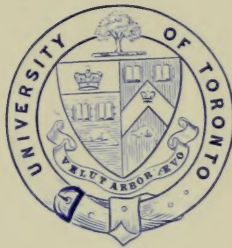


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LEADS DAY by DAY



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A message of love
for this and every
year.

1911—







~~1857~~

KEATS DAY·BY·DAY

EDITED BY
CONSTANCE·M·SPENDER



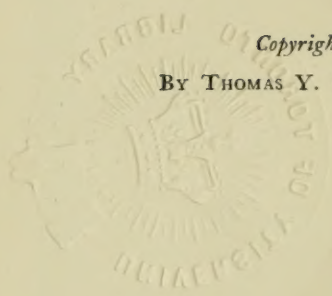
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MOTTO

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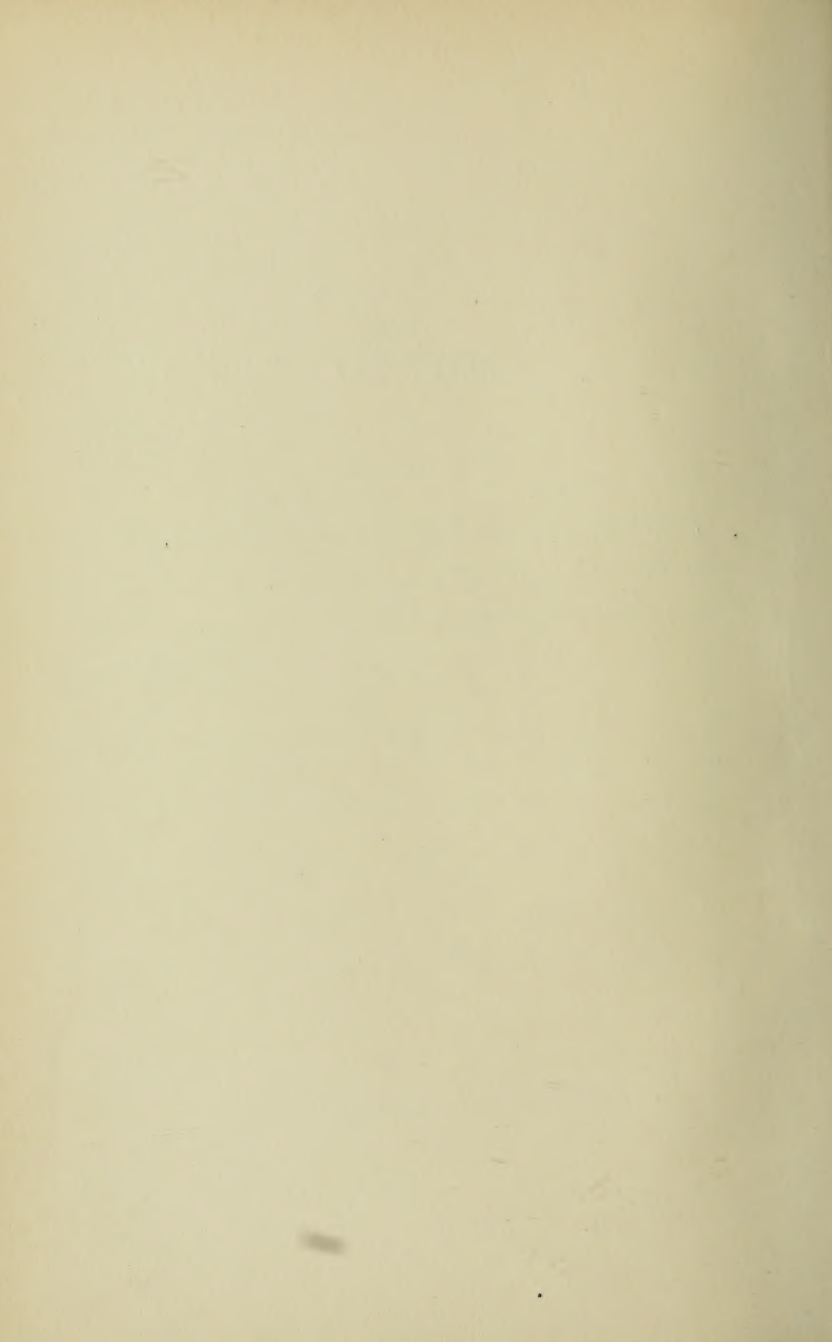
The Seasons four, —

Green-kyrtled Spring, flush Summer, golden store

In Autumn's sickle, Winter frosty hoar,

Join dance with shadowy Hours.

ENDYMION.





JANUARY

∴

JANUARY FIRST

TIME'S sweet first-fruits.

Endymion.

JANUARY SECOND

So he stood in his shoes
And he wonder'd,
He wonder'd,
He stood in his shoes
And he wonder'd.

A Song about Myself.

JANUARY THIRD

O love! how potent hast thou been to teach
Strange journeyings.

Endymion.

JANUARY FOURTH

Put on your brightest looks; smile if you can;
Behave as all were happy.

Otho the Great.

JANUARY FIFTH

Welcome joy, and welcome sorrow,
Lethe's weed, and Hermes' feather;
Come to-day, and come to-morrow,
I do love you both together.

Fragment.

JANUARY SIXTH

Moon! keep wide thy golden ears —
Hearken, stars! and hearken, spheres! —
Hearken, thou eternal sky!
I sing an infant's lullaby,
O pretty lullaby!
Listen, listen, listen, listen,
Glisten, glisten, glisten, glisten
And hear my lullaby!

A Prophecy.

JANUARY SEVENTH

Let me see; and let me write
Of the day, and of the night —
Both together.

Fragment.

JANUARY EIGHTH

Now comes the pain of truth, to whom 't is pain.

Hyperion.

JANUARY NINTH

Stop and consider! life is but a day;
A fragile dewdrop on its perilous way
From a tree's summit.

Sleep and Poetry.

JANUARY TENTH

But this is human life; the war, the deeds,
The disappointment, the anxiety,
Imagination's struggles, far and nigh,
All human; bearing in themselves this good,
That they are still the air, the subtle food
To make us feel existence, and to shew
How quiet death is.

Endymion.

JANUARY ELEVENTH

Happy gloom!
Dark Paradise! where pale becomes the bloom
Of health by due; where silence dreariest
Is most articulate; where hopes infest,
Where those eyes are the brightest far that keep
Their lids shut longest in a dreamless sleep —
O happy spirit-home!

Endymion.

JANUARY TWELFTH

My restless spirit never could endure
To brood so long upon one luxury,
Unless it did, though fearfully, esp
A hope beyond the shadow of a dream.

Endymion.

JANUARY THIRTEENTH

He ne'er is crown'd
With immortality, who fears to follow
Where airy voices call.

Endymion.

JANUARY FOURTEENTH

Put off Despondence! miserable bane!
They should not know thee, who athirst to gain
A noble end, are thirsty every hour.

Sleep and Poetry.

JANUARY FIFTEENTH

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.

Ode to a Nightingale.

JANUARY SIXTEENTH

Once more sweet life begin!

Endymion.

JANUARY SEVENTEENTH

Be thou therefore in the van
Of circumstances; yea, seize the arrow's barb
Before the tense string murmur.

Hyperion.

JANUARY EIGHTEENTH

Gummy frankincense was sparkling bright
'Neath smothering parsley, and a hazy light
Spread greyly eastward.

Endymion.

JANUARY NINETEENTH

Lovely the moon in ether, all alone.

Calidore.

JANUARY TWENTIETH

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.

Eve of St. Agnes.

JANUARY TWENTY-FIRST

All men may err.

Otho the Great.

JANUARY TWENTY-SECOND

And every gulf, and every chasm old,
And every height, and every sullen depth
Voiceless, or hoarse with loud tormented streams :
And all the everlasting cataracts,
And all the headlong torrents far and near,
Mantled before in darkness, and huge shade,
Now saw the light and made it terrible.

Hyperion.

JANUARY TWENTY-THIRD

Search, Thea, search!

Open thine eyes eterne, and sphere them round
Upon all space: space starr'd and lorn of light;
Space region'd with life-air; and barren void;
Spaces of fire, and all the yawn of hell.—
Search, Thea, search!

Hyperion.

JANUARY TWENTY-FOURTH

The visions of the earth were gone and fled.

Endymion.

JANUARY TWENTY-FIFTH

Mark well!

