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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN KEATS

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN KEATS

EDITED BY

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PREFACE

THIS edition contains all the known verse of Keats. It includes two previously unknown sonnets ('The House of Mourning . . .' and *To A. G. S.*), and one or two new 'scraps' (e.g. the two first lines of an additional stanza of *The Cap and Bells*). Of one or two poems it prints a new and better version (e.g. *Nebuchadnezzar's Dream* and 'O blush not so . . .'—in the latter piece the meaningless 'lips' of line 11 is now seen to be a copyist's error for 'hips'). But most of what is new in it is to be found, not in the poems themselves, but in the illustrative matter brought together in the critical apparatus and Introduction.

A principal part of my work has consisted in collating MSS., or the facsimiles of MSS., collated before me by the late Harry Buxton Forman. In one of his prefaces, he professes to be, in respect of accuracy, only mortal. But of mortal frailty I have found, scrutinizing his work as rigorously as I was able, singularly few traces. It is easy to come second and be right, but I marvel how rarely he has allowed me this cheap satisfaction. I have had the advantage of using a good many MSS. not known to him; and I should account myself fortunate if some one using them after me found my record of them comparable to his in accuracy. My general obligations to him will be everywhere apparent. It is pleasant to conjoin with my acknowledgement of them the thanks which I owe to his son, Mr. Maurice Buxton Forman, to whom nothing that concerns Keats is alien. Mr. Maurice Buxton Forman, besides answering endless inquiries, and resolving for me many difficulties, generously put at my disposal not only his Keats autographs but a number of facsimiles, including a complete facsimile of *The Cap and Bells*, and another of the Huntington Library *Otho*.

It would be difficult to say how much I owe to Mr. Frederick Page, who has helped me both in the finding and the collating of MSS., and whose 'genius for bibliographical research' has hovered over all my undertaking. I take the phrase 'genius for bibliographical research' from Mr. Edmund Blunden. But of the quality which he attributes to Mr. Page, Mr. Blunden has his full share; and a boxful of notes and postcards in his fine calligraphy witnesses the degree of generous help for which I stand indebted to him.

I have to thank Lord Crewe for giving me access at all times to his collection of Keats MSS.; and I have a special debt to his

secretary Miss Corbett for her endless good-nature.‡ The late Mr. Frank Brewer Bemis generously gave me a photographic reproduction of his MS. of *Lamia*; and his trustees Mr. John Woodbury and Mr. Francis Russell Hart gave me a photograph of the MS. of 'Come hither, all sweet maidens . . .'. Mr. W. M. Elkins of Philadelphia supplied me with a photograph of his fragment of 'I stood tip-toe . . .'. Mr. Willard B. Pope called my attention to the Reynolds Commonplace Book, and lent me his own collation of it. Dr. T. G. Crump lent me the Albums of George Felton Mathew and his sister Mary Mathew. Mr. Fred. Edgcumbe, the Curator of the Keats Museum at Hampstead, gave me a great deal of help both in the Museum and by correspondence. Mr. J. B. Orrick collated, or transcribed, for me all the poems in the Woodhouse book in the Pierpont Morgan Library, and answered for me innumerable questions. For permission to make and use photographs I have to thank the Librarians of the British Museum, the Pierpont Morgan Library, the Harvard College Library, the Henry E. Huntington Library, the Library of the University of Texas, the Bristol Central Library.

Among others who have helped me in various ways are Mr. John Livingstone Lowes, Mr. M. R. Ridley, the late Mr. T. J. Wise, Dr. Onions, Mr. W. M. Adams, Dr. R. W. Chapman, Mr. Harry B. Smith, Mr. Alan Simpson, Mr. E. K. Willing Denton, Miss Margaret Nicholson, Miss H. M. Topping, Messrs. Sabin, Messrs. Maggs, Messrs. Rosenbach, Messrs. W. T. Spencer, Mr. Douglas Cleverdon.

H. W. G.

POSTSCRIPT

I HAVE to thank Mr. J. R. MacGillivray for the information that the lines 'To Woman' printed on p. lxix, from the Morgan Library Woodhouse Book, are to be found in a volume published anonymously in 1818 under the title *Trifles, imitative of the chaster style of Meleager* (London, Carpenter & Son). Mr. Frederick Page was able to identify the author of this book as Edward William Barnard, of whom there is an account in the *D.N.B.*

When my notes to *Isabella* were made, the Potts fragments were in the possession of Messrs. Rosenbach. They have recently changed hands, and for my citations from them I have had to rely on the notes of H. Buxton Forman.

‡ I collated these MSS. at Crewe House; and I had hoped to check my proofs by re-collation. But when the proofs came, I learned that the MSS. were no longer in their old home, but had passed to the United States of America. In my Introduction they are still designated as belonging to Crewe House. My notes from them must inevitably be defective here and there from want of final verification. But I must hope that they are in general accurate; and that details of importance have not escaped me.

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AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPTS

A: British Museum, *Add.* 37000.
B: Bemis collection.
C: Crewe House folio, *Autograph Letters, Drafts of Poems &c.*
E: British Museum, *Egerton* 2780.
H: Harvard College Library.
L: Letters of Keats (cited by the numbers in the second edition of M. Buxton Forman).
M: Pierpont Morgan Library.
S: Severn MS. in the Library of the University of Texas.
s: Severn MS. in the Huntington Library.
Sh.: folio Shakespeare in the Keats Museum at Hampstead.
Sh.^{2}: octavo Shakespeare in the Keats Museum at Hampstead.

TRANSCRIPTS

a: Keats–Wylie Scrap-book, in the possession of M. Buxton Forman (a^1 denotes transcripts in the hand of Georgiana Keats).
b: Tom Keats' Copybook.
D: First draft of *Endymion* (Woodhouse's collation).
End.: Transcripts and marginalia in the Dilke copy of *Endymion* in the Keats Museum at Hampstead.
End.: marginalia in the Leigh Hunt *Endymion* in the Keats Museum at Hampstead.
l: Letters of Keats (cited by the numbers in the second edition of M. Buxton Forman).
R: Reynolds Commonplace Book in the Bristol Central Library.
St.: Transcripts by Henry Stephens.
T: Crewe House quarto: *Transcripts and Records.*
T^2: Crewe House quarto: *Additional Transcripts and Records.*
W^1: Crewe House quarto, *Woodhouse Transcripts. Poems I.*
W^2: Crewe House quarto, *Woodhouse Transcripts. Poems II.*
W^3: Woodhouse Transcripts in the Pierpont Morgan Library.

1817: *Keats' Poems* 1817.
1818: *Endymion* 1818.
1818: Woodhouse's copy of *Endymion* 1818.
1820: *Lamia, Isabella, The Eve of St. Agnes, and other Poems* 1820.
1848: *Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of John Keats* 1848.
1856: *Another Version of Keats' 'Hyperion'* 1856.
γ: Crewe House folio: *John Keats: Correspondence relating to 'Life and Letters'.*
[ ] *denotes words or letters struck through in the MS.*: (*e.g.* heard *over* [found] *means that Keats first wrote* found, *crossed this out, and wrote above it* heard).
38/39 *means* between lines 38 and 39.

INTRODUCTION

I

THE textual criticism of Keats would be easy—perhaps indeed non-existent—if it began and ended with the printed texts. Its embarrassments proceed from the astonishing wealth of MS. material.

For each of the longer poems of Keats, with the exception of *The Fall of Hyperion*, we have MSS. in Keats' autograph. Three of these autograph MSS.—those of *Endymion*, *Lamia*, *Isabella*—are fair copies; the two first are the MSS. actually sent to the printer. For *Hyperion*, *The Eve of St. Agnes*, *The Cap and Bells*, *Otho*, and the fragment of *King Stephen* we have Keats' first draft. For *The Fall of Hyperion* we have, in lieu of the autograph, three transcripts (one of them incomplete).

For the shorter poems our wealth of MSS. is less, but still great. It is least in the volume of 1817; where, even so, 16 poems, out of a total of 33, exist in Keats' autograph‡; for 7 others we have, not Keats' autograph, but transcripts made from it; leaving 10 pieces§ for which no MS. is available. This was Keats' first book; Olliers, who published it, did not attach to his autograph the religious importance which Taylor and Hessey felt for it later. Tom and George Keats were willing copyists, falling short, however, of the monkish diligence of Woodhouse and Brown.‖

The volume of 1820 contains 9 short poems; for all¶ of which, with the exception of the *Ode on a Grecian Urn*, we have Keats' autograph. For the *Grecian Urn* we have no less than five transcripts.

Monckton Milnes' two volumes of 1848 added to the corpus of Keats' poetry 68 new short poems.‡‡ For 33 of these we still have Keats' autograph; for all the others, with the exception of the

‡ 9 of the 16 exist also in transcript.

§ Dedication, the three 'Woman, when I behold . . .' sonnets, Sonnets iii, iv, ix, xvi, xvii, *Sleep and Poetry*.

‖ From notes in *T* and W^1 W^2 we know that Keats read the transcripts made by Brown and Woodhouse. From Woodhouse's note to the Sonnet *To Sleep*, it is clear that of some of his poems Keats had himself no MS. but depended on Woodhouse's transcript.

¶ Of the *Ode on Melancholy* only the first stanza exists in autograph: for the other stanzas, however, we possess three transcripts.

‡‡ Of the 71 pieces which they contain 3 had been printed previously.

sonnet beginning 'This mortal body . . .', and the lines 'What can I do to drive away . . .', we have transcripts.

Since 1848 there have been brought to light 43 additional pieces, of which 24 are in autograph and 19 in transcript.

Of the three volumes which were printed during Keats' lifetime the texts are in general good. If we leave aside punctuation and orthography, the *Poems* of 1817 has not more than three provable errors of the press;‡ in the 1820 volume there are perhaps none. *Endymion* is printed with less circumspection: the *Errata* leaf lists five misprints, and there are in fact something like twice as many—the most serious is the loss of a whole line after iii. 201. But the defects are for the most part trifling and easily remediable; and the three volumes represent fairly Keats' *ultima manus*. That phrase must, so far as the volume of 1820 goes, be interpreted generously—the book offers here and there readings to which Keats was, it seems likely, not more than a consenting party. Of the text of *The Eve of St. Agnes* Woodhouse says plainly: 'Keats left it to his Publishers to adopt which [of two variant readings] they pleased, & to revise the whole.'§ The printed text of the poem sometimes has readings for which there is no MS. authority; they are mostly of a kind which studies 'propriety'—an effect for which both Taylor and Woodhouse were over-zealous. In *Isabella*, again, notes made by Keats himself in the printer's copy show that Keats was not pedantically exigent. Against stanza vi he has scrawled 'Stop this as you please'; against xxxi 'Please point this as you like'. Against the last lines of xxv he has written 'You may use your judgement between your lines and mine' (a note addressed, apparently, to Taylor). Taylor and Hessey and Woodhouse took those liberties which Keats allowed them. But it is not, I think, proved, or probable, that they took any others.‖ The more I study Woodhouse's papers, the better is my opinion of his integrity—everywhere his fidelity appears equal to his diligence. It can hardly be accident that the poem which offers the greatest number of discrepancies between manuscript and printed text, *The Eve of St. Agnes*, is the poem in which the publishers were given liberty 'to revise the whole'. Monckton Milnes handled his manuscripts somewhat more freely: in particular, *The Fall of Hyperion* offers several patent interpolations. But in general, he

‡ *Induction* 46 and *To Some Ladies* 6: Sonnet xvi. 7.

