild;  
The same, for whom thy lady died!  
O by the pangs of her dear mother  
Think thou no evil of thy child!  
For her, and thee, and for no other,  
She prayed the moment ere she died:  
Prayed that the babe for whom she died,  
Might prove her dear lord's joy and pride!  
That prayer her deadly pangs beguiled,  
Sir Leoline!

And wouldst thou wrong thy only child,  
Her child and thine?

Within the Baron's heart and brain  
If thoughts, like these, had any share,  
They only swelled his rage and pain,  
And did but work confusion there.  
His heart was cleft with pain and rage,  
His cheeks they quivered, his eyes were wild,  
Dishonoured thus in his old age;  
Dishonoured by his only child,  
And all his hospitality  
To the wronged daughter of his friend  
By more than woman's jealousy  
Brought thus to a disgraceful end —  
He rolled his eye with stern regard

Upon the gentle minstrel bard,  
And said in tones abrupt, austere —  
'Why, Bracy! dost thou loiter here?  
I bade thee hence!' The bard obeyed;  
And turning from his own sweet maid,  
The agéd knight, Sir Leoline,  
Led forth the lady Geraldine!

#### THE CONCLUSION TO PART II

A little child, a limber elf,  
Singing, dancing to itself,  
A fairy thing with red round cheeks,  
That always finds, and never seeks,  
Makes such a vision to the sight  
As fills a father's eyes with light;  
And pleasures flow in so thick and fast  
Upon his heart, that he at last  
Must needs express his love's excess  
With words of unmeant bitterness.  
Perhaps 'tis pretty to force together  
Thoughts so all unlike each other;  
To mutter and mock a broken charm,  
To dally with wrong that does no harm.  
Perhaps 'tis tender too and pretty  
At each wild word to feel within  
A sweet recoil of love and pity.  
And what, if in a world of sin  
(O sorrow and shame should this be true!)  
Such giddiness of heart and brain  
Comes seldom save from rage and pain,  
So talks as it's most used to do.

## Frost at Midnight

The Frost performs its secret ministry,  
 Unhelped by any wind. The owl's cry  
 Came loud — and hark, again! loud as before.  
 The inmates of my cottage, all at rest,  
 Have left me to that solitude, which suits  
 Abstruser musings: save that at my side  
 My cradled infant slumbers peacefully.  
 'Tis calm indeed! so calm, that it disturbs  
 And vexes meditation with its strange  
 And extreme silentness. Sea, hill, and wood,  
 This populous village! Sea, and hill, and wood,  
 With all the numberless goings-on of life,  
 Inaudible as dreams! the thin blue flame  
 Lies on my low-burnt fire, and quivers not;  
 Only that film, which fluttered on the grate,  
 Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing.  
 Methinks, its motion in this hush of nature  
 Gives it dim sympathies with me who live,  
 Making it a companionable form,  
 Whose puny flaps and freaks the idling Spirit  
 By its own moods interprets, every where  
 Echo or mirror seeking of itself,  
 And makes a toy of Thought.

But O! how oft,  
 How oft, at school, with most believing mind,  
 Presageful, have I gazed upon the bars,  
 To watch that fluttering *stranger*! and as oft  
 With unclosed lids, already had I dreamt  
 Of my sweet birth-place, and the old church-tower,  
 Whose bells, the poor man's only music, rang  
 From morn to evening, all the hot Fair-day,  
 So sweetly, that they stirred and haunted me  
 With a wild pleasure, falling on mine ear  
 Most like articulate sounds of things to come!  
 So gazed I, till the soothing things, I dreamt,  
 Lulled me to sleep, and sleep prolonged my dreams!

a guy in jail

dream

freedom

his labors

misery of

prison

And so I brooded all the following morn,  
Awed by the stern preceptor's face, mine eye  
Fixed with mock study on my swimming book:  
Save if the door half opened, and I snatched  
A hasty glance, and still my heart leaped up,  
For still I hoped to see the *stranger's* face,  
Townsmen, or aunt, or sister more beloved,  
My play-mate when we both were clothed alike!

Dear Babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,  
Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,  
Fill up the intersperséd vacancies  
And momentary pauses of the thought!  
My babe so beautiful! it thrills my heart  
With tender gladness, thus to look at thee,  
And think that thou shalt learn far other lore,  
And in far other scenes! For I was reared  
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,  
And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars.  
But *thou*, my babe! shalt wander like a breeze  
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags  
Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds,  
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores  
And mountain crags: so shalt thou see and hear  
The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible  
Of that eternal language, which thy God  
Utters, who from eternity doth teach  
Himself in all, and all things in himself.  
Great universal Teacher! he shall mould  
Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.

Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,  
Whether the summer clothe the general earth  
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing  
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch  
Of mossy apple-tree, while the night thatch  
Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eave-drops fall  
Heard only in the trances of the blast,  
Or if the secret ministry of frost  
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,  
Quietly shining to the quiet Moon.



## France: An Ode

I

Ye Clouds! that far above me float and pause,  
Whose pathless march no mortal may controul!  
Ye Ocean-Waves! that, wheresoe'er ye roll,  
Yield homage only to eternal laws!  
Ye Woods! that listen to the night-birds singing,  
Midway the smooth and perilous slope reclined,  
Save when your own imperious branches swinging,  
Have made a solemn music of the wind!  
Where, like a man beloved of God,  
Through glooms, which never woodman trod,  
How oft, pursuing fancies holy,  
My moonlight way o'er flowering weeds I wound,  
Inspired, beyond the guess of folly,  
By each rude shape and wild unconquerable sound!  
O ye loud Waves! and O ye Forests high!  
And O ye Clouds that far above me soared!  
Thou rising Sun! thou blue rejoicing Sky!  
Yea, every thing that is and will be free!  
Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,  
With what deep worship I have still adored  
The spirit of divinest Liberty.

II

When France in wrath her giant-limbs upreared,  
And with that oath, which smote air, earth, and sea,  
Stamped her strong foot and said she would be free,  
Bear witness for me, how I hoped and feared!  
With what a joy my lofty gratulation  
Unawed I sang, amid a slavish band:  
And when to whelm the disenchanted nation,  
Like fiends embattled by a wizard's wand,  
The Monarchs marched in evil day,  
And Britain joined the dire array;  
Though dear her shores and circling ocean,  
Though many friendships, many youthful loves

Had swoln the patriot emotion  
 And flung a magic light o'er all her hills and groves;  
 Yet still my voice, unaltered, sang defeat

To all that braved the tyrant-quelling lance,  
 And shame too long delayed and vain retreat!  
 For ne'er, O Liberty! with partial aim  
 I dimmed thy light or damped thy holy flame;

But blessed the paeans of delivered France,  
 And hung my head and wept at Britain's name.

### III

'And what,' I said, 'though Blasphemy's loud scream  
 With that sweet music of deliverance strove!

Though all the fierce and drunken passions wove  
 A dance more wild than e'er was maniac's dream!

Ye storms, that round the dawning East assembled,  
 The Sun was rising, though ye hid his light!

And when, to soothe my soul, that hoped and trembled,  
 The dissonance ceased, and all seemed calm and bright;

When France her front deep-scarr'd and gory  
 Concealed with clustering wreaths of glory;

When, insupportably advancing,  
 Her arm made mockery of the warrior's ramp;

While timid looks of fury glancing,  
 Domestic treason, crushed beneath her fatal stamp,  
 Writhed like a wounded dragon in his gore;

Then I reproached my fears that would not flee;  
 'And soon,' I said, 'shall Wisdom teach her lore  
 In the low huts of them that toil and groan!

And, conquering by her happiness alone,  
 Shall France compel the nations to be free,  
 Till Love and Joy look round, and call the Earth their own.'

### IV

Forgive me, Freedom! O forgive those dreams!

I hear thy voice, I hear thy loud lament,

From bleak Helvetia's icy caverns sent —

I hear thy groans upon her blood-stained streams!

Heroes, that for your peaceful country perished,  
 And ye that, fleeing, spot your mountain-snows

With bleeding wounds; forgive me, that I cherished  
One thought that ever blessed your cruel foes!  
To scatter rage, and traitorous guilt,  
Where Peace her jealous home had built;  
A patriot-race to disinherit  
Of all that made their stormy wilds so dear;  
And with inexpiable spirit  
To taint the bloodless freedom of the mountaineer —  
O France, that mockest Heaven, adulterous, blind,  
And patriot only in pernicious toils!  
Are these thy boasts, Champion of human kind?  
To mix with Kings in the low lust of sway,  
Yell in the hunt, and share the murderous prey;  
To insult the shrine of Liberty with spoils  
From freemen torn; to tempt and to betray?

V

The Sensual and the Dark rebel in vain,  
Slaves by their own compulsion! In mad game  
They burst their manacles and wear the name  
Of Freedom, graven on a heavier chain!  
O Liberty! with profitless endeavour  
Have I pursued thee, many a weary hour;  
But thou nor swell'st the victor's strain, nor ever  
Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human power.  
Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee,  
(Nor prayer, nor boastful name delays thee)  
Alike from Priestcraft's harpy minions,  
And factious Blasphemy's obscener slaves,  
Thou speedest on thy subtle pinions,  
The guide of homeless winds, and playmate of the waves!  
And there I felt thee! — on that sea-cliff's verge,  
Whose pines, scarce travelled by the breeze above,  
Had made one murmur with the distant surge!  
Yes, while I stood and gazed, my temples bare,  
And shot my being through earth, sea, and air,  
Possessing all things with intensesst love,  
O Liberty! my spirit felt thee there.

## Kubla Khan

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
A stately pleasure-dome decree:  
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
Through caverns measureless to man  
Down to a sunless sea.

So twice five miles of fertile ground  
With walls and towers were girdled round:  
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,  
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;  
And here were forests ancient as the hills,  
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted  
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!  
A savage place! as holy and enchanted  
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted  
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!  
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,  
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,  
A mighty fountain momently was forced:  
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst  
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,  
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:  
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever  
It flung up momently the sacred river.  
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion  
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,  
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,  
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:  
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far  
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure  
Floated midway on the waves;  
Where was heard the mingled measure  
From the fountain and the caves.  
It was a miracle of rare device,  
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer  
 In a vision once I saw:  
 It was an Abyssinian maid,  
 And on her dulcimer she played,  
 Singing of Mount Abora.  
 Could I revive within me  
 Her symphony and song,  
 To such a deep delight 'twould win me,  
 That with music loud and long,  
 I would build that dome in air,  
 That sunny dome! those caves of ice!  
 And all who heard should see them there,  
 And all should cry, Beware! Beware!  
 His flashing eyes, his floating hair!  
 Weave a circle round him thrice,  
 And close your eyes with holy dread,  
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
 And drunk the milk of Paradise.

### Dejection: An Ode

Late, late yestreen I saw the new Moon,  
 With the old Moon in her arms;  
 And I fear, I fear, my Master dear!  
 We shall have a deadly storm.

*Ballad of Sir Patrick Spence.*

- I Well! If the Bard was weather-wise, who made  
     The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence,  
     This night, so tranquil now, will not go hence  
 Unroused by winds, that ply a busier trade  
 Than those which mould yon cloud in lazy flakes,  
 Or the dull sobbing draft, that moans and rakes  
 Upon the strings of this Æolian lute,  
     Which better far were mute.  
     For lo! the New-moon winter-bright!  
     And overspread with phantom light,  
 (With swimming phantom light o'spread



But rimmed and circled by a silver thread)  
I see the old Moon in her lap, foretelling  
The coming-on of rain and squally blast.  
And oh! that even now the gust were swelling,  
And the slant night-shower driving loud and fast!  
Those sounds which oft have raised me, whilst they awed,  
And sent my soul abroad,  
Might now perhaps their wonted impulse give,  
Might startle this dull pain, and make it move and live!

- II A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,  
A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,  
Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,  
In word, or sigh, or tear —  
O Lady! in this wan and heartless mood,  
To other thoughts by yonder throstle woo'd,  
All this long eve, so balmy and serene,  
Have I been gazing on the western sky,  
And its peculiar tint of yellow green:  
And still I gaze — and with how blank an eye!  
And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,  
That give away their motion to the stars;  
Those stars, that glide behind them or between,  
Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but always seen:  
Yon crescent Moon, as fixed as if it grew  
In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue;  
I see them all so excellently fair,  
I see, not feel, how beautiful they are!

- III My genial spirits fail;  
And what can these avail  
To lift the smothering weight from off my breast?  
It were a vain endeavour,  
Though I should gaze for ever  
On that green light that lingers in the west:  
I may not hope from outward forms to win  
The passion and the life, whose fountains are within.

- IV O Lady! we receive but what we give,  
And in our life alone does Nature live:

Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud!  
 And would we aught behold, of higher worth,  
 Than that inanimate cold world allowed  
 To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,  
 Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth  
 A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud  
 Enveloping the Earth —  
 And from the soul itself must there be sent  
 A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,  
 Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

- V O pure of heart! thou need'st not ask of me  
 What this strong music in the soul may be!  
 What, and wherein it doth exist,  
 This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,  
 This beautiful and beauty-making power.  
 Joy, virtuous Lady! Joy that ne'er was given,  
 Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,  
 Life, and Life's effluence, cloud at once and shower,  
 Joy, Lady! is the spirit and the power,  
 Which wedding Nature to us gives in dower  
 A new Earth and new Heaven,  
 Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud —  
 Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud —  
 We in ourselves rejoice!  
 And thence flows all that charms our ear or sight,  
 All melodies the echoes of that voice,  
 All colours a suffusion from that light.

- VI There was a time when, though my path was rough,  
 This joy within me dallied with distress,  
 And all misfortunes were but as the stuff  
 Whence Fancy made me dreams of happiness:  
 For hope grew round me, like the twining vine,  
 And fruits, and foliage, not my own, seemed mine.  
 But now afflictions bow me down to earth:  
 Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth;  
 But oh! each visitation

Suspends what nature gave me at my birth,  
My shaping spirit of Imagination.  
For not to think of what I needs must feel,  
But to be still and patient, all I can;  
And haply by abstruse research to steal  
From my own nature all the natural man —  
This was my sole resource, my only plan:  
Till that which suits a part infects the whole,  
And now is almost grown the habit of my soul.

- VII Hence, viper thoughts, that coil around my mind,  
Reality's dark dream!  
I turn from you, and listen to the wind,  
Which long has raved unnoticed. What a scream  
Of agony by torture lengthened out  
That lute sent forth! Thou Wind, that rav'st without,  
Bare crag, or mountain-tairn, or blasted tree,  
Or pine-grove whither woodman never clomb,  
Or lonely house, long held the witches' home,  
Methinks were fitter instruments for thee,  
Mad Lutanist! who in this month of showers,  
Of dark-brown gardens, and of peeping flowers,  
Mak'st Devils' yule, with worse than wintry song,  
The blossoms, buds, and timorous leaves among.  
Thou Actor, perfect in all tragic sounds!  
Thou mighty Poet, e'en to frenzy bold!  
What tell'st thou now about?  
'Tis of the rushing of an host in rout,  
With groans, of trampled men, with smarting wounds —  
At once they groan with pain, and shudder with the cold!  
But hush! there is a pause of deepest silence!  
And all that noise, as of a rushing crowd,  
With groans, and tremulous shudderings — all is over —  
It tells another tale, with sounds less deep and loud!  
A tale of less affright,  
And tempered with delight,  
As Otway's self had framed the tender lay, —  
'Tis of a little child  
Upon a lonesome wild,

Not far from home, but she hath lost her way:  
 And now moans low in bitter grief and fear,  
 And now screams loud, and hopes to make her mother hear.

- VIII 'Tis midnight, but small thoughts have I of sleep:  
 Full seldom may my friend such vigils keep!  
 Visit her, gentle Sleep! with wings of healing,  
 And may this storm be but a mountain-birth,  
 May all the stars hang bright above her dwelling,  
 Silent as though they watched the sleeping Earth!  
 With light heart may she rise,  
 Gay fancy, cheerful eyes,  
 Joy lift her spirit, joy attune her voice;  
 To her may all things live, from pole to pole,  
 Their life the eddying of her living soul!  
 O simple spirit, guided from above,  
 Dear Lady! friend devoutest of my choice,  
 Thus mayest thou ever, evermore rejoice.

### The Pains of Sleep

Ere on my bed my limbs I lay,  
 It hath not been my use to pray  
 With moving lips or bended knees;  
 But silently, by slow degrees,  
 My spirit I to Love compose,  
 In humble trust mine eye-lids close,  
 With reverential resignation,  
 No wish conceived, no thought exprest,  
 Only a sense of supplication;  
 A sense o'er all my soul imprest  
 That I am weak, yet not unblest,  
 Since in me, round me, every where  
 Eternal Strength and Wisdom are.

But yester-night I prayed aloud  
 In anguish and in agony,

Up-starting from the fiendish crowd  
Of shapes and thoughts that tortured me:  
A lurid light, a trampling throng,  
Sense of intolerable wrong,  
And whom I scorned, those only strong!  
Thirst of revenge, the powerless will  
Still baffled, and yet burning still!  
Desire with loathing strangely mixed  
On wild or hateful objects fixed.  
Fantastic passions! maddening brawl!  
And shame and terror over all!  
Deeds to be hid which were not hid,  
Which all confused I could not know  
Whether I suffered, or I did:  
For all seemed guilt, remorse or woe,  
My own or others still the same  
Life-stifling fear, soul-stifling shame.

So two nights passed: the night's dismay  
Saddened and stunned the coming day.  
Sleep, the wide blessing, seemed to me  
Distemper's worst calamity.  
The third night, when my own loud scream  
Had waked me from the fiendish dream,  
O'ercome with sufferings strange and wild,  
I wept as I had been a child;  
And having thus by tears subdued  
My anguish to a milder mood,  
Such punishments, I said, were due  
To natures deepliest stained with sin, —  
For aye entempesting anew  
The unfathomable hell within,  
The horror of their deeds to view,  
To know and loathe, yet wish and do!  
Such griefs with such men well agree,  
But wherefore, wherefore fall on me?  
To be beloved is all I need,  
And whom I love, I love indeed.



GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON  
(1788–1824)

“When we two parted”

When we two parted  
In silence and tears,  
Half broken-hearted  
To sever for years,  
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,  
Colder thy kiss;  
Truly that hour foretold  
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning  
Sunk chill on my brow —  
It felt like the warning  
Of what I feel now.  
Thy vows are all broken,  
And light is thy fame;  
I hear thy name spoken,  
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,  
A knell to mine ear;  
A shudder comes o’er me —  
Why wert thou so dear?  
They know not I knew thee,  
Who knew thee too well: —  
Long, long shall I rue thee,  
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met —  
In silence I grieve  
That thy heart could forget,  
Thy spirit deceive.  
If I should meet thee  
After long years,  
How should I greet thee? —  
With silence and tears.

## The Girl of Cadiz

Oh never talk again to me  
Of northern climes and British ladies;  
It has not been your lot to see,  
Like me, the lovely girl of Cadiz.  
Although her eye be not of blue,  
Nor fair her locks, like English lasses,  
How far its own expressive hue  
The languid azure eye surpasses!

Prometheus-like, from heaven she stole  
The fire, that through those silken lashes  
In darkest glances seems to roll,  
From eyes that cannot hide their flashes:  
And as along her bosom steal  
In lengthen'd flow her raven tresses,  
You'd swear each clustering lock could feel,  
And curl'd to give her neck caresses.

Our English maids are long to woo,  
And frigid even in possession;  
And if their charms be fair to view,  
Their lips are slow at Love's confession:  
But, born beneath a brighter sun,  
For love ordain'd the Spanish maid is,  
And who, — when fondly, fairly won, —  
Enchants you like the Girl of Cadiz?

The Spanish maid is no coquette,  
Nor joys to see a lover tremble,  
And if she love, or if she hate,  
Alike she knows not to dissemble.  
Her heart can ne'er be bought or sold —  
Howe'er it beats, it beats sincerely;  
And, though it will not bend to gold,  
'Twill love you long and love you dearly.

The Spanish girl that meets your love  
Ne'er taunts you with a mock denial,  
For every thought is bent to prove  
Her passion in the hour of trial.

a man's feeling

sexy

heaven

When thronging foemen menace Spain,  
She dares the deed and shares the danger;  
And should her lover press the plain,  
She hurls the spear, her love's avenger.

And when, beneath the evening star,  
She mingles in the gay Bolero,  
Or sings to her attuned guitar  
Of Christian knight or Moorish hero,  
Or counts her beads with fairy hand  
Beneath the twinkling rays of Hesper,  
Or joins Devotion's choral band,  
To chaunt the sweet and hallow'd vesper; —

In each her charms the heart must move  
Of all who venture to behold her;  
Then let not maids less fair reprove  
Because her bosom is not colder:  
Through many a clime 'tis mine to roam  
Where many a soft and melting maid is,  
But none abroad, and few at home,  
May match the dark-eyed Girl of Cadiz.

### **"She walks in beauty"**

She walks in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:  
Thus mellow'd to that tender light  
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,  
Had half impair'd the nameless grace  
Which waves in every raven tress,  
Or softly lightens o'er her face;  
Where thoughts serenely sweet express  
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,  
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
But tell of days in goodness spent,  
A mind at peace with all below,  
A heart whose love is innocent!

### The Destruction of Sennacherib

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,  
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;  
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,  
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,  
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:  
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,  
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,  
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;  
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,  
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,  
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride:  
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,  
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,  
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;  
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,  
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,  
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;

And the might of the Gentile, uns mote by the sword,  
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

### Stanzas for Music

There be none of Beauty's daughters

With a magic like thee;

And like music on the waters

Is thy sweet voice to me:

When, as if its sound were causing

The charmèd ocean's pausing,

The waves lie still and gleaming,

And the lull'd winds seem dreaming.