As Heaven and Earth are fairer, fairer far
Than Chaos and blank Darkness, though once
chiefs;
And as we show beyond that Heaven and earth
In form and shape compact and beautiful,
In will, in action free, companionship,
And thousand other signs of purer life;
So on our heels a fresh perfection treads,
A power more strong in beauty, born of us
And fated to excel us, as we pass
In glory that old Darkness.

Hyperion.

JANUARY TWENTY-SIXTH

Some looking back, and some with upward gaze,
Yes, thousands in a thousand different ways
Flit onward.

Sleep and Poetry.

JANUARY TWENTY-SEVENTH

O Sorrow,
Why dost borrow
The lustrous passion from a falcon eye?
To give the glow-worm light?
Or, on a moonless night,
To tinge, on syren shores, the salt sea spray?

Endymion.

JANUARY TWENTY-EIGHTH

Sometimes the counsel of a dying man
Doth operate quietly when his breath is gone.

Otho the Great.

JANUARY TWENTY-NINTH

Who alive can say
Thou art no Poet — mayst not tell thy dreams
Since every man whose soul is not a clod
Hath visions and would speak, if he had loved
And been well nurtured in his mother-tongue.

Hyperion.

JANUARY THIRTIETH

To sage advisers let me ever bend
A meek attentive ear.

King Stephen.

JANUARY THIRTY-FIRST

Sweet Hope, ethereal balm upon me shed
And wave thy silver pinions o'er my head.

To Hope.



FEBRUARY

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FEBRUARY FIRST

LOVE never dies, but lives, immortal Lord.
Isabella.

FEBRUARY SECOND

Oh! what a power has white Simplicity!
Sonnet.

FEBRUARY THIRD

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.
Eve of St. Agnes.

FEBRUARY FOURTH

High-mindedness, a jealousy for good,
A loving-kindness for the great man's fame,
Dwells here and there with people of no name.
Sonnet XIII.

FEBRUARY FIFTH

Spirit of a winter's night;
When the soundless earth is muffled;
And the caked snow is shuffled
From the ploughboy's heavy shoon.

Fancy.

FEBRUARY SIXTH

Cowards, who never knew their little hearts,
Till flurried danger held the mirror up.

Otho the Great.

FEBRUARY SEVENTH

For 't is the eternal law
That first in beauty should be first in might.

Hyperion.

FEBRUARY EIGHTH

For as in theatres of crowded men
Hubbub increases more they call out "*Hush.*"

Hyperion.

FEBRUARY NINTH

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 thy soul.

Sonnet: To Sleep.

FEBRUARY TENTH

There was a list'ning fear in her regard,
As if calamity had but begun;
As if the venom'd clouds of evil days
Had spent their malice.

Hyperion.

FEBRUARY ELEVENTH

It keeps eternal whisperings around
Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell
Gluts twice ten thousand caverns.

Sonnet: On the Sea.

FEBRUARY TWELFTH

Be still the leaven,
That spreading in this dull and clodding earth
Gives it a touch ethereal — a new birth.

Endymion.

FEBRUARY THIRTEENTH

You know the clear Lake, and the little Isles,
The mountains blue, and cold near neighbour
rills,
All which elsewhere are but half animate.

Epistle to John Hamilton Reynolds.

FEBRUARY FOURTEENTH

There are
Richer entanglements, enthralments far
More self-destroying, leading, by degrees,
To the chief intensity; the crown of these

Is made of love and friendship, and sits high
Upon the forehead of humanity —
All its more ponderous and bulky worth
Is friendship; whence there ever issues forth
A steady splendour; but at the tip-top
There hangs, by unseen film, an orb'd drop
Of light, and that is love.

Endymion.

FEBRUARY FIFTEENTH

Do not all charms fly
At the mere touch of cold philosophy.

Lamia.

FEBRUARY SIXTEENTH

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.

Ode to Psyche.

FEBRUARY SEVENTEENTH

Ay, in the very temple of Delight
Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine.

Ode to Melancholy.

FEBRUARY EIGHTEENTH

I sat myself
Upon an eagle's watch, that I might see
And seeing ne'er forget.

Hyperion.

FEBRUARY NINETEENTH

So he inwardly began
On Things for which no wording can be found.
Endymion.

FEBRUARY TWENTIETH

In wintry winds the simple snow is safe,
But fadeth at the greeting of the sun.
Otho the Great.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-FIRST

Hadst thou liv'd in days of old,
O what wonders had been told
Of thy lively countenance,
And thy humid eyes that dance
In the midst of their own brightness;
In the very face of lightness,
Over which thine eyebrows, leaning,
Picture out each lovely meaning:
In a dainty bend they lie,
Like to streaks across the sky.

To —.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SECOND

The hour may come
When we shall meet in pure elysium.
On earth I may not love thee.

Endymion.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-THIRD

All is cold Beauty; pain is never done.

Sonnet: On Visiting the Tomb of Burns.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-FOURTH

I had a dove, and the sweet dove died,
And I have thought it died of grieving;
O what could it grieve for? Its feet were tied
With a silken thread of my own hand's weaving.
Sweet little red feet! why should you die?
Why should you leave me, sweet bird! why?

Song.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-FIFTH

O sovereign power of love! O grief! O balm!
All records, saving thine, come cool, and calm,
And shadowy, through the mist of passed years:
For others, good or bad, hatred and tears
Have welcome indolent; but touching thine,
One sigh doth echo, one poor sob doth pine,
One kiss brings honey-dew from buried days.

Endymion.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SIXTH

Mark me! Thou hast thews
Immortal, for thou art of heavenly race.

Endymion.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SEVENTH

This young soul in age's mask.

Endymion.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-EIGHTH

O moon! old boughs lisp forth a holier din
The while they feel thine airy fellowship.
Thou dost bless everywhere, with silver lip
Kissing dead things to life.

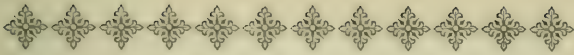
Endymion.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-NINTH

If I sleep not, I am a waking wretch.

Otho the Great.





MARCH

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MARCH FIRST

WHERE soil is, men grow,
Whether to weeds or flowers.

Endymion.

MARCH SECOND

He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear
Takes in all beauty with an easy span.

Sonnet : The Human Seasons.

MARCH THIRD

Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art —
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
No — yet still steadfast, still unchangeable.

Sonnet to Shakespeare.

MARCH FOURTH

Keen, fitful gusts are whisp'ring here and there
Among the bushes half leafless, and dry;
The stars look very cold about the sky.

Sonnet IX.

MARCH FIFTH

Far away to leave
All meaner thoughts, and take a sweet reprieve
From little cares.

Sonnet.

MARCH SIXTH

It is impossible to escape from toil
O' the sudden and receive thy spiritings;
The flower must drink the nature of the soil
Before it can put forth its blossoming.

Sonnet : To Spenser.

MARCH SEVENTH

O Poesy! for thee I hold my pen
That am not yet a glorious denizen
Of thy wide heaven — Should I rather kneel
Upon some mountain-top until I feel
A glowing splendour round about me hung.

Sleep and Poetry.

MARCH EIGHTH

Must not a woman be
A feather on the sea,
Sway'd to and fro by every wind and tide?
Of as uncertain speed
As blow-ball from the mead?

Ode to Fanny.

MARCH NINTH

Old ditties sigh above their father's grave;
Ghosts of melodious prophesyings rave
Round every spot where trod Apollo's feet;
Bronze clarions awake, and faintly bruit
Where long ago a giant battle was;
And from the turf a lullaby doth pass.

Endymion.

MARCH TENTH

He saw not the two maidens, nor their smiles,
Wan as primroses, gathered at midnight
By chilly finger'd spring.

Endymion.

MARCH ELEVENTH

Why were they proud? Again we ask aloud
Why in the name of Glory were they proud?

Isabella.

MARCH TWELFTH

Clouds still with shadowy moisture hunt the
earth,
Still suck their fill of light from sun and moon;
Still buds the tree, and still the seashores murmur
There is no death in all the universe,
No smell of death.

Hyperion.

MARCH THIRTEENTH

Aye, when the soul is fled
To high above our head,
Affrighted do we gaze
After its airy maze.

A Draught of Sunshine.

MARCH FOURTEENTH

When simplest things put on a sombre cast,
A melancholy mood will haunt a man,
Until most easy matters take the shape
Of unachievable tasks.

Otho the Great.

MARCH FIFTEENTH

When the Night doth meet the Moon
In a dark conspiracy
To banish Even from her Sky.

Fancy.

MARCH SIXTEENTH

Like the mild moon
Who comforts those she sees not, who knows not
What eyes are upward cast.

Hyperion.

MARCH SEVENTEENTH

O dearth
Of human words! Roughness of mortal speech!