§ Note in W^2, at the end of *The Eve of St. Agnes*.

‖ I confess to a doubt about 'She dwells with Beauty' in the *Ode on Melancholy*, iii. 1; where all our MSS., including Keats' autograph, agree in giving 'She lives in beauty'.

too, I think, must be accounted faithful. The volumes of 1848—where we can nearly always check him by his MSS.—are in the main 'good texts'. Here and there he has stopped a gap with his own plausible invention. A notable example is *Otho*, III. i. 8, where the printer misread *limbo* as *limbs*, and Milnes stopped the metrical gap so created by writing *white limbs*. Occasionally, he has adopted a conjecture which he found pencilled in the margin of his text—an example is *shrouds* for *creeds* in the third line of the cancelled first stanza of the *Ode on Melancholy*. Once at least he has introduced order—or what has seemed order—into a confused text by a violent emendation of his own (*Ode on Indolence*, v. 1).

These good texts, accordingly, afford small opportunity for textual criticism as ordinarily understood. The textual criticism of Keats studies, in fact, not so much to establish the text as to go behind it. Its primary concern is not the poet's *ultima manus*, but his first fingerings and gropings. What matters is, no doubt, the final perfection; and the student of processes must submit to ugly questionings of conscience.

> Do not all charms fly
> At the mere touch of cold *Philology*?

Has not Keats himself fixed his canon against the unweaving of rainbows? Do we better understand what a great poet wrote by seeing what he crossed out? Are the

> magic casements opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn

more magical for us, or in fact less magical, when, looking over Keats' shoulder, we see him writing first, not *that*, but 'the wide casements', and not 'perilous seas', but 'ruthless seas' (or is it 'keel-less seas'—that unbelievable cacophony?); and finally, not 'forlorn', but, as his habit was everywhere, 'folorn'?

These questions are not easily answered except out of individual experience. It may perhaps suffice that we are mortal men, having within us immortal curiosities; curiosities not satisfied with less than the full apparatus of variants.

The variants have their different grades of importance. The *Fall of Hyperion* is a variant of *Hyperion*, a variant bristling with importance. (Or is the *Fall* the text, and *Hyperion* the 'cancelled reading'?) The 'wide casements' afford a variant, if not important, yet certainly exciting. Even 'folorn' is interesting; and when Keats iterates it—

> Folorn! the very word is like a bell—

it might be thought to assume importance—indeed an almost dangerous importance. Did Keats so sound the word? and if he did, is not the verse thinner in tone ?‡ It is hateful to think that he sounded the words *exhaltation* and *exhalt*§ as he spells them (*Endymion*, ii. 680, 809, iii. 863), that he pronounced *aerial* as *œrial* (*End.* iv. 552), and *horizon* as though it rhymed with *Morrison* ('I stood tip-toe . . .' 17); that he alters *open* to *hopen* (*Otho*, II. ii. 23), and writes *ear* for *hear* ('I stood tip-toe . . .' 64), *hear* for *ear* (*Cap and Bells*, xxxi. 7; cf. *Ep. to my brother George* 32); interesting to speculate whether he habitually said *forster* for *foster* (*End.* iv. 306, 398), *vauted* for *vaulted* (*Isabella*, lxviii. 1); pleasant to find him preferring *steril* to *sterile*. That he said *P'raps* for *Perhaps* consistently right down to March 1818 is certain. Similarly, once at least, he writes—and scans—*partic'lar* ('Of late two daintics . . .' 4). Nor did he shrink from *sea-spry* (*End.* iv. 157).‖ These vulgarisms he compensates by occasional false refinements, as *Œdifice* for *Edifice* (*End.* iii. 719). Four times in *Endymion* and once in *Otho* he uses the word *abrupt* and spells it *abrubt*: at *Endymion*, ii. 656, *abrupt* is corrected to *abrubt*, but otherwise *abrupt* is nowhere found.

To these variants, which are not purely orthographical, we must attach some kind of importance. Others we may be content to think merely interesting; but if we begin to be interested it is difficult to know when to stop. 'Lillies' and 'dasies' smell sweeter, or look more homely, so spelt. Some will prefer *hether* and *bullrushes* to the more orthodox forms. To some *deamon* and *Blackeymore* will seem to take on no more than their just frightfulness. There is something to be said for *wierd*, *agast*, *distraut*, *slak*, and *blak*.

If it is pedantic to put these variants into an *apparatus criticus*, it is perhaps more pedantic not to find them interesting. The catalogue of them is not scholarship. But it is a venial diversion of scholarship. Indulging it, I have seemed to myself to know Keats better. But why this should be so, I have no idea.

Orthography apart, the MSS. of Keats offer us the opportunity to sit with a great poet in his workshop and to observe the operations of his technique. Comparable opportunities are hardly to be found elsewhere. Those offered by the Trinity Milton are comparable in kind, but not quantitatively. Opportunities quantitatively comparable are afforded by the MSS. of Wordsworth's

‡ *Folorn* appears in Keats' autograph fourteen times; *forlorn* once only (*End.* iii. 227).

§ At *End.* ii. 882 Buxton Forman may be right in supposing that *arbour* stands for *harbour*; but I have given Keats the benefit of the doubt.

‖ Compare the confusion of *say* and *sigh* in line 9 of 'O blush not so . .

Prelude; where, however, there is less to be learned in proportion as Wordsworth is less purely an artist, less set to 'load every rift with ore'. The Shelley MSS., again, are in comparison with those of Keats, meagre and uninforming. The first editors of Shakespeare made it part of his praise that they had 'scarse receiued from him a blot in his papers'. Here at any rate Keats is not 'with Shakespeare'. Woodhouse, it is true, reports him 'impatient of correction'; and the report may pass for veracious if we accept Mr. Ridley's interpretation of it—if we take correction to mean 'the coming back in cold blood to tinker with something which was composed in hot blood'.‡ Woodhouse is certainly not 'talking about that kind of correction, made *currente calamo*, which is incidental to the actual process of composition'.‡ In *The Eve of St. Agnes* (to say nothing of such unfinished work as *Otho* and *The Cap and Bells*) there are pages where, *currente calamo*, Keats has 'blotted' every other line. Nor did he limit his 'blotting' to his drafts. For *Endymion* we have his finished MS., the MS. which furnished the copy for the printer. The first book of it is 'blotted' to a degree that led Buxton Forman to suppose that he had before him merely the draft (for this first book). Whole passages in it are scored through, and rewritten on the verso of the leaf; to say nothing of single lines and isolated expressions. Nearly all these corrections were made, not in draft, nor yet in the making of the fair copy, but when the book was already in proof. One of the Woodhouse MSS. at Crewe House§ sets out these alterations, and states plainly that they were made in the poem 'while it was in the press'. And lest we should be disposed to question Woodhouse's accuracy here, he is vindicated by the MS. itself. The leaves of it still show the scrawlings known as the 'printer's prima'; and those tell-tale marks make it plain that, in the first book, Keats introduced changes so extensive as to upset completely the printer's signatures and page-numbers. The circumstance has its obvious literary interest, and furnishes at the same time a revelation of temperament. This drastic revision was, no doubt, an affair of 'hot blood'.

Something should perhaps be said of the ethical scruple which affects at any rate a few persons, when it is proposed to go behind the printed text and to scrutinize its sometimes inglorious origins. There is felt to be something unfair and damaging in this prying into origins.

This is false honour; when we are dealing with the immortals.

‡ Ridley, *Keats' Craftsmanship*, pp. 13–15.

§ W^2: see pp. xxvii–xxviii and Appendix III.

The only likely damage is what we may do to ourselves: in all study of technique we risk *our own* poetry. If textual critics sometimes appear wanting in poetry, it may be that they have lost it in the prosecution of their calling. Others have very little to begin with, and run, accordingly, a risk hardly appreciable. But the immortals are not hurt when we go behind their backs, decipher what they erased, print what they suppressed, assuming into their *Opera Omnia* the most trivial of their nonsense verses.

So much may be said in extenuation of an apparatus to the critical study of Keats fuller than any that has hitherto appeared.

II

The three volumes which Keats himself gave to the press—the *Poems* of 1817, *Endymion*, and *Lamia, Isabella, The Eve of St. Agnes, and Other Poems*—have an importance in literary history which makes proper a full bibliographical description of them. The following descriptions are, by the permission of the late Mr. T. J. Wise, taken from vol. iii of the catalogue of the Ashley Library:

1. Poems, / By / John Keats. / 'What more felicity can fall to creature, / 'Than to enjoy delight with liberty'. / *Fate of the Butterfly.*—Spenser. / [Vignette head of Spenser] / London: / Printed for / C. & J. Ollier, 3, Welbeck Street, / Cavendish Square. / 1817.

   Collation: Foolscap octavo, printed in half sheets, pp. vi+121; consisting of Half-title (with imprint 'Printed by C. Richards, / No. 18, Warwick Street, Golden Square, London' upon the centre of the reverse) pp. i–ii; Title-page, as above (with blank reverse), pp. iii–iv; Dedication (A Sonnet 'To Leigh Hunt, Esq.') p. v; a Note stating that 'The Short Pieces in the middle of the Book, as well as some of the Sonnets, were written at an earlier period than the rest of the Poems', p. vi; Text of the miscellaneous Poems pp. 1–49; p. 50 is blank; Fly-title to the Epistles (with blank reverse) pp. 51–2; Text of the Epistles pp. 53–75; p. 76 is blank; Fly-title to the Sonnets (with blank reverse) pp. 77–8; Text of the Sonnets pp. 79–95; p. 96 is blank; Fly-title to Sleep and Poetry (with blank reverse) pp. 97–8; and Text of Sleep and Poetry pp. 99–121. There are head-lines throughout; pp. 1–49 being headed Poems, pp. 53–75 Epistles, pp. 79–95 Sonnets, and pp. 99–121 Sleep and Poetry. The imprint is repeated thus at the foot of the last page, 'C. Richards, Printer, 18, Warwick-street, Golden-square, London'. The signatures are A to Q (16 half-sheets, each 4 leaves), followed by one unsigned leaf. Sig. A1 is a blank.