And the midnight moon is weaving

Her bright chain o'er the deep;

Whose breast is gently heaving,

As an infant's asleep:

So the spirit bows before thee,

To listen and adore thee;

With a full but soft emotion,

Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

### The Prisoner of Chillon

A FABLE

#### SONNET ON CHILLON

Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind!

Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,

For there thy habitation is the heart —

The heart which love of thee alone can bind;

And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd —



To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,  
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,  
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.  
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,  
And thy sad floor an altar; for 'twas trod,  
Until his very steps have left a trace  
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,  
By Bonnivard!\* — May none those marks efface!  
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

I  
My hair is grey, but not with years,  
Nor grew it white  
In a single night,  
As men's have grown from sudden fears.  
My limbs are bow'd, though not with toil,  
But rusted with a vile repose,  
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,  
And mine has been the fate of those  
To whom the goodly earth and air  
Are bann'd, and barr'd — forbidden fare.  
But this was for my father's faith,  
I suffer'd chains and courted death;  
That father perish'd at the stake  
For tenets he would not forsake;  
And for the same his lineal race  
In darkness found a dwelling-place.  
We were seven — who now are one,  
Six in youth, and one in age,  
Finish'd as they had begun,  
Proud of Persecution's rage;  
One in fire, and two in field,  
Their belief with blood have seal'd,  
Dying as their father died,  
For the God their foes denied;  
Three were in a dungeon cast,  
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

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\*François de Bonnivard (1496–1570), imprisoned in the Château de Chillon (at the eastern end of the Lake of Geneva) for his defense of the freedom of Geneva.

## II

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould  
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,  
There are seven columns, massy and grey,  
Dim with a dull imprison'd ray,  
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,  
And through the crevice and the cleft  
Of the thick wall is fallen and left;  
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,  
Like a marsh's meteor lamp.

And in each pillar there is a ring,  
And in each ring there is a chain;  
That iron is a cankering thing,

For in these limbs its teeth remain,  
With marks that will not wear away,  
Till I have done with this new day,  
Which now is painful to these eyes,  
Which have not seen the sun so rise  
For years — I cannot count them o'er,  
I lost their long and heavy score  
When my last brother droop'd and died,  
And I lay living by his side.

## III

They chain'd us each to a column stone,  
And we were three — yet, each alone;  
We could not move a single pace,  
We could not see each other's face,  
But with that pale and livid light  
That made us strangers in our sight.  
And thus together, yet apart,  
Fetter'd in hand, but join'd in heart,  
'Twas still some solace, in the dearth  
Of the pure elements of earth,  
To hearken to each other's speech,  
And each turn comforter to each  
With some new hope or legend old,  
Or song heroically bold;  
But even these at length grew cold.

Our voices took a dreary tone,  
An echo of the dungeon stone,  
A grating sound — not full and free  
As they of yore were wont to be:  
It might be fancy, but to me  
They never sounded like our own.

## IV

I was the eldest of the three,  
And to uphold and cheer the rest  
I ought to do — and did my best;  
And each did well in his degree.  
The youngest, whom my father loved,  
Because our mother's brow was given  
To him, with eyes as blue as heaven —  
For him my soul was sorely moved.  
And truly might it be distress'd  
To see such bird in such a nest;  
For he was beautiful as day  
(When day was beautiful to me  
As to young eagles being free) —  
A polar day, which will not see  
A sunset till its summer's gone,  
Its sleepless summer of long light,  
The snow-clad offspring of the sun:  
And thus he was as pure and bright,  
And in his natural spirit gay,  
With tears for nought but others' ills;  
And then they flow'd like mountain rills,  
Unless he could assuage the woe  
Which he abhorr'd to view below.

## V

The other was as pure of mind,  
But form'd to combat with his kind;  
Strong in his frame, and of a mood  
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,  
And perish'd in the foremost rank  
With joy: — but not in chains to pine:

His spirit wither'd with their clank,  
I saw it silently decline —  
And so perchance in sooth did mine:  
But yet I forced it on to cheer  
Those relics of a home so dear.  
He was a hunter of the hills,  
Had follow'd there the deer and wolf;  
To him this dungeon was a gulf,  
And fetter'd feet the worst of ills.

## VI

Lake Lemán lies by Chillon's walls:  
A thousand feet in depth below  
Its massy waters meet and flow;  
Thus much the fathom-line was sent  
From Chillon's snow-white battlement  
Which round about the wave intrals:  
A double dungeon wall and wave  
Have made — and like a living grave.  
Below the surface of the lake  
The dark vault lies wherein we lay:  
We heard it ripple night and day;  
Sounding o'er our heads it knock'd;  
And I have felt the winter's spray  
Wash through the bars when winds were high  
And wanton in the happy sky;  
And then the very rock hath rock'd,  
And I have felt it shake, unshock'd,  
Because I could have smiled to see  
The death that would have set me free.

## VII

I said my nearer brother pined,  
I said his mighty heart declined,  
He loathed and put away his food;  
It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,  
For we were used to hunters' fare,  
And for the like had little care.  
The milk drawn from the mountain goat  
Was changed for water from the moat,

Our bread was such as captives' tears  
 Have moisten'd many a thousand years,  
 Since man first pent his fellow men  
 Like brutes within an iron den;  
 But what were these to us or him?  
 These wasted not his heart or limb;  
 My brother's soul was of that mould  
 Which in a palace had grown cold,  
 Had his free breathing been denied  
 The range of the steep mountain's side.  
 Buy why delay the truth? — he died.  
 I saw, and could not hold his head,  
 Nor reach his dying hand — nor dead, —  
 Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,  
 To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.  
 He died — and they unlock'd his chain,  
 And scoop'd for him a shallow grave  
 Even from the cold earth of our cave.  
 I begg'd them, as a boon, to lay  
 His corse in dust whereon the day  
 Might shine — it was a foolish thought,  
 But then within my brain it wrought,  
 That even in death his freeborn breast  
 In such a dungeon could not rest.  
 I might have spared my idle prayer;  
 They coldly laugh'd — and laid him there:  
 The flat and turfless earth above  
 The being we so much did love;  
 His empty chain above it leant,  
 Such murder's fitting monument!

## VIII

But he, the favourite and the flower,  
 Most cherish'd since his natal hour,  
 His mother's image in fair face,  
 The infant love of all his race,  
 His martyr'd father's dearest thought,  
 My latest care, for whom I sought  
 To hoard my life, that his might be  
 Less wretched now, and one day free;



He, too, who yet had held untired  
A spirit natural or inspired —  
He, too, was struck, and day by day  
Was wither'd on the stalk away.  
Oh, God! it is a fearful thing  
To see the human soul take wing  
In any shape, in any mood: —  
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,  
I've seen it on the breaking ocean  
Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,  
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed  
Of Sin delirious with its dread:  
But these were horrors — this was woe  
Unmix'd with such — but sure and slow.  
He faded, and so calm and meek,  
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,  
So tearless, yet so tender — kind,  
And grieved for those he left behind;  
With all the while a cheek whose bloom  
Was as a mockery of the tomb,  
Whose tints as gently sunk away  
As a departing rainbow's ray;  
An eye of most transparent light,  
That almost made the dungeon bright;  
And not a word of murmur, not  
A groan o'er his untimely lot, —  
A little talk of better days,  
A little hope my own to raise,  
For I was sunk in silence — lost  
In this last loss, of all the most;  
And then the sighs he would suppress  
Of fainting nature's feebleness,  
More slowly drawn, grew less and less.  
I listen'd, but I could not hear —  
I call'd, for I was wild with fear;  
I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread  
Would not be thus admonishèd.  
I call'd, and thought I heard a sound —  
I burst my chain with one strong bound,  
And rush'd to him: — I found him not,  
I only stirr'd in this black spot,

I only lived — I only drew  
 The accursèd breath of dungeon-dew;  
 The last — the sole — the dearest link  
 Between me and the eternal brink,  
 Which bound me to my failing race,  
 Was broken in this fatal place.  
 One on the earth, and one beneath —  
 My brothers — both had ceased to breathe:  
 I took that hand which lay so still,  
 Alas! my own was full as chill,  
 I had not strength to stir, or strive,  
 But felt that I was still alive —  
 A frantic feeling, when we know  
 That what we love shall ne'er be so.

I know not why  
 I could not die,  
 I had no earthly hope — but faith,  
 And that forbade a selfish death.

## IX

What next befell me then and there  
 I know not well — I never knew;  
 First came the loss of light, and air,  
 And then of darkness too.  
 I had no thought, no feeling — none —  
 Among the stones I stood a stone,  
 And was, scarce conscious what I wist,  
 As shrubless crags within the mist;  
 For all was blank, and bleak, and grey,  
 It was not night — it was not day;  
 It was not even the dungeon-light  
 So hateful to my heavy sight,  
 But vacancy absorbing space,  
 And fixedness — without a place;  
 There were no stars, no earth, no time,  
 No check, no change, no good, no crime —  
 But silence, and a stirless breath  
 Which neither was of life nor death;  
 A sea of stagnant idleness,  
 Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless!

X

A light broke in upon my brain, —  
It was the carol of a bird;  
It ceased, and then it came again,  
The sweetest song ear ever heard,  
And mine was thankful till my eyes  
Ran over with the glad surprise,  
And they that moment could not see  
I was the mate of misery.  
But then by dull degrees came back  
My senses to their wonted track;  
I saw the dungeon walls and floor  
Close slowly round me as before,  
I saw the glimmer of the sun  
Creeping as it before had done,  
But through the crevice where it came  
That bird was perch'd, as fond and tame,  
And tamer than upon the tree;  
A lovely bird, with azure wings,  
And song that said a thousand things,  
And seem'd to say them all for me!  
I never saw its like before,  
I ne'er shall see its likeness more:  
It seem'd like me to want a mate,  
But was not half so desolate,  
And it was come to love me when  
None lived to love me so again,  
And cheering from my dungeon's brink,  
Had brought me back to feel and think.  
I know not if it late were free,  
Or broke its cage to perch on mine,  
But knowing well captivity,  
Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine!  
Or if it were, in wingèd guise,  
A visitant from Paradise;  
For — Heaven forgive that thought! the while  
Which made me both to weep and smile —  
I sometimes deem'd that it might be  
My brother's soul come down to me;  
But then at last away it flew,

And then 'twas mortal — well I knew,  
For he would never thus have flown,  
And left me twice so doubly lone, —  
Lone — as the corse within its shroud,  
Lone — as a solitary cloud,

A single cloud on a sunny day,  
While all the rest of heaven is clear,  
A frown upon the atmosphere  
That hath no business to appear  
When skies are blue and earth is gay.

## XI

A kind of change came in my fate,  
My keepers grew compassionate;  
I know not what had made them so,  
They were inured to sights of woe,  
But so it was: — my broken chain  
With links unfasten'd did remain,  
And it was liberty to stride  
Along my cell from side to side,  
And up and down, and then athwart,  
And tread it over every part;  
And round the pillars one by one,  
Returning where my walk begun,  
Avoiding only, as I trod,  
My brothers' graves without a sod;  
For if I thought with heedless tread  
My step profaned their lowly bed,  
My breath came gaspingly and thick,  
And my crush'd heart fell blind and sick.

## XII

I made a footing in the wall,  
It was not therefrom to escape,  
For I had buried one and all  
Who loved me in a human shape;  
And the whole earth would henceforth be  
A wider prison unto me.  
No child, no sire, no kin had I,

No partner in my misery;  
I thought of this, and I was glad,  
For thought of them had made me mad;  
But I was curious to ascend  
To my barr'd windows, and to bend  
Once more, upon the mountains high,  
The quiet of a loving eye.

## XIII

I saw them — and they were the same,  
They were not changed like me in frame;  
I saw their thousand years of snow  
On high — their wide long lake below,  
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;  
I heard the torrents leap and gush  
O'er channell'd rock and broken bush;  
I saw the white-wall'd distant town,  
And whiter sails go skimming down.  
And then there was a little isle,  
Which in my very face did smile,

    The only one in view;  
A small green isle, it seem'd no more,  
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,  
But in it there were three tall trees,  
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,  
And by it there were waters flowing,  
And on it there were young flowers growing  
    Of gentle breath and hue.

The fish swam by the castle wall,  
And they seem'd joyous each and all;  
The eagle rode the rising blast,  
Methought he never flew so fast  
As then to me he seem'd to fly;  
And then new tears came in my eye,  
And I felt troubled and would fain  
I had not left my recent chain.  
And when I did descend again,  
The darkness of my dim abode  
Fell on me as a heavy load;  
It was as is a new-dug grave,  
Closing o'er one we sought to save;  
And yet my glance, too much oppress'd,  
Had almost need of such a rest.



## XIV

It might be months, or years, or days —  
I kept no count, I took no note,  
I had no hope my eyes to raise,  
And clear them of their dreary mote.  
At last men came to set me free,  
I ask'd not why, and reck'd not where,  
It was at length the same to me,  
Fetter'd or fetterless to be,  
I learn'd to love despair.  
And thus when they appear'd at last,  
And all my bonds aside were cast,  
These heavy walls to me had grown  
A hermitage — and all my own!  
And half I felt as they were come  
To tear me from a second home.  
With spiders I had friendship made,  
And watch'd them in their sullen trade,  
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,  
And why should I feel less than they?  
We were all inmates of one place,  
And I, the monarch of each race,  
Had power to kill — yet, strange to tell!  
In quiet we had learn'd to dwell —  
My very chains and I grew friends,  
So much a long communion tends  
To make us what we are: — even I  
Regain'd my freedom with a sigh.

## Darkness

I had a dream, which was not all a dream.  
The bright sun was extinguish'd, and the stars  
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,  
Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth  
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;  
Morn came and went — and came, and brought no day,  
And men forgot their passions in the dead

Of this their desolation; and all hearts  
Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for light.  
And they did live by watch fires — and the thrones,  
The palaces of crownèd kings — the huts,  
The habitations of all things which dwell,  
Were burnt for beacons; cities were consumed,  
And men were gather'd round their blazing homes  
To look once more into each other's face.  
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye  
Of the volcanos, and their mountain-torch:  
A fearful hope was all the world contain'd;  
Forests were set on fire — but hour by hour  
They fell and faded — and the crackling trunks  
Extinguish'd with a crash — and all was black.  
The brows of men by the despairing light  
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits  
The flashes fell upon them; some lay down  
And hid their eyes and wept; and some did rest  
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled;  
And others hurried to and fro, and fed  
Their funeral piles with fuel, and look'd up  
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,  
The pall of a past world; and then again  
With curses cast them down upon the dust,  
And gnash'd their teeth and howl'd. The wild birds shriek'd,  
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,  
And flap their useless wings; the wildest brutes  
Came tame and tremulous; and vipers crawl'd  
And twined themselves among the multitude,  
Hissing, but stingless — they were slain for food.  
And War, which for a moment was no more,  
Did glut himself again; — a meal was bought  
With blood, and each sate sullenly apart  
Gorging himself in gloom. No love was left;  
All earth was but one thought — and that was death,  
Immediate and inglorious; and the pang  
Of famine fed upon all entrails — men  
Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh;  
The meagre by the meagre were devour'd,  
Even dogs assail'd their masters; all save one,

And he was faithful to a corse, and kept  
The birds and beasts and famish'd men at bay,  
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead  
Lured their lank jaws. Himself sought out no food,  
But with a piteous and perpetual moan,  
And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand  
Which answer'd not with a caress — he died.  
The crowd was famish'd by degrees; but two  
Of an enormous city did survive,  
And they were enemies. They met beside  
The dying embers of an altar-place,  
Where had been heap'd a mass of holy things  
For an unholy usage; they raked up,  
And shivering scraped with their cold skeleton hands  
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath  
Blew for a little life, and made a flame  
Which was a mockery. Then they lifted up  
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld  
Each other's aspects — saw, and shriek'd, and died —  
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,  
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow  
Famine had written Fiend. The world was void,  
The populous and the powerful was a lump,  
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless —  
A lump of death — a chaos of hard clay.  
The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still,  
And nothing stirr'd within their silent depths;  
Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,  
And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they dropp'd  
They slept on the abyss without a surge —  
The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave,  
The Moon, their mistress, had expired before;  
The winds were wither'd in the stagnant air,  
And the clouds perish'd; Darkness had no need  
Of aid from them — She was the Universe.

## Stanzas to Augusta

Though the day of my destiny's over,  
 And the star of my fate hath declined,  
 Thy soft heart refused to discover  
 The faults which so many could find;  
 Though thy soul with my grief was acquainted,  
 It shrunk not to share it with me,  
 And the love which my spirit hath painted  
 It never hath found but in *thee*.

Then when nature around me is smiling,  
 The last smile which answers to mine,  
 I do not believe it beguiling,  
 Because it reminds me of thine;  
 And when winds are at war with the ocean,  
 As the breasts I believed in with me,  
 If their billows excite an emotion,  
 It is that they bear me from *thee*.

Though the rock of my last hope is shiver'd,  
 And its fragments are sunk in the wave,  
 Though I feel that my soul is deliver'd  
 To pain — it shall not be its slave.  
 There is many a pang to pursue me:  
 They may crush, but they shall not contemn —  
 They may torture, but shall not subdue me —  
 'Tis of *thee* that I think — not of them.

Though human, thou didst not deceive me,  
 Though woman, thou didst not forsake,  
 Though loved, thou forborest to grieve me,  
 Though slander'd, thou never couldst shake, —  
 Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me,  
 Though parted, it was not to fly,  
 Though watchful, 'twas not to defame me,  
 Nor, mute, that the world might belie.

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it,  
 Nor the war of the many with one —  
 If my soul was not fitted to prize it,  
 'Twas folly not sooner to shun:  
 And if dearly that error hath cost me,  
 And more than I once could foresee,  
 I have found that, whatever it lost me,  
 It could not deprive me of *thee*.

From the wreck of the past, which hath perish'd,  
 Thus much I at least may recall,  
 It hath taught me that what I most cherish'd  
 Deserved to be dearest of all:  
 In the desert a fountain is springing,  
 In the wide waste there still is a tree,  
 And a bird in the solitude singing,  
 Which speaks to my spirit of *thee*.

"So we'll go no more a roving"

So we'll go no more a roving  
 So late into the night,  
 Though the heart be still as loving,  
 And the moon be still as bright.

For the sword outwears its sheath,  
 And the soul wears out the breast,  
 And the heart must pause to breathe,  
 And Love itself have rest.

Though the night was made for loving,  
 And the day returns too soon,  
 Yet we'll go no more a roving  
 By the light of the moon.



**"Childe Harold's Pilgrimage":  
"Adieu, adieu! my native shore" (Canto I)**

- 1 'Adieu, adieu! my native shore  
    Fades o'er the waters blue;  
The Night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,  
    And shrieks the wild sea-mew.  
Yon Sun that sets upon the sea  
    We follow in his flight;  
Farewell awhile to him and thee,  
    My native Land — Good Night!
- 2 'A few short hours and He will rise  
    To give the Morrow birth;  
And I shall hail the main and skies,  
    But not my mother Earth.  
Deserted is my own good hall,  
    Its hearth is desolate;  
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;  
    My dog howls at the gate.
- 3 'Come hither, hither, my little page!  
    Why dost thou weep and wail?  
Or dost thou dread the billows' rage,  
    Or tremble at the gale?  
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;  
    Our ship is swift and strong,  
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly  
    More merrily along.' —
- 4 'Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,  
    I fear not wave nor wind;  
Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I  
    Am sorrowful in mind;  
For I have from my father gone,  
    A mother whom I love,  
And have no friend, save these alone,  
    But thee — and one above.
- 5 'My father bless'd me fervently,  
    Yet did not much complain;

But sorely will my mother sigh  
Till I come back again.' —

'Enough, enough, my little lad!  
Such tears become thine eye;  
If I thy guileless bosom had,  
Mine own would not be dry. —

- 6 'Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman,  
Why dost thou look so pale?  
Or dost thou dread a French foeman?  
Or shiver at the gale?' —  
'Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?  
Sir Childe, I'm not so weak;  
But thinking on an absent wife  
Will blanch a faithful cheek.

- 7 'My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,  
Along the bordering lake,  
And when they on their father call,  
What answer shall she make?' —  
'Enough, enough, my yeoman good,  
Thy grief let none gainsay;  
But I, who am of lighter mood,  
Will laugh to flee away.

- 8 'For who would trust the seeming sighs  
Of wife or paramour?  
Fresh feres will dry the bright blue eyes  
We late saw streaming o'er.  
For pleasures past I do not grieve,  
Nor perils gathering near;  
My greatest grief is that I leave  
No thing that claims a tear.

- 9 'And now I'm in the world alone,  
Upon the wide, wide sea;  
But why should I for others groan,  
When none will sigh for me?  
Perchance my dog will whine in vain,  
Till fed by stranger hands;  
But long ere I come back again  
He'd tear me where he stands.