Endymion.

MARCH EIGHTEENTH

Forgive me that I have not eagle's wings —
That what I want I know not where to seek.

To Hadyn.

MARCH NINETEENTH

When some bright thought has darted through
my brain,
Through all that day I've felt a greater pleasure
Than if I'd brought to light a hidden treasure.

To George Keats.

MARCH TWENTIETH

What merest whim
Seems all this poor endeavour after fame,
To one, who keeps within his steadfast aim
A love immortal?

Endymion.

MARCH TWENTY-FIRST

Then the events of this wide world I'd seize
Like a strong giant, and my spirit tease
Till at its shoulders it should proudly see
Wings to find out immortality.

Sleep and Poetry.

MARCH TWENTY-SECOND

'T is ignorance that makes a barren waste
Of all beyond itself, thou dost bedew

Green rushes like our rivers, and dost taste
The pleasant sun-rise, green isles hast thou too
And to the sea as happily dost haste.

Sonnet : To the Nile.

MARCH TWENTY-THIRD

Perhaps ye are too happy to be glad.

Endymion.

MARCH TWENTY-FOURTH

Self-folding like a flower
That faints into itself at evening-hour.

Lamia.

MARCH TWENTY-FIFTH

Lady! O, would to Heaven your poor servant
Could do you better service than mere words!

Otho the Great.

MARCH TWENTY-SIXTH

Och the charm
When we choose
To follow one's nose
To the north,
To the north,
To follow one's nose
To the north!

A Song about Mysij.

MARCH TWENTY-SEVENTH

Her Brothers were the craggy hills,
Her Sisters larchen trees —
Alone with her great family
She liv'd as she did please.

Meg Merrilies.

MARCH TWENTY-EIGHTH

Young playmates of the rose and daffodil,
Be careful, ere ye enter in, to fill
Your baskets high
With fennel green, and balm, and golden pines.

Endymion.

MARCH TWENTY-NINTH

I stood tip-toe upon a little hill,
The air was cooling, and so very still,
That the sweet buds which with a modest
 pride
Pull droopingly, in slanting curve aside,
Their scanty leaved, and finely tapering
 stems
Had not yet lost those starry diadems
Caught from the early sobbing of the morn.

Poems.

MARCH THIRTIETH

Spirit here that laughest !
Spirit here that quaffest !
Spirit here that dancest !
Spirit here that prancest !
 Spirit, with thee
I join in the glee.

Song.

MARCH THIRTY-FIRST

She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair.

Ode on a Grecian Urn.



APRIL

..

APRIL FIRST

'T IS the early April lark
Or the rooks with busy caw,
Foraging for sticks and straw.
Thou shalt, at one glance, behold
The daisy and the marigold;
White plum'd lilies, and the first
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst.

Fancy.

APRIL SECOND

Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep
Meagre from its celled sleep;
And the snake all winter thin
Cast on sunny bank its skin;
Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see
Hatching in the hawthorn tree.

Fancy.

APRIL THIRD

To thee the spring will be a harvest time.

Lines from a Letter to J. H. Reynolds.

APRIL FOURTH

Fame, like a wayward girl, will still be coy
To those who woo her with too slavish knees,
But makes surrender to some thoughtless boy,
And dotes the more upon a heart at ease:
She is a gipsy, will not speak to those
Who have not learnt to be content without her.

Two Sonnets on Fame.

APRIL FIFTH

Pleasure never is at home:
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth.

Fancy.

APRIL SIXTH

And O, and O,
The daisies blow
And the primroses are waken'd,
And the violets white
Sit in silver plight,
And the green bud 's as long as the spike end.

Teignmouth.

APRIL SEVENTH

Life is the rose's hope while yet unblown;
The reading of an everchanging tale;
The light uplifting of a maiden's veil;
A pigeon tumbling in clear summer air;
A laughing school-boy, without grief or care,
Riding the springy branches of an elm.

Sleep and Poetry.

APRIL EIGHTH

Not flowers budding in an April rain,
Nor breath of sleeping dove, nor river's flow, —
No, nor the Eolian twang of Love's own bow
Can mingle music fit for the soft ear
Of goddess Cytherea.

Endymion.

APRIL NINTH

Before the daisies, vermeil rimm'd and white,
Hide in deep herbage; and ere yet the bees
Hum about globes of clover and sweet peas.

Endymion.

APRIL TENTH

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.

Ode on a Grecian Urn.

APRIL ELEVENTH

Dread opener of the mysterious doors
Leading to universal knowledge — see
Great son of Dryope,
The many that are come to pay their vows
With leaves about their brows!

Endymion.

APRIL TWELFTH

Oh sweet Fancy! let her loose;
Everything is spoilt by use;
Where's the cheek that doth not fade
Too much gaz'd at?

Fancy.

APRIL THIRTEENTH

Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season.

Endymion.

APRIL FOURTEENTH

Be like an April day,
Smiling and cold and gay,
A temperate lily, temperate as fair;
Then, Heaven! there will be
A warmer June for me.

Ode to Fanny.

APRIL FIFTEENTH

Buds gather'd from the green spring's middle-
days
They scatter'd — daisy, primrose, hyacinth.

The Cap and Bells.

APRIL SIXTEENTH

Have not rains
Green'd over April's lap?

Endymion.

APRIL SEVENTEENTH

The freshness of the space of Heaven above
Edg'd round with dark tree-tops? through
 which a dove
Would often beat its wings, and often too
A little cloud would move across the blue.

Endymion.

APRIL EIGHTEENTH

“Alas!”
Said he, “will all this gush of feeling pass
Away in solitude? And must they wane,
Like melodies upon a sandy plain,
Without an echo?”

Endymion.

APRIL NINETEENTH

Now while I cannot hear the city's din;
Now while the early budders are just new,
And run in mazes of the youngest hue
About old forests; while the willow trails
Its delicate amber.

Endymion.

APRIL TWENTIETH

Come! come!

Arise! awake! Clear summer has forth walk'd
Unto the clover-sward, and she has talk'd
Full soothingly to every nested finch.

Endymion.

APRIL TWENTY-FIRST

So could we live long life in little space
So time itself would be annihilate,
So a long journey in oblivious haze
To serve our joys would lengthen and dilate.

Sonnet : To John Hamilton Reynolds.

APRIL TWENTY-SECOND

On the western window panes
The chilly sunset faintly told
Of unmatured green valleys cold,
Of the green thorny bloomless hedge,
Of rivers new with spring-tide sedge,
Of primroses by sheltered rills.

The Eve of St. Mark.

APRIL TWENTY-THIRD

We may soft humanity put on,
And sit, and rhyme and think on Chatterton;
And that warm-hearted Shakespeare sent to
meet him.

To George Felton Matthew.

APRIL TWENTY-FOURTH

April the twenty-fourth, — this coming day
Now breathing its full bloom upon the skies
Will end in St. Mark's Eve.

The Cap and Bells.

APRIL TWENTY-FIFTH

Blue! Gentle cousin of the forest-green,
Married to green in all the sweetest flowers —
Forget-me-not, — the Blue-bell, — and, that Queen
Of secrecy, the Violet: what strange powers
Hast thou, as a mere shadow! But, how great
When in an Eye thou art, alive with fate.

Sonnet.

APRIL TWENTY-SIXTH

It was a jasmine bower, all bestrown
With golden moss.

Endymion.

APRIL TWENTY-SEVENTH

Unheard
Save of the quiet Primrose, and the span
Of heaven and few ears,
Rounded by thee, my song shall die away
Content as theirs,
Rich in the simple worship of a day.

Fragment of an Ode to Maia.

APRIL TWENTY-EIGHTH

When last the wintry gusts gave over strife
With the conquering sun of spring, and left the
 skies
Warm and serene.

Endymion.

APRIL TWENTY-NINTH

There came upon my face, in plenteous showers,
Dew-drops, and dewy buds, and leaves and
 flowers
Wrapping all objects from my smothered sight.

Endymion.

APRIL THIRTIETH

 Tho', to-day
I've gathered young spring flowers, 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.

Epistle to John Hamilton Reynolds.



MAY

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MAY FIRST

GAY villagers, upon a morn of May,
When they have tired their gentle limbs
with play,

And form'd a snowy circle on the grass,
And placed in midst of all that lovely lass
Who chosen is their queen — with her fine head
Crowned with flowers purple, white, and red.

To George Keats.

MAY SECOND

The morn was clouded, but no shower fell
Tho' in her lids hung the sweet tears of May.

Ode on Indolence.