   Drab paper boards, with white paper label, lettered 'Keats' Poems. / Price 6s.'

If any copy of this book in the original boards be attentively examined it will be observed that the title-page is a cancel-leaf. No example having the original leaf has yet been recovered, but it seems probable that the title as originally set up was unillustrated, and was cancelled at the last moment in order to admit of the addition of a vignette intended to represent the head of Spenser. This latter is an ordinary conventional vignette, and was doubtless found by the printer among his stock of book-ornaments and employed as being suitable to the occasion. The vignette may possibly have been originally designed to represent the image of Shakespeare, but it was no doubt here intended to serve for that of Spenser.

2. Endymion: / A Poetic Romance. / By John Keats. / 'The stretched metre of an antique song.' / London: / Printed for Taylor and Hessey, / 93, Fleet Street. / 1818.

Collation: Octavo, pp. xii+207; consisting of Half-title (with imprint, 'Printed by T. Miller, Noble Street, Cheapside', at the foot of the reverse) pp. i–ii; Title-page as above (with blank reverse) pp. iii–iv; Dedication ('Inscribed to the Memory of Thomas Chatterton', with blank reverse) pp. v–vi; Preface (dated 'Teignmouth, April 10, 1818') pp. vii–ix; p. x is blank; a leaf with a single Erratum (with blank reverse) pp. xi–xii; Fly-title to Endymion, Book I (with blank reverse) pp. 1–2; Text of Book I pp. 3–49; p. 50 is blank; Fly-title to Endymion, Book II (with blank reverse) pp. 51–2; Text of Book II pp. 53–101; p. 102 is blank; Fly-title to Endymion, Book III (with blank reverse) pp. 103–4; Text of Book III pp. 105–55, p. 156 is blank; Fly-title to Endymion, Book IV (with blank reverse) pp. 157–8; Text of Book IV pp. 159–207. The head-line is Endymion throughout, upon both sides of the page; each page bears in addition at its head the number of the Book occupying it. At the foot of p. 207 the imprint is repeated thus, 'T. Miller, Printer, Noble Street, Cheapside'. Between pages x and xi is an inserted slip with a list of five Errata. The signatures are A (6 leaves), and B to O (13 sheets, each 8 leaves).

Drab paper boards, with white paper back-label, lettered 'Endymion. / A / Poetic / Romance. / Price 9s.'

The first issue of the first edition of *Endymion* has a single Erratum only on page xi. For copies issued later the leaf forming pp. xi–xii was cancelled, and replaced with one carrying the full series of five Errata.

3. Lamia, / Isabella, / The Eve of St. Agnes, / and / Other Poems. / By John Keats, / Author of Endymion. / London: / Printed for Taylor and Hessey, / Fleet-Street. / 1820.

Collation: Duodecimo, pp. viii+199; consisting of Half-title (with imprint 'London: / Printed by Thomas Davison, Whitefriars'

at the foot of the reverse) pp. i–ii; Title-page, as above (with blank reverse) pp. iii–iv; prefatory note regarding Hyperion, styled Advertisement (with blank reverse) pp. v–vi; Tables of Contents (with blank reverse) pp. vii-viii; Fly-title to Lamia (with blank reverse) pp. 1–2; Text of Lamia pp. 3–46; Fly-title to Isabella (with blank reverse) 47–8; Text of Isabella pp. 49–80; Fly-title to The Eve of St. Agnes (with blank reverse) pp. 81–2; Text of The Eve of St. Agnes pp. 83–104; Fly-title to Poems (with blank reverse) pp. 105–6; Text of the Poems pp. 107–42; Fly-title to Hyperion (with blank reverse) pp. 143–4; and Text of Hyperion pp. 145–99. There are head-lines throughout, each page being headed with the title of the particular poem occupying it. The imprint is repeated upon the reverse of the last page. The signatures are A (4 leaves), B to I (8 sheets, each 12 leaves), and K (4 leaves).

Drab paper boards, with white paper back-label lettered 'Lamia, / Isabella, &c. / 7s. 6d.'

[It seems to have been at one time the intention of the publishers to issue this volume in octavo in five parts, priced each 3*s.*, with the alternative of the whole in one volume octavo price 12*s.* 6*d.* See Amy Lowell, *John Keats*, ii. 426.]

The contents of these three volumes, together with three additional sonnets and the poem 'In a drear-nighted December', were reprinted in 1829 (a year memorable in the history of Keats' reputation, since it saw also the English publication of Shelley's *Adonais*) in *The / Poetical Works / of / Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats. / Complete in one Volume. / Paris Published by A. and W. Galignani / N° 18, Rue Vivienne.* Prefixed (pp. v–vii) is a Memoir of Keats. The publishers' advertisement states that 'they have been favoured, from private sources, with many original productions of these esteemed writers, which are now for the first time given to the public; in addition to which, all their contributions have been carefully selected from the numerous miscellaneous publications in which they have from time to time appeared'. The poems of Keats are arranged as follows:

	Page
Endymion	1–33
Lamia	34–9
Isabella	40–4
The Eve of St. Agnes	44–8‡
Hyperion	48–55
Miscellaneous Poems	55–75

The *Miscellaneous Poems* are the same, and in the same order as *Poems 1817* down to the end of the third of the 'Woman, when

‡ p. 47 has falsely the running title *Isabella.*

I behold thee . . .' sonnets. After that sonnet come the *Ode to a Nightingale* (61), *On a Grecian Urn* (62), *Psyche* (63), *Fancy* (63–4), 'Bards of Passion . . .', the *Mermaid Tavern* (64), *Robin Hood, Autumn, Melancholy* (65), *Sleep and Poetry* (66). On 69–72 are sonnets—the first 17 as in *Poems 1817*, then *'Four Seasons . . .', *Leander, *Ailsa Rock. Pages 72–5 are filled with the *Epistles* and *'In a drear-nighted December . . .'.

The only new poems of Keats are those denoted above by an asterisk; all derived from periodicals. The only variant worth noticing is 'nigh' for 'high' in line 7 of 'Four Seasons . . .'. The volume is in general of an unlovely appearance. The editor is thought by Colvin to have been Cyrus Redding. The Memoirs show the hand of a Huntian radical.

In 1848 appeared the *Life, / Letters, and Literary Remains, / of / John Keats. / Edited by / Richard Monckton Milnes. / In two volumes. / London: / Edward Moxon, Dover Street.* The whole of the first volume, together with pages 1–108 of the second, is occupied by Milnes' Memoir of Keats. Pages 109–306 contain the 'Literary Remains' (so entitled) in the order in which they are reprinted in the present edition. Scattered up and down volume i are 31 short poems or fragments of which 3 only had been printed previously. In the present edition, these 31 poems are printed, in the order in which they appear in Milnes, in a separate section, following the section of 'Literary Remains'.

Eight years later Milnes added to the corpus of Keats' Works a volume, or rather pamphlet, which is now a bibliographical rarity and of which I borrow from Mr. Wise the following description:

4. [Printer's ornament] Another Version of / Keats' 'Hyperion'.

Collation: Small quarto, pp. 24; consisting of short-title,‡ as above (with blank reverse) pp. 1–2; Preface (signed 'R. M. Milnes') pp. 3–4; and Text of the poem pp. 5–24. There are head-lines throughout, each verso being headed Another Version of, and each recto Keats' Hyperion. At p. 5 is a 'dropped-head' Hyperion, a Vision. The pamphlet is composed of three sheets, having no signatures, but numbered at foot 1–3.

‡ There is no Title-page proper, fully displayed. The above title is placed in the centre of the first page, after the manner of a half-title. The pamphlet, which is undated, was issued in 1856. It was produced by Lord Houghton for private circulation, and fifteen copies only were struck off. This version of *Hyperion* was also printed in the Philobiblon Society's Bibliographical and Historical Miscellanies, 1856–1857.

Since Monckton Milnes' volumes of 1848 and 1856 the sum of Keats' verse has been increased by the addition of 43 short pieces. Thirteen of these are sonnets. Fourteen are, in the present edition, classified under the head of *Trivia:* of these all except four derive from Keats' Letters—the four which do not were not worth printing, except that curiosity knows no law; and it might have been good sense to print none of them.

The mass of posthumous material, and the conditions under which it has been delivered to us, make the problem of [illegible] Keats' Poems difficult.

'The method followed', writes Colvin,‡ 'by most of Keats' recent editors . . . has been to reprint as they stood the contents of the three volumes published in his lifetime, and following these to add, in some approximate order of date, the posthumous and fugitive pieces brought to light since his death. That is one way of handling a poet's work, and obviously a legitimate one. Another is to disregard the form and order of the original volumes, and to rearrange the whole body of the poems, posthumous and other, as nearly as possible in order of date. The chronological method has been followed, with illuminating results, in recent standard editions of Wordsworth, of Byron, and of Coleridge. In the case of Keats this method seems particularly desirable . . . .'

Certainly from Colvin's method may be expected, and there can be seen in his own example of it, 'illuminating results'. But the method is not easy to carry through consistently; nor did Colvin tie himself to a perfect consistency. The dating of many of Keats' shorter poems is only conjectural; and even when we have dated them, we are met with the difficulty that we have to place either before, or after, a long poem a number of short pieces the composition of which is dispersed in time over the whole period occupied by the longer work. But even if these difficulties did not exist, there is a more serious difficulty. The chronological method perfectly applied necessarily results in bringing together pieces which can be juxtaposed only incongruously, nonsense-rhymes, for example, rubbing shoulders with compositions of elevated character.§ Another result of it is to put asunder poems which nature seems to have joined together. The Sonnets of Keats, for example, gain greatly from being exhibited as a series. Something, moreover, seems due to the feeling of the poet himself in the matter. Neither

‡ *The Poems of John Keats Arranged in Chronological Order with a Preface by Sidney Colvin.* London, 1915, Preface, v.

§ 'Till I had a copy of the edition of 1820 I could never read the "Ode to a Nightingale" without finding some schoolboy nonsense thrust in my way a few pages off.' Letter of Swinburne to W. M. Rossetti, quoted in Ashley Library Catalogue, viii, p. 150.

Keats, nor perhaps any poet, has delivered himself over to the principle that the order of his poems should be the order of his psychological development. Or it might be truer to say that most poets, in arranging their poems, have resisted the dogma that psychological development can be exhibited chronologically.