- 10 'With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go  
 Athwart the foaming brine;  
 Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,  
 So not again to mine.  
 Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves!  
 And when you fail my sight,  
 Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves!  
 My native land — Good Night!

friend

fight for g  
 indulge yourself  
 your foe in a  
 that slushy life

Theme: friend-foe  
 lusty life happiness fight for

### "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage": III, xxi–xxviii [Waterloo]

- XXI There was a sound of revelry by night,  
 And Belgium's capital had gather'd then  
 Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright  
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;  
 A thousand hearts beat happily; and when  
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
 Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,  
 And all went merry as a marriage-bell; —  
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Tone: heroic

- XXII Did ye not hear it? — No; 'twas but the wind,  
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;  
 On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;  
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet  
 To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet —  
 But hark! — that heavy sound breaks in once more  
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat;  
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!  
 Arm! Arm! it is — it is — the cannon's opening roar!

simile  
 comparison

- XXIII Within a window'd niche of that high hall  
 Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear  
 That sound the first amidst the festival,  
 And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;  
 And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,  
 His heart more truly knew that peal too well  
 Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,  
 And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:  
 He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

- XXIV Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,  
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago  
 Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;  
 And there were sudden partings, such as press  
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs  
 Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess  
 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,  
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!
- XXV And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,  
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,  
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;  
 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;  
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum  
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;  
 While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,  
 Or whispering, with white lips — 'The foe! They come! they  
 come!'
- XXVI And wild and high the 'Cameron's gathering' rose!  
 The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills  
 Have heard, and heard too have her Saxon foes: —  
 How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,  
 Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills  
 Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers  
 With the fierce native daring which instils  
 The stirring memory of a thousand years,  
 And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!
- XXVII And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,  
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,  
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,  
 Over the unreturning brave, — alas!  
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass  
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow  
 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass  
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe  
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

glory . . . fate

- XXVIII      Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,  
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,  
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,  
 The morn the marshalling in arms, — the day  
 Battle's magnificently-stern array!  
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent  
 The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,  
 Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,  
 Rider and horse, — friend, foe, — in one red burial blent!

*everyone died.*

“Childe Harold's Pilgrimage”: IV, clxxvii–clxxxiv [Ocean]

- CLXXVII      Oh that the Desert were my dwelling-place,  
 With one fair Spirit for my minister,  
 That I might all forget the human race,  
 And, hating no one, love but only her!  
 Ye Elements, in whose ennobling stir  
 I feel myself exalted, can ye not  
 Accord me such a being? Do I err  
 In deeming such inhabit many a spot,  
 Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot?
- CLXXVIII      There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
 There is society where none intrudes,  
 By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:  
 I love not Man the less, but Nature more,  
 From these our interviews, in which I steal  
 From all I may be or have been before,  
 To mingle with the Universe, and feel  
 What I can ne'er express, yet can not all conceal.
- CLXXIX      Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean, roll!  
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;  
 Man marks the earth with ruin, his control  
 Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain  
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain  
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,  
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,



He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,  
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

CLXXX      His steps are not upon thy paths, thy fields  
Are not a spoil for him, — thou dost arise  
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields  
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,  
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,  
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray  
And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies  
His petty hope in some near port or bay,  
And dashest him again to earth: — there let him lay.

CLXXXI     The armaments which thunderstrike the walls  
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake  
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,  
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make  
Their clay creator the vain title take  
Of lord of thee and arbiter of war, —  
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,  
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar  
Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

CLXXXII    Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee —  
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?  
Thy waters wash'd them power while they were free,  
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey  
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay  
Has dried up realms to deserts: — not so thou,  
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play;  
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow;  
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

CLXXXIII   Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form  
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,  
Calm or convulsed — in breeze, or gale, or storm,  
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime  
Dark-heaving; — boundless, endless, and sublime —  
The image of Eternity — the throne  
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime  
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone  
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

- CLXXXIV      And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy  
                     Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be  
                     Borne, like thy bubbles, onward. From a boy  
                     I wanton'd with thy breakers — they to me  
                     Were a delight; and if the freshening sea  
                     Made them a terror — 'twas a pleasing fear,  
                     For I was as it were a child of thee,  
                     And trusted to thy billows far and near,  
                     And laid my hand upon thy mane — as I do here.

“Don Juan”: I, cc–cciii

- CC              My poem's epic, and is meant to be  
                     Divided in twelve books; each book containing,  
                     With love, and war, a heavy gale at sea,  
                     A list of ships, and captains, and kings reigning,  
                     New characters; the episodes are three:  
                     A panoramic view of hell's in training,  
                     After the style of Virgil and of Homer,  
                     So that my name of Epic's no misnomer.
- CCI             All these things will be specified in time,  
                     With strict regard to Aristotle's rules,  
                     The *Vade Mecum* of the true sublime,  
                     Which makes so many poets, and some fools:  
                     Prose poets like blank-verse, I'm fond of rhyme,  
                     Good workmen never quarrel with their tools;  
                     I've got new mythological machinery,  
                     And very handsome supernatural scenery.
- CCII            There's only one slight difference between  
                     Me and my epic brethren gone before,  
                     And here the advantage is my own, I ween  
                     (Not that I have not several merits more,  
                     But this will more peculiarly be seen);  
                     They so embellish, that 'tis quite a bore  
                     Their labyrinth of fables to thread through,  
                     Whereas this story's actually true.

CCIII If any person doubt it, I appeal  
 To history, tradition, and to facts,  
 To newspapers, whose truth all know and feel,  
 To plays in five, and operas in three acts;  
 All these confirm my statement a good deal,  
 But that which more completely faith exacts  
 Is that myself, and several now in Seville,  
 Saw Juan's last elopement with the devil.

**"Don Juan": "The isles of Greece" (Canto III)**

- 1 The isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece!  
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,  
 Where grew the arts of war and peace,  
 Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!  
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,  
 But all, except their sun, is set.
- 2 The Scian and the Teian muse,\*  
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,  
 Have found the fame your shores refuse;  
 Their place of birth alone is mute  
 To sounds which echo further west  
 Than your sires' 'Islands of the Blest.'
- 3 The mountains look on Marathon —  
 And Marathon looks on the sea;  
 And musing there an hour alone,  
 I dream'd that Greece might still be free;  
 For standing on the Persians' grave,  
 I could not deem myself a slave.

---

\*Homer and Anacreon.

- 4 A king sate on the rocky brow  
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;  
And ships, by thousands, lay below,  
And men in nations; — all were his!  
He counted them at break of day —  
And when the sun set where were they?
- 5 And where are they? and where art thou,  
My country? On thy voiceless shore  
The heroic lay is tuneless now —  
The heroic bosom beats no more!  
And must thy lyre, so long divine,  
Degenerate into hands like mine?
- 6 'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,  
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,  
To feel at least a patriot's shame,  
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;  
For what is left the poet here?  
For Greeks a blush — for Greece a tear.
- 7 Must we but weep o'er days more blest?  
Must we but blush? — Our fathers bled.  
Earth! render back from out thy breast  
A remnant of our Spartan dead!  
Of the three hundred grant but three,  
To make a new Thermopylæ!
- 8 What, silent still? and silent all?  
Ah! no; — the voices of the dead  
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,  
And answer, 'Let one living head,  
But one arise, — we come, we come!'  
'Tis but the living who are dumb.
- 9 In vain — in vain: strike other chords;  
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!  
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,  
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!  
Hark! rising to the ignoble call —  
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

- 10 You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,  
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?  
Of two such lessons, why forget  
The nobler and the manlier one?  
You have the letters Cadmus gave — \*  
Think ye he meant them for a slave?
- 11 Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!  
We will not think of themes like these!  
It made Anacreon's song divine:  
He served — but served Polycrates —  
A tyrant; but our masters then  
Were still, at least, our countrymen.
- 12 The tyrant of the Chersonese  
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;  
*That* tyrant was Miltiades!  
Oh! that the present hour would lend  
Another despot of the kind!  
Such chains as his were sure to bind.
- 13 Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!  
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,  
Exists the remnant of a line  
Such as the Doric mothers bore;  
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,  
The Heracleidan blood might own.
- 14 Trust not for freedom to the Franks —  
They have a king who buys and sells:  
In native swords, and native ranks,  
The only hope of courage dwells;  
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,  
Would break your shield, however broad.
- 15 Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!  
Our virgins dance beneath the shade —  
I see their glorious black eyes shine;  
But gazing on each glowing maid,  
My own the burning tear-drop laves,  
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

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\*Legendary creator of the Greek alphabet.



- 16 Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,  
 Where nothing, save the waves and I,  
 May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;  
 There, swan-like, let me sing and die:  
 A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine —  
 Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

"Don Juan": XI, lvii–lx

- LVII Sir Walter reign'd before me; Moore and Campbell  
 Before and after; but now grown more holy,  
 The Muses upon Sion's hill must ramble  
 With poets almost clergymen, or wholly;  
 And Pegasus hath a psalmodic amble  
 Beneath the very Reverend Rowley Powley,  
 Who shoes the glorious animal with stilts,  
 A modern Ancient Pistol — by the hilts!
- LVIII Then there's my gentle Euphues, who, they say,  
 Sets up for being a sort of *moral me*;  
 He'll find it rather difficult some day  
 To turn out both, or either, it may be.  
 Some persons think that Coleridge hath the sway;  
 And Wordsworth has supporters, two or three;  
 And that deep-mouth'd Bæotian 'Savage Lander'  
 Has taken for a swan rogue Southey's gander.
- LIX John Keats, who was kill'd off by one critique,  
 Just as he really promised something great,  
 If not intelligible, without Greek  
 Contrived to talk about the gods of late,  
 Much as they might have been supposed to speak.  
 Poor fellow! His was an untoward fate;  
 'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,  
 Should let itself be snuff'd out by an article.
- LX The list grows long of live and dead pretenders  
 To that which none will gain — or none will know  
 The conqueror at least; who, ere Time renders  
 His last award, will have the long grass grow  
 Above his burnt-out brain, and sapless cinders.  
 If I might augur, I should rate but low  
 Their chances; they're too numerous, like the thirty  
 Mock tyrants, when Rome's annals wax'd but dirty.

## On This Day I Complete My Thirty-sixth Year

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,  
Since others it hath ceased to move:  
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,  
Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf;  
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;  
The worm, the canker, and the grief  
Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys  
Is lone as some volcanic isle;  
No torch is kindled at its blaze —  
A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,  
The exalted portion of the pain  
And power of love, I cannot share,  
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not *thus* — and 'tis not *here* —  
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor *now*,  
Where glory decks the hero's bier,  
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,  
Glory and Greece, around me see!  
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,  
Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece — she *is* awake!)  
Awake, my spirit! Think through *whom*  
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,  
And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down,  
Unworthy manhood! — unto thee  
Indifferent should the smile or frown  
Of beauty be.

If thou regret'st thy youth, *why live?*  
The land of honourable death  
Is here: — up to the field, and give  
Away thy breath!

Seek out — less often sought than found —  
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;  
Then look around, and choose thy ground,  
And take thy rest.

MISSOLONGHI, *January 22, 1824.*

# PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792–1822)

## Hymn to Intellectual Beauty

- I The awful shadow of some unseen Power  
Floats though unseen among us, — visiting  
This various world with as inconstant wing  
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower, —  
Like moonbeams that behind some piny mountain shower,  
It visits with inconstant glance  
Each human heart and countenance;  
Like hues and harmonies of evening, —  
Like clouds in starlight widely spread, —  
Like memory of music fled, —  
Like aught that for its grace may be  
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.
- II Spirit of BEAUTY, that dost consecrate  
With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon  
Of human thought or form, — where art thou gone?  
Why dost thou pass away and leave our state,  
This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate?  
Ask why the sunlight not for ever  
Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain-river,  
Why aught should fail and fade that once is shown,  
Why fear and dream and death and birth  
Cast on the daylight of this earth  
Such gloom, — why man has such a scope  
For love and hate, despondency and hope?
- III No voice from some sublimer world hath ever  
To sage or poet these responses given —  
Therefore the names of Demon, Ghost, and Heaven,  
Remain the records of their vain endeavour,  
Frail spells — whose uttered charm might not avail to sever,  
From all we hear and all we see,  
Doubt, chance, and mutability.  
Thy light alone — like mist o'er mountains driven,  
Or music by the night-wind sent  
Through strings of some still instrument,  
Or moonlight on a midnight stream,  
Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

- IV Love, Hope, and Self-esteem, like clouds depart  
 And come, for some uncertain moments lent.  
 Man were immortal, and omnipotent,  
 Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,  
 Keep with thy glorious train firm state within his heart.  
 Thou messenger of sympathies,  
 That wax and wane in lovers' eyes —  
 Thou — that to human thought art nourishment,  
 Like darkness to a dying flame!  
 Depart not as thy shadow came,  
 Depart not — lest the grave should be,  
 Like life and fear, a dark reality.
- V While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and sped  
 Through many a listening chamber, cave and ruin,  
 And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing  
 Hopes of high talk with the departed dead.  
 I called on poisonous names with which our youth is fed;  
 I was not heard — I saw them not —  
 When musing deeply on the lot  
 Of life, at that sweet time when winds are wooing  
 All vital things that wake to bring  
 News of birds and blossoming, —  
 Sudden, thy shadow fell on me;  
 I shrieked, and clasped my hands in ecstasy!
- VI I vowed that I would dedicate my powers  
 To thee and thine — have I not kept the vow?  
 With beating heart and streaming eyes, even now  
 I call the phantoms of a thousand hours  
 Each from his voiceless grave: they have in visioned bowers  
 Of studious zeal or love's delight  
 Outwatched with me the envious night —  
 They know that never joy illumed my brow  
 Unlinked with hope that thou wouldst free  
 This world from its dark slavery,  
 That thou — O awful LOVELINESS,  
 Wouldst give whate'er these words cannot express.



VII The day becomes more solemn and serene  
 When noon is past — there is a harmony  
 In autumn, and a lustre in its sky,  
 Which through the summer is not heard or seen,  
 As if it could not be, as if it had not been!  
 Thus let thy power, which like the truth  
 Of nature on my passive youth  
 Descended, to my onward life supply  
 Its calm — to one who worships thee,  
 And every form containing thee,  
 Whom, SPIRIT fair, thy spells did bind  
 To fear himself, and love all human kind.

## Ozymandias

I met a traveller from an antique land  
 Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
 Stand in the desert. . . Near them, on the sand,  
 Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,  
 And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,  
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions read  
 Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,  
 The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed:  
 And on the pedestal these words appear:  
 'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:  
 Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!'  
 Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
 Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare  
 The lone and level sands stretch far away.

## Stanzas

### WRITTEN IN DEJECTION, NEAR NAPLES

I The sun is warm, the sky is clear,  
 The waves are dancing fast and bright,  
 Blue isles and snowy mountains wear  
 The purple noon's transparent might,  
 The breath of the moist earth is light,

Around its unexpanded buds;  
Like many a voice of one delight,  
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,  
The City's voice itself, is soft like Solitude's.

II I see the Deep's untrampled floor  
With green and purple seaweeds strown;  
I see the waves upon the shore,  
Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown:  
I sit upon the sands alone, —  
The lightning of the noontide ocean  
Is flashing round me, and a tone  
Arises from its measured motion,  
How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion.

III Alas! I have nor hope nor health,  
Nor peace within nor calm around,  
Nor that content surpassing wealth  
The sage in meditation found,  
And walked with inward glory crowned —  
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.  
Others I see whom these surround —  
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure; —  
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

IV Yet now despair itself is mild,  
Even as the winds and waters are;  
I could lie down like a tired child,  
And weep away the life of care  
Which I have borne and yet must bear,  
Till death like sleep might steal on me,  
And I might feel in the warm air  
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea  
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

V Some might lament that I were cold,  
As I, when this sweet day is gone,  
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,  
Insults with this untimely moan;  
They might lament — for I am one  
Whom men love not, — and yet regret,  
Unlike this day, which, when the sun  
Shall on its stainless glory set,  
Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet.

## Sonnet

Lift not the painted veil which those who live  
 Call Life: though unreal shapes be pictured there,  
 And it but mimic all we would believe  
 With colours idly spread, — behind, lurk Fear  
 And Hope, twin Destinies; who ever weave  
 Their shadows, o'er the chasm, sightless and drear.  
 I knew one who had lifted it — he sought,  
 For his lost heart was tender, things to love,  
 But found them not, alas! nor was there aught  
 The world contains, the which he could approve.  
 Through the unheeding many he did move,  
 A splendour among shadows, a bright blot  
 Upon this gloomy scene, a Spirit that strove  
 For truth, and like the Preacher found it not.

Tone: indignant & enthusiastic

~~Men~~ Men are the owners of England.

## Song to the Men of England

- I Men of England, <sup>why</sup> wherefore plough  
 For the lords who lay ye low?  
 Wherefore weave with toil and care  
 The rich robes your tyrants wear?
- II Wherefore feed, and clothe, and save,  
 From the cradle to the grave,  
 Those ungrateful drones who would  
 Drain your sweat — nay, drink your blood?
- III Wherefore, Bees of England, forge  
 Many a weapon, chain, and scourge,  
 That these stingless drones may spoil  
 The forced produce of your toil?
- IV Have ye leisure, comfort, calm,  
 Shelter, food, love's gentle balm?  
 Or what is it ye buy so dear  
 With your pain and with your fear?

the name { respect  
 Theme: call for country  
 men of England  
 to fight for their  
 rights.

heaviness  
 疑问词  
 question marks  
 anger

symbol (Contrast)  
 drone bee

conflict  
 (the contrast  
 of verbs)

lay... low  
 wear  
 plough  
 weave  
 food

- V The seed ye sow, another reaps;  
 The wealth ye find, another keeps;  
 The robes ye weave, another wears;  
 The arms ye forge, another bears.
- VI Sow seed, — but let no tyrant reap;  
 Find wealth, — let no impostor heap;  
 Weave robes, — let not the idle wear;  
 Forge arms, — in your defence to bear.
- VII Shrink to your cellars, holes, and cells;  
 In halls ye deck another dwells.  
 Why shake the chains ye wrought? Ye see  
 The steel ye tempered glance on ye.
- VIII With plough and spade, and hoe and loom,  
 Trace your grave, and build your tomb,  
 And weave your winding sheet, till fair  
 England be your sepulchre.
- a piece of "good" and vice. (mock on the cowards)

### Sonnet: England in 1819

An old, mad, blind, despised, and dying king, —  
 Princes, the dregs of their dull race, who flow  
 Through public scorn, — mud from a muddy spring, —  
 Rulers who neither see, nor feel, nor know,  
 But leech-like to their fainting country cling,  
 Till they drop, blind in blood, without a blow, —  
 A people starved and stabbed in the untilled field, —  
 An army, which liberticide and prey  
 Makes as a two-edged sword to all who wield, —  
 Golden and sanguine laws which tempt and slay;  
 Religion Christless, Godless — a book sealed;  
 A Senate, — Time's worst statute unrepealed, —  
 Are graves, from which a glorious Phantom may  
 Burst, to illumine our tempestuous day.

## Ode to the West Wind

- I O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,  
 Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead  
 Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,  
 Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,  
 Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

→ excited, heated.  
 winter, very cold

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,  
 Each like a corpse within its grave, until  
 Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill  
 (Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)  
 With living hues and odours plain and hill:

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;  
 Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh, hear!

- II Thou on whose stream, mid the steep sky's commotion,  
 Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,  
 Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread  
 On the blue surface of thine aëry surge,  
 Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge  
 Of the horizon to the zenith's height,  
 The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night  
 Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,  
 Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere  
 Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: oh, hear!



- III Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams  
 The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,  
 Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,  
 Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,  
 And saw in sleep old palaces and towers  
 Quivering within the wave's intenser day,  
 All overgrown with azure moss and flowers  
 So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou  
 For whose path the Atlantic's level powers  
Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below  
 The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear  
 The sapless foliage of the ocean, know  
 Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,  
 And tremble and despoil themselves: oh, hear!
- IV If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;  
 If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;  
 A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share  
 The impulse of thy strength, only less free  
 Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even  
 I were as in my boyhood, and could be  
 The comrade of thy wanderings over Heaven,  
 As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed  
Scarce seemed a vision; I would ne'er have striven  
 As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.  
 Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!  
 I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!  
 A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed  
 One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.
- V Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:  
 What if my leaves are falling like its own!  
 The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,  
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,  
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe  
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!  
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth  
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!  
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O, Wind,  
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

## The Indian Serenade

I I arise from dreams of thee  
In the first sweet sleep of night.  
When the winds are breathing low,  
And the stars are shining bright:  
I arise from dreams of thee,  
And a spirit in my feet  
Hath led me — who knows how?  
To thy chamber window, Sweet!

II The wandering airs they faint  
On the dark, the silent stream —  
The Champak odours fail  
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;  
The nightingale's complaint,  
It dies upon her heart; —  
As I must on thine,  
Oh, belovèd as thou art!

- III Oh lift me from the grass!  
 I die! I faint! I fail!  
 Let thy love in kisses rain  
 On my lips and eyelids pale.  
 My cheek is cold and white, alas!  
 My heart beats loud and fast; —  
 Oh! press it to thine own again,  
 Where it will break at last.

### Love's Philosophy

- I The fountains mingle with the river  
 And the rivers with the Ocean,  
 The winds of Heaven mix for ever  
 With a sweet emotion;  
 Nothing in the world is single;  
 All things by a law divine  
 In one spirit meet and mingle.  
 Why not I with thine? —
- II See the mountains kiss high Heaven  
 And the waves clasp one another;  
 No sister-flower would be forgiven  
 If it disdained its brother;  
 And the sunlight clasps the earth  
 And the moonbeams kiss the sea:  
 What is all this sweet work worth  
 If thou kiss not me?

Romance

1 Day

time

roses

(flowers)

candy

sex

v. Romanticism  
(as a literary movement)

Nothing is single.

voice

Revolution

Questioning

Doubt

No

Doubt

Ideal

Questioned

### The Cloud

- I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,  
 From the seas and the streams;  
 I bear light shade for the leaves when laid  
 In their noonday dreams.