MAY THIRD

Me to the blooms,
Blue-eyed Zephyr, of those flowers
Far in the west where the May-cloud lowers;
And the beams of still Vesper, when winds are
all wist,
Are shed thro' the rain and the milder mist,
And twilight your floating bowers.

Song of Four Fairies.

MAY FOURTH

Underneath large blue-bells tented,
Where the daisies are rose-scented,
And the rose herself has got
Perfume which on earth is not.

Ode.

MAY FIFTH

'T is blue, and over-spangled with a million
Of little eyes, as though thou wert to shed,
Over the darkest lushest bluebell bed,
Handfuls of daisies.

Endymion.

MAY SIXTH

By the wandering melody may trace
Which way the tender legged linnet hops.

Sonnet.

MAY SEVENTH

There must be Gods thrown down, and trumpets
blown
Of triumph calm, and hymns of festival
Upon the golden clouds metropolitan,
Voices of soft proclaim, and silver stir
Of strings in hollow shells; and there shall be
Beautiful things made new, for the surprise
Of the sky-children.

Hyperion.

MAY EIGHTH

She will bring thee, all together,
All delights of summer weather;
All the buds and bells of May,
From dewy sward or thorny spray.

Fancy.

MAY NINTH

Ah! who can e'er forget so fair a being?
Who can forget her half retiring sweets?
God! She is like a milk-white lamb that bleats
For man's protection.

Imitation of Spenser.

MAY TENTH

Things such as these are ever harbingers
To trains of peaceful images: the stirs
Of a swan's neck unseen among the rushes;
A linnet starting all about the bushes;
A butterfly, with golden wings broad parted,
Nestling a rose, convuls'd as though it smarted
With over pleasure.

Sleep and Poetry.

MAY ELEVENTH

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.

Sonnet XVII.

MAY TWELFTH

The dew
Had taken fairy phantasies to strew
Daisies upon the sacred sward last eve.

Endymion.

MAY THIRTEENTH

O Sorrow,
Why dost borrow
Heart's lightness from the merriment of May?

Endymion.

MAY FOURTEENTH

O the Spring — the Spring!
I lead the life of a king!
Couch'd in the teeming grass,
I spy each pretty lass.

Daisy's Song.

MAY FIFTEENTH

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 grey 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.

Ode to a Nightingale.

MAY SIXTEENTH

O sweet Fancy! let her loose;
Summer's joys are spoilt by use,
And the enjoying of the Spring
Fades as does its blossoming.

Fancy.

MAY SEVENTEENTH

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!

Ode on Indolence.

MAY EIGHTEENTH

A basket full
Of all sweet herbs that searching eye could cull;
Wild thyme, and valley-lilies whiter still
Than Leda's love, and cresses from the rill.

Endymion.

MAY NINETEENTH

The nightingale had ceased, and a few stars
Were lingering in the heavens, while the thrush
Began calm-throated.

Hyperion.

MAY TWENTIETH

'T is 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,
Singing of summer in full-throated ease.

Ode to a Nightingale.

MAY TWENTY-FIRST

Where the nightingale doth sing,
Not a senseless tranced thing,
But divine melodious truth;
Philosophic numbers smooth;
Tales and golden histories
Of heaven and its mysteries.

Ode.

MAY TWENTY-SECOND

After dark vapours have oppress'd our plains
For a long dreary season, comes a day
Born of the gentle South, and clears away
From the sick heavens all unseemly stains.
The anxious month, relieved of its pains,
Takes as a long-lost right the feel of May.

Sonnet.

MAY TWENTY-THIRD

In the long vistas of the years to roll,
Let me not see our country's honour fade;
O let me see our land retain her soul,
Her pride, her freedom.

To Hope.

MAY TWENTY-FOURTH

The pearliest dew not brings
Such morning incense from the fields of May,
As do those brighter drops, that twinkling stray
From those kind eyes.

Endymion.

MAY TWENTY-FIFTH

No leaf doth tremble, no ripple is there
On the river, — all's still and the night's sleepy
eye
Closes up, and forgets all its Lethean care,
Charm'd to death by the drone of the humming
May-fly.

Song.

MAY TWENTY-SIXTH

The earth is glad: the merry lark has pour'd
His early song against yon breezy sky,
That spreads o'er our solemnity.

Endymion.

MAY TWENTY-SEVENTH

There was store
Of newest joys upon that alp. Sometimes
A scent of violets, and blossoming limes,
Loitered around us; then of honey cells
Made delicate from all white flower-bells.

Endymion.

MAY TWENTY-EIGHTH

He has his summer, when luxuriously
Spring's honied end of youthful thought he
loves
To ruminare, and by such dreaming nigh
His nearest unto Heaven.

Sonnet: The Human Seasons.

MAY TWENTY-NINTH

Whom I have known from her first infancy,
Baptiz'd her in the bosom of the Church,
Watch'd her, as anxious husbandmen the
grain,
From the first shoot till the unripe mid-May,
Then to the tender ear of her June days.

Otho the Great.

MAY THIRTIETH

What, without the social thought of thee,
Would be the wonders of the sky and sea?

To my Brother George.

MAY THIRTY-FIRST

What achievement high
Is, in this restless world, for me reserv'd.

Endymion.





JUNE

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JUNE FIRST

WHEN *Thou* joinest with the Nine,
And all the powers of song combine,
We listen here on earth;
The dying tones that fill the air,
And charm the ear of evening fair,
From thee, great god of Bards, receive their
heavenly birth.

Ode to Apollo.

JUNE SECOND

Oh that our dreamings all, of sleep or wake,
Would all their colours from the sunset take.
Epistle to John Hamilton Reynolds.

JUNE THIRD

Lo! from opening clouds I saw emerge
The loveliest moon that ever silvered o'er
A shell for Neptune's goblet.

Endymion.

JUNE FOURTH

She dwells with Beauty — Beauty that must
die;

And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips.

Ode to Melancholy.

JUNE FIFTH

Within a little space again it gave
Its airy swellings, with a gentle wave,
To light-hung leaves, in smoothest echoes
breaking

Through copse-clad valleys — ere their death
o'ertaking

The surgy murmurs of the lonely sea.

Endymion.

JUNE SIXTH

Now morning from her orient chamber came,
And her first footsteps touch'd a verdant hill;
Crowning its tawny crest with amber flame
Silv'ring the untainted gushes of its rill.

Imitation of Spenser.

JUNE SEVENTH

Let me have music dying, and I seek
No more delight — I bid adieu to all.

Endymion.

JUNE EIGHTH

The moon put forth a little diamond peak
No bigger than an unobserved star,
Or tiny point of fairy scymetar;
Bright signal that she only stooped to tie
Her silver sandals, ere deliciously
She bowed into the heavens her timid head.

Endymion.

JUNE NINTH

Would I were whole in love!

Endymion.

JUNE TENTH

When, in June,
Tall chestnuts keep away the sun and moon.

Endymion.

JUNE ELEVENTH

Fragrant air! delicious light!

Song of Four Fairies.

JUNE TWELFTH

How fever'd is the man who cannot look
Upon his mortal days with temperate blood.

Two Sonnets on Fame.

JUNE THIRTEENTH

The moon
Just in its mid-life in the midst of June.
Fragment of the Castle Builder.

JUNE FOURTEENTH

In the morning twilight wandered forth
Beside the osiers of a rivulet,
Full ankle-deep in lilies of the vale.
Hyperion.

JUNE FIFTEENTH

Hedge for the thrush to live in,
And the hollow tree
For the buzzing bee,
And a bank for the wasp to hive in.
Teignmouth.

JUNE SIXTEENTH

How tiptoe Night holds back her dark grey hood.
Just so may love, although 't is understood
The mere commingling of passionate breath,
Produce more than our searching witnesseth.
Endymion.

JUNE SEVENTEENTH

The Sun, with his great eye,
Sees not so much as I;
And the moon, all silver-proud,
Might as well be in a cloud.
Daisy's Song.

JUNE EIGHTEENTH

I will never by mean hands be led
From this so famous field.

King Stephen.

JUNE NINETEENTH

The air that floated by me seemed to say
“*Write!* thou wilt never have a better day.”

To Charles Cowden Clarke.

JUNE TWENTIETH

Twin roses by the zephyr blown apart
Only to meet again more close, and share
The inward fragrance of each other's heart.

Isabella.

JUNE TWENTY-FIRST

The very pride of June.

Endymion.

JUNE TWENTY-SECOND

Eternal whispers, glooms, the birth, life, death,
Of unseen flowers in heavy peacefulness.

Endymion.