There does, in any case, seem room for a third method, beyond the two considered by Colvin. We may print Keats' poems in the order (if we can ascertain it) in which he wrote them—remembering, however, that this was not his own method, nor a method much used by poets. Or we can print the three volumes which he printed himself, and then bring together, in one large appendix, all the 'posthumous and fugitive' poems, arranging these chronologically, but with a chronology that comes too late to have much meaning. Or, finally, we can aim at presenting the poet, not as he developed, but as he was gradually unfolded to the knowledge of the times; the poet, first, of the *Poems* of 1817 and *Endymion*; then the poet—a poet for the first time decisive—of the volume of 1820; and lastly, the poet whose reputation and stature were completed by Milnes' volumes. What the subsequent years have added is, in truth, not much. The short pieces which have come to light since Milnes contain no poem which can be ranked with the best, or even with the most interesting, of Keats' poems.

The method of arrangement here commended is that which I remember to have heard advocated—I think in 1929—by Robert Bridges; he was speaking, if I remember aright, not only of Keats but of Wordsworth.

In the volume which follows, accordingly, there will be found reprinted, first, the three volumes of 1817, 1818, 1820; then the 'Literary Remains' of 1848 (Milnes' second volume), followed by the pieces scattered up and down the 1848 Memoir (Milnes' first volume). In respect of the first three of these volumes, the text followed is that of the original editions. No attempt has been made—such as Buxton Forman made—to introduce consistency into the spelling: past participles have been left to look after themselves. Here and there small changes have been made in the punctuation; but only where they seemed necessary, and with the variants of the originals duly recorded. The same religious reverence was neither due, nor has it been paid, to the volumes of 1848. But no departure has been made from their text without warrant from manuscript sources; and any change has been noted in the apparatus criticus. The text of these five volumes is followed by that of *The Fall of Hyperion*. The text of the *Fall* reproduces,

verbatim et literatim, Woodhouse's MS.: even Woodhouse's not very satisfactory punctuation is retained, in the belief that it reproduces that of Keats himself. The disadvantages of using Milnes' edition as a basis are obvious. After *The Fall of Hyperion* I have placed the 41 posthumous pieces not used by, or not known to, Milnes; making of them three sections. The first section is filled by sonnets; the second by those pieces, other than sonnets, which come into the rank of serious compositions. *Claudit agmen* the class which I have denominated *Trivia*. Within each of these sections the order is chronological; the existence of the sections in itself obviating the disadvantages which I have alleged against a chronological arrangement. In the section *Trivia* I have altered the punctuation at will.

III

For all the longer poems of Keats, except the second *Hyperion*, and for 76 of the shorter poems (out of a total of 156) we have, I have said already, MSS. in Keats' autograph. Where we have not autographs, we have, except for 12 short pieces, transcripts—made for the most part by Woodhouse or Brown or Keats' brothers. Often we have both autograph and transcripts, representing different stages of the text. Of one poem, the *Lines on Seeing a Lock of Milton's Hair*, we have as many as eight MSS.—three autograph and five in transcript.

Of one or two of the known MSS. of the shorter poems I have not been able to discover the present location; and they are cited at second hand from Buxton Forman. I have no doubt that, for some of the poems for which I have not been able to find MS. authority, such authority exists. Scraps of the draft of *Isabella* still blow about the world like Sibylline leaves. The 242 lines which make up the first poem in Keats' first volume are dispersed into 23 autograph fragments, belonging to 11 different owners; the three largest fragments belong to Keats' finished MS.; the fragments of the draft MS. account for 193 lines of the poem.

In this edition, the MS. authorities for each poem are set out at the head of the poem. In most cases their interrelation, and their relation to the printed text, offer no problem. In respect, however, of each of the longer poems of Keats problems arise, or textual phenomena offer themselves, which either invite or demand comment. I will take these longer poems in the order in which they stand in this volume, beginning with *Endymion*.

1. *Endymion*. The complete MS. of *Endymion*, the copy

delivered to the printer, is preserved in the Library of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan in New York (*M*). It was bequeathed by Woodhouse to Taylor, and remained in the possession of the Taylor family until 1897.‡ It consists of 204 leaves, of large quarto size, written (except where additions and alterations have been made) on one side only. The whole is in Keats' hand, with the exception of two passages. These are (1) lines 776–81 of Book I, written in a hand which I take to be that of Taylor. These lines were sent to Taylor by Keats in a letter of 30 January 1818—'you must indulge me by putting this in', Keats writes (*Letters* 42); (2) lines 1,015–23 of Book II are written in Reynolds' hand; they are the last lines of the book, appearing by themselves on a separate leaf, the only unnumbered leaf in the MS. In this connexion it is worth noticing that, writing to Reynolds on 3 February 1818, Keats says he hopes to call on him on 4 February bringing with him (the fair copy of) Book II. Did Reynolds spill the ink over, or otherwise damage, the last leaf of the MS., and atone by copying it fair in his own hand?

The whole is written in what must be regarded as Keats' best and most careful hand. Except for the large excisions, involving extensive rewriting on the backs of leaves, in Book I, the whole is a fair copy of very creditable appearance, leaving the printer not much to grumble at. In respect of excisions, corrections, and rewritings of excised passages, Book I presents a marked contrast with the other three books, where alterations are introduced sparingly. The contrast led Buxton Forman to the conclusion that of Book I 'there appears to have been but one manuscript'. He supposed, that is, that the extant MS. of *Endymion* is, for Book I Keats' draft, for Books II–IV his fair copy. This is impossible, for more reasons than one. A great many pages of Book I are faultless, or nearly so; written in a clear and flowing hand, without erasures and with no hint of those hesitations which accompany fresh composition—the most facile poet never composed after this fashion. A glance at the autographs of *Hyperion* or *The Eve of St. Agnes* is enough to make it plain that no part of the MS. of *Endymion* is a draft. *Letters* 34, 35, 37 show him occupied in January 1818 in making a fair copy from the draft of Book I. But in fact any doubts that we might have are resolved by Woodhouse. The Crewe House MS. which I have called W^2 preserves on pp. 239 verso–236 verso a *Note of Alterations in*

‡ It was sold at Sotheby's on 10 March 1897 for £695 (*Athenaeum*, 20 February 1897).

Endymion, in which Woodhouse writes: 'Several alterations were made in this poem while it was in the press: I have had an opportunity of comparing the MS. as originally written with the printed copy—the following show the principal alterations it underwent —most of which are made by the Author in the MS.' The alterations which he proceeds to list include all the important corrections, excisions, &c., which are shown in *M*. Why Keats entered them on his MS., besides entering them—as he must have done—on his proofs, I do not know—I suppose that in those days printers sent one proof only. If Woodhouse's evidence is not good enough in itself, we have the confirmatory testimony of the marks left on the MS. by the press-reader. The press-reader has marked on the MS. the quire signatures and the page numbers of the printed book. Against line 590, for example, he has written 'D 33'. But the first line of quire D, p. 33, is, in the final printed text, 628; and when he went through the MS. a second time the press-reader wrote 'D' against 628. This means that the changes made by Keats, when the book was in proof, threw the pagination and lineation into confusion to the extent of nearly 40 lines. Throughout the rest of Book I (though not in the other books) there is similar discrepancy between the printing-house marks and the page and quire numbers of the volume as it finally came from the press. The cost of these extensive proof corrections was borne, we must suppose, by Messrs. Taylor & Hessey: making an additional evidence of the generous temper of their relations with Keats.

A copy of the finished book reached Keats at Teignmouth on, or before, 24 April 1818. In a letter of that date (*Letters* 62) he sends a list of *Errata* to Taylor. Perhaps at the same time he entered the errata so sent in his own copy; they correspond with those written by him into a copy of the *editio princeps* once owned by Buxton Forman (denoted in my apparatus criticus by **1818**).

I have not seen **1818**—Mr. Maurice Buxton Forman tells me that he does not know what became of it. In the Keats Museum at Hampstead, however, there are two other copies of the *editio princeps*, one of them Leigh Hunt's, the other Dilke's, both of which contain corrections, or proposed corrections, of the text, written in a hand which is certainly not Keats'; but the corrections in Hunt's copy are of a character which suggests that they derive from Keats. These copies are cited in my apparatus as **End.** (Hunt) and *End.* (Dilke).

Woodhouse's account of the changes made in the text of Book I forfeits its value from the accident which has preserved to

us the original MS. But for Books II–IV he had access to Keats' first draft. This he presumably borrowed from J. H. Reynolds, who lent him all the letters and MS. poems of Keats in his possession. The draft MS. was still in Reynolds' possession in 1847. On 2 July of that year Reynolds sent it to Monckton Milnes. But I cannot trace its further history. Reynolds also possessed the original Preface to *Endymion*; but on 22 June ⟨1848⟩ he writes to Milnes that 'the Preface is lost'. It is, however, still extant, in the Morgan Library. Woodhouse's copy of it in W^2 was presumably taken from Reynolds' MS. (See the six letters of Reynolds printed in G. L. Marsh's *John Hamilton Reynolds*, pp. 36–43.) The variant readings of the draft of Books II–IV Woodhouse recorded laboriously in his own copy of the *editio princeps*. This book is now in the library of Mr. W. van R. Whitall in New York. It was collated by Buxton Forman; and my citations from it (*D*) rest on the authority of Buxton Forman.

2. *Lamia*. Of *Lamia*, as of *Endymion*, there is still extant the MS. sent by Keats to the printer. The owner of it, Mr. Frank Brewer Bemis,‡ of Beverley Farms, Mass., U.S.A., met my inquiries about it more than courteously; for he had photographs of the whole made for me at his own costs, and I owe it to his generous gift that I have been able to work with a complete reproduction of the MS. before me. The MS. (*B*) consists of 26 numbered leaves, of a small folio size, written upon one side only, except for leaves 17 and 19, where both verso and recto have been used. It is a fair copy written throughout in Keats' hand, the script smaller and neater than that which he commonly employs. The versos of 17 and 19 contain excised passages; but apart from these, the only excisions consist of 4 lines struck through on p. 17, 2 on p. 20, 1½ on p. 21, and 1 on the verso of 24. Interlinear corrections are few; and in general the book may pass as the cleanest of Keats' MSS. Like the MS. of *Endymion*, it belonged to the family of Keats' publisher, Taylor, until it was sold§ in 1897. The printer's prima appears at i. 386 (C 25—the book being a duodecimo).