From my wings are shaken the dews that waken  
The sweet buds every one,  
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,  
As she dances about the sun.  
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,  
And whiten the green plains under,  
And then again I dissolve it in rain,  
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

*attack monarchy*

I sift the snow on the mountains below,  
And their great pines groan aghast;  
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,  
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.  
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,  
Lightning my pilot sits;  
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,  
It struggles and howls at fits;  
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,  
This pilot is guiding me,  
Lured by the love of the genii that move  
In the depths of the purple sea;  
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,  
Over the lakes and the plains,  
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,  
The Spirit he loves remains;  
And I all the while bask in Heaven's blue smile,  
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

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

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

I bind the Sun's throne with a burning zone,  
And the Moon's with a girdle of pearl;  
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,  
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.  
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,  
Over a torrent sea,  
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof, —  
The mountains its columns be.  
The triumphal arch through which I march  
With hurricane, fire, and snow,  
When the Powers of the air are chained to my chair,  
Is the million-coloured bow;  
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,  
While the moist Earth was laughing below.

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



## To a Skylark

Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!  
Bird thou never wert,  
That from Heaven, or near it,  
Pourest thy full heart  
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.  
Higher still and higher  
From the earth thou springest  
Like a cloud of fire;  
The blue deep thou wingest,  
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning  
Of the sunken sun,  
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,  
Thou dost float and run;  
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even  
Melts around thy flight;  
Like a star of Heaven,  
In the broad daylight  
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

Keen as are the arrows  
Of that silver sphere,  
Whose intense lamp narrows  
In the white dawn clear  
Until we hardly see — we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air  
With thy voice is loud,  
As, when night is bare,  
From one lonely cloud  
The moon rains out her beams, and Heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;  
What is most like thee?  
From rainbow clouds there flow not  
Drops so bright to see  
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a Poet hidden  
In the light of thought,  
Singing hymns unbidden,  
Till the world is wrought  
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden  
In a palace-tower,  
Soothing her love-laden  
Soul in secret hour  
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden  
In a dell of dew,  
Scattering unbeholden  
Its aëreal hue  
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view!

Like a rose embowered  
In its own green leaves,  
By warm winds deflowered,  
Till the scent it gives  
Makes faint with too much sweet those heavy-wingèd thieves:

Sound of vernal showers  
On the twinkling grass,  
Rain-awakened flowers,  
All that ever was  
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass:

Teach us, Sprite or Bird,  
What sweet thoughts are thine:  
I have never heard  
Praise of love or wine  
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus Hymeneal,  
Or triumphal chant,  
Matched with thine would be all  
But an empty vaunt,  
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains  
Of thy happy strain?  
What fields, or waves, or mountains?  
What shapes of sky or plain?  
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?  
With thy clear keen joyance  
Langour cannot be:  
Shadow of annoyance  
Never came near thee:  
Thou lovest — but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.  
Waking or asleep,  
Thou of death must deem  
Things more true and deep  
Than we mortals dream,  
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?  
We look before and after,  
And pine for what is not:  
Our sincerest laughter  
With some pain is fraught;  
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.  
Yet if we could scorn  
Hate, and pride, and fear;  
If we were things born  
Not to shed a tear,  
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.  
Better than all measures  
Of delightful sound,  
Better than all treasures  
That in books are found,  
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!  
Teach me half the gladness  
That thy brain must know,  
Such harmonious madness  
From my lips would flow  
The world should listen then — as I am listening now.

**Arethusa**

- I     Arethusa arose  
      From her couch of snows  
In the Acroceraunian mountains, —  
      From cloud and from crag,  
      With many a jag,  
Shepherding her bright fountains.  
      She leapt down the rocks,  
      With her rainbow locks  
Streaming among the streams; —  
      Her steps paved with green  
      The downward ravine  
Which slopes to the western gleams;  
      And gliding and springing  
      She went, ever singing,  
In murmurs as soft as sleep;  
      The Earth seemed to love her,  
      And Heaven smiled above her,  
As she lingered towards the deep.
- II     Then Alpheus bold,  
      On his glacier cold,  
With his trident the mountains strook;  
      And opened a chasm  
      In the rocks — with the spasm  
All Erymanthus shook.  
      And the black south wind  
      It unsealed behind  
The urns of the silent snow,  
      And earthquake and thunder  
      Did rend in sunder  
The bars of the springs below.  
      And the beard and the hair  
      Of the River-god were  
Seen through the torrent's sweep,  
      As he followed the light  
      Of the fleet nymph's flight  
To the brink of the Dorian deep.
- III    'Oh, save me! Oh, guide me!  
      And bid the deep hide me,  
For he grasps me now by the hair!  
      The loud Ocean heard,

To its blue depth stirred,  
And divided at her prayer;  
And under the water  
The Earth's white daughter  
Fled like a sunny beam;  
Behind her descended  
Her billows, unblended  
With the brackish Dorian stream: —  
Like a gloomy stain  
On the emerald main  
Alpheus rushed behind, —  
As an eagle pursuing  
A dove to its ruin  
Down the streams of the cloudy wind.

IV Under the bowers  
Where the Ocean Powers  
Sit on their pearlèd thrones;  
Through the coral woods  
Of the weltering floods,  
Over heaps of unvalued stones;  
Through the dim beams  
Which amid the streams  
Weave a network of coloured light;  
And under the caves,  
Where the shadowy waves  
Are as green as the forest's night: —  
Outspeeding the shark,  
And the sword-fish dark,  
Under the Ocean's foam,  
And up through the rifts  
Of the mountain cliffs  
They passed to their Dorian home.

V And now from their fountains  
In Enna's mountains,  
Down one vale where the morning basks,  
Like friends once parted  
Grown single-hearted,  
They ply their watery tasks.  
At sunrise they leap  
From their cradles steep



In the cave of the shelving hill;  
At noontide they flow  
Through the woods below  
And the meadows of asphodel;  
And at night they sleep  
In the rocking deep  
Beneath the Ortygian shore; —  
Like spirits that lie  
In the azure sky  
When they love but live no more.

### **The Waning Moon**

And like a dying lady, lean and pale,  
Who totters forth, wrapped in a gauzy veil,  
Out of her chamber, led by the insane  
And feeble wanderings of her fading brain,  
The moon arose up in the murky East,  
A white and shapeless mass —

### **To the Moon**

I

Art thou pale for weariness  
Of climbing heaven and gazing on the earth,  
Wandering companionless  
Among the stars that have a different birth, —  
And ever changing, like a joyless eye  
That finds no object worth its constancy?

II

Thou chosen sister of the Spirit,  
That gazes on thee till in thee it pities . . .

## To Night

- I    Swiftly walk o'er the western wave,  
        Spirit of Night!  
Out of the misty eastern cave,  
Where, all the long and lone daylight,  
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,  
Which make thee terrible and dear, —  
        Swift be thy flight! *upset*
- II    Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,  
        Star-inwrought!  
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day;  
Kiss her until she be wearied out,  
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,  
Touching all with thine opiate wand —  
        Come, long-sought!
- III    When I arose and saw the dawn,  
        I sighed for thee;  
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,  
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,  
And the weary Day turned to his rest,  
Lingering like an unloved guest,  
        I sighed for thee.
- IV    Thy brother Death came, and cried,  
        Wouldst thou me?  
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,  
Murmured like a noontide bee,  
Shall I nestle near thy side?  
Wouldst thou me? — And I replied,  
        No, not thee!
- V    Death will come when thou art dead,  
        Soon, too soon —  
Sleep will come when thou art fled;  
Of neither would I ask the boon  
I ask of thee, belovèd Night —  
Swift be thine approaching flight,  
        Come soon, soon!

To ——

Music, when soft voices die,  
Vibrates in the memory —  
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,  
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,  
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;  
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,  
Love itself shall slumber on.

### Song

- I     Rarely, rarely, comest thou,  
        Spirit of Delight!  
Wherefore hast thou left me now  
        Many a day and night?  
Many a weary night and day  
    'Tis since thou art fled away.
- II    How shall ever one like me  
        Win thee back again?  
With the joyous and the free  
        Thou wilt scoff at pain.  
Spirit false! thou hast forgot  
        All but those who need thee not.
- III   As a lizard with the shade  
        Of a trembling leaf,  
Thou with sorrow art dismayed;  
        Even the sighs of grief  
Reproach thee, that thou art not near,  
And reproach thou wilt not hear.
- IV   Let me set my mournful ditty  
        To a merry measure;  
Thou wilt never come for pity,  
        Thou wilt come for pleasure;  
Pity then will cut away  
        Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

- V I love all that thou lovest,  
 Spirit of Delight!  
 The fresh Earth in new leaves dressed,  
 And the starry night;  
 Autumn evening, and the morn  
 When the golden mists are born.
- VI I love snow, and all the forms  
 Of the radiant frost;  
 I love waves, and winds, and storms,  
 Everything almost  
 Which is Nature's, and may be  
 Untainted by man's misery.
- VII I love tranquil solitude,  
 And such society  
 As is quiet, wise, and good;  
 Between thee and me  
 What difference? but thou dost possess  
 The things I seek, not love them less.
- VIII I love Love — though he has wings,  
 And like light can flee,  
 But above all other things,  
 Spirit, I love thee —  
 Thou art love and life! Oh, come,  
 Make once more my heart thy home.

## Adonais

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF JOHN KEATS, AUTHOR OF  
 ENDYMION, HYPERION, ETC.

Ἄστηρ πρὶν μὲν ἔλαμπες ἐνὶ ζωοῖσιν Ἐῶρος.  
 νῦν δὲ θανὼν λάμπεις Ἐσπερος ἐν φθιμένοις. — PLATO\*

- I I weep for Adonais — he is dead!  
 O, weep for Adonais! though our tears  
 Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head!

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\*Formerly you shone among the living like the star of dawn; now, dead, you shine like the evening star among the departed.

And thou, sad Hour, selected from all years  
To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,  
And teach them thine own sorrow, say: 'With me  
Died Adonais; till the Future dares  
Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be  
An echo and a light unto eternity!'

II     Where wert thou, mighty Mother, when he lay,  
When thy Son lay, pierced by the shaft which flies  
In darkness? where was lorn Urania  
When Adonais died? With veiled eyes,  
'Mid listening Echoes, in her Paradise  
She sate, while one, with soft enamoured breath,  
Rekindled all the fading melodies,  
With which, like flowers that mock the corse beneath,  
He had adorned and hid the coming bulk of Death.

III    Oh, weep for Adonais — he is dead!  
Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and weep!  
Yet wherefore? Quench within their burning bed  
Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep  
Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep;  
For he is gone, where all things wise and fair  
Descend; — oh, dream not that the amorous Deep  
Will yet restore him to the vital air;  
Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our despair.

IV     Most musical of mourners, weep again!  
Lament anew, Urania! — He died,  
Who was the Sire of an immortal strain,  
Blind, old, and lonely, when his country's pride,  
The priest, the slave, and the liberticide,  
Trampled and mocked with many a loathèd rite  
Of lust and blood; he went, unterrified,  
Into the gulf of death; but his clear Sprite  
Yet reigns o'er earth; the third among the sons of light.

V     Most musical of mourners, weep anew!  
Not all to that bright station dared to climb;  
And happier they their happiness who knew,  
Whose tapers yet burn through that night of time  
In which suns perished; others more sublime,  
Struck by the envious wrath of man or god,



Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent prime;  
And some yet live, treading the thorny road,  
Which leads, through toil and hate, to Fame's serene abode.

VI But now, thy youngest, dearest one, has perished —  
The nursling of thy widowhood, who grew,  
Like a pale flower by some sad maiden cherished,  
And fed with true-love tears, instead of dew;  
Most musical of mourners, weep anew!  
Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the last,  
The bloom, whose petals nipped before they blew  
Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste;  
The broken lily lies — the storm is overpast.

VII To that high Capital, where kingly Death  
Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,  
He came; and bought, with price of purest breath,  
A grave among the eternal. — Come away!  
Haste, while the vault of blue Italian day  
Is yet his fitting charnel-roof! while still  
He lies, as if in dewy sleep he lay;  
Awake him not! surely he takes his fill  
Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.

VIII He will awake no more, oh, never more! —  
Within the twilight chamber spreads apace  
The shadow of white Death, and at the door  
Invisible Corruption waits to trace  
His extreme way to her dim dwelling-place;  
The eternal Hunger sits, but pity and awe  
Soothe her pale rage, nor dares she to deface  
So fair a prey, till darkness, and the law  
Of change, shall o'er his sleep the mortal curtain draw.

IX Oh, weep for Adonais! — The quick Dreams,  
The passion-wingèd Ministers of thought,  
Who were his flocks, whom near the living streams  
Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he taught  
The love which was its music, wander not, —  
Wander no more, from kindling brain to brain,  
But droop there, whence they sprung; and mourn their lot  
Round the cold heart, where, after their sweet pain,  
They ne'er will gather strength, or find a home again.

- X      And one with trembling hands clasps his cold head,  
And fans him with her moonlight wings, and cries;  
'Our love, our hope, our sorrow, is not dead;  
See, on the silken fringe of his faint eyes,  
Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there lies  
A tear some Dream has loosened from his brain.'  
Lost Angel of a ruined Paradise!  
She knew not 'twas her own; as with no stain  
She faded, like a cloud which had outwept its rain.
- XI      One from a lucid urn of starry dew  
Washed his light limbs as if embalming them;  
Another clipped her profuse locks, and threw  
The wreath upon him, like an anadem,  
Which frozen tears instead of pearls begem;  
Another in her wilful grief would break  
Her bow and wingèd reeds, as if to stem  
A greater loss with one which was more weak;  
And dull the barbèd fire against his frozen cheek.
- XII      Another Splendour on his mouth alit,  
That mouth, whence it was wont to draw the breath  
Which gave it strength to pierce the guarded wit,  
And pass into the panting heart beneath  
With lightning and with music: the damp death  
Quenched its caress upon his icy lips;  
And, as a dying meteor stains a wreath  
Of moonlight vapour, which the cold night clips,  
It flushed through his pale limbs, and passed to its eclipse.
- XIII      And others came . . . Desires and Adorations,  
Wingèd Persuasions and veiled Destinies,  
Splendours, and Glooms, and glimmering Incarnations  
Of hopes and fears, and twilight Phantasies;  
And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs,  
And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam  
Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,  
Came in slow pomp; — the moving pomp might seem  
Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream.

- XIV All he had loved, and moulded into thought,  
From shape, and hue, and odour, and sweet sound,  
Lamented Adonais. Morning sought  
Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair unbound,  
Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground,  
Dimmed the æreal eyes that kindle day;  
Afar the melancholy thunder moaned,  
Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay,  
And the wild Winds flew round, sobbing in their dismay.
- XV Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains,  
And feeds her grief with his remembered lay,  
And will no more reply to winds or fountains,  
Or amorous birds perched on the young green spray,  
Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing day;  
Since she can mimic not his lips, more dear  
Than those for whose disdain she pined away  
Into a shadow of all sounds: — a drear  
Murmur, between their songs, is all the woodmen hear.
- XVI Grief made the young Spring wild, and she threw down  
Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were,  
Or they dead leaves; since her delight is flown,  
For whom should she have waked the sullen year?  
To Phoebus was not Hyacinth so dear  
Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both  
Thou, Adonais: wan they stand and sere  
Amid the faint companions of their youth,  
With dew all turned to tears; odour, to sighing ruth.
- XVII Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightingale  
Mourns not her mate with such melodious pain;  
Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale  
Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's domain  
Her mighty youth with morning, doth complain,  
Soaring and screaming round her empty nest,  
As Albion wails for thee: the curse of Cain  
Light on his head who pierced thy innocent breast,  
And scared the angel soul that was its earthly guest!

- XVIII     Ah, woe is me! Winter is come and gone,  
But grief returns with the revolving year;  
The airs and streams renew their joyous tone;  
The ants, the bees, the swallows reappear;  
Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead Seasons' bier;  
The amorous birds now pair in every brake,  
And build their mossy homes in field and brere;  
And the green lizard, and the golden snake,  
Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance awake.
- XIX        Through wood and stream and field and hill and Ocean  
A quickening life from the Earth's heart has burst  
As it has ever done, with change and motion,  
From the great morning of the world when first  
God dawned on Chaos; in its stream immersed,  
The lamps of Heaven flash with a softer light;  
All baser things pant with life's sacred thirst;  
Diffuse themselves; and spend in love's delight,  
The beauty and the joy of their renewed might.
- XX         The leprous corpse, touched by this spirit tender,  
Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath;  
Like incarnations of the stars, when splendour  
Is changed to fragrance, they illumine death  
And mock the merry worm that wakes beneath;  
Nought we know, dies. Shall that alone which knows  
Be as a sword consumed before the sheath  
By sightless lightning? — the intense atom glows  
A moment, then is quenched in a most cold repose.
- XXI        Alas! that all we loved of him should be,  
But for our grief, as if it had not been,  
And grief itself be mortal! Woe is me!  
Whence are we, and why are we? of what scene  
The actors or spectators? Great and mean  
Meet massed in death, who lends what life must borrow.  
As long as skies are blue, and fields are green,  
Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow,  
Month follow month with woe, and year wake year to sorrow.

- XXII      *He will awake no more, oh, never more!*  
          ‘Wake thou,’ cried Misery, ‘childless Mother, rise  
          Out of thy sleep, and slake, in thy heart’s core,  
          A wound more fierce than his, with tears and sighs.’  
          And all the Dreams that watched Urania’s eyes,  
          And all the Echoes whom their sister’s song  
          Had held in holy silence, cried: ‘Arise!’  
          Swift as a Thought by the snake Memory stung,  
From her ambrosial rest the fading Splendour sprung.
- XXIII     She rose like an autumnal Night, that springs  
          Out of the East, and follows wild and drear  
          The golden Day, which, on eternal wings,  
          Even as a ghost abandoning a bier,  
          Had left the Earth a corpse. Sorrow and fear  
          So struck, so roused, so rapt Urania;  
          So saddened round her like an atmosphere  
          Of stormy mist; so swept her on her way  
Even to the mournful place where Adonais lay.
- XXIV     Out of her secret Paradise she sped,  
          Through camps and cities rough with stone, and steel,  
          And human hearts, which to her aery tread  
          Yielding not, wounded the invisible  
          Palms of her tender feet where’er they fell:  
          And barbèd tongues, and thoughts more sharp than they,  
          Rent the soft Form they never could repel,  
          Whose sacred blood, like the young tears of May,  
Paved with eternal flowers that undeserving lay.
- XXV      In the death-chamber for a moment Death,  
          Shamed by the presence of that living Might,  
          Blushed to annihilation, and the breath  
          Revisited those lips, and Life’s pale light  
          Flashed through those limbs, so late her dear delight.  
          ‘Leave me not wild and drear and comfortless,  
          As silent lightning leaves the starless night!  
          Leave me not!’ cried Urania: her distress  
Roused Death: Death rose and smiled, and met her vain caress.



- XXVI      'Stay yet awhile! speak to me once again;  
Kiss me, so long but as a kiss may live;  
And in my heartless breast and burning brain  
That word, that kiss, shall all thoughts else survive,  
With food of saddest memory kept alive,  
Now thou art dead, as if it were a part  
Of thee, my Adonais! I would give  
All that I am to be as thou now art!  
But I am chained to Time, and cannot thence depart!
- XXVII     'O gentle child, beautiful as thou wert,  
Why didst thou leave the trodden paths of men  
Too soon, and with weak hands though mighty heart  
Dare the unpastured dragon in his den?  
Defenceless as thou wert, oh, where was then  
Wisdom the mirrored shield, or scorn the spear?  
Or hadst thou waited the full cycle, when  
Thy spirit should have filled its crescent sphere,  
The monsters of life's waste had fled from thee like deer.
- XXVIII    'The herded wolves, bold only to pursue;  
The obscene ravens, clamorous o'er the dead;  
The vultures to the conqueror's banner true  
Who feed where Desolation first has fed,  
And whose wings rain contagion; — how they fled,  
When, like Apollo, from his golden bow  
The Pythian of the age one arrow sped  
And smiled! — The spoilers tempt no second blow,  
They fawn on the proud feet that spurn them lying low.
- XXIX      'The sun comes forth, and many reptiles spawn;  
He sets, and each ephemeral insect then  
Is gathered into death without a dawn,  
And the immortal stars awake again;  
So is it in the world of living men:  
A godlike mind soars forth, in its delight  
Making earth bare and veiling heaven, and when  
It sinks, the swarms that dimmed or shared its light  
Leave to its kindred lamps the spirit's awful night.'

- XXX      Thus ceased she: and the mountain shepherds came,  
Their garlands sere, their magic mantles rent;  
The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame  
Over his living head like Heaven is bent,  
An early but enduring monument,  
Came, veiling all the lightnings of his song  
In sorrow; from her wilds Ierne sent  
The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong,  
And Love taught Grief to fall like music from his tongue.
- XXXI      Midst others of less note, came one frail Form,  
A phantom among men; companionless  
As the last cloud of an expiring storm  
Whose thunder is its knell; he, as I guess,  
Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness,  
Actaeon-like, and now he fled astray  
With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,  
And his own thoughts, along that rugged way,  
Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and their prey.
- XXXII      A pardlike Spirit beautiful and swift —  
A Love in desolation masked; — a Power  
Girt round with weakness; — it can scarce uplift  
The weight of the superincumbent hour;  
It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,  
A breaking billow; — even whilst we speak  
Is it not broken? On the withering flower  
The killing sun smiles brightly: on a cheek  
The life can burn in blood, even while the heart may break.
- XXXIII      His head was bound with pansies overblown,  
And faded violets, white, and pied, and blue;  
And a light spear topped with a cypress cone,  
Round whose rude shaft dark ivy-tresses grew  
Yet dripping with the forest's noonday dew,  
Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart  
Shook the weak hand that grasped it; of that crew  
He came the last, neglected and apart;  
A herd-abandoned deer struck by the hunter's dart.