JUNE TWENTY-THIRD

The bowery shore
Went off in gentle windings to the hoar
And light blue mountains; but no breathing man
With a warm heart, and eye prepared to scan
Nature's clear beauty, could pass lightly by
Objects that look'd so invitingly
On either side.

Calidore.

JUNE TWENTY-FOURTH

I move to the end in lowliness of heart.

Endymion.

JUNE TWENTY-FIFTH

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.

Ode to a Nightingale.

JUNE TWENTY-SIXTH

There never liv'd a mortal man who went
His appetite beyond his natural sphere
But starv'd and died.

Endymion.

JUNE TWENTY-SEVENTH

Vesper, the beauty-crest of summer weather;
To summon all the downiest clouds together
For the sun's purple couch.

Endymion.

JUNE TWENTY-EIGHTH

Meadow green
Where the close eye in deep rich fur might trace
A silver tissue scanty to be seen,
As daisies lurked in June-grass, buds in green.

The Cap and Bells.

JUNE TWENTY-NINTH

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.

Ode on Indolence.

JUNE THIRTIETH

Love in a hut, with water and a crust,
Is — Love, forgive us! — cinders, ashes, dust;
Love in a palace is perhaps at last
More grievous torment than a hermit's fast.

Lamia.



JULY

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JULY FIRST

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.

Ode to a Nightingale.

JULY SECOND

I see the lark down-dropping to his nest
And the broad-winged sea-gull never at rest.
For when no more he spreads his feathers free
His breast is dancing on the restless sea.

To George Keats.

JULY THIRD

'T is the pest
Of love, that fairest joys give most unrest;
That things of delicate and tenderest worth
Are swallowed all, and make a seared dearth
By one consuming flame; it doth immerse
And suffocate true blessings in a curse.

Endymion.

JULY FOURTH

The morn, the eve, the light, the shade, the
flowers,
Clear streams, smooth lakes, and overlooking
towers.

Induction to a Poem.

JULY FIFTH

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter.

Ode on a Grecian Urn.

JULY SIXTH

A drainless shower
Of light is poesy; 't is the supreme of power,
'T is might half slumb'ring on its own right arm.
The very archings of her eye-lids charm
A thousand willing agents to obey,
And still she governs with the mildest sway.

Sleep and Poetry.

JULY SEVENTH

There will I be, a most unwelcome guest,
And parley with him, as a son should do,
Who doubly loathes a father's tyranny;
Tell him how feeble is that tyranny,

How the relationship of father and son
Is no more valid than a silken leash
Where lions tug adverse, if love grow hot
From interchanged love through many years.

Otho the Great.

JULY EIGHTH

There the lily and the musk-rose sighing
Are emblems true of hapless lovers dying.

To George Keats.

JULY NINTH

The song of birds — the whisp'ring of the
leaves —
The voice of waters, the great bell that heaves
With solemn sound, and thousand others more.

Sonnet IV.

JULY TENTH

As when upon a tranced summer night
Forests, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a noise
Save from one gradual solitary gust
Swelling upon the silence, dying off,
As if the ebbing air had but one wave.

Hyperion.

JULY ELEVENTH

The shut rose shall dream of our loves, and awake
Full-blown, and such warmth for the morning
take

The stock dove shall hatch his soft twin eggs and
coo,

While I kiss to the melody, aching all through!

Song.

JULY TWELFTH

He has his Summer, when luxuriously
Spring's honied cud of youthful thought he loves
To ruminare, and by such dreaming night
His nearest unto Heaven.

Sonnet: The Human Seasons.

JULY THIRTEENTH

As a willow keeps

A patient watch over the stream that creeps

Windingly by it, so the quiet maid

Held her in peace, so that a whispering blade

Of grass, a wailful gnat, a bee bustling

Down in the blue-bells, or a wren light rustling

Among sere leaves and twigs, might all be heard.

Endymion.

JULY FOURTEENTH

The poetry of earth is never dead;

When all the birds are faint with the hot sun

And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run

From hedge to hedge about the new mown mead
That is the grasshopper's — he takes the lead
In summer luxury.

Sonnet XV.

JULY FIFTEENTH

Thy roses came to me,
My sense with their deliciousness was spell'd:
Soft voices had they, that with tender plea
Whisper'd of peace, and truth, and friendliness
unquelled.

“To a Friend who sent me some roses.”

JULY SIXTEENTH

As the year
Grows lush in juicy stalks, I'll smoothly steer
My little boat, for many quiet hours,
With streams that deepen freshly into bowers.

Endymion.

JULY SEVENTEENTH

It is a flaw
In happiness, to see beyond our bourn, —
It forces us in summer skies to mourn,
It spoils the singing of the Nightingale.

Epistle to John Hamilton Reynolds.

JULY EIGHTEENTH

O soft embalmer of the still midnight,
Shutting with careful fingers and benign,
Our gloom-pleased eyes, embowered from the
light,
Enshaded in forgetfulness divine.

To Sleep.

JULY NINETEENTH

I am wound up in deep astonishment.

Otho the Great.

JULY TWENTIETH

The swan, soft leaning on her fledgy breast
When to the stream she launches, looks not back
With such a tender grace; nor are her wings
So white as your soul is, if that but be
Twin picture to your face.

Otho the Great.

JULY TWENTY-FIRST

Why, I have been a butterfly, a lord
Of flowers, garlands, love-knots, silly posies,
Groves, meadows, melodies and arbour-roses.

Endymion.

JULY TWENTY-SECOND

There is the sun, the sun!
And the most patient brilliance of the moon!
And stars by thousands.

Hyperion.

JULY TWENTY-THIRD

What is more gentle than a wind in summer?
What is more soothing than the pretty hummer
That stays one moment in an open flower
And buzzes cheerily from bower to bower?

Sleep and Poetry.

JULY TWENTY-FOURTH

The sidelong view of swelling leafiness
Which the glad setting sun in gold doth dress.

Calidore.

JULY TWENTY-FIFTH

O Maker of sweet poets, dear delight
Of this fair world, and all its gentle liver;
Spangler of clouds, halo of crystal rivers,
Mingler with leaves, and dew, and tumbling
streams,
Closer of lovely eyes to lovely dreams,
Lover of loneliness and wandering,
Of upcast eye, and tender pondering!
Thee must I praise above all other glories
That smile on us to tell delightful stories.

"I stood tip-toe."

JULY TWENTY-SIXTH

The bright glance from beauty's eyelids slanting
Would never make a lay of mine enchanting,
Or warm my breast with ardour to unfold
Some tale of love and arms in time of old.

To George Keats.

JULY TWENTY-SEVENTH

As from the darkening gloom a silver dove
Upsoars, and darts into the eastern light,
On pinions that naught moves but pure delight,
So fled thy soul into the realms above,
Regions of peace and everlasting love.

Sonnet.

JULY TWENTY-EIGHTH

To sweet rest
Shall the dear babe upon its mother's breast,
Be lulled with songs of mine.

To George Keats.

JULY TWENTY-NINTH

Ah! had I never seen
Or known your kindness, what might I have
been?

To Charles Cowden Clarke.

JULY THIRTIETH

The moist scent of flowers, and grass, and leaves,
Fills forest-dells with a pervading air,
Known to the woodland nostril.

Hyperion.

JULY THIRTY-FIRST

I do not know the time
When I have wept for sorrow.

Otho the Great.





AUGUST

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AUGUST FIRST

OH ye! who have your eye-balls vex'd and
tired,

Feast them upon the wideness of the Sea.

Sonnet : On the Sea.

AUGUST SECOND

I was at home
And should have been most happy — but I saw
Too far into the sea.

Epistle to John Hamilton Reynolds.

AUGUST THIRD

As all things mourn awhile
At fleeting blisses,
Let us too; but be our dirge
A dirge of kisses.

On —.

AUGUST FOURTH

Where sweet air stirs
Blue hare-bells lightly, and where prickly furze
Buds lavish gold.

Endymion.

AUGUST FIFTH

There blossom'd suddenly a magic bed
Of sacred ditamy, and poppies red,
At which I wondered greatly, knowing well
That but one night had wrought this flowery
spell.

Endymion.

AUGUST SIXTH

The crown
Of all my life was utmost quietude.

Endymion.

AUGUST SEVENTH

Oh! How I love, on a fair summer's eve,
When streams of light pour down the golden west,
And on the balmy zephyrs tranquil rest
The silver clouds, far — far away to leave
All meaner thoughts, and take a sweet reprieve
From little cares; to find, with easy quest,
A fragrant wild, with nature's beauty drest,
And there into delight my soul deceive.