Another possession of the Taylor family—'Lamia, a rough proof with numerous important corrections, alterations, and additions in the autograph of Richard Woodhouse and John Taylor, and probably a few in the autograph of the author'—was sold in 1904. It was bought by F. Sabin; and belongs at present to

‡ These lines were scarcely written when I learned of Mr. Bemis' death—I do not know what has happened to his fine MS. collection.

§ The price fetched was £305.

Mr. William A. White of Brooklyn, U.S.A. This I have not seen. But the 'corrections, alterations, and additions' advertised must by this time have lost their value, since the printed text diverges from Keats' finished MS. in very few particulars of importance.

Of Keats' first draft—or of *a* draft—of the poem there remain substantial fragments. The most considerable of these are those preserved at Crewe House (*C*), containing ii. 26–49, 122–47, 191–8, together with 18 lines, and 6 fragmentary lines, following ii. 82. Lines 50–61 (with 3 cancelled lines following 61) of Book II are preserved in a leaf (*c*) given by Severn to Miss Marshall on 17 May 1850, and sold at auction by Messrs. Sotheby on 6 May 1936. These lines, following immediately upon those of the first of the Crewe House fragments, may be presumed to belong to the same MS.; and it seems reasonable to suppose that Severn possessed the complete draft. Two fragments (*r*) of what I suppose to be the same autograph draft are in the Keats–Shelley Memorial House at Rome (I. 185–90, II. 67–74); and another, containing i. 386–97, in the Widener Library at Harvard (*H*). An early version of ii. 122–62, together with 18 lines not represented in our texts but apparently a first attempt at ii. 199 sqq., is preserved in *Letters* 149.

Two documents which have not hitherto been made public show that the conclusion of *Lamia* gave a good deal of uneasiness both to Keats and his publishers; and that at one time he was tempted to leave the poem unfinished.

The first of these is an undated letter of Richard Woodhouse to John Taylor, preserved in the Morgan Library in New York, in the MS. which I call W^3. My attention was first directed to the letter by Miss Margaret Nicholson. The text of the letter is as follows:

> Lamia pt 3
> And a soft voice swell'd out‡ upon the air
> Muttering 'Where art thou, Lamia! Ah, where?'

Dr John:

If the above will not do, pray "hit off something Better" as Sr Philip says—But at all Events do not let the poem be published incomplete. "Rather than so", I would let it remain as he had written it.

Yrs—
Rd W.

'Whose senses all were straight benumb'd, and stark'. Spenser.

On the back of the letter are some pen-and-ink sketches, and in a large clear hand Keats has written:

Shore Shore Shore Shore
Jane Jane

‡ altered to *was heard*

The significance of the endorsement is that it shows that Keats had seen Woodhouse's letter.

The letter is not easily interpreted. The quotation from Spenser looks as though Woodhouse were illustrating Keats' use of the word *stark* in the line

> Corinthians! A Serpent, plain and stark!'

—the last line of the four represented in the printed text by 297–8. It seems clear, further, that, at the date of the letter, Keats had decided to cancel the existing conclusion of the poem—how many lines were to be sacrificed we can only conjecture.

Some light is thrown on the matter, I fancy, by the second of the two documents to which I have referred. This document is a letter of John Clare to Taylor, which belonged at one time to Mr. S. Loveman. I do not know its present location; and for what I am able to say about it I am indebted to Mr. Edmund Blunden. The letter is dated 5 June 1820. On the back of it, in Keats' hand, are written lines 293–4, as they stand in the printed text—

> From Lycius answered, as heart-struck and lost
> He lay supine beside the aching ghost.

—save that, for *lay* in 294, the printed text has *sank*.

A probable reconstruction is, I think, the following.

On 6 June 1820 Keats called at Taylor's office—the call mentioned in *Letters* 217—to talk over his forthcoming volume. It was due to appear on 24 June (*Letters* 219). He found Taylor fretting over the concluding lines of *Lamia*. Taylor was uneasy, in particular, over 293–4 and

> Corinthians! A Serpent, plain and stark!'

Before him on the table lay Clare's letter. In the course of discussion Keats, seizing the first scrap of paper that came to hand, jotted down on the back of the letter the version of 293–4 which now stands in the printed text. Let Taylor substitute that for the version of the proof!

These, however, were not the only lines that Taylor took exception to. But these were the only lines which Keats was going to alter to please Taylor. If Taylor did not like the rest, let him leave it out. Let the poem end at 294; a lame and impotent conclusion; but, as Woodhouse had pointed out in connexion with *The Eve of St. Agnes*, Keats liked his poems to end in disappointment for the reader. Or Taylor and Woodhouse might finish it off as they liked! And therewith—*genus irritabile vatum*—Keats took

unceremonious leave of his perturbed publisher. Taylor called Woodhouse to his counsels; and the Morgan Library letter, we may suppose, is Woodhouse's uninspired response. Mr. Morgan's bookseller has labelled the letter, in pencil: 'Richard Woodhouse. Most interesting suggestion to complete the Poem of *Lamia*'; and 'This was not adopted', he adds coldly. Taylor seems to have passed the letter to Keats. 'Rather than so', Keats preferred to amend the offending lines 297–8. And with so much of grudging change the poem was allowed to go forth.

3. *Isabella.* Keats' autograph fair copy is preserved in the British Museum MS., Egerton 2780 (*E*). Of this MS., which is important in connexion with other poems of Keats, notably *The Eve of St. Agnes* and the *St. Mark* fragment, a full description will be found in Appendix I.

A complete shorthand transcript of this autograph is preserved in the Morgan Library Woodhouse Book (W^3). Except as a curiosity, and as an illustration of Woodhouse's accuracy, it has no value. I have collated it from a photograph, but apart from xxvi. 7 (I'll W^3: I *E*), xlii. 6 (hast W^3: has *E*), liii. 1 (and W^3: the *E*), lxii. 4 (oftentime W^3, oftentimes *E*) I can find no place where it varies from the text of *E*—the system of shorthand employed (Mavor's) precludes comparison in the minutiae of orthography. I should suppose the transcript to have been made hurriedly in the first days of January 1820 before George Keats left for America taking *E* with him. Woodhouse made a shorthand transcript, still extant, of *The Eve of St. Mark*; but this was certainly not made from *E*.

The MS. of *Isabella* which furnished the printer's copy was not *E*, but (I have little doubt) the transcript by Woodhouse belonging to the MS. volume which I call W^1. The differences between this transcript and the printed text of 1820 are negligible; the leaves of the MS. bear the same odd marks of sealing-wax as were noticed by Buxton Forman in the copy of *Hyperion* used by the printer—though I have discovered no other marks of the printing-house, nor do I profess to understand these; at stanzas vi and xxxi Keats has written directions which seem to indicate that the MS. is to serve as 'copy'. Beside W^1, Woodhouse has left us another transcript of the poem in the volume cited in this edition as W^2. Both these volumes are of importance in the criticism of the text of Keats; and in Appendixes II and III will be found a full description of their contents. Both belong to Lord Crewe, in whose collection they are distinguished by the titles

Woodhouse Transcripts: Poems I (W^1) and *Woodhouse Transcripts: Poems II* (W^2). So far as concerns *Isabella*, I take both of them to be copies of the same original. W^1 may be regarded as the authorized transcript: Keats has been through it carefully, and made numerous corrections in his own hand.

The original from which these two transcripts are taken I suppose to have been Keats' draft. Some time before 27 January 1820 (when George Keats returned to America) Keats copied the poem fair in George's Notebook (*E*). I think he can have retained for himself only the draft; in which he must subsequently have introduced numerous changes. Woodhouse in W^1 W^2 obviously copied from a MS. which at many points caused him uncertainty and perplexity. Of the draft MS. there survive 25 stanzas, with fragments of 5 others.‡ The readings of this draft in several places agree with *E* against *1820* W^1W^2; indicating that *E* and the draft represent the earlier stage in composition. The MS. seems to have belonged to Severn.

In a letter to Taylor§ (undated, but clearly belonging to 1819–20) Woodhouse says that he has copied *Isabella* out into a book left with him by Taylor for the purpose, and adds, 'Recollect that this is the 4th time I have written it over.' The copy thus made for Taylor is, I have no doubt, W^1, which bears the name of 'Mrs. Geo. Taylor, Bakewell, Derbyshire'; and the last poem in it is *Isabella*. The fourth copy made by Woodhouse, in addition to W^1 W^2 W^3, I have not been able to trace.

4. *The Eve of St. Agnes.* For this poem we have Keats' autograph draft, the Harvard MS., *H*; two transcripts by Woodhouse (W^1 W^2), and a third made by George Keats (the British Museum MS., *E*).

The Harvard MS. consists of 6 leaves, written in double columns, the first leaf (stanzas i–vii) being in the hand of Frederick Locker (Lampson), who has signed his name at the foot of the left margin of the second leaf, adding the date 1881. (The text of this first leaf seems to be no more than a transcription of the text of 1820.) Keats began the poem at Chichester towards the end of January 1819 (*Letters* 123, p. 296); and the Harvard MS. pretty certainly represents the Chichester first draft. Keats mentions the thinness

‡ Enumerated in my Note prefixed to the poem. I leave out of account the Bodleian MS., Montagu d. 14, 670, containing stanza xi. This is a patent forgery, reproducing Keats' autograph as given in the fragment preserved in the Library of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. The original is imitated, stroke for stroke, *eueues* (for *eves*) in the third line being exactly reproduced, and the cancelled line between 6 and 7 omitted.

§ Preserved in W^3: see Amy Lowell, *John Keats*, ii. 293.

of the paper which he took with him to Chichester, and on which he wrote 'a little poem call'd St. Agnes' Eve'. The thinness of the paper of the Harvard MS. is notable; and the MS. (I borrow Mr. Ridley's description) 'is so heavily corrected that it is hard to believe that there was any earlier state; and furthermore it is quite clear that in many of the stanzas the poet is writing as he composes; there are frequent false starts, half-lines scratched out before the whole new line is written, and other indications that this is not the work of a man who is making final corrections in a more or less complete MS.'‡ Miss Lowell, who at one time owned the MS., states that it 'was one of the many that fell into Severn's hands on Keats' death'; and she plausibly supposes that the first leaf became lost owing to Severn's habit of distributing Keats' autographs among his friends.§ Like the missing leaf of the British Museum *Hyperion* (see below, p. xxxvii), this leaf may one day come to light in one of the American collections. The loss of it gives to the two Woodhouse transcripts an importance which they would not otherwise possess. Both these transcripts (unless one of them was copied from the other) were made from *H*; and accordingly in stanzas i–vii they enable us to reconstruct Keats' first draft.