- XXXIV      All stood aloof, and at his partial moan  
Smiled through their tears; well knew that gentle band  
Who in another's fate now wept his own,  
As in the accents of an unknown land  
He sung new sorrow; sad Urania scanned  
The Stranger's mien, and murmured: 'Who art thou?'  
He answered not, but with a sudden hand  
Made bare his branded and ensanguined brow,  
Which was like Cain's or Christ's — oh! that it should be so!
- XXXV      What softer voice is hushed over the dead?  
Athwart what brow is that dark mantle thrown?  
What form leans sadly o'er the white death-bed,  
In mockery of monumental stone,  
The heavy heart heaving without a moan?  
If it be He, who, gentlest of the wise,  
Taught, soothed, loved, honoured the departed one,  
Let me not vex, with inharmonious sighs,  
The silence of that heart's accepted sacrifice.
- XXXVI      Our Adonais has drunk poison — oh!  
What deaf and viperous murderer could crown  
Life's early cup with such a draught of woe?  
The nameless worm would now itself disown:  
It felt, yet could escape, the magic tone  
Whose prelude held all envy, hate, and wrong,  
But what was howling in one breast alone,  
Silent with expectation of the song,  
Whose master's hand is cold, whose silver lyre unstrung.
- XXXVII      Live thou, whose infamy is not thy fame!  
Live! fear no heavier chastisement from me,  
Thou noteless blot on a remembered name!  
But be thyself, and know thyself to be!  
And ever at thy season be thou free  
To spill the venom when thy fangs o'erflow;  
Remorse and Self-contempt shall cling to thee;  
Hot Shame shall burn upon thy secret brow,  
And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt — as now.

- XXXVIII      Nor let us weep that our delight is fled  
Far from these carrion kites that scream below;  
He wakes or sleeps with the enduring dead;  
Thou canst nor soar where he is sitting now. —  
Dust to the dust! but the pure spirit shall flow  
Back to the burning fountain whence it came,  
A portion of the Eternal, which must glow  
Through time and change, unquenchably the same,  
Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid hearth of shame.
- XXXIX      Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep —  
He hath awakened from the dream of life —  
'Tis we, who lost in stormy visions, keep  
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,  
And in mad trance, strike with our spirit's knife  
Invulnerable nothings. — We decay  
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief  
Convulse us and consume us day by day,  
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.
- XL      He has outsoared the shadow of our night;  
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,  
And that unrest which men miscall delight,  
Can touch him not and torture not again;  
From the contagion of the world's slow stain  
He is secure, and now can never mourn  
A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain;  
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,  
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.
- XLI      He lives, he wakes — 'tis Death is dead, not he;  
Mourn not for Adonais. — Thou young Dawn,  
Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from thee  
The spirit thou lamentest is not gone;  
Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!  
Cease, ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou Air,  
Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown  
O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare  
Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair!

- XLII      He is made one with Nature: there is heard  
His voice in all her music, from the moan  
Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird;  
He is a presence to be felt and known  
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,  
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move  
Which has withdrawn his being to its own;  
Which wields the world with never-wearied love,  
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.
- XLIII     He is a portion of the loveliness  
Which once he made more lovely: he doth bear  
His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress  
Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there,  
All new successions to the forms they wear;  
Torturing th' unwilling dross that checks its flight  
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear;  
And bursting in its beauty and its might  
From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's light.
- XLIV     The splendours of the firmament of time  
May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not;  
Like stars to their appointed height they climb,  
And death is a low mist which cannot blot  
The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought  
Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,  
And love and life contend in it, for what  
Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there  
And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air.
- XLV      The inheritors of unfulfilled renown  
Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal thought,  
Far in the Unapparent. Chatterton  
Rose pale, — his solemn agony had not  
Yet faded from him; Sidney, as he fought  
And as he fell and as he lived and loved  
Sublimely mild, a Spirit without spot,  
Arose; and Lucan, by his death approved:  
Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing reproved.



- XLVI      And many more, whose names on Earth are dark,  
But whose transmitted effluence cannot die  
So long as fire outlives the parent spark,  
Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.  
'Thou art become as one of us,' they cry,  
'It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long  
Swung blind in unascended majesty,  
Silent alone amid an Heaven of Song.  
Assume thy wingèd throne, thou Vesper of our throng!'
- XLVII     Who mourns for Adonais? Oh, come forth,  
Fond wretch! and know thyself and him aright.  
Clasp with thy panting soul the pendulous Earth;  
As from a centre, dart thy spirit's light  
Beyond all worlds, until its spacious might  
Sate the void circumference: then shrink  
Even to a point within our day and night;  
And keep thy heart light lest it make thee sink  
When hope has kindled hope, and lured thee to the brink.
- XLVIII    Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre,  
Oh, not of him, but of our joy: 'tis nought  
That ages, empires, and religions there  
Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought;  
For such as he can lend, — they borrow not  
Glory from those who made the world their prey;  
And he is gathered to the kings of thought  
Who waged contention with their time's decay,  
And of the past are all that cannot pass away.
- XLIX      Go thou to Rome, — at once the Paradise,  
The grave, the city, and the wilderness;  
And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise,  
And flowering weeds, and fragrant copses dress  
The bones of Desolation's nakedness  
Pass, till the spirit of the spot shall lead  
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access  
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead  
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread;

- L      And gray walls moulder round, on which dull Time  
Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;  
And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,  
Pavilioning the dust of him who planned  
This refuge for his memory, doth stand  
Like flame transformed to marble; and beneath,  
A field is spread, on which a newer band  
Have pitched in Heaven's smile their camp of death,  
Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished breath.
- LI      Here pause: these graves are all too young as yet  
To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned  
Its charge to each; and if the seal is set,  
Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,  
Break it not thou! too surely shalt thou find  
Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,  
Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind  
Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.  
What Adonais is, why fear we to become?
- LII      The One remains, the many change and pass;  
Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly;  
Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,  
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,  
Until Death tramples it to fragments. — Die,  
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!  
Follow where all is fled! — Rome's azure sky,  
Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak  
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.
- LIII      Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my Heart?  
Thy hopes are gone before: from all things here  
They have departed; thou shouldst now depart!  
A light is passed from the revolving year,  
And man, and woman; and what still is dear  
Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.  
The soft sky smiles, — the low wind whispers near:  
'Tis Adonais calls! oh, hasten thither,  
No more let Life divide what Death can join together.

- LIV     That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,  
          That Beauty in which all things work and move,  
          That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse  
          Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love  
          Which through the web of being blindly wove  
          By man and beast and earth and air and sea,  
          Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of  
          The fire for which all thirst; now beams on me,  
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.
- LV      The breath whose might I have invoked in song  
          Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven,  
          Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng  
          Whose sails were never to the tempest given;  
          The massy earth and spherèd skies are riven!  
          I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;  
          Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,  
          The soul of Adonais, like a star,  
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

## Hellas

### A LYRICAL DRAMA

#### Final Chorus

The world's great age begins anew,  
The golden years return,  
The earth doth like a snake renew  
Her winter weeds outworn:  
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam,  
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains  
From waves serener far;  
A new Peneus rolls his fountains  
Against the morning star.  
Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep  
Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,  
 Fraught with a later prize;  
 Another Orpheus sings again,  
 And loves, and weeps, and dies.  
 A new Ulysses leaves once more  
 Calypso for his native shore.

Oh, write no more the tale of Troy,  
 If earth Death's scroll must be!  
 Nor mix with Laian rage the joy  
 Which dawns upon the free:  
 Although a subtler Sphinx renew  
 Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

Another Athens shall arise,  
 And to remoter time  
 Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,  
 The splendour of its prime;  
 And leave, if nought so bright may live,  
 All earth can take or Heaven can give.

Saturn and Love their long repose  
 Shall burst, more bright and good  
 Than all who fell, than One who rose,  
 Than many unsubdued:  
 Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,  
 But votive tears and symbol flowers.

Oh, cease! must hate and death return?  
 Cease! must men kill and die?  
 Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn  
 Of bitter prophecy.  
 The world is weary of the past,  
 Oh, might it die or rest at last!

Lines: "When the Lamp Is Shattered"

I When the lamp is shattered  
 The light in the dust lies dead —  
 When the cloud is scattered  
 The rainbow's glory is shed.

When the lute is broken,  
Sweet tones are remembered not;  
When the lips have spoken,  
Loved accents are soon forgot.

II As music and splendour  
Survive not the lamp and the lute,  
The heart's echoes render  
No song when the spirit is mute: —  
No song but sad dirges,  
Like the wind through a ruined cell,  
Or the mournful surges  
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

III When hearts have once mingled  
Love first leaves the well-built nest;  
The weak one is singled  
To endure what it once possessed.  
O Love! who bewailest  
The frailty of all things here,  
Why choose you the frailest  
For your cradle, your home, and your bier?

IV Its passions will rock thee  
As the storms rock the ravens on high;  
Bright reason will mock thee,  
Like the sun from a wintry sky.  
From thy nest every rafter  
Will rot, and thine eagle home  
Leave thee naked to laughter,  
When leaves fall and cold winds come.

### To Jane: The Invitation

Best and brightest, come away!  
Fairer far than this fair Day,  
Which, like thee to those in sorrow,  
Comes to bid a sweet good-morrow  
To the rough Year just awake  
In its cradle on the brake.



The brightest hour of unborn Spring,  
Through the winter wandering,  
Found, it seems, the halcyon Morn  
To hoar February born.  
Bending from Heaven, in azure mirth,  
It kissed the forehead of the Earth,  
And smiled upon the silent sea,  
And bade the frozen streams be free,  
And waked to music all their fountains,  
And breathed upon the frozen mountains,  
And like a prophetess of May  
Strewed flowers upon the barren way,  
Making the wintry world appear  
Like one on whom thou smilest, dear.

Away, away, from men and towns,  
To the wild wood and the downs —  
To the silent wilderness  
Where the soul need not repress  
Its music lest it should not find  
An echo in another's mind,  
While the touch of Nature's art  
Harmonizes heart to heart.  
I leave this notice on my door  
For each accustomed visitor: —  
'I am gone into the fields  
To take what this sweet hour yields; —  
Reflection, you may come to-morrow,  
Sit by the fireside with Sorrow. —  
You with the unpaid bill, Despair, —  
You, tiresome verse-reciter, Care, —  
I will pay you in the grave, —  
Death will listen to your stave.  
Expectation too, be off!  
To-day is for itself enough;  
Hope, in pity mock not Woe  
With smiles, nor follow where I go;  
Long having lived on thy sweet food,  
At length I find one moment's good  
After long pain — with all your love,  
This you never told me of.'

Radiant Sister of the Day,  
Awake! arise! and come away!  
To the wild woods and the plains,  
And the pools where winter rains  
Image all their roof of leaves,  
Where the pine its garland weaves  
Of sapless green and ivy dun  
Round stems that never kiss the sun;  
Where the lawns and pastures be,  
And the sandhills of the sea; —  
Where the melting hoar-frost wets  
The daisy-star that never sets,  
And wind-flowers, and violets,  
Which yet join not scent to hue,  
Crown the pale year weak and new;  
When the night is left behind  
In the deep east, dun and blind,  
And the blue noon is over us,  
And the multitudinous  
Billows murmur at our feet,  
Where the earth and ocean meet,  
And all things seem only one  
In the universal sun.

### To Jane: The Recollection

- I Now the last day of many days,  
All beautiful and bright as thou,  
The loveliest and the last, is dead,  
Rise, Memory, and write its praise!  
Up, — to thy wonted work! come, trace  
The epitaph of glory fled, —  
For now the Earth has changed its face,  
A frown is on the Heaven's brow.
- II We wandered to the Pine Forest  
That skirts the Ocean's foam,  
The lightest wind was in its nest,  
The tempest in its home.  
The whispering waves were half asleep,  
The clouds were gone to play,

love  
romantic  
metaphor?

And on the bosom of the deep  
The smile of Heaven lay;  
It seemed as if the hour were one  
Sent from beyond the skies,  
Which scattered from above the sun  
A light of Paradise.

III We paused amid the pines that stood  
The giants of the waste,  
Tortured by storms to shapes as rude  
As serpents interlaced,  
And soothed by every azure breath,  
That under Heaven is blown,  
To harmonies and hues beneath,  
As tender as its own;  
Now all the tree-tops lay asleep,  
Like green waves on the sea,  
As still as in the silent deep  
The ocean woods may be.

IV How calm it was! — the silence there  
By such a chain was bound  
That even the busy woodpecker  
Made stiller by her sound  
The inviolable quietness;  
The breath of peace we drew  
With its soft motion made not less  
The calm that round us grew.  
There seemed from the remotest seat  
Of the white mountain waste,  
To the soft flower beneath our feet,  
A magic circle traced, —  
A spirit interfused around,  
A thrilling, silent life, —  
To momentary peace it bound  
Our mortal nature's strife;  
And still I felt the centre of  
The magic circle there  
Was one fair form that filled with love  
The lifeless atmosphere.

V We paused beside the pools that lie  
     Under the forest bough, —  
 Each seemed as 'twere a little sky  
     Gulfed in a world below;  
 A firmament of purple light  
     Which in the dark earth lay,  
 More boundless than the depth of night,  
     And purer than the day —  
 In which the lovely forests grew,  
     As in the upper air,  
 More perfect both in shape and hue  
     Than any spreading there.  
 There lay the glade and neighbouring lawn,  
     And through the dark green wood  
     The white sun twinkling like the dawn  
     Out of a speckled cloud.  
 Sweet views which in our world above  
     Can never well be seen,  
 Were imaged by the water's love  
     Of that fair forest green.  
 And all was interfused beneath  
     With an Elysian glow,  
 An atmosphere without a breath,  
     A softer day below.  
 Like one beloved the scene had lent  
     To the dark water's breast,  
 Its every leaf and lineament  
     With more than truth expressed;  
 Until an envious wind crept by,  
     Like an unwelcome thought,  
 Which from the mind's too faithful eye  
     Blots one dear image out.  
 Though thou art ever fair and kind,  
     The forests ever green,  
 Less oft is peace in Shelley's mind,  
     Than calm in waters, seen.

584103  
With a Guitar, to Jane

Ariel to Miranda: — Take  
This slave of Music, for the sake  
Of him who is the slave of thee,  
And teach it all the harmony  
In which thou canst, and only thou,  
Make the delighted spirit glow,  
Till joy denies itself again,  
And, too intense, is turned to pain;  
For by permission and command  
Of thine own Prince Ferdinand,  
Poor Ariel sends this silent token  
Of more than ever can be spoken;  
Your guardian spirit, Ariel, who,  
From life to life, must still pursue  
Your happiness; — for thus alone  
Can Ariel ever find his own.  
From Prospero's enchanted cell,  
As the mighty verses tell,  
To the throne of Naples, he  
Lit you o'er the trackless sea,  
Flitting on, your prow before,  
Like a living meteor.  
When you die, the silent Moon,  
In her interlunar swoon,  
Is not sadder in her cell  
Than deserted Ariel.  
When you live again on earth,  
Like an unseen star of birth,  
Ariel guides you o'er the sea  
Of life from your nativity.  
Many changes have been run  
Since Ferdinand and you begun  
Your course of love, and Ariel still  
Has tracked your steps, and served your will;  
Now, in humbler, happier lot,  
This is all remembered not;  
And now, alas! the poor sprite is  
Imprisoned, for some fault of his,  
In a body like a grave; —



From you he only dares to crave,  
For his service and his sorrow,  
A smile to-day, a song to-morrow.  
The artist who this idol wrought,  
To echo all harmonious thought,  
Felled a tree, while on the steep  
The woods were in their winter sleep,  
Rocked in that repose divine  
On the wind-swept Apennine;  
And dreaming, some of Autumn past,  
And some of Spring approaching fast,  
And some of April buds and showers,  
And some of songs in July bowers,  
And all of love; and so this tree, —  
O that such our death may be! —  
Died in sleep, and felt no pain,  
To live in happier form again:  
From which, beneath Heaven's fairest star,  
The artist wrought this loved Guitar,  
And taught it justly to reply,  
To all who question skilfully,  
In language gentle as thine own;  
Whispering in enamoured tone  
Sweet oracles of woods and dells,  
And summer winds in sylvan cells;  
For it had learned all harmonies  
Of the plains and of the skies,  
Of the forests and the mountains,  
And the many-voicèd fountains;  
The clearest echoes of the hills,  
The softest notes of falling rills,  
The melodies of birds and bees,  
The murmuring of summer seas,  
And pattering rain, and breathing dew,  
And airs of evening; and it knew  
That seldom-heard mysterious sound,  
Which, driven on its diurnal round,  
As it floats through boundless day,  
Our world enkindles on its way. —  
All this it knows, but will not tell  
To those who cannot question well  
The Spirit that inhabits it;

It talks according to the wit  
Of its companions; and no more  
Is heard than has been felt before,  
By those who tempt it to betray  
These secrets of an elder day:  
But, sweetly as its answers will  
Flatter hands of perfect skill,  
It keeps its highest, holiest tone  
For our belovèd Jane alone.

### A Dirge

Rough wind, that moanest loud  
Grief too sad for song;  
Wild wind, when sullen cloud  
Knells all the night long;  
Sad storm, whose tears are vain,  
Bare woods, whose branches strain,  
Deep caves and dreary main, —  
Wail, for the world's wrong!

## JOHN KEATS (1795–1821)

### “To one who has been long in city pent”

To one who has been long in city pent,  
’Tis very sweet to look into the fair  
And open face of heaven, — to breathe a prayer  
Full in the smile of the blue firmament.  
Who is more happy, when, with heart’s content,  
Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair  
Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair  
And gentle tale of love and languishment?  
Returning home at evening, with an ear  
Catching the notes of Philomel, — an eye  
Watching the sailing cloudlet’s bright career,  
He mourns that day so soon has glided by:  
E’en like the passage of an angel’s tear  
That falls through the clear ether silently.

### On first looking into Chapman’s Homer

Much have I travell’d in the realms of gold,  
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;  
Round many western islands have I been  
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.  
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told  
That deep-brow’d Homer ruled as his demesne;  
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene  
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:  
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken;  
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes  
He star’d at the Pacific — and all his men  
Look’d at each other with a wild surmise —  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

**“Happy is England! . . .”**

Happy is England! I could be content  
To see no other verdure than its own;  
To feel no other breezes than are blown  
Through its tall woods with high romances blent:  
Yet do I sometimes feel a languishment  
For skies Italian, and an inward groan  
To sit upon an Alp as on a throne,  
And half forget what world or worldling meant.  
Happy is England, sweet her artless daughters;  
Enough their simple loveliness for me,  
Enough their whitest arms in silence clinging:  
Yet do I often warmly burn to see  
Beauties of deeper glance, and hear their singing,  
And float with them about the summer waters.

**Isabella; or, The Pot of Basil****A STORY FROM BOCCACCIO**

- I Fair Isabel, poor simple Isabel!  
Lorenzo, a young palmer in Love's eye!  
They could not in the self-same mansion dwell  
Without some stir of heart, some malady;  
They could not sit at meals but feel how well  
It soothed each to be the other by;  
They could not, sure, beneath the same roof sleep  
But to each other dream, and nightly weep.
- II With every morn their love grew tenderer,  
With every eve deeper and tenderer still;  
He might not in house, field, or garden stir,  
But her full shape would all his seeing fill;  
And his continual voice was pleasanter  
To her, than noise of trees or hidden rill;  
Her lute-string gave an echo of his name,  
She spoilt her half-done broidery with the same.

- III He knew whose gentle hand was at the latch  
 Before the door had given her to his eyes;  
 And from her chamber-window he would catch  
 Her beauty farther than the falcon spies;  
 And constant as her vespers would he watch,  
 Because her face was turn'd to the same skies;  
 And with sick longing all the night outwear,  
 To hear her morning-step upon the stair.
- IV A whole long month of May in this sad plight  
 Made their cheeks paler by the break of June:  
 'To-morrow will I bow to my delight,  
 'To-morrow will I ask my lady's boon.' —  
 'O may I never see another night,  
 'Lorenzo, if thy lips breathe not love's tune.' —  
 So spake they to their pillows; but, alas,  
 Honeyless days and days did he let pass;
- V Until sweet Isabella's untouch'd cheek  
 Fell sick within the rose's just domain,  
 Fell thin as a young mother's, who doth seek  
 By every lull to cool her infant's pain:  
 'How ill she is,' said he, 'I may not speak,  
 'And yet I will, and tell my love all plain:  
 'If looks speak love-laws, I will drink her tears,  
 'And at the least 'twill startle off her cares.'
- VI So said he one fair morning, and all day  
 His heart beat awfully against his side;  
 And to his heart he inwardly did pray  
 For power to speak; but still the ruddy tide  
 Stifled his voice, and puls'd resolve away —  
 Fever'd his high conceit of such a bride,  
 Yet brought him to the meekness of a child:  
 Alas! when passion is both meek and wild!
- VII So once more he had wak'd and anguished  
 A dreary night of love and misery,  
 If Isabel's quick eye had not been wed  
 To every symbol on his forehead high;  
 She saw it waxing very pale and dead,  
 And straight all flush'd; so, lisped tenderly,



'Lorenzoi' — here she ceas'd her timid quest,  
But in her tone and look he read the rest.