Sonnet.

AUGUST EIGHTH

For thee, she will thy every dwelling grace,
And make "a sunshine in a shady place."

To George Felton Matthew.

AUGUST NINTH

Ripe was the drowsy hour;
The blissful cloud of summer indolence
Benumbed my eyes; my pulse grew less and
less;
Pain had no sting, and pleasure's wreath no
flower.

Ode on Indolence.

AUGUST TENTH

To one who has been long in city pent
'T is very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of Heaven — to breathe a prayer
Full in the smile of the blue firmament.

Sonnet X.

AUGUST ELEVENTH

Delicious sounds! those little bright-eyed things
That float about blue air on azure wings.

Calidore.

AUGUST TWELFTH

Thou didst die
A half-blown flow'ret which cold blasts amate.
But this is past: thou art among the stars
Of highest Heaven.

Hyperion.

AUGUST THIRTEENTH

What but thee, Sleep? Soft closer of our eyes,
Low murmurer of tender lullabies!
Light hoverer round our happy pillows,
Wreather of poppy-buds, and weeping willows!

Sleep and Poetry.

AUGUST FOURTEENTH

O'ershadowing shadow doth not make thee less
Delightful: thou thy griefs dost dress
With a bright halo, shining beamily
As when a cloud the golden moon doth veil.

Sonnet: To Byron.

AUGUST FIFTEENTH

Sequestered leafy glades,
That through the dimness of their twilight show
Large dock-leaves, spiral foxgloves, or the glow
Of the wild cat's eyes, or the silvery stems
Of delicate birch trees, or long grass which hems
A little brook.

Calidore.

AUGUST SIXTEENTH

Man's voice was on the mountains; and the mass
Of nature's lives and wonders puls'd tenfold
To feel this sun-rise, and its glories old.

Endymion.

AUGUST SEVENTEENTH

My higher hope
Is of too wide, too rainbow large a scope
To fret at myriads of earthly wrecks
Wherein lies happiness?

Endymion.

AUGUST EIGHTEENTH

On one side is a field of drooping oats,
Through which the poppies show their scarlet
coats.

To Charles Cowden Clarke.

AUGUST NINETEENTH

Why linger you so, the wild labyrinth strolling?
Why breathless, unable your bliss to declare?
Ah! you list to the nightingale's tender condoling
Responsive to sylphs, in the moon-beaming air.

To some Ladies.

AUGUST TWENTIETH

She set herself, high-thoughted, how to dress
The misery in fit magnificence.

Lamia.

AUGUST TWENTY-FIRST

The breezes were ethereal, and pure,
And crept through half-closed lattices to cure
The languid sick; it cool'd their fevered sleep.

"I stood tip-toe."

AUGUST TWENTY-SECOND

How light
Must dreams themselves be; seeing they 're more
slight
Than the mere nothing that engenders them !

Endymion.

AUGUST TWENTY-THIRD

Let a portion of ethereal dew
Fall on my head, and presently unmew
My soul.

Endymion.

AUGUST TWENTY-FOURTH

But let me laugh awhile, I 've mickle time to
grieve.

Eve of St. Agnes.

AUGUST TWENTY-FIFTH

The sweet converse of an innocent mind,
Whose words are images of thoughts refin'd,
Is my soul's pleasure; and it sure must be
Almost the highest bliss of human-kind
When to thy haunts two kindred spirits flee.

Sonnet.

AUGUST TWENTY-SIXTH

Her form seems floating palpable, and near;
Had I e'er seen her from an arbour take
A dewy flower, oft would that hand appear
And o'er my eyes the trembling moisture shake.

Imitation of Spenser.

AUGUST TWENTY-SEVENTH

Lo! the poppies hung
Dew-dabbled on their stalks, the ouzel sang
A heavy ditty, and the sullen day
Had chidden herald Hesperus away,
With leaden looks.

Endymion.

AUGUST TWENTY-EIGHTH

Fair on your graces fall this early morrow.

Otho the Great.

AUGUST TWENTY-NINTH

When the pleasant sun is getting low,
Again I'll linger in a sloping mead
To hear the speckled thrushes, and see feed
Our idle sheep.

Endymion.

AUGUST THIRTIETH

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!

Isabella.

AUGUST THIRTY-FIRST

Good-bye earth and sea,
And air, and pains, and care, and suffering;
Good-bye to all but love!

Endymion.



SEPTEMBER

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SEPTEMBER FIRST

THE short-lived, paly Summer is but won
From Winter's ague, for one hour's gleam;
Though sapphire-warm, their stars do never
beam.

Sonnet: On Visiting the Tomb of Burns.

SEPTEMBER SECOND

Yes, I will be thy priest, and build a fane
In some untrodden region of my mind,
Where branched thoughts, new grown with pleas-
ant pain,
Instead of pines shall murmur in the wind.

Ode to Psyche.

SEPTEMBER THIRD

The rose leaves itself upon the briar,
For winds to kiss and grateful bees to feed,
And the ripe plum still wears its dim attire,
The undisturbed lake has crystal space,
Why then should man, teasing the world for grace,
Spoil his salvation for a fierce miscreed?

Two Sonnets on Fame.

SEPTEMBER FOURTH

Joyous all follow'd, as the leader call'd,
Down marble steps; pouring as easily
As hour-glass sand — and fast as you might see
Swallows obeying the south summer's call,
Or swans upon a gentle waterfall.

Endymion.

SEPTEMBER FIFTH

I am but a voice;
My life is but the life of winds and tides,
No more than winds and tides can I avail.

Hyperion.

SEPTEMBER SIXTH

Calmeſt thoughts come round us; as of leaves.
Budding — fruit ripening in ſtillneſs, autumn
suns
Smiling at eve upon the quiet ſheaves.

Sonnet.

SEPTEMBER SEVENTH

Mortal, that thou may'ſt underſtand aright,
I humaniſe my ſayings to thine ear,
Making compariſons of earthly things;
Or thou might'ſt better liſten to the wind,
Whoſe language is to thee a barren noiſe,
Though it blows legend-laden thro' the trees.

Hyperion.

SEPTEMBER EIGHTH

It was a den, where no insulting light
Could glimmer on their tears; where their own
groans

They felt but heard not, for the solid roar
Of thunderous waterfalls, and torrents hoarse,
Pouring a constant bulk, uncertain where
Crag jutting forth to crag, and rocks that seem'd
Even as if just rising from a sleep.

Hyperion.

SEPTEMBER NINTH

So far her voice flow'd on, like timorous brook,
That lingering along a pebbled coast
Doth fear to meet the sea.

Hyperion.

SEPTEMBER TENTH

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.

To Sleep.

SEPTEMBER ELEVENTH

Fresh morning gusts have blown away all fear
From my glad bosom, — now from gloominess
I mount for ever.

Sonnet.

SEPTEMBER TWELFTH

On the far depth where sheeted lightning plays;
Or, on the wavy grass outstretch'd supinely,
Pry 'mong the stars, to strive to think divinely.

To my Brother George.

SEPTEMBER THIRTEENTH

O Sorrow,
Why dost borrow
The mellow ditties from a mourning tongue?
To give at evening pale,
Unto the nightingale,
That thou mayst listen the cold dew among?

Endymion.

SEPTEMBER FOURTEENTH

Behold upon this happy earth we are;
Let us aye love each other.

Endymion.

SEPTEMBER FIFTEENTH

O bright-eyed Hope, my morbid fancy cheer;
Let me awhile thy sweetest comforts borrow;
Thy heaven-born radiance around me shed,
And wave thy silver pinions o'er my head.

To Hope.

SEPTEMBER SIXTEENTH

The coy moon, when in the waviness
Of whitest clouds she does her beauty dress,
And staidly paces higher up and higher,
Like a sweet nun in holy-day attire.

To George Keats.

SEPTEMBER SEVENTEENTH

Happy in beauty, life and love and everything.

Lamia.

SEPTEMBER EIGHTEENTH

Strange! that honey
Can't be got without hard money.

Robin Hood.

SEPTEMBER NINETEENTH

Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river shallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies,
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly
bourn.

To Autumn.

SEPTEMBER TWENTIETH

In the mild days of autumn, on their eyes
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.

Isabella.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FIRST

Brother, 't is vain to hide
That thou dost know of things mysterious,
Immortal, starry, such alone could thus
Weigh down thy nature.

Endymion.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SECOND

What is there in thee, Moon! that thou shouldst
move
My heart so potently? When yet a child
I oft have dried my tears when thou hast smiled.