At the beginning of his transcript of the poem in W^2 Woodhouse has the following note:

'Published in June 1820 (with Lamia Isabella & other Poems) with some alterations.—

This copy was taken from K.'s original [copy of] M.S.—He afterwards altered it for publication, & added some stanzas & omitted others.—His alterations are noticed here. The published copy differs from both in a few particulars. K. left it to his Publishers to adopt which they pleased, & to revise the whole.—

St Agnes' day is the 21st of January. The Poem was written at the suggestion of Mrs. Jones.‖

At the end of the poem, he has this:

'Copied from J. K.'s rough MS. 20 April 1819 / written about the latter end of / 1818 or beginning of 1819'

‡ *Keats' Craftsmanship*, pp. 97–8. § *John Keats*, ii. 156–7.

‖ Mrs. Isabella Jones, though Miss Lowell will not allow that she ever existed, is mentioned by Woodhouse in his list of persons to whom Keats had lent books (Colvin, *Life*², p. 560). In 1818 she was residing at 57 Lamb's Conduit Street. She was a friend of both Taylor and Reynolds—Reynolds, writing to Taylor, speaks of her as 'the beautiful Mrs. Jones', and in 1819 her portrait, by Chalon, figured in the Royal Academy Exhibition. Among the unpublished correspondence of Taylor are several letters which illustrate her close association with Keats and his circle. (For the information here given about her I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. Edmund Blunden.)

The 'rough draft' here spoken of was delivered to Woodhouse —it appears from the foregoing note—some time before 20 April 1819. That this 'rough draft' was our Harvard MS. is clear both from the general agreement between *H* and W^2 and from the fact that, where the two disagree, what appears in W^2 can be shown to arise from a misinterpretation of what stands in *H*. The most striking illustration of this is that to which Mr. Ridley, in his valuable examination of the poem, has called attention, viz. xxix. 3, where, for the words *and with anguish spread thereon* (*H*) Woodhouse has written *and with care quick spread thereon*. A scrutiny of the original leaves no doubt that Mr. Ridley's explanation of the variant in W^2 is correct. He calls the passage 'the exception that proves the rule'. But there is another passage which serves the same purpose. At xli. 6 for the words *But with a calmed eye* (*H*) W^2 offers *But quick his calmed eye*. In *H*, *with* is so written that it might be read as *quick*: and *his* for *a* is a change made by Woodhouse, consequent on the misreading of *with*.

It may be noticed that in both these passages W^1 agrees with W^2; and unless one of them was copied from the other both are quite certainly transcripts of *H*—throughout, the agreement of the two transcripts admits no other explanation.

With the British Museum transcript, *E*, the case stands differently. *E* plainly derives from a source independent of HW^1W^2. It frequently agrees with the text of 1820 against that of all the other MSS.; a circumstance which seems to indicate that it represents a later, or revised, version. We know from Woodhouse's note cited above that Keats 'afterwards altered' his first version. 'His alterations are noticed here' (i.e. in W^2), says Woodhouse. And at some date not determinable Woodhouse has in fact interlined in W^2, or introduced into its margins, a considerable number of variant lections—those denoted in my apparatus by the symbol *w*. A glance at the apparatus shows that most of these readings appear also in *E*. Woodhouse's note, moreover, is illuminated by one of his letters—a letter to Taylor preserved in W^3.‡ The letter is dated 20 September 1819. In it Woodhouse describes to Taylor a visit which he received from Keats on 11 September, and a conversation which he had with him on the day following.

'He had the Eve of St A. copied fair: He has made trifling alterations, inserted an additional stanza early in the poem to make the *legend* more intelligible, and correspondent with what afterwards takes place, particularly with respect to the supper and the playing

‡ Amy Lowell, *John Keats*, ii. 317–20, here corrected.

on the lute.—he retains the name of Porphyro—has altered the last 3 lines to leave on the reader a sense of pettish disgust, by bringing old Angela in (only) dead stiff and ugly.—He says he likes that the poem should leave off with this Change of sentiment—it was what he aimed at, and was glad to find from my objections to it that he had succeeded. . . . There was another alteration which I abused for "a full hour by the *Temple* clock". . . . As the Poem was originally written, *we* innocent ones (ladies & myself) might very well have supposed that Porphyro, when acquainted with Madeline's love for him, & when "he arose Etherial flush'd" &c. &c. (turn to it) set himself at once to persuade her to go off with him, & succeeded & went over the "Dartmoor black" (now changed for some other place) to be married in right honest chaste and sober wise. But, as it is now altered, as soon as M. has declared her love, P. winds by degrees his arm round her, presses breast to breast, and acts all the acts of a bona fide husband, while she fancies she is only playing the part of a wife in a dream. This alteration is of about 3 stanzas . . .'

The additional stanza inserted '*to make the legend more intelligible*' is obviously that which appears in *Ew* between stanzas vi and vii. The alteration 'of about 3 stanzas' is not so simple a matter. Nothing very closely corresponding to Woodhouse's account of it occurs either in *1820* or *Ew* or HW^1W^2. On the other hand, at the place indicated by Woodhouse, *Ew* have for lines 8–9 of stanza xxxv and for lines 1–7 of stanza xxxvi a text wholly different from that of *1820* HW^1W^2; and xxxv 8–9,

> See while she speaks his arms encroaching slow
> Have zon'd her, heart to heart—loud, loud the dark winds blow

—may very well have introduced some such passage as that hinted at by Woodhouse. We must assume, then, that Keats excised the stanzas complained of before his copy was transcribed by George (*E*) or the readings of it had been entered by Woodhouse into the margins of W^2 (*w*).

The discrepancies between *E* and *w* are very few—they are listed by Mr. Ridley on pp. 303–4 of his *Keats' Craftsmanship*. What is at first sight perplexing is that in one or two passages readings of *E* appear in W^2, not in the margin or interlineally (like the *w* readings) but in the body of the text. On the assumption that W^2 was copied direct from *H*, I could at first see no explanation of these passages. But a further examination of W^2 revealed the truth. W^2, as first written, contained (as W^1 does) gaps—where Woodhouse could not understand, or was dissatisfied with, the text of *H* he occasionally left a blank space. When he took into his margins the readings of *w*, or interlined them, these blank spaces still existed. Accordingly, when entering in W^2 the readings

of *w*, Woodhouse at these places entered them in the unoccupied body of his text. In one or two of these places what has happened is plainly betrayed by the different colour of the ink (see in particular xvi. 1, xviii. 7–9).

The agreement, then, of *E* and *w* represents Keats' fair copy. This fair copy was, no doubt, as with *Endymion* and *Lamia*, the MS. sent to the press—so much is perhaps indicated, indeed, by Woodhouse's note in W^2 quoted earlier. Any divergence of *1820* from *Ew* must be interpreted as a change made in proof either by Keats himself or by his publishers—who were, we know, in this poem at least, his editors.‡

W^1 and W^2 remain valuable, or at least interesting, for those parts of the poem (stanzas i–vii) where *H* is wanting. They take us back to Keats' first draft. W^2 is further valuable as preserving at many points Keats' second, or fair, copy (*w*). Both are occasionally interesting for their marginal and interlinear jottings; and, generally, as illustrating Woodhouse's fidelity and accuracy.

5. *Hyperion*. For this poem we still have Keats' autograph draft, in some ways the most interesting and important of the Keats MSS. It belonged originally to Leigh Hunt and passed from him to his son Thornton Leigh Hunt. It was given by the latter to Miss Alice Bird, a daughter of Leigh Hunt's doctor, George Bird. In 1904 it was purchased from Miss Bird by the British Museum (Add. MSS. 37000: called in this edition *A*). Three years before his death, Leigh Hunt, with the same mistaken generosity as influenced Severn and Clarke and Haydon in connexion with other MSS. of Keats, cut away a portion of one of the leaves of this MS, the portion containing ii. 116–27, and gave it to his friend Samuel Adams Lee. The fragment thus detached is now in the Pierpont Morgan Library. I have seen only a photograph of it; wishing there might be means of charming the original away to the British Museum.

The copy used by the printers of *1820* was not this autograph (which would have taxed their utmost skill), but a transcript preserved in W^1. This transcript is in the hand, not of Woodhouse, but of an anonymous copyist usually supposed to have been Woodhouse's clerk. He is supposed to have been Woodhouse's

‡ In this connexion the original *Advertisement* to *Hyperion* in the volume of 1820 (preserved in W^3) is noteworthy. 'The Author's health', it says, 'is not at present such as to enable him to make any corrections.' The statement refers primarily to *Hyperion* but has wider application. (For W^3 see Appendix VII.)

clerk, and he is supposed to have transcribed *A*. He in fact transcribed, not *A*, but Woodhouse; he copied, not Keats' original, but Woodhouse's transcript of that original, that is to say, W^2. Between the two transcripts there are almost no diffences worth recording. Two independent copyists could not have produced copies tallying so exactly of a MS. offering so many difficulties of decipherment. Here and there Woodhouse has corrected small blunders of his 'clerk'. One or two he has let go by. At i. 6, for example, *1820* has *about*: *A* and W^2 have *above*; *about* comes to *1820* from W^1. The true reading is, without doubt, *above*: *about* crept into W^1 from the line preceding, and the slip passed unnoticed by Woodhouse. Everywhere, I think, we may assume confidently that a reading of AW^2 is to be preferred to a variant in *1820* W^1.

I collated laboriously both W^1 and W^2; and here and there I have cited them where they seemed to me to illustrate interesting connexions. For the rest I have jettisoned my collations. The copy (W^2) loses its value when we have the original; still more is that true of the copy of a copy (W^1).

6. *Otho the Great.* Keats' autograph draft is divided between the Library of the University of Texas (where it is deposited by the owner, Mrs. Stark) and the Huntington Library. The Texas MS. (*S*) preserves the first three acts and the first scene of Act IV; the Huntington MS. (*s*) (with some lacunae)‡ accounts for the rest of the play. The Texas MS. may be identified confidently with the MS. which Keats gave to his brother George when George left for America in January 1820. George died in 1842, and his widow shortly afterwards married John Jeffrey. On 26 July 1845 Jeffrey wrote to Monckton Milnes to the effect that, among other autograph MSS. of Keats ('apparently the first rough copies'), he had in his possession a MS. of 'Otho, an unfinished tragedy, 4 Acts complete'.§ This was obviously the MS. which George had taken out with him twenty-five years before. It seems to have remained in America until the last years of the nineteenth century, when it was acquired by Mr. T. J. Wise from Mr. Harris Arnold of Nuttey, New Jersey. Recently, it has found its way back again to the United States.

The MS. which George took with him was believed to be perfect.