- VIII 'O Isabella, I can half perceive  
    'That I may speak my grief into thine ear;  
    'If thou didst ever anything believe,  
    'Believe how I love thee, believe how near  
    'My soul is to its doom: I would not grieve  
    'Thy hand by unwelcome pressing, would not fear  
    'Thine eyes by gazing; but I cannot live  
    'Another night, and not my passion shrive.

- IX 'Love! thou art leading me from wintry cold,  
    'Lady! thou ledest me to summer clime,  
    'And I must taste the blossoms that unfold  
    'In its ripe warmth this gracious morning time.'  
So said, his erewhile timid lips grew bold,  
    And poesied with hers in dewy rhyme:  
Great bliss was with them, and great happiness  
Grew, like a lusty flower in June's caress.

- X Parting they seem'd to tread upon the air,  
    Twin roses by the zephyr blown apart  
Only to meet again more close, and share  
    The inward fragrance of each other's heart.  
She, to her chamber gone, a ditty fair  
    Sang, of delicious love and honey'd dart;  
He with light steps went up a western hill,  
And bade the sun farewell, and joy'd his fill.

- XI All close they met again, before the dusk  
    Had taken from the stars its pleasant veil,  
All close they met, all eves, before the dusk  
    Had taken from the stars its pleasant veil,  
Close in a bower of hyacinth and musk,  
    Unknown of any, free from whispering tale.  
Ah! better had it been for ever so,  
Than idle ears should pleasure in their woe.

- XII Were they unhappy then? — It cannot be —  
Too many tears for lovers have been shed,  
Too many sighs give we to them in fee,  
Too much of pity after they are dead,  
Too many doleful stories do we see,  
Whose matter in bright gold were best be read;  
Except in such a page where Theseus' spouse  
Over the pathless waves towards him bows.
- XIII But, for the general award of love,  
The little sweet doth kill much bitterness;  
Though Dido silent is in under-grove,  
And Isabella's was a great distress,  
Though young Lorenzo in warm Indian clove  
Was not embalm'd, this truth is not the less —  
Even bees, the little almsmen of spring-bowers,  
Know there is richest juice in poison-flowers.
- XIV With her two brothers this fair lady dwelt,  
Enriched from ancestral merchandize,  
And for them many a weary hand did swelt  
In torched mines and noisy factories,  
And many once proud-quiver'd loins did melt  
In blood from stinging whip; — with hollow eyes  
Many all day in dazzling river stood,  
To take the rich-ored driftings of the flood.
- XV For them the Ceylon diver held his breath,  
And went all naked to the hungry shark;  
For them his ears gush'd blood; for them in death  
The seal on the cold ice with piteous bark  
Lay full of darts; for them alone did seethe  
A thousand men in troubles wide and dark:  
Half-ignorant, they turn'd an easy wheel,  
That set sharp racks at work, to pinch and peel.
- XVI Why were they proud? Because their marble founts  
Gush'd with more pride than do a wretch's tears? —

Why were they proud? Because fair orange-mounts  
Were of more soft ascent than lazar stairs? —  
Why were they proud? Because red-lin'd accounts  
Were richer than the songs of Grecian years? —  
Why were they proud? again we ask aloud,  
Why in the name of Glory were they proud?

XVII Yet were these Florentines as self-retired  
In hungry pride and gainful cowardice,  
As two close Hebrews in that land inspired,  
Paled in and vineyarded from beggar-spies;  
The hawks of ship-mast forests — the untired  
And pannier'd mules for ducats and old lies —  
Quick cat's-paws on the generous stray-away, —  
Great wits in Spanish, Tuscan, and Malay.

XVIII How was it these same ledger-men could spy  
Fair Isabella in her downy nest?  
How could they find out in Lorenzo's eye  
A straying from his toil? Hot Egypt's pest  
Into their vision covetous and sly!  
How could these money-bags see east and west? —  
Yet so they did — and every dealer fair  
Must see behind, as doth the hunted hare.

XIX O eloquent and famed Boccaccio!  
Of thee we now should ask forgiving boon,  
And of thy spicy myrtles as they blow,  
And of thy roses amorous of the moon,  
And of thy lillies, that do paler grow  
Now they can no more hear thy ghittern's tune,  
For venturing syllables that ill beseem  
The quiet glooms of such a piteous theme.

XX Grant thou a pardon here, and then the tale  
Shall move on soberly, as it is meet;  
There is no other crime, no mad assail  
To make old prose in modern rhyme more sweet:

But it is done — succeed the verse or fail —  
To honour thee, and thy gone spirit greet;  
To stead thee as a verse in English tongue,  
An echo of thee in the north-wind sung.

XXI These brethren having found by many signs  
What love Lorenzo for their sister had,  
And how she lov'd him too, each unconfines  
His bitter thoughts to other, well nigh mad  
That he, the servant of their trade designs,  
Should in their sister's love be blithe and glad,  
When 'twas their plan to coax her by degrees  
To some high noble and his olive-trees.

XXII And many a jealous conference had they,  
And many times they bit their lips alone,  
Before they fix'd upon a surest way  
To make the youngster for his crime atone;  
And at the last, these men of cruel clay  
Cut Mercy with a sharp knife to the bone;  
For they resolved in some forest dim  
To kill Lorenzo, and there bury him.

XXIII So on a pleasant morning, as he leant  
Into the sun-rise, o'er the balustrade  
Of the garden-terrace, towards him they bent  
Their footing through the dews; and to him said,  
'You seem there in the quiet of content,  
'Lorenzo, and we are most loth to invade  
'Calm speculation; but if you are wise,  
'Bestride your steed while cold is in the skies.

XXIV 'To-day we purpose, aye, this hour we mount  
'To spur three leagues towards the Apennine;  
'Come down, we pray thee, ere the hot sun count  
'His dewy rosary on the eglantine.'  
Lorenzo, courteously as he was wont,  
Bow'd a fair greeting to these serpents' whine;

And went in haste, to get in readiness,  
With belt, and spur, and bracing huntsman's dress.

XXV And as he to the court-yard pass'd along,  
Each third step did he pause, and listen'd oft  
If he could hear his lady's matin-song,  
Or the light whisper of her footstep soft;  
And as he thus over his passion hung,  
He heard a laugh full musical aloft;  
When, looking up, he saw her features bright  
Smile through an in-door lattice, all delight.

XXVI 'Love, Isabel!' said he, 'I was in pain  
'Lest I should miss to bid thee a good morrow:  
'Ah! what if I should lose thee, when so fain  
'I am to stifle all the heavy sorrow  
'Of a poor three hours' absence? but we'll gain  
'Out of the amorous dark what day doth borrow.  
'Good bye! I'll soon be back.' — 'Good bye!' said she: —  
And as he went she chanted merrily.

XXVII So the two brothers and their murder'd man  
Rode past fair Florence, to where Arno's stream  
Gurgles through straiten'd banks, and still doth fan  
Itself with dancing bulrush, and the bream  
Keeps head against the freshets. Sick and wan  
The brothers' faces in the ford did seem,  
Lorenzo's flush with love. — They pass'd the water  
Into a forest quiet for the slaughter.

XXVIII There was Lorenzo slain and buried in,  
There in that forest did his great love cease;  
Ah! when a soul doth thus its freedom win,  
It aches in loneliness — is ill at peace  
As the break-covert blood-hounds of such sin:  
They dipp'd their swords in the water, and did tease  
Their horses homeward, with convulsed spur,  
Each richer by his being a murderer.



- XXIX    They told their sister how, with sudden speed,  
          Lorenzo had ta'en ship for foreign lands,  
          Because of some great urgency and need  
          In their affairs, requiring trusty hands.  
          Poor Girl! put on thy stifling widow's weed,  
          And 'scape at once from Hope's accursed bands;  
          To-day thou wilt not see him, nor to-morrow,  
          And the next day will be a day of sorrow.
- XXX     She weeps alone for pleasures not to be;  
          Sorely she wept until the night came on,  
          And then, instead of love, O misery!  
          She brooded o'er the luxury alone:  
          His image in the dusk she seem'd to see,  
          And to the silence made a gentle moan,  
          Spreading her perfect arms upon the air,  
          And on her couch low murmuring, 'Where? O where?'
- XXXI    But Selfishness, Love's cousin, held not long  
          Its fiery vigil in her single breast;  
          She fretted for the golden hour, and hung  
          Upon the time with feverish unrest —  
          Not long — for soon into her heart a throng  
          Of higher occupants, a richer zest,  
          Came tragic; passion not to be subdued,  
          And sorrow for her love in travels rude.
- XXXII   In the mid days of autumn, on their eves  
          The breath of Winter comes from far away,  
          And the sick west continually bereaves  
          Of some gold tinge, and plays a roundelay  
          Of death among the bushes and the leaves,  
          To make all bare before he dares to stray  
          From his north cavern. So sweet Isabel  
          By gradual decay from beauty fell,
- XXXIII   Because Lorenzo came not. Oftentimes  
          She ask'd her brothers, with an eye all pale,

Striving to be itself, what dungeon climes  
Could keep him off so long? They spake a tale  
Time after time, to quiet her. Their crimes  
Came on them, like a smoke from Hinnom's vale;  
And every night in dreams they groan'd aloud,  
To see their sister in her snowy shroud.

- XXXIV And she had died in drowsy ignorance,  
But for a thing more deadly dark than all;  
It came like a fierce potion, drunk by chance,  
Which saves a sick man from the feather'd pall  
For some few gasping moments; like a lance,  
Waking an Indian from his cloudy hall  
With cruel pierce, and bringing him again  
Sense of the gnawing fire at heart and brain.
- XXXV It was a vision. — In the drowsy gloom,  
The dull of midnight, at her couch's foot  
Lorenzo stood, and wept: the forest tomb  
Had marr'd his glossy hair which once could shoot  
Lustre into the sun, and put cold doom  
Upon his lips, and taken the soft lute  
From his lorn voice, and past his loamed ears  
Had made a miry channel for his tears.
- XXXVI Strange sound it was, when the pale shadow spake;  
For there was striving, in its piteous tongue,  
To speak as when on earth it was awake,  
And Isabella on its music hung:  
Languor there was in it, and tremulous shake,  
As in a palsied Druid's harp unstrung;  
And through it moan'd a ghostly under-song,  
Like hoarse night-gusts sepulchral briars among.
- XXXVII Its eyes, though wild, were still all dewy bright  
With love, and kept all phantom fear aloof  
From the poor girl by magic of their light,  
The while it did unthread the horrid woof  
Of the late darken'd time, — the murderous spite  
Of pride and avarice, — the dark pine roof

In the forest, — and the sodden turfed dell,  
Where, without any word, from stabs he fell.

XXXVIII    Saying moreover, 'Isabel, my sweet!

    'Red whortle-berries droop above my head,  
    'And a large flint-stone weighs upon my feet;  
    'Around me beeches and high chestnuts shed  
    'Their leaves and prickly nuts; a sheep-fold bleat  
    'Comes from beyond the river to my bed:  
    'Go, shed one tear upon my heather-bloom,  
    'And it shall comfort me within the tomb.

XXXIX     'I am a shadow now, alas! alas!

    'Upon the skirts of human-nature dwelling  
    'Alone: I chant alone the holy mass,  
    'While little sounds of life are round me knelling,  
    'And glossy bees at noon do fieldward pass,  
    'And many a chapel bell the hour is telling,  
    'Paining me through: those sounds grow strange to me,  
    'And thou are distant in Humanity.

XL         'I know what was, I feel full well what is,

    'And I should rage, if spirits could go mad;  
    'Though I forget the taste of earthly bliss,  
    'That paleness warms my grave, as though I had  
    'A Seraph chosen from the bright abyss  
    'To be my spouse: thy paleness makes me glad;  
    'Thy beauty grows upon me, and I feel  
    'A greater love through all my essence steal.'

XLI        The Spirit mourn'd 'Adieu!' — dissolv'd and left

    The atom darkness in a slow turmoil;  
    As when of healthful midnight sleep bereft,  
    Thinking on rugged hours and fruitless toil,  
    We put our eyes into a pillow cleft,  
    And see the spangly gloom froth up and boil:  
    It made sad Isabella's eyelids ache,  
    And in the dawn she started up awake;

- XLII 'Ha! ha!' said she, 'I knew not this hard life,  
'I thought the worst was simple misery;  
'I thought some Fate with pleasure or with strife  
'Portion'd us — happy days, or else to die;  
'But there is crime — a brother's bloody knife!  
'Sweet Spirit, thou hast school'd my infancy:  
'I'll visit thee for this, and kiss thine eyes,  
'And greet thee morn and even in the skies.'
- XLIII When the full morning came, she had devised  
How she might secret to the forest hie;  
How she might find the clay, so dearly prized,  
And sing to it one latest lullaby;  
How her short absence might be unsurmised,  
While she the inmost of the dream would try.  
Resolv'd, she took with her an aged nurse,  
And went into that dismal forest-hearse.
- XLIV See, as they creep along the river side,  
How she doth whisper to that aged Dame,  
And, after looking round the champaign wide,  
Shows her a knife. — 'What feverous hectic flame  
'Burns in thee, child? — What good can thee betide,  
'That thou should'st smile again?' — The evening came,  
And they had found Lorenzo's earthy bed;  
The flint was there, the berries at his head.
- XLV Who hath not loiter'd in a green church-yard,  
And let his spirit, like a demon-mole,  
Work through the clayey soil and gravel hard,  
To see scull, coffin'd bones, and funeral stole;  
Pitying each form that hungry Death hath marr'd  
And filling it once more with human soul?  
Ah! this is holiday to what was felt  
When Isabella by Lorenzo knelt.
- XLVI She gaz'd into the fresh-thrown mould, as though  
One glance did fully all its secrets tell;  
Clearly she saw, as other eyes would know  
Pale limbs at bottom of a crystal well;

Upon the murderous spot she seem'd to grow,  
 Like to a native lilly of the dell:  
 Then with her knife, all sudden, she began  
 To dig more fervently than misers can.

XLVII Soon she turn'd up a soiled glove, whereon  
 Her silk had play'd in purple phantasies,  
 She kiss'd it with a lip more chill than stone,  
 And put it in her bosom, where it dries  
 And freezes utterly unto the bone  
 Those dainties made to still an infant's cries:  
 Then 'gan she work again; nor stay'd her care,  
 But to throw back at times her veiling hair.

XLVIII That old nurse stood beside her wondering,  
 Until her heart felt pity to the core  
 At sight of such a dismal labouring,  
 And so she kneeled, with her locks all hoar,  
 And put her lean hands to the horrid thing:  
 Three hours they labour'd at this travail sore;  
 At last they felt the kernel of the grave,  
 And Isabella did not stamp and rave.

XLIX Ah! wherefore all this wormy circumstance?  
 Why linger at the yawning tomb so long?  
 O for the gentleness of old Romance,  
 The simple plaining of a minstrel's song!  
 Fair reader, at the old tale take a glance,  
 For here, in truth, it doth not well belong  
 To speak: — O turn thee to the very tale,  
 And taste the music of that vision pale.

L With duller steel than the Perséan sword  
 They cut away no formless monster's head,  
 But one, whose gentleness did well accord  
 With death, as life. The ancient harps have said,  
 Love never dies, but lives, immortal Lord:  
 If Love impersonate was ever dead,  
 Pale Isabella kiss'd it, and low moan'd.  
 'Twas love; cold, — dead indeed, but not dethroned.



- LI In anxious secrecy they took it home,  
And then the prize was all for Isabel:  
She calm'd its wild hair with a golden comb,  
And all around each eye's sepulchral cell  
Pointed each fringed lash; the smeared loam  
With tears, as chilly as a dripping well,  
She drench'd away: — and still she comb'd, and kept  
Sighing all day — and still she kiss'd, and wept.
- LII Then in a silken scarf, — sweet with the dew  
Of precious flowers pluck'd in Araby,  
And divine liquids come with odorous ooze  
Through the cold serpent-pipe refreshfully, —  
She wrapp'd it up; and for its tomb did choose  
A garden-pot, wherein she laid it by,  
And cover'd it with mould, and o'er it set  
Sweet Basil, which her tears kept ever wet.
- LIII And she forgot the stars, the moon, and sun,  
And she forgot the blue above the trees,  
And she forgot the dells where waters run,  
And she forgot the chilly autumn breeze;  
She had no knowledge when the day was done,  
And the new morn she saw not: but in peace  
Hung over her sweet Basil evermore,  
And moisten'd it with tears unto the core.
- LIV And so she ever fed it with thin tears,  
Whence thick, and green, and beautiful it grew,  
So that it smelt more balmy than its peers  
Of Basil-tufts in Florence; for it drew  
Nurture besides, and life, from human fears,  
From the fast mouldering head there shut from view:  
So that the jewel, safely casketed,  
Came forth, and in perfumed leafits spread.
- LV O Melancholy, linger here awhile!  
O Music, Music, breathe despondingly!

O Echo, Echo, from some sombre isle,  
 Unknown, Lethean, sigh to us — O sigh!  
 Spirits in grief, lift up your heads, and smile;  
 Lift up your heads, sweet Spirits, heavily,  
 And make a pale light in your cypress glooms,  
 Tinting with silver wan your marble tombs.

LVI Moan hither, all ye syllables of woe,  
 From the deep throat of sad Melpomene!  
 Through bronzed lyre in tragic order go,  
 And touch the strings into a mystery;  
 Sound mournfully upon the winds and low;  
 For simple Isabel is soon to be  
 Among the dead: She withers, like a palm  
 Cut by an Indian for its juicy balm.

LVII O leave the palm to wither by itself;  
 Let not quick Winter chill its dying hour! —  
 It may not be — those Baälites of pelf,  
 Her brethren, noted the continual shower  
 From her dead eyes; and many a curious elf,  
 Among her kindred, wonder'd that such dower  
 Of youth and beauty should be thrown aside  
 By one mark'd out to be a Noble's bride.

LVIII And, furthermore, her brethren wonder'd much  
 Why she sat drooping by the Basil green,  
 And why it flourish'd, as by magic touch;  
 Greatly they wonder'd what the thing might mean:  
 They could not surely give belief, that such  
 A very nothing would have power to wean  
 Her from her own fair youth, and pleasures gay,  
 And even remembrance of her love's delay.

LIX Therefore they watch'd a time when they might sift  
 This hidden whim; and long they watch'd in vain;  
 For seldom did she go to chapel-shrift,  
 And seldom felt she any hunger-pain;  
 And when she left, she hurried back, as swift

As bird on wing to breast its eggs again;  
And, patient as a hen-bird, sat her there  
Beside her Basil, weeping through her hair.

- LX Yet they contriv'd to steal the Basil-pot,  
And to examine it in secret place;  
The thing was vile with green and livid spot,  
And yet they knew it was Lorenzo's face:  
The guerdon of their murder they had got,  
And so left Florence in a moment's space,  
Never to turn again. — Away they went,  
With blood upon their heads, to banishment.

- LXI O Melancholy, turn thine eyes away!  
O Music, Music, breathe despondingly!  
O Echo, Echo, on some other day,  
From isles Lethean, sigh to us — O sigh!  
Spirits of grief, sing not your 'Well-a-way!'  
For Isabel, sweet Isabel, will die;  
Will die a death too lone and incomplete,  
Now they have ta'en away her Basil sweet.

- LXII Piteous she look'd on dead and senseless things,  
Asking for her lost Basil amorously;  
And with melodious chuckle in the strings  
Of her lorn voice, she oftentimes would cry  
After the Pilgrim in his wanderings,  
To ask him where her Basil was; and why  
'Twas hid from her: 'For cruel 'tis,' said she,  
'To steal my Basil-pot away from me.'

- LXIII And so she pined, and so she died forlorn,  
Imploring for her Basil to the last.  
No heart was there in Florence but did mourn  
In pity of her love, so overcast.  
And a sad ditty of this story born  
From mouth to mouth through all the country pass'd:  
Still is the burthen sung — 'O cruelty,  
'To steal my Basil-pot away from me!'

## The Eve of St. Agnes

- I     St. Agnes' Eve — Ah, bitter chill it was!  
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;  
The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,  
And silent was the flock in woolly fold:  
Numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while he told  
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,  
Like pious incense from a censer old,  
Seem'd taking flight for heaven, without a death,  
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.
- II    His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man;  
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,  
And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,  
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees:  
The sculptur'd dead, on each side, seem to freeze,  
Emprison'd in black, purgatorial rails:  
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,  
He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails  
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.
- III   Northward he turneth through a little door,  
And scarce three steps, ere Music's golden tongue  
Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor;  
But no — already had his deathbell rung:  
The joys of all his life were said and sung:  
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve:  
Another way he went, and soon among  
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,  
And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to grieve.
- IV   That ancient Beadsman heard the prelude soft;  
And so it chanc'd, for many a door was wide,  
From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,  
The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide:  
The level chambers, ready with their pride,

Were glowing to receive a thousand guests:  
The carved angels, ever eager-eyed,  
Star'd, where upon their heads the cornice rests,  
With hair blown back, and wings put cross-wise on their breasts.

V      At length burst in the argent revelry,  
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,  
Numerous as shadows haunting faerily  
The brain, new stuff'd, in youth, with triumphs gay  
Of old romance. These let us wish away,  
And turn, sole-thoughted, to one Lady there,  
Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,  
On love, and wing'd St. Agnes' saintly care,  
As she had heard old dames full many times declare.