Endymion.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-THIRD

O Moon! far-spooning Ocean bows to thee.

Endymion.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

Art thou wayworn or canst not further trace
The diamond path? And does it indeed end
Abrupt in middle air?

Endymion.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH

Ah, ripe sheaves
Of happiness! Ye on the stubble droop,
But never may be garner'd.

Endymion.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH

By experience
I know how the great basement of all power
Is frankness, and a true tongue to the world.

Otho the Great.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

Love thwarted in bad temper oft has vent.

The Cap and Bells.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

I would not be dieted with praise,
A pet lamb in a sentimental farce.

Ode on Indolence.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-NINTH

A curious volume, patch'd and torn,
That all day long, from earliest morn,
Had taken captive her two eyes,
Amongst its golden broideries;

Perplex'd her with a thousand things —
The stars of Heaven and angels' wings,
Martyrs in a fiery blaze,
Azure saints and silver rays.

The Eve of St. Mark.

SEPTEMBER THIRTIETH

The poetry of earth is ceasing never.

To the Grasshopper and Cricket.



OCTOBER

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OCTOBER FIRST

AUTUMN bold
With universal tinge of sober gold.

Endymion.

OCTOBER SECOND

Thank the great gods, and look not bitterly;
And speak not one pale word, and sigh no more.

Endymion.

OCTOBER THIRD

Be happy, both of you! For I will pull
The flowers of autumn for your coronals.

Endymion.

OCTOBER FOURTH

When last the sun his autumn tresses shook.

Endymion.

OCTOBER FIFTH

Receive the truth, and let it be your balm.

Hyperion.

OCTOBER SIXTH

No stir of air was there,
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feathered grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.

Hyperion.

OCTOBER SEVENTH

Who loves to linger with that brightest one
Of Heaven — Hesperus — let him lowly speak
These numbers to the night and starlight meek
Or moon, if that her hunting be begun,
He who knows these delights, and too is prone
To moralise upon a smile or tear
Will find at once a region of his own
A bower for his spirit, and will steer
To alleys where the fir-tree drops its cone,
Where robins hop, and fallen leaves are sear.

Sonnet: On Leigh Hunt's Poem.

OCTOBER EIGHTH

She went
In pale contented sort of discontent.

Lamia.

OCTOBER NINTH

Thou must wander far
In other regions, past the scanty bar
To mortal steps, before thou canst be ta'en
From every wasting sigh, from every pain.

Endymion.

OCTOBER TENTH

Scanty the hour, and few the steps beyond the
 bourn of care,
Beyond the sweet and bitter world — beyond it
 unaware,
Scanty the hour, and few the steps, because a
 longer stay
Would bar return, and make a man forget his
 way.

Lines written in the Highlands.

OCTOBER ELEVENTH

The fire is going out and no one rings
For coals, and therefore no coals Betty brings.

A Party of Lovers.

OCTOBER TWELFTH

Let none profane my Holy See of love,
Or with a rude hand break
The sacramental cake;
Let none else touch the just new budded flower.
If not — may my eyes close
Lone! on their last repose.

Ode to Fanny.

OCTOBER THIRTEENTH

There 's arch Brook
And there 's larch Brook,
Both turning many a mill;

And cooling the drouth
Of the salmon's mouth,
And fattening his silver gill.

Teignmouth.

OCTOBER FOURTEENTH

The squirrel's granary is full
And the harvest's done.

La Belle Dame sans Merci.

OCTOBER FIFTEENTH

I take no personal revenge.

Otho the Great.

OCTOBER SIXTEENTH

Like the hid scent in an unbudded rose.

Lamia.

OCTOBER SEVENTEENTH

And coverlids gold-tinted like the peach,
Or ripe October's faded marigolds,
Fell sleek about him in a thousand folds.

Endymion.

OCTOBER EIGHTEENTH

'T is not in medicine
Either of heaven or earth to cure, unless
Fit time be chosen to administer.

Otho the Great.

OCTOBER NINETEENTH

On the shore
Of the wide world I stand alone and think
Till love and pain to nothingness do sink.

Sonnet.

OCTOBER TWENTIETH

To bear all naked truths
And to envisage circumstance all calm
That is the top of sovereignty.

Hyperion.

OCTOBER TWENTY-FIRST

Apples, wan with sweetness, gather them,
Cresses that grow where no man may them see,
And sorrel untorn by the dew-clawed stag.

Endymion.

OCTOBER TWENTY-SECOND

Do smile upon the evening of my days.

Endymion.

OCTOBER TWENTY-THIRD

“None can usurp this height,” returned that
shade,
“But those to whom the miseries of the world
Are misery, and will not let them rest.”

Hyperion.

OCTOBER TWENTY-FOURTH

Think of yellow leaves, of owlet's cry,
Of logs pil'd solemnly — Ah, well-a-day,
Why should young Endymion pine away?

Endymion.

OCTOBER TWENTY-FIFTH

Thou wast the mountain-top — the sage's pen —
The poet's harp — the voice of friends — the sun;
Thou wast the river — thou wast glory won;
Thou wast my clarion's blast — thou wast my
steed —

My goblet full of wine — my topmost deed; —
Thou wast the charm of women, lovely Moon!

Endymion.

OCTOBER TWENTY-SIXTH

Shed no tear — oh, shed no tear!
The flower will bloom another year.
Adieu, adieu! I fly, adieu!
I vanish in the heaven's blue.
Adieu! Adieu!

Faery Songs.

OCTOBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

Deep in the shady sadness of a vale,
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,

Sat gray-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his lair;
Forest on forest hung about his head
Like cloud on cloud.

Hyperion

OCTOBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

To Sorrow
I bade good-morrow,
And thought to leave her far away behind;
But cheerly, cheerly,
She loves me dearly;
She is so constant to me, and so kind:
I would deceive her
And so leave her,
But ah! she is so constant and so kind.

Endymion.

OCTOBER TWENTY-NINTH

Autumn's red-lipped fruitage too,
Blushing through the mist and dew,
Cloys with tasting: what do then?
Sit thee by the ingle, when
The sear faggot blazes bright.

Fancy.

OCTOBER THIRTIETH

His soul has its Autumn, when his wings
He furleth close; contented so to look
On mists in idleness — to let fair things
Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.

Sonnet: The Human Seasons.

OCTOBER THIRTY-FIRST

Keep his vision clear from speck, his inward
sight unblind.

Lines written in the Highlands.



NOVEMBER

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NOVEMBER FIRST

AT such a time the soul's a child, in childhood is the brain.

Lines written in the Highlands.

NOVEMBER SECOND

To him
Who lives beyond earth's boundary, grief is dim,
Sorrow is but a shadow.

Endymion.

NOVEMBER THIRD

Our dull uninspired snail-paced lives.

Endymion.

NOVEMBER FOURTH

Now thank gentle heaven!
These things, with all their comfortings, are
given
To my down-sunken hours.

Endymion.

NOVEMBER FIFTH

No more advices, no more cautioning;
I leave it all to fate, — to anything!
I cannot square my conduct to time, place,
Or circumstance; to me 't is all a mist.

Otho the Great.

NOVEMBER SIXTH

Ye love-sick Bards, repay her scorn for scorn;
Ye Artists lovelorn, madmen that ye are!
Make your best bow to her, and bid adieu,
Then, if she likes it, she will follow you.

Two Sonnets on Fame.

NOVEMBER SEVENTH

Like a dismal cirque
Of Druid stones, upon a forlorn moor,
When the chill rain begins at shut of eve,
In dull November, and their chancel vault,
The Heaven itself, is blinded throughout night.

Hyperion.

NOVEMBER EIGHTH

A young man's heart, by Heaven's blessing, is
A wide world, where a thousand new-born hopes
Empurple fresh the melancholy blood,
But an old man's is narrow, tenantless of hopes.

Otho the Great.

NOVEMBER NINTH

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Have ye souls in Heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new?

Ode.

NOVEMBER TENTH

What a fool an injury may make of a staid man!

Otho the Great.

NOVEMBER ELEVENTH

O fret not after knowledge — I have none,
And yet my song comes native with the warmth.
O fret not after knowledge — I have none
And yet the Evening listens.

Lines from a Letter to John Hamilton Reynolds.

NOVEMBER TWELFTH

O magic sleep! O comfortable bird,
That broodest o'er the troubled sea of the mind,
Till it is hush'd and smooth!

Endymion.

NOVEMBER THIRTEENTH

Be no more remembered after death
Than any drummer's in the muster-roll.

Otho the Great.