‡ IV. ii. 118–40 and v. v. 142–62 are wanting. But a leaf containing part of the first of these two passages, 128–40, is preserved in the Harvard Library. The same Library also preserves a leaf containing a second version of v. i. 18–32, once part of the Severn MS.—at the foot of the leaf is written, in Severn's hand: 'MSS. of John Keats presented to Mr. J. T. Fields by J. Severn May 10th 1860 London.'

§ Unpublished letter in *y* at Crewe House.

'John', George writes to Dilke, 'took some pains to get the sheets together, copied what was deficient and made the whole—as he said—perfect.'‡ Subsequently George discovered 'many sheets missing'. The missing sheets are those now in the Huntington Library. They belonged at one time to Severn, whose scissors are doubtless responsible for the lacunae which they now show. It is conjectured that Keats took them with him to Rome, and that on his death they passed, with others of his papers, to Severn.

What George says of his brother's pains 'getting the sheets together' and 'copying what was deficient' would seem to explain the fact that, for parts of the first Act, we have fragments of Keats' draft differing from *S*. Among the Severn papers Buxton Forman found a draft fragment, now in the Harvard Library, containing I. i. 32–42 (*H*). In the British Museum is a MS. scrap, once the property of Frederick Locker, containing I. i. 138–41: and the same five lines appear in a scrap now belonging to Mr. W. T. Spencer, previously belonging to Severn. Mr. Spencer possesses two other autograph fragments, one containing I. i. 7–19, the other a four-line scrap which I have not been able to place (beginning 'Albert . . .' and ending '. . . if the Duke')—this latter, like the British Museum fragment, seems once to have belonged to Frederick Locker. Mr. Spencer's three fragments I have not seen, since he did not feel able to let me examine them. In 1923 Messrs. Maggs sold a MS. containing 17 lines of Act I (among them i. 54–7, 141–3). This I have not traced.

In November 1833 George Keats was endeavouring, through Dilke, to acquire from Brown, whether by purchase or otherwise, Brown's 'perfect copy' of *Otho*—that he might complete his own imperfect MS. (the Texas MS.).§ In March of the year following Severn, in Rome (possessed of the MS. which was the complement of George's), was endeavouring to borrow from Brown the same 'perfect copy', in order that the play might be performed in Rome by some 'devoted admirers of Keats . . . really clever fellows'. He assures Brown that he will 'be particular that no copies be taken in any way'.‖ Brown had, as George was aware, 'some ownership right' in *Otho*, 'perhaps one half'; and it is plain that he guarded his copy jealously. That there was no other copy seems to be

‡ Letter of George Keats to Dilke—one of two printed by Buxton Forman in his Library Edition of *Keats' Works*, vol. iv, General Appendix IX, pp. 416–18.

§ See the letters mentioned in the preceding note.

‖ Letter of Severn to Brown printed in Buxton Forman's Library Edition, iv, General Appendix VIII, pp. 377–9.

implied by Severn's letter. We know from Keats' letters that Brown copied the play towards the end of August 1819, 'in a superb style' (*Letters* 146). This copy 'in superb style' is, I have no doubt, the MS. preserved at Crewe House in the volume which I have called T^2. It is written throughout in Brown's hand, but shows many corrections and additions in Keats' own writing. It was from this copy that the text of 1848 was set up—the MS. shows not only several examples of the 'printer's prima', corresponding with the page-numbers and quire-signatures of the 1848 volume, but the names of the different compositors.

Hitherto, so far as I know, no editor has been at pains to collate this MS.‡ Its readings are only known in so far as they are embodied in Monckton Milnes' text of 1848. That text has little interest except as illustrating Milnes' conception of his editorial duties. He is mostly faithful to his MS. But in one place he has introduced a conjecture of his own which still stands in all our editions (III. i. 8). Throughout, it may be taken for granted that a reading of *1848* not derived from T^2 is due to the editorial hand of Milnes.

1848 reproduces T^2. Does T^2 reproduce *Ss*? Or had Brown access to some other MS.?

For I. i. 16–121 and 134–55 it is plain that he is using some other original than *S*; and for several portions of this scene we have (I have already noticed) fragments of another draft—for 137–41 we have, besides *S*, *two* drafts. So far as this scene is concerned, we are obliged to suppose that Keats redrafted large parts—perhaps the whole of it; that George took with him to America the earlier draft (*S*), and that Brown followed a later, and better, version. The whole of the first scene and the first 11 lines of the second occupy the first 6 leaves of *S*. At least so much, therefore, Keats rewrote: and for this part of the play Brown had access to another MS. For the rest, he copied, I think, direct from *Ss*. This is not certain; but it is the conclusion to which I have been led, with some hesitation, by a comparison of T^2 and *Ss*. The grounds of this conclusion must be sought in my *apparatus criticus*. In general T^2 and *Ss* agree very closely. At III. ii. 61 Keats wrote

Sure Albert has fail'd me.

But the *Sure* is erased in *S*, and before *fail'd* a hand which is not Keats', and which might well be Brown's, has written, over the

‡ Some use of it was made by Mr. Middleton Murry in his edition of 1930—to which we owe the recovery of a lost line (the last of the poem).

ine, *surely*. In T^2 *Sure* is similarly erased and *surely* written in above the line before *fail'd*. At III. ii. 83 the word which Buxton Forman—rightly, I think—read as *roar* is so badly written that t might be read as *yawn*, and *yawn* appears in T^2 and *1848*. Such ragaries of spelling, again, as *sceptor*, *antiroom*, *Mussleman*, *Jailor*, *homage* appear in *Ss* and reappear in T^2. In general T^2 (except n the first scene) reproduces *Ss* so closely that, if not copied from t, it must have been copied from a MS. so little different from it that it is not easy to see what motive Keats could have had for recopying the play. If he had made a fair copy, why do we find him going through Brown's copy, altering and adding as he goes? T^2 is full of corrections, made in Keats' own hand, the corrections of a man composing, not of one entering changes already effected in some other copy.

These autograph corrections are denoted in my apparatus by the symbol *t*; and in the text I have everywhere preferred *t* to *Ss*. On the other hand, I have consistently preferred the readings of *Ss* to any other variants found in T^2. After some hesitation I have reached the opinion that these other variants owe their place in T^2 to the editing of Brown. Brown was, in a real sense, a partner in the composition of *Otho*; and as such it was not unnatural that he should regard himself as entitled to exercise on the text here and there a revising hand. Nor can we exclude the possibility that some of the verbal changes which he introduced were approved by Keats. Some of the variants are plainly improvements.

The text of this edition, then, represents a departure from Brown's MS. and a return upon the *ipsa manus* of Keats. It remains possible that Brown had access to some better source than *S*; but the probabilities seem to me against it, and even if I am wrong, it is interesting to have Keats' first draft. The reader will sometimes prefer Brown's version; but with Keats' he is at least safe. For convenience I have printed the stage-directions as given in T^2.

7. *King Stephen*. Four leaves of Keats' autograph draft are preserved at Crewe House in the volume there entitled *Autograph Letters, Drafts of Poems, &c.*, called in this edition *C*. The four leaves (six written pages, the last leaf blank save for three lines written on it) contain Act I, scene ii, line 19 to the end of the fragment. For the first scene of Act I and lines 1–19 of the second scene we have Charles Brown's MS., consisting of three leaves, in the Crewe House volume entitled *John Keats. Transcripts and*

Records, called in this edition *T*. (For the contents of *C* and *T* see Appendixes IV and VI.)

8. *The Cap and Bells.* Keats' draft MS. is divided between three American libraries—The Morgan Library (*M*), the Huntington Library (*Hunt.*), and Harvard College (*H*). The portions of the draft so scattered account for the complete poem down to the end of stanza lxxxi.

The numbering of the leaves throws some light on the composition of the poem. The numbers are in general in arabic figures, and these figures are certainly written in Keats' hand. But the first 8 stanzas were originally unnumbered, the numbers being merely pencilled in roman figures. The 8 stanzas following are numbered, in arabic figures, 9–16. After the stanza numbered 16 stands the first line, erased, of what is now stanza xix. This is followed by a first draft of what is now stanza xvii, not numbered. Upon this follow xvii and xviii, numbered 17 and 18. Thereafter, from stanza xix to stanza xxviii, inclusive, there are two sets of numbers, roman and arabic, the numbers being correctly given in roman, incorrectly in arabic, xix 17, xx 18, xxi 19, and so on. After the stanza numbered xxviii 26, the roman notation disappears, and the correct numbers are given in arabic (the correctness being attained by a jump from 26 to 29 in the arabic numeration). The plain inference from this numeration would seem to be that stanzas xvii–xviii are an afterthought or subsequent insertion.

When Monckton Milnes printed the poem in 1848, he inserted the following note:

'This Poem was written subject to future amendments and omissions: it was begun without a plan, and without any prescribed laws for the supernatural machinery. CHARLES BROWN.'

Apart from stanzas xvii–xviii, the defect of plan is illustrated, I fancy, by the condition of the MS. at xxix and xxxvii. After xxix the MS. preserves a cancelled stanza from which it seems likely that, when Keats wrote it, he envisaged a different progress for his story from that which it finally made. The stanza suggests that he had originally meant Eban to attend a numerously frequented 'Conversazione' at Hum's house. Hum's party is cancelled with the cancellation of the stanza preluding it; and instead of it, Eban finds Hum alone and carries him off to the Emperor. But after stanza xxxvii the MS. preserves 3½ lines (written upside down on the page) which seem to have been intended for the story of the Conversazione.

In addition to Keats' draft, we have a transcript by Woodhouse, preserved in W^2. W^2 is plainly not a copy of the draft; not only are the divergent readings too numerous, but the notes appended to xli. 5 and xlv. 3 are not found in the draft. It was originally intended that the notes to the poem should be written by Reynolds (*Letters* 190); and the MS. from which W^2 derives may have belonged to Reynolds. The draft MS. ends, as I have noticed already, with the end of stanza lxxxi. For what follows W^2 is our only MS. authority. For *1848* Monckton Milnes employed some other transcript—probably a transcript made by Brown. His text lacks the notes of W^2, and it gives no hint of the two lines of an additional stanza, lxxxix, preserved in W^2 and printed, so far as I know, for the first time in this edition. At lxxi. 4 W^2 comes to the support of *1848* in reading *Boswell's*, as against the *Cowley's* of the draft. At xi. 1 it has *hypocritic*: *1848* and the draft agree in *hypercritic*—which is, none the less, probably one of Keats' mis-spellings.

9. *The Fall of Hyperion.* For this poem alone among the longer poems of Keats we have no autograph. It was first printed by Monckton Milnes in 1856; but of the MS. which he gave to the printer nothing is known. Until 1904 we depended on a transcript by 'Woodhouse's clerk', preserved at Crewe House in the volume entitled *John Keats. Transcripts and Records*, called in this edition *T*. For a detailed account of *T*, see Appendix IV. In 1904 Woodhouse's own transcript (W^2) came to light. In 1932 Mr. William B. Pope called my attention to yet a third transcript (containing, however, only lines 1–326 of Book I). This is found in the Bristol Central Library, in the Commonplace-book of J. H. Reynolds, called in this edition *R*. A full account of this volume will be found in Appendix VIII.

The differences between *R* and *T* and W^2 are not considerable. *R* and W^2 I take to be independent copies of the same original. I am not convinced that *T* is not copied directly from W^2. At 250 it has the blunder *Meremosyne* for *Mnemosyne*—and the word is written in W^2 in such a manner that it might well be read *Mercmosyne* by an uninstructed person. On the other hand, at i. 277 the word *enwombed* is clearly so written in both *R* and W^2, affording no explanation of *T*'s *enwouned*. I have already expressed the opinion that in *Hyperion* the transcript written by 'Woodhouse's clerk' was made, not from Keats' original, but from Woodhouse's copy. What happened with *Hyperion* may have repeated itself with the *Fall*. In my apparatus I have given the reader the opportunity of judging for himself.

The text here printed is that of W^2. I have recorded the principal variants of the edition of 1856, as illustrating a changed editorial temper in Monckton Milnes—in 1848 he was a good deal more circumspect.

IV

For the shorter poems of Keats the principal MS. authorities—outside those already spoken of in connexion with the longer poems and described in Appendixes I–VIII—are the following:

1. *The Keats–Wylie Scrap-book.* This belonged to Harry Buxton Forman, who refers to it on p. xxiv of his *Oxford Standard Authors* edition and on p. xi of vol. i of his edition published by Gowans and Gray. It is now the property of Mr. Maurice Buxton Forman.

The book was originally used for transcribing poems; but was later turned to the uses of a scrap-book—'newspaper-cuttings and other curiosities' have been pasted into it, often over the poems. Among the newspaper-cuttings is a poem which appears among the poems of Keats in Woodhouse's volume of transcripts in New York. It is entitled *To Woman*, is stated to be 'From the Greek' (which it quite certainly is not), and bears a motto *αὐτὰ γὰρ μί' ἐμοὶ γράφεται θεός*. I have not managed to trace the journal in which it appeared or to identify the author. I print the poem in full on pp. lxviii–lix.

The first part of the book, so far as it is in MS., is written in a hand which I take to be that of Georgiana Keats; the second part is in the hand of George Keats. The portion written by George I distinguish by the letter *a*, using a^1 to denote Georgiana's transcripts. Of some of the poems in the book I should suppose George Keats to be the author. More often than not, no author is named. Nor can the ascriptions always be relied upon. A *Monody on F. B. Sheridan* [*sic*], copied both by George and by Georgiana, is definitely stated by Georgiana to be 'from MSS of J. K. 1816', but is in fact a poem of Moore‡ (not included in the ten volumes of his *Works*). We must suppose that Keats had thought fit, in 1816, to copy out Moore's poem; and that Georgiana had his copy before her, without any indication of source. The accident is worth bearing in mind in connexion with other pieces of which the authenticity is doubtful.

On p. 9 Georgiana has copied a sonnet of Mrs. Tighe:

Brother belov'd, if health shall smile again . . .

‡ Printed in the *Thanet Magazine*, July 1817 ('ascribed to a Personage of the highest poetical talent'). I owe this information to Mr. Maurice Buxton Forman.

Pencilled at the foot of the lines is 'J. K.'; but the initials have in fact been written over, and have obscured, an original initial 'T' (written in ink).

The poem 'Stay, ruby-breasted warbler, stay . . .' is copied by both George and Georgiana. George's copy is not signed, but at the foot of Georgiana's are the initials 'G. K.', *in pencil* (the pencilling not, I think, by Georgiana). Buxton Forman's account (O.S.A. ed., p. lii) is, accordingly, misleading; and the book cannot be cited as determining the question of authorship here. The grounds for assigning the poem to George are no stronger than those for assigning Mrs. Tighe's poem to John and less strong than those for crediting John with Moore's *Monody*.

On p. 3 Georgiana has copied the lines 'Can death be sleep . . .', printed by Buxton Forman, and subsequent editors, among the poems of Keats. But the piece is unsigned, nor does anything in the book either indicate or suggest that Keats wrote these weak verses. For the convenience of the reader, I have printed the poem in the section of 'Posthumous and Fugitive Pieces'; but in view of the complete want of attestation I should be disposed to rule it out of the canon.

The Scrap-book contains in the hand of Georgiana Keats the following poems:

Page

5. Sonnet. Written in the Fields. June 1816 ('To one who has been . . .').
8. Song ('Stay, ruby-breasted warbler' . . .).

25–6. Epistle to George Keats 1–31 '. . . Warder'.

35. *Eric* (i.e. 'Hast thou from the caves . . .'), lines 1–12: 'MS. by John Keats'.

On p. 55 is a note: 'The following MS. with signatures are by Mr J. Keats / Poet whose death is mentioned beneath from the Literary Chronicle. March 31st 1821.' (Beneath is an elegy on Keats,‡ signed 'P' (with the address *Islington Green*) from the *Chronicle*, dated 26 March 1821.) Below this Note, pasted in, is the sonnet *To Miss Wylie*, written in Keats' own hand. The poems transcribed by George are:

Page

56. Song ('Stay, ruby-breasted warbler . . .').
57. Sonnet ('To one who has been long . . .').

58–61. Epistle to George Keats.

‡ Beginning 'If many kings and senators had died . . .'.

Page

61. 'Many the wonders . . .'
62. 'O come, Georgiana . . .'
63–4. 'Hast thou from the caves of Golconda . . .'

The reservation 'with signatures', in the prefatory note, is less valuable than it might seem; for the only two poems which are signed are, in fact, the Epistle and the Sonnet to George.

2. *Tom Keats' Copy-book* (*b*); see Buxton Forman, *Keats* (O.S.A.), xxiii–xxiv, and his Gowans and Gray edition vol. i, pp. x–xi. The book passed to the collection of the late F. Holland Day. I have been unable to trace its present location, and cite its readings as recorded by H. Buxton Forman. It preserves transcripts made by Tom Keats of the following poems of the volume of 1817:

'I stood tiptoe . . .'
Specimen of an Induction.
Calidore.
On receiving a curious Shell.
Imitation of Spenser.
Sonnets i, ii, v, vi, vii, viii, x, xi, xiv.

3. *Transcripts by Henry Stephens* (*St.*). In 1828 Henry Stephens transcribed the *Poems* of 1817 'with several others never yet published' for I(sabella) J(ane) Towers. After *Sleep and Poetry* is the following Note:

'The poems here following have never been pubd, or have merely appeared in periodical works. And have not before been collected.'

The unpublished or uncollected pieces referred to are:

On a Picture of Leander ('In the *Gem*').
The Human Seasons, *To Ailsa Rock* ('From *The Literary Pocket Book*').
'Welcome joy and welcome sorrow . . .' ('1818').
'The church bells toll . . .' ('written by J. K. in 15 minutes').
'Before he went to feed with bats and owls . . .'
The Flower and Leaf sonnet ('J. K. Feby 1817').
'In a drear-nighted December . . .' ('J. K.').

The volume belonged at one time to Harry Buxton Forman; but I have not been able to discover its present whereabouts. Nicolls and Wise (*Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century*) say, 'Of textual variation there is nothing.'

Mrs. Towers was a sister of Charles Cowden Clarke; and it is interesting to note that two of the poems transcribed were poems which Clarke at one time possessed in Keats' autograph: but 'some worthless character has stolen them from me' (note in *Correspondence Relating to 'Life and Letters'* at Crewe House).

In 1846 Mrs. Towers became possessed of a copy of the (printed) *Poems 1817*. This copy belonged, in 1932, to Mr. Douglas Cleverdon of Bristol, who was kind enough to lend it to me. It is inscribed: 'Isabella Jane Towers. / With her Sister's best love. / July 22nd 1846.' On two of the blank pages, (50) and (78), a hand which I have not identified has transcribed *On the Sea* and 'Blue! 'tis the life . . .'. On pp. 66–7, lines 123–42 of the Epistle *To My Brother George* are marked in pencil 'Written on the cliff at Margate'.

Stephens possessed, in Keats' autograph, the lines 'Give me women, wine and snuff . . .'; the MS. is now in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge. A letter of Stephens to Milnes quotes the verses omitting the last two lines and the word *women* in line 1 (*Correspondence Relating to 'Life and Letters'*). (Colvin's account of this letter is inaccurate.)

4. *Dilke Transcripts* (*End.*). In the Keats Museum at Hampstead is preserved a copy of *Endymion* 1818, once the property of C. W. Dilke, later of Sir Charles Dilke. At the end of the volume a number of blank pages have been inserted on which C. W. Dilke has transcribed the following poems of Keats:

I. 'When I have fears . . .'
II. 'Standing aloof . . .'
III. *On the Sonnet.*
IV. *On a Dream* ('As Hermes once . . .').
V. *To Sleep.*
VI. *On sitting down to read King Lear once again.*
VII. *On Fame* ('Fame like a wayward girl . . .').
VIII. *On Fame* ('How fever'd . . .').
IX. *To the Nile.*
X. *Lines on seeing a Lock of Milton's hair.*
XI. 'Souls of Poets . . .'
XII. *Lines written in the Highlands after a visit to Burns's country.*
XIII. 'Ever let the Fancy roam . . .'
XIV. *Ode to the Nightingale.*
XV. *Ode on a Grecian Urn.*
XVI. *To John Reynolds, in answer to his Robin Hood sonnets.*

On the flyleaf is: 'Keats' own copy, with his shorter poems in his own hand.' This is written in the hand of Sir Charles Dilke. But the statement has no plausibility; and it is generally agreed that the transcripts are made in the hand of C. W. Dilke, who seems also to have written the variants noted in the printed text of *Endymion*. Neither the transcripts nor the notes to *Endymion* possess much interest.

5. *Autograph MSS. in the Morgan Library, New York.* The Morgan Library preserves the following autographs:

The volume of 1817:

'I stood tip-toe . . .', lines 25–8, 151–6.
To a Friend who sent me some Roses.
On first looking into Chapman's Homer.
On leaving some friends at an early hour.

The volume of 1820:

Ode to Psyche.

The volumes of 1848:

Sonnet to Spenser.
Ode to Apollo ('God of the golden bow . . .').
'Think not of it . . .'
'Unfelt, unheard, unseen . . .'