VI     They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,  
Young virgins might have visions of delight,  
And soft adorings from their loves receive  
Upon the honey'd middle of the night,  
If ceremonies due they did aright;  
As, supperless to bed they must retire,  
And couch supine their beauties, lilly white;  
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require  
Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

VII    Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline:  
The music, yearning like a God in pain,  
She scarcely heard: her maiden eyes divine,  
Fix'd on the floor, saw many a sweeping train  
Pass by — she heeded not at all: in vain  
Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,  
And back retir'd; not cool'd by high disdain,  
But she saw not: her heart was elsewhere:  
She sigh'd for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the year.

VIII   She danc'd along with vague, regardless eyes,  
Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short:



The hallow'd hour was near at hand: she sighs  
Amid the timbrels, and the throng'd resort  
Of whisperers in anger, or in sport;  
'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn,  
Hoodwink'd with faery fancy; all amorn,  
Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,  
And all the bliss to be before to-morrow morn.

IX     So, purposing each moment to retire,  
She linger'd still. Meantime, across the moors,  
Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire  
For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,  
Buttress'd from moonlight, stands he, and implores  
All saints to give him sight of Madeline,  
But for one moment in the tedious hours,  
That he might gaze and worship all unseen;  
Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss — in sooth such things have been.

X     He ventures in: let no buzz'd whisper tell:  
All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords  
Will storm his heart, Love's fev'rous citadel:  
For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes,  
Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,  
Whose very dogs would execrations howl  
Against his lineage: not one breast affords  
Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,  
Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul.

XI    Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came,  
Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,  
To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,  
Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond  
The sound of merriment and chorus bland:  
He startled her; but soon she knew his face,  
And grasp'd his fingers in her palsied hand,  
Saying, 'Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from this place:  
'They are all here to-night, the whole blood-thirsty race!

- XII     'Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish Hildebrand;  
'He had a fever late, and in the fit  
'He cursed thee and thine, both house and land:  
'Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit  
'More tame for his gray hairs — Alas me! flit!  
'Flit like a ghost away.' — 'Ah, Gossip dear,  
'We're safe enough; here in this arm-chair sit,  
'And tell me how' — 'Good Saints! not here, not here;  
'Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy bier.'
- XIII    He follow'd through a lowly arched way,  
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume,  
And as she mutter'd 'Well-a — well-a-day!'  
He found him in a little moonlight room,  
Pale, lattic'd, chill, and silent as a tomb.  
'Now tell me where is Madeline,' said he,  
'O tell me, Angela, by the holy loom  
'Which none but secret sisterhood may see,  
'When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously.'
- XIV    'St. Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve —  
'Yet men will murder upon holy days:  
'Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,  
'And be liege-lord of all the Elves and Fays,  
'To venture so: it fills me with amaze  
'To see thee, Porphyro! — St. Agnes' Eve!  
'God's help! my lady fair the conjuror plays  
'This very night: good angels her deceive!  
'But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle time to grieve.'
- XV     Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,  
While Porphyro upon her face doth look,  
Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone  
Who keepeth clos'd a wond'rous riddle-book,  
As spectacl'd she sits in chimney nook.  
But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told  
His lady's purpose; and he scarce could brook

Tears, at the thought of those enchantments cold,  
And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

XVI      Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,  
Flushing his brow, and in his pained heart  
Made purple riot: then doth he propose  
A stratagem, that makes the beldame start:  
'A cruel man and impious thou art:  
'Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep, and dream  
'Alone with her good angels, far apart  
'From wicked men like thee. Go, go! — I deem  
'Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst seem.'

XVII     'I will not harm her, by all saints I swear,'  
Quoth Porphyro: 'O may I ne'er find grace  
'When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,  
'If one of her soft ringlets I displace,  
'Or look with ruffian passion in her face:  
'Good Angela, believe me by these tears;  
'Or I will, even in a moment's space,  
'Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's ears,  
'And beard them, though they be more fang'd than wolves and  
bears.'

XVIII    'Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?  
'A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard thing,  
'Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll;  
'Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,  
'Were never miss'd.' — Thus plaining, doth she bring  
A gentler speech from burning Porphyro;  
So woful, and of such deep sorrowing,  
That Angela gives promise she will do  
Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe.

XIX      Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,  
Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide  
Him in a closet, of such privacy  
That he might see her beauty unespied,  
And win perhaps that night a peerless bride,

While legion'd faeries pac'd the coverlet,  
And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed.  
Never on such a night have lovers met,  
Since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous debt.

XX 'It shall be as thou wishest,' said the Dame:  
'All cates and dainties shall be stored there  
'Quickly on this feast-night: by the tambour frame  
'Her own lute thou wilt see: no time to spare,  
'For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare  
'On such a catering trust my dizzy head.  
'Wait here, my child, with patience; kneel in prayer  
'The while: Ah! thou must needs the lady wed,  
'Or may I never leave my grave among the dead.'

XXI So saying, she hobbled off with busy fear.  
The lover's endless minutes slowly pass'd;  
The dame return'd, and whisper'd in his ear  
To follow her; with aged eyes aghast  
From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,  
Through many a dusky gallery, they gain  
The maiden's chamber, silken, hush'd, and chaste;  
Where Porphyro took covert, pleas'd amain.  
His poor guide hurried back with agues in her brain.

XXII Her falt'ring hand upon the balustrade,  
Old Angela was feeling for the stair,  
When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmed maid,  
Rose, like a mission'd spirit, unaware:  
With silver taper's light, and pious care,  
She turn'd, and down the aged gossip led  
To a safe level matting. Now prepare,  
Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed;  
She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove fray'd and fled.

XXIII Out went the taper as she hurried in;  
Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died:  
She clos'd the door, she panted, all akin  
To spirits of the air, and visions wide:

No uttered syllable, or, woe betide!  
But to her heart, her heart was voluble,  
Paining with eloquence her balmy side;  
As though a tongueless nightingale should swell  
Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her dell.

XXIV     A casement high and triple-arch'd there was,  
All garlanded with carven imag'ries  
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,  
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,  
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,  
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damask'd wings;  
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,  
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,  
A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens and kings.

XXV     Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,  
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,  
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;  
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,  
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,  
And on her hair a glory, like a saint:  
She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,  
Save wings, for heaven: — Porphyro grew faint:  
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

XXVI     Anon his heart revives: her vespers done,  
Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees;  
Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one;  
Loosens her fragrant boddice; by degrees  
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees:  
Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,  
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,  
In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,  
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

XXVII     Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,  
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay,



Until the poppi'd warmth of sleep oppress'd  
Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away;  
Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day;  
Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain;  
Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims pray;  
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,  
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

XXVIII     Stol'n to this paradise, and so entranced,  
Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,  
And listen'd to her breathing, if it chanced  
To wake into a slumberous tenderness;  
Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,  
And breath'd himself: then from the closet crept,  
Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,  
And over the hush'd carpet, silent, stept,  
And 'tween the curtains peep'd, where, lo! — how fast she slept.

XXIX     Then by the bed-side, where the faded moon  
Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set  
A table, and, half anguish'd, threw thereon  
A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet: —  
O for some drowsy Morphean amulet!  
The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,  
The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarinet,  
Affray his ears, though but in dying tone: —  
The hall door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

XXX     And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,  
In blanched linen, smooth, and lavender'd,  
While he from forth the closet brought a heap  
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd;  
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,  
And lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon;  
Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd  
From Fez; and spiced dainties, every one,  
From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon.

- XXXI      These delicacies he heap'd with glowing hand  
On golden dishes and in baskets bright  
Of wreathed silver: sumptuous they stand  
In the retired quiet of the night,  
Filling the chilly room with perfume light. —  
'And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake!  
'Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite:  
'Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,  
'Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache.'
- XXXII     Thus whispering, his warm, unnerved arm  
Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream  
By the dusk curtains: — 'twas a midnight charm  
Impossible to melt as iced stream:  
The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam;  
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies:  
It seem'd he never, never could redeem  
From such a stedfast spell his lady's eyes;  
So mus'd awhile, entoil'd in woofed phantasies.
- XXXIII    Awakening up, he took her hollow lute, —  
Tumultuous, — and, in chords that tenderest be,  
He play'd an ancient ditty, long since mute,  
In Provence call'd, 'La belle dame sans mercy:'  
Close to her ear touching the melody; —  
Wherewith disturb'd, she utter'd a soft moan:  
He ceased — she panted quick — and suddenly  
Her blue affrayed eyes wide open shone:  
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured stone.
- XXXIV    Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,  
Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep:  
There was a painful change, that nigh expell'd  
The blisses of her dream so pure and deep  
At which fair Madeline began to weep,  
And moan forth witless words with many a sigh;  
While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep;

Who knelt, with joined hands and piteous eye,  
Fearing to move or speak, she look'd so dreamingly.

XXXV      'Ah, Porphyro!' said she, 'but even now  
'Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,  
'Made tuneable with every sweetest vow;  
'And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear:  
'How chang'd thou art! how pallid, chill, and drear!  
'Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,  
'Those looks immortal, those complainings dear!  
'Oh leave me not in this eternal woe,  
'For if thou diest, my Love, I know not where to go.'

XXXVI      Beyond a mortal man impassion'd far  
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,  
Ethereal, flush'd, and like a throbbing star  
Seen mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose;  
Into her dream he melted, as the rose  
Blendeth its odour with the violet, —  
Solution sweet: meantime the frost-wind blows  
Like Love's alarum pattering the sharp sleet  
Against the window-panes; St. Agnes' moon hath set.

XXXVII      'Tis dark: quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet:  
'This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline!  
'Tis dark: the iced gusts still rave and beat:  
'No dream, alas! alas! and woe is mine!  
'Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine. —  
'Cruel! what traitor could thee hither bring?  
'I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,  
'Though thou forsakest a deceived thing; —  
'A dove forlorn and lost with sick unpruned wing.'

XXXVIII      'My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!  
'Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?  
'Thy beauty's shield, heart-shap'd and vermeil dyed?  
'Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest  
'After so many hours of toil and quest,  
'A famish'd pilgrim, — sav'd by miracle.

‘Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest  
‘Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think’st well  
‘To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.

XXXIX    ‘Hark! ’tis an elfin-storm from faery land,  
              ‘Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed:  
              ‘Arise — arise! the morning is at hand; —  
              ‘The bloated wassaillers will never heed: —  
              ‘Let us away, my love, with happy speed;  
              ‘There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see, —  
              ‘Drown’d all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead:  
              ‘Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be,  
              ‘For o’er the southern moors I have a home for thee.’

XL         She hurried at his words, beset with fears,  
              For there were sleeping dragons all around,  
              At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears —  
              Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found. —  
              In all the house was heard no human sound.  
              A chain-droop’d lamp was flickering by each door;  
              The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,  
              Flutter’d in the besieging wind’s uproar;  
              And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

XLI        They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall;  
              Like phantoms, to the iron porch, they glide;  
              Where lay the Porter, in uneasy sprawl,  
              With a huge empty flaggon by his side:  
              The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,  
              But his sagacious eye an inmate owns:  
              By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide: —  
              The chains lie silent on the footworn stones; —  
              The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

XLII      And they are gone: aye, ages long ago  
              These lovers fled away into the storm.  
              That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe,  
              And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form  
              Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,

Were long be-nightmar'd. Angela the old  
 Died palsy-twitch'd, with meagre face deform;  
 The Beadsman, after thousand aves told,  
 For aye unsought for slept among his ashes cold.

## Ode to a Nightingale

- I My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains  
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,  
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains  
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:  
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,  
 But being too happy in thine happiness, —  
 That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,  
 In some melodious plot  
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,  
 Singest of summer in full-throated ease.
- II O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been  
 Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,  
 Tasting of Flora and the country green,  
 Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!  
 O for a beaker full of the warm South,  
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,  
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,  
 And purple-stained mouth;  
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,  
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim:
- III Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget  
 What thou among the leaves hast never known,  
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret  
 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;  
 Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,  
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;  
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow  
 And leaden-eyed despairs,



Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,  
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

IV Away! away! for I will fly to thee,  
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,  
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,  
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:  
Already with thee! tender is the night,  
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,  
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;  
But here there is no light,  
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown  
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

V I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,  
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,  
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet  
Wherewith the seasonable month endows  
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;  
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;  
Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves;  
And mid-May's eldest child,  
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,  
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

VI Darkling I listen; and, for many a time  
I have been half in love with easeful Death,  
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,  
To take into the air my quiet breath;  
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,  
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,  
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad  
In such an ecstasy!  
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain —  
To thy high requiem become a sod.

VII Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!  
No hungry generations tread thee down;  
The voice I hear this passing night was heard

In ancient days by emperor and clown:  
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path  
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,  
     She stood in tears amid the alien corn;  
     The same that oft-times hath  
 Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam  
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

- VIII Forlorn! the very word is like a bell  
     To toll me back from thee to my sole self!  
 Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well  
     As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf.  
 Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades  
     Past the near meadows, over the still stream,  
     Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep  
     In the next valley-glades:  
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream?  
     Fled is that music: — Do I wake or sleep?

## Ode on a Grecian Urn

- I   Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,  
     Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,  
 Sylvan historian, who canst thus express  
     A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:  
 What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape  
     Of deities or mortals, or of both,  
     In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?  
     What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?  
 What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?  
     What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?
- II   Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
     Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;  
 Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,  
     Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:

Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave  
 Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;  
 Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,  
 Though winning near the goal — yet, do not grieve;  
 She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,  
 For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

III Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed  
 Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;  
 And, happy melodist, unwearied,  
 For ever piping songs for ever new;  
 More happy love! more happy, happy love!  
 For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,  
 For ever panting, and for ever young;  
 All breathing human passion far above,  
 That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,  
 A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

IV Who are these coming to the sacrifice?  
 To what green altar, O mysterious priest,  
 Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,  
 And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?  
 What little town by river or sea shore,  
 Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,  
 Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?  
 And, little town, thy streets for evermore  
 Will silent be; and not a soul to tell  
 Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

V O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede  
 Of marble men and maidens overwrought,  
 With forest branches and the trodden weed;  
 Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought  
 As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!  
 When old age shall this generation waste,  
 Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe  
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,  
 'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,' — that is all  
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

## Ode to Psyche

O Goddess! hear these tuneless numbers, wrung  
By sweet enforcement and remembrance dear,  
And pardon that thy secrets should be sung  
Even into thine own soft-conched ear:  
Surely I dreamt to-day, or did I see  
The winged Psyche with awaken'd eyes?  
I wander'd in a forest thoughtlessly,  
And, on the sudden, fainting with surprise,  
Saw two fair creatures, couched side by side  
In deepest grass, beneath the whisp'ring roof  
Of leaves and trembled blossoms, where there ran  
A brooklet, scarce espied:

'Mid hush'd, cool-rooted flowers, fragrant-eyed,  
Blue, silver-white, and budded Tyrian,  
They lay calm-breathing on the bedded grass;  
Their arms embraced, and their pinions too;  
Their lips touch'd not, but had not bade adieu,  
As if disjoined by soft-handed slumber,  
And ready still past kisses to outnumber  
At tender eye-dawn of aureorean love:  
The winged boy I knew;  
But who wast thou, O happy, happy dove?  
His Psyche true!

O latest born and loveliest vision far  
Of all Olympus' faded hierarchy!  
Fairer than Phœbe's sapphire-region'd star,  
Or Vesper, amorous glow-worm of the sky;  
Fairer than these, though temple thou hast none,  
Nor altar heap'd with flowers;  
Nor virgin-choir to make delicious moan  
Upon the midnight hours;  
No voice, no lute, no pipe, no incense sweet  
From chain-swung censer teeming;  
No shrine, no grove, no oracle, no heat  
Of pale-mouth'd prophet dreaming.

O brightest! though too late for antique vows,  
Too, too late for the fond believing lyre,  
When holy were the haunted forest boughs,  
Holy the air, the water, and the fire;  
Yet even in these days so far retir'd  
From happy pieties, thy lucent fans,  
Fluttering among the faint Olympians,  
I see, and sing, by my own eyes inspir'd.  
So let me be thy choir, and make a moan  
Upon the midnight hours;  
Thy voice, thy lute, thy pipe, thy incense sweet  
From swung censer teeming;  
Thy shrine, thy grove, thy oracle, thy heat  
Of pale-mouth'd prophet dreaming.  
Yes, I will be thy priest, and build a fane  
In some untrodden region of my mind,  
Where branched thoughts, new grown with pleasant pain,  
Instead of pines shall murmur in the wind:  
Far, far around shall those dark-cluster'd trees  
Fledge the wild-ridged mountains steep by steep;  
And there by zephyrs, streams, and birds, and bees,  
The moss-lain Dryads shall be lull'd to sleep;  
And in the midst of this wide quietness  
A rosy sanctuary will I dress  
With the wreath'd trellis of a working brain,  
With buds, and bells, and stars without a name,  
With all the gardener Fancy e'er could feign,  
Who breeding flowers, will never breed the same:  
And there shall be for thee all soft delight  
That shadowy thought can win,  
A bright torch, and a casement ope at night,  
To let the warm Love in!

### Lines on the Mermaid Tavern

Souls of Poets dead and gone,  
What Elysium have ye known,  
Happy field or mossy cavern,  
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?



Have ye tippled drink more fine  
 Than mine host's Canary wine?  
 Or are fruits of Paradise  
 Sweeter than those dainty pies  
 Of venison? O generous food!  
 Drest as though bold Robin Hood  
 Would, with his maid Marian,  
 Sup and bowse from horn and can.

I have heard that on a day  
 Mine host's sign-board flew away,  
 Nobody knew whither, till  
 An astrologer's old quill  
 To a sheepskin gave the story,  
 Said he saw you in your glory,  
 Underneath a new old sign  
 Sipping beverage divine,  
 And pledging with contented smack  
 The Mermaid in the Zodiac.

Souls of Poets dead and gone,  
 What Elysium have ye known,  
 Happy field or mossy cavern,  
 Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

## To Autumn

- fog* *gentle, ripe*
- I 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.
- often in the middle of* *stop*
- II 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,  
 Drows'd 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 cyder-press, with patient look,  
 Thou watchest the last oozing hours by hours.

- III 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 red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;  
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

## Ode on Melancholy

- I No, no, go not to Lethe, neither twist  
 Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine;  
 Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kiss'd  
 By nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine;  
 Make not your rosary of yew-berries,  
 Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be  
 Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl  
 A partner in your sorrow's mysteries;  
 For shade to shade will come too drowsily,  
 And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul.

- II But when the melancholy fit shall fall  
 Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,  
 That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,  
 And hides the green hill in an April shroud;  
 Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,  
 Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,

Or on the wealth of globed peonies; *HLA*  
 Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,  
 Emprison her soft hand, and let her rave,  
 And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

- III She dwells with Beauty — Beauty that must die;  
 And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips  
 Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh,  
 Turning to Poison while the bee-mouth sips:  
 Ay, in the very temple of delight  
 Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine,  
 Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue  
 Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine;  
 His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,  
 And be among her cloudy trophies hung.

## La Belle Dame sans Merci

### A BALLAD

- I O, what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,  
 Alone and palely loitering?  
 The sedge has wither'd from the lake,  
 And no birds sing.
- II O, what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,  
 So haggard and so woe-begone?  
 The squirrel's granary is full,  
 And the harvest's done.
- III I see a lilly on thy brow,  
 With anguish moist and fever dew;  
 And on thy cheeks a fading rose  
 Fast withereth too.
- IV I met a lady in the meads,  
 Full beautiful — a faery's child,  
 Her hair was long, her foot was light,  
 And her eyes were wild.

- V 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.
- VI 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.
- VII She found me roots of relish sweet,  
And honey wild, and manna dew,  
And sure in language strange she said —  
'I love thee true'.
- VIII 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.
- IX 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 side.
- X 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!'
- XI 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.
- XII And this is why I sojourn here  
Alone and palely loitering,  
Though the sedge has wither'd from the lake,  
And no birds sing.

## Ode on Indolence

*'They toil not, neither do they spin.'*

- I    One morn before me were three figures seen,  
      With bowed necks, and joined hands, side-faced;  
And one behind the other stepp'd serene,  
      In placid sandals, and in white robes graced;  
They pass'd, like figures on a marble urn,  
      When shifted round to see the other side;  
      They came again; as when the urn once more  
Is shifted round, the first seen shades return;  
      And they were strange to me, as may betide  
      With vases, to one deep in Phidian lore.
- II    How is it, Shadows! that I knew ye not?  
      How came ye muffled in so hush a mask?  
Was it a silent deep-disguised plot  
      To steal away, and leave without a task  
My idle days? Ripe was the drowsy hour;  
      The blissful cloud of summer-indolence  
      Benumb'd my eyes; my pulse grew less and less;  
Pain had no sting, and pleasure's wreath no flower:  
      O, why did ye not melt, and leave my sense  
      Unhaunted quite of all but — nothingness?
- III   A third time came they by; — alas! wherefore?  
      My sleep had been embroider'd with dim dreams;  
My soul had been a lawn besprinkled o'er  
      With flowers, and stirring shades, and baffled beams.  
The morn was clouded, but no shower fell,  
      Tho' in her lids hung the sweet tears of May;  
      The open casement press'd a new-leav'd vine,  
      Let in the budding warmth and throstle's lay;  
O Shadows! 'twas a time to bid farewell!  
      Upon your skirts had fallen no tears of mine.
- IV   A third time pass'd they by, and, passing, turn'd  
      Each one the face a moment whiles to me;



Then faded, and to follow them I burn'd  
And ach'd for wings because I knew the three;  
The first was a fair Maid, and Love her name;  
The second was Ambition, pale of cheek,  
And ever watchful with fatigued eye;  
The last, whom I love more, the more of blame  
Is heap'd upon her, maiden most unmeek, —  
I knew to be my demon Poesy.