NOVEMBER FOURTEENTH

O dreams of day and night!
O monstrous forms! O effigies of pain!
O spectres busy in a cold cold gloom!
O lank-eared Phantoms of black-weeded pools!
Why do I know ye? Why have I seen ye?

Hyperion.

NOVEMBER FIFTEENTH

Glory and loveliness have passed away;
For if we wander out in early morn,
No wreathed incense do we see upborne
Into the east, to meet the smiling day.

To Leigh Hunt, Esq.

NOVEMBER SIXTEENTH

Sappho's meek head was there half smiling down
At nothing; just as though the earnest frown
Of over-thinking had that moment gone
From off her brow, and left her all alone.

Sleep and Poetry.

NOVEMBER SEVENTEENTH

So does the moon
The passion poesy, glories infinite,
Haunt us till they become a cheering light
Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,
That, whether there be shine, or gloom o'er-cast;
They always must be with us, or we die.

Endymion.

NOVEMBER EIGHTEENTH

The days of peace and slumberous calm are fled.
Hyperion

NOVEMBER NINETEENTH

'T is the witching hour of night,
Orbed in the moon and bright,
And the stars they glisten, glisten,
Seeming with bright eyes to listen —
For what listen they?
For a song and for a charm,
See they glisten in alarm,
And the moon is waxing warm
To hear what I shall say.

A Prophecy.

NOVEMBER TWENTIETH

The spirit culls
Unfaded amaranth, when wild it strays
Through the old garden-ground of boyish days.
Endymion.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-FIRST

Nature withheld Cassandra in the skies,
For more adornment, a full thousand years;
She took their cream of Beauty's fairest dyes,
And shaped and tinted her above all peers;

Meantime Love kept her dearly with his wings,
And underneath their shadow fill'd her eyes —
With such a richness that the cloudy things
Of high Olympus utter'd slavish sighs.

Translated from a Sonnet of Ronsard.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-SECOND

Why were ye not awake? But ye were dead
To things ye knew not of — were closely wed
To musty laws lived out with wretched rule
And compass vile; so that ye taught a school
Of dolts to smooth, inlay, and clip, and fit.

Sleep and Poetry.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-THIRD

I look into the chasms, and a shroud
Vaporous doth hide them — just so much I wist
Mankind do know of hell; I look o'erhead,
And there is sullen mist, — even so much
Mankind can tell of heaven; mist is spread
Before the earth, beneath us, — even such,
Even so vague is man's sight of himself.

Sonnet written from the Top of Ben Lewis.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

Days on days have flown,
Slowly, or rapidly — unwilling still
For you to try my dull unlearned quill.

Nor should I now, but that I 've known you long;
That you first taught me all the sweets of song.

To Charles Cowden Clarke.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH

My spirit is too weak — mortality
Weighs heavily on me like unwilling sleep.

Sonnet.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH

Come then, Sorrow!
Sweetest Sorrow!
Like an own babe I nurse thee on my breast;
I thought to leave thee
And deceive thee,
But now of all the world I love thee best.

Endymion.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

Oh Sorrow,
Why dost borrow
The natural hue of health, from vermeil lips?
To give maiden blushes
To the white rose bushes?
Or is 't thy dewy hand the daisy tips?

Endymion.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

From the heart up-springs, rejoice! rejoice!
Sounds which will reach the Framer of all things,
And die away in ardent mutterings.

Sleep and Poetry.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-NINTH

Let the mad poets say whate'er they please
Of the sweets of Fairies, Peris, Goddesses,
There is not such a treat among them all,
Hunters of cavern, lake, and waterfall,
As a real woman, lineal indeed
From Pyrrha's pebbles, or old Adam's seed.

Lamia.

NOVEMBER THIRTIETH

The damn'd crime of blurting to the world
A woman's secret!

Otho the Great.



DECEMBER

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DECEMBER FIRST

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 Kamtschatkan Missionary Church,
Than with these horrid moods be left i' the lurch.

Epistle to John Hamilton Reynolds.

DECEMBER SECOND

O Moon! the oldest shades 'mong oldest trees
Feel palpitations when thou lookest in.

Endymion.

DECEMBER THIRD

He has his winter too of pale misfeature,
Or else he would forego his mortal nature.

Sonnet: The Human Seasons.

DECEMBER FOURTH

Out, ye frozen Faeries, out!
Chilly lovers, what a rout
Keep ye with your frozen breath,
Colder than the mortal death.

Song of Four Fairies.

DECEMBER FIFTH

There is a roaring in the bleak-grown pines
When Winter lifts his voice.

Hyperion.

DECEMBER SIXTH

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree,
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity.

Stanzas.

DECEMBER SEVENTH

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.

Sonnet.

DECEMBER EIGHTH

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.

Ode to a Nightingale.

DECEMBER NINTH

Pensive they sit, and roll their languid eyes,
Nibble their toast, and cool their tea with sighs,
Or else forget the purpose of the night,
Forget their tea — forget their appetite.
See with crossed arms they sit — ah, hapless
crew!

A Party of Lovers.

DECEMBER TENTH

Give me a golden pen, and let me lean
On heap'd-up flowers, in regions clear and far;
Bring me a tablet whiter than a star
Or hand of hymning angel, when 't is seen
The silver strings of heavenly harp atween.

On leaving some Friends at an Early Hour.

DECEMBER ELEVENTH

Ambition is no sluggard; 't is no prize
That toiling years should put within my grasp,
That I have sigh'd for.

Endymion.

DECEMBER TWELFTH

May we together pass, and calmly try
What are this world's true joy — ere the great
voice

From its fair face shall bid our spirits fly.

To my Brothers.

DECEMBER THIRTEENTH

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.

Ode to a Nightingale.

DECEMBER FOURTEENTH

To know the change and feel it,
When there is none to heal it,
Nor numbed sense to steal it,
Was never said in rhyme.

Stanzas.

DECEMBER FIFTEENTH

He who saddens
At thoughts of idleness, cannot be idle,
And he 's awake who thinks himself asleep.

Lines from a Letter to John Hamilton Reynolds.

DECEMBER SIXTEENTH

Yet I must not forget
Sleep, quiet with his poppy coronet.
For what there may be worthy in these rhymes,
I partly owe to him.

Sleep and Poetry.

DECEMBER SEVENTEENTH

Then dance, and song,
And garlanding grew wild; and pleasure reigned.

Endymion.

DECEMBER EIGHTEENTH

This is to wake in Paradise! Farewell,
Thou clod of yesterday! 't was not myself.
Not till this moment did I ever feel
My spirit's faculties.

Otho the Great.

DECEMBER NINETEENTH

Who dares call down
My will from its high purpose? Who say *Stand*
Or *Go?*

Sonnet: To a Young Lady who sent me a Laurel Crown.

DECEMBER TWENTIETH

The day is gone, and all its sweets are gone!

Sonnet.

DECEMBER TWENTY-FIRST

“Beauty is truth, truth beauty,” — that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

Ode on a Grecian Urn.

DECEMBER TWENTY-SECOND

Every sole man hath days of joy and pain,
Whether his labours be sublime or low.

Hyperion.

DECEMBER TWENTY-THIRD

Until
Time's creeping shall the dreary space fulfil:
Which done, and all these labours ripened,
A youth, by heavenly power lov'd and led,
Shall stand before him.

Endymion.

DECEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet
breathing.

Endymion.

DECEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH

Bright-winged Child!
Who has another care when thou hast smil'd?
Unfortunates on earth, we see at last
All death-shadows, and glooms that overcast
Our spirits, fann'd away by thy light pinions.

Endymion.

DECEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH

Look where we will, our bird's-eye vision meets
Legions of holiday.

The Cap and Bells.

DECEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

Shed no tear — oh, shed no tear!
The flower will bloom another year.
Weep no more — oh, weep no more!
Young buds sleep in the root's white core.

Dry your eyes — oh, dry your eyes,
For I was taught in Paradise
To ease my breast of melodies.

Shed no Tear: Faery Songs.

DECEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

Child I see thee! Child I've found thee,
Midst of the quiet all around thee!
Child I see thee! Child I spy thee!
And thy mother's sweet is nigh thee!
Child I know thee! Child no more.

A Prophecy.

DECEMBER TWENTY-NINTH

Verse, Fame, and Beauty are intense indeed,
But Death intenser. Death is Life's high meed.

Sonnet.

DECEMBER THIRTIETH

My senses are
Still whole: I have survived. My arm is strong,
My appetite sharp.

Otho the Great.

DECEMBER THIRTY-FIRST

Time, that aged nurse,
Rocked me to patience.

Endymion.





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Keats day by day

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