- V They faded, and, forsooth! I wanted wings:  
O folly! What is love! and where is it?  
And for that poor Ambition! it springs  
From a man's little heart's short fever-fit;  
For Poesy! — no, — she has not a joy, —  
At least for me, — so sweet as drowsy noons,  
And evenings steep'd in honied indolence;  
O, for an age so shelter'd from annoy,  
That I may never know how change the moons,  
Or hear the voice of busy common-sense!

- VI So, ye Three Ghosts, adieu! Ye cannot raise  
My head cool-bedded in the flowery grass;  
For I would not be dieted with praise,  
A pet-lamb in a sentimental farce!  
Fade softly from my eyes, and be once more  
In masque-like figures on the dreamy urn;  
Farewell! I yet have visions for the night,  
And for the day faint visions there is store;  
Vanish, ye Phantoms! from my idle spright,  
Into the clouds, and never more return!

## On the Sea

It keeps eternal whisperings around  
Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell  
Gluts twice ten thousand Caverns, till the spell  
Of Hecate leaves them their old shadowy sound.

Often 'tis in such gentle temper found,  
 That scarcely will the very smallest shell  
 Be mov'd for days from where it sometime fell,  
 When last the winds of Heaven were unbound.  
 Oh ye! who have your eye-balls vex'd and tir'd,  
 Feast them upon the wideness of the Sea;  
 Oh ye! whose ears are dinn'd with uproar rude,  
 Or fed too much with cloying melody —  
 Sit ye near some old Cavern's Mouth and brood,  
 Until ye start, as if the sea-nymphs quir'd!

### "When I have fears that I may cease to be"

When I have fears that I may cease to be  
 Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,  
 Before high-piled books, in characterly,  
 Hold like rich garners the full ripen'd grain;  
 When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face,  
 Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,  
 And think that I may never live to trace  
 Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;  
 And when I feel, fair creature of an hour,  
 That I shall never look upon thee more,  
 Never have relish in the faery power  
 Of unreflecting love; — then on the shore  
 Of the wide world I stand alone, and think  
 Till love and fame to nothingness do sink.

### To Homer

Standing aloof in giant ignorance,  
 Of thee I hear and of the Cyclades,  
 As one who sits ashore and longs perchance  
 To visit dolphin-coral in deep seas.  
 So thou wast blind; — but then the veil was rent,  
 For Jove uncurtain'd Heaven to let thee live,  
 And Neptune made for thee a spumy tent,  
 And Pan made sing for thee his forest-hive;  
 Aye on the shores of darkness there is light,  
 And precipices show untrodden green,  
 There is a budding morrow in midnight,

There is a triple sight in blindness keen;  
Such seeing hadst thou, as it once befel  
To Dian, Queen of Earth, and Heaven, and Hell.

## To Sleep

O soft embalmer of the still midnight,  
Shutting, with careful fingers and benign,  
Our gloom-pleas'd eyes, embower'd from the light,  
Enshaded in forgetfulness divine:  
O soothest Sleep! if so it please thee, close  
In midst of this thine hymn my willing eyes,  
Or wait the amen, ere thy poppy throws  
Around my bed its lulling charities.  
Then save me, or the passed day will shine  
Upon my pillow, breeding many woes, —  
Save me from curious Conscience, that still lords  
Its strength for darkness, burrowing like a mole;  
Turn the key deftly in the oiled wards,  
And seal the hushed Casket of my Soul.

## "Why did I laugh to-night? . . ."

Why did I laugh to-night? No voice will tell:  
No God, no Demon of severe response,  
Deigns to reply from Heaven or from Hell.  
Then to my human heart I turn at once.  
Heart! Thou and I are here sad and alone;  
I say, why did I laugh! O mortal pain!  
O Darkness! Darkness! ever must I moan,  
To question Heaven and Hell and Heart in vain.  
Why did I laugh? I know this Being's lease,  
My fancy to its utmost blisses spreads;  
Yet would I on this very midnight cease,  
And the world's gaudy ensigns see in shreds;  
Verse, Fame, and Beauty are intense indeed,  
But Death intenser — Death is Life's high meed.

## "Bright star, . . ."

Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art —  
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night

And watching, with eternal lids apart,  
Like nature's patient, sleepless Eremite,  
The moving waters at their priestlike task  
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,  
Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask  
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors —  
No — yet still stedfast, still unchangeable,  
Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,  
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,  
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,  
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,  
And so live ever — or else swoon to death.

### On seeing the Elgin Marbles

My spirit is too weak — mortality  
Weighs heavily on me like unwilling sleep,  
And each imagin'd pinnacle and steep  
Of godlike hardship, tells me I must die  
Like a sick Eagle looking at the sky.  
Yet 'tis a gentle luxury to weep  
That I have not the cloudy winds to keep,  
Fresh for the opening of the morning's eye.  
Such dim-conceived glories of the brain  
Bring round the heart an undescribable feud;  
So do these wonders a most dizzy pain,  
That mingles Grecian grandeur with the rude  
Wasting of old Time — with a billowy main —  
A sun — a shadow of a magnitude.

### To J. H. Reynolds Esq.

Dear Reynolds! as last night I lay in bed,  
There came before my eyes that wonted thread  
Of shapes, and shadows, and remembrances,  
That every other minute vex and please:  
Things all disjointed come from north and south, —  
Two Witch's eyes above a Cherub's mouth,

Voltaire with casque and shield and habergeon,  
And Alexander with his nightcap on;  
Old Socrates a-tying his cravat,  
And Hazlitt playing with Miss Edgeworth's cat;  
And Junius Brutus, pretty well so so,  
Making the best of's way towards Soho.

Few are there who escape these visitings, —  
Perhaps one or two whose lives have patent wings,  
And thro' whose curtains peeps no hellish nose,  
No wild-boar tushes, and no Mermaid's toes;  
But flowers bursting out with lusty pride,  
And young Æolian harps personified;  
Some Titian colours touch'd into real life, —  
The sacrifice goes on; the pontiff knife  
Gleams in the Sun, the milk-white heifer lows,  
The pipes go shrilly, the libation flows:  
A white sail shows above the green-head cliff,  
Moves round the point, and throws her anchor stiff;  
The mariners join hymn with those on land.

You know the Enchanted Castle, — it doth stand  
Upon a rock, on the border of a Lake,  
Nested in trees, which all do seem to shake  
From some old magic like Urganda's Sword.  
O Phœbus! that I had thy sacred word  
To show this Castle, in fair dreaming wise,  
Unto my friend, while sick and ill he lies!

You know it well enough, where it doth seem  
A mossy place, a Merlin's Hall, a dream;  
You know the clear Lake, and the little Isles,  
The mountains blue, and cold near neighbour rills,  
All which elsewhere are but half animate;  
There do they look alive to love and hate,  
To smiles and frowns; they seem a lifted mound  
Above some giant, pulsing underground.

Part of the Building was a chosen See,  
Built by a banish'd Santon of Chaldee;  
The other part, two thousand years from him,  
Was built by Cuthbert de Saint Aldebrim;



Then there's a little wing, far from the Sun,  
Built by a Lapland Witch turn'd maudlin Nun;  
And many other juts of aged stone  
Founded with many a mason-devil's groan.

The doors all look as if they op'd themselves,  
The windows as if latch'd by Fays and Elves,  
And from them comes a silver flash of light,  
As from the westward of a Summer's night;  
Or like a beauteous woman's large blue eyes  
Gone mad thro' olden songs and poesies.

See! what is coming from the distance dim!  
A golden Galley all in silken trim!  
Three rows of oars are lightening, moment whiles,  
Into the verd'rous bosoms of those isles;  
Towards the shade, under the Castle wall,  
It comes in silence, — now 'tis hidden all.  
The Clarion sounds, and from a Postern-gate  
An echo of sweet music doth create  
A fear in the poor Herdsman, who doth bring  
His beasts to trouble the enchanted spring, —  
He tells of the sweet music, and the spot,  
To all his friends, and they believe him not.

O that our dreamings all, of sleep or wake,  
Would all their colours from the sunset take:  
From something of material sublime,  
Rather than shadow our own soul's day-time  
In the dark void of night. For in the world  
We jostle, — but my flag is not unfurl'd  
On the Admiral-staff, — and so philosophize  
I dare not yet! Oh, never will the prize,  
High reason, and the love of good and ill,  
Be my award! Things cannot to the will  
Be settled, but they tease us out of thought;  
Or is it that imagination brought  
Beyond its proper bound, yet still confin'd,  
Lost in a sort of Purgatory blind,  
Cannot refer to any standard law  
Of either earth or heaven? It is a flaw

In happiness, to see beyond our bourn, —  
It forces us in summer skies to mourn,  
It soils the singing of the Nightingale.

Dear Reynolds! I have a mysterious tale,  
And cannot speak it: the first page I read  
Upon a Lampit rock of green sea-weed  
Among the breakers; 'twas a quiet eve,  
The rocks were silent, the wide sea did weave  
An untumultuous fringe of silver foam  
Along the flat brown sand; I was at home  
And should have been most happy, — but I saw  
Too far into the sea, where every maw  
The greater on the less feeds evermore. —  
But I saw too distinct into the core  
Of an eternal fierce destruction,  
And so from happiness I far was gone.  
Still am I sick of it, and tho', to-day,  
I've gather'd young spring-leaves, and flowers gay  
Of periwinkle and wild strawberry,  
Still do I that most fierce destruction see, —  
The Shark at savage prey, — the Hawk at pounce, —  
The gentle Robin, like a Pard or Ounce,  
Ravening a worm, — Away, ye horrid moods!  
Moods of one's mind! You know I hate them well.  
You know I'd sooner be a clapping Bell  
To some Kamtschatean Missionary Church,  
Than with these horrid moods be left i' the lurch.

### To Mrs. Reynolds's Cat

Cat! who hast pass'd thy grand climacteric,  
How many mice and rats hast in thy days  
Destroy'd? — How many tit bits stolen? Gaze  
With those bright languid segments green, and prick  
Those velvet ears — but pr'ythee do not stick  
Thy latent talons in me — and upraise  
Thy gentle mew — and tell me all thy frays .  
Of fish and mice, and rats and tender chick.

Nay, look not down, nor lick thy dainty wrists —  
For all the wheezy asthma, — and for all  
Thy tail's tip is nick'd off — and though the fists  
Of many a maid have given thee many a maul,  
Still is that fur as soft as when the lists  
In youth thou enter'dst on glass-bottled wall.

## Alphabetical List of Titles and First Lines

---

Adieu, adieu! my native shore	132
Adonais	165
Ah! Sun-Flower	7
Ah, Sun-flower, weary of time	7
A little black thing among the snow	6
And did those feet in ancient time	22
And like a dying lady, lean and pale	162
And this place our forefathers made for man!	62
And this reft house is that the which he built	81
An old, mad, blind, despised, and dying king	150
Arethusa	160
Arethusa arose	160
Ariel to Miranda: — Take	186
Art thou pale for weariness	162
A simple Child	23
A slumber did my spirit seal	32
Auguries of Innocence	11
Behold her, single in the field	42
Best and brightest, come away!	181
Book of Thel, The	14
Bright star, would I were stedfast as thou art	229
Cat! who hast pass'd thy grand climacteric	233
Character of the Happy Warrior	48
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage (excerpts)	132
Chimney Sweeper, The	6
Christabel	82
Clod and the Pebble, The	6
Cloud, The	154
Composed upon Westminster Bridge, Sept. 3, 1802	39
Darkness	127
Dear Reynolds! as last night I lay in bed	230
Dejection: An Ode	106
Destruction of Sennacherib, The	115
Dirge, A	188
Does the Eagle know what is in the pit?	14
Don Juan (excerpts)	138
Dungeon, The	62
Dust as we are, the immortal spirit grows	46

Earth has not anything to show more fair	39
Earth rais'd up her head	5
Earth's Answer	5
Ere on my bed my limbs I lay	110
Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind!	116
Eve of St. Agnes, The	205
Extempore Effusion upon the Death of James Hogg	58
Fair Isabel, poor simple Isabel!	190
Five years have past; five summers, with the length	25
France: An Ode	102
From low to high doth dissolution climb	57
Frost at Midnight	100
Garden of Love, The	8
Girl of Cadiz, The	113
Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!	157
Happy is England! I could be content	190
Hear the voice of the Bard!	4
Hellas (Final Chorus)	179
Holy Thursday	2
How sweet I roam'd from field to field	9
Hymn to Intellectual Beauty	145
I arise from dreams of thee	153
I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers	154
I had a dream, which was not all a dream	127
I met a traveller from an antique land	147
Indian Serenade, The	153
In London, September 1802	41
In seed time learn, in harvest teach, in winter enjoy	18
Introduction (Songs of Experience)	4
Introduction (Songs of Innocence)	1
In Xanadu did Kubla Khan	105
Isabella; or, The Pot of Basil	190
I saw a chapel all of gold	10
It is an ancient Mariner	63
It keeps eternal whisperings around	227
I travelled among unknown men	32
It seems a day	29
I wandered lonely as a cloud	43
I wander thro' each charter'd street	8
I was angry with my friend	9
I weep for Adonais — he is dead!	165
I went to the Garden of Love	8
Kubla Khan	105

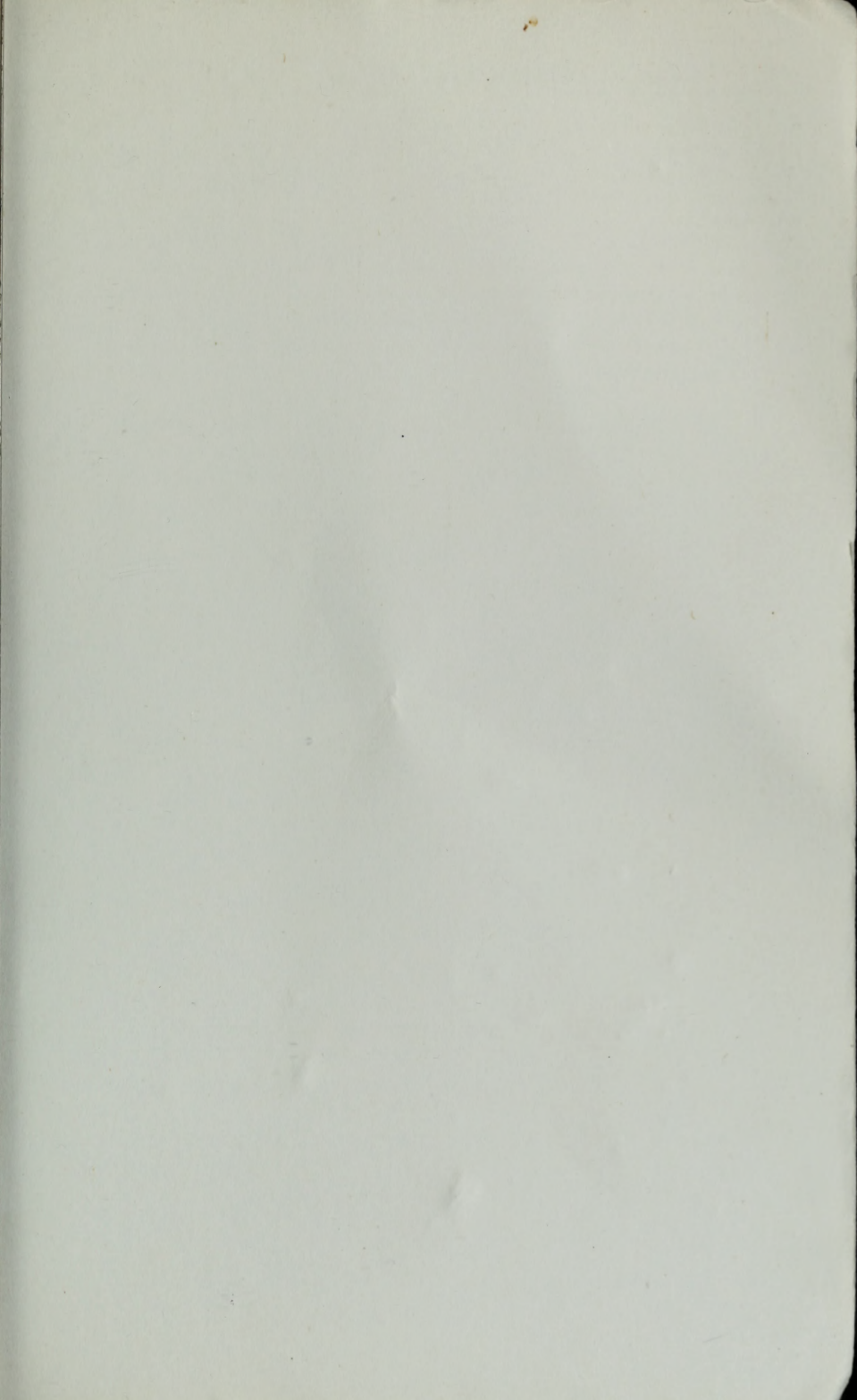


La Belle Dame sans Merci	224
Lamb, The	4
Lift not the painted veil which those who live	149
Lines ("When the lamp is shattered")	180
Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey	25
Lines on the Mermaid Tavern	221
Little Black Boy, The	3
Little Lamb, who made thee?	4
London	8
London, 1802	41
"Love seeketh not Itself to please"	6
Love's Philosophy	154
Lucy Gray	33
Men of England, wherefore plough	149
Milton! thou should'st be living at this hour	41
Mock on Mock on Voltaire Rousseau	10
Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold	189
Music, when soft voices die	164
Mutability	57
My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains	216
My heart leaps up when I behold	35
My mother bore me in the southern wild	3
My poem's epic, and is meant to be	138
My spirit is too weak — mortality	230
No, no, go not to Lethe, neither twist	223
Now the last day of many days	183
Nurse's Song	2
Nutting	29
Ode: Intimations of Immortality . . .	51
Ode on a Grecian Urn	218
Ode on Indolence	226
Ode on Melancholy	223
Ode to a Nightingale	216
Ode to Duty	44
Ode to Psyche	220
Ode to the West Wind	151
O Friend! I know not which way I must look	41
Of I had heard of Lucy Gray	33
O Goddess! hear these tuneless numbers, wrung	220
Oh never talk again to me	113
Oh that the Desert were my dwelling-place	136
On a Ruined House in a Romantic Country	81
Once did She hold the gorgeous east in fee	40
One morn before me were three figures seen	226

On first looking into Chapman's Homer	189
On seeing the Elgin Marbles	230
On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic	40
On the Sea	227
On This Day I Complete My Thirty-sixth Year	143
O pleasant exercise of hope and joy!	47
O Rose, thou art sick!	6
O soft embalmer of the still midnight	229
O, what can ail thee, knight-at-arms	224
O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being	151
Ozymandias	147
 Pains of Sleep, The	 110
Piping down the valleys wild	1
Poison Tree, A	9
Prelude, The (excerpts)	46
Preludium (America a Prophecy)	21
Prisoner of Chillon, The	116
Proverbs of Hell	18
 Resolution and Independence	 35
Rime of the Ancient Mariner, The	63
Rough wind, that moanest loud	188
 Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned	 58
Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness	222
She dwelt among the untrodden ways	31
She walks in beauty, like the night	114
She was a Phantom of delight	43
Sick Rose, The	6
Sir Walter reign'd before me; Moore and Campbell	142
Smile, The	10
Solitary Reaper, The	42
Song ("How sweet I roam'd . . .")	9
Song ("Rarely, rarely, comest thou")	164
Song to the Men of England	149
Sonnet: England in 1819	150
Sonnet: "Lift not the painted veil . . ."	149
Souls of Poets dead and gone	221
So we'll go no more a roving	131
St. Agnes' Eve — Ah, bitter chill it was!	205
Standing aloof in giant ignorance	228
Stanzas for Music ("There be none of Beauty's daughters")	116
Stanzas to Augusta	130
Stanzas Written in Dejection, Near Naples	147
Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!	44

Strange fits of passion have I known	30
Swiftly walk o'er the western wave	163
The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold	115
The awful shadow of some unseen Power	145
The fountains mingle with the river	154
The Frost performs its secret ministry	100
The isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece!	139
There be none of Beauty's daughters	116
There is a Smile of Love	10
There was a roaring in the wind all night	35
There was a sound of revelry by night	134
There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream	51
The shadowy daughter of Urthona stood before red Orc	21
The sun is warm, the sky is clear	147
The world is too much with us; late and soon	51
The world's great age begins anew	179
This Lime-Tree Bower My Prison	60
Though the day of my destiny's over	130
Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness	218
'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock	82
'T is time this heart should be unmoved	143
To — ("Music, when soft voices die")	164
To a Skylark	157
To Autumn	222
To Homer	228
To Jane: The Invitation	181
To Jane: The Recollection	183
To J. H. Reynolds Esq.	230
To Mrs. Reynolds's Cat	233
To Night	163
To one who has been long in city pent	189
To see a World in a Grain of Sand	11
To Sleep	229
To the Moon	162
To Toussaint L'Ouverture	40
Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men!	40
'Twas on a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean	2
Tyger, The	7
Tyger! Tyger! burning bright	7
Waning Moon, The	162
We Are Seven	23
Well! if the Bard was weather-wise, who made	106
Well, they are gone, and here must I remain	60
When first, descending from the moor-lands	58
When I have fears that I may cease to be	228

When the lamp is shattered	180
When the voices of children are heard on the green	2
When we two parted	112
Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he	48
Why did I laugh to-night? No voice will tell	229
With a Guitar, to Jane	186
Ye Clouds! that far above me float and pause	102





# English Romantic Poetry

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Edited by Stanley Appelbaum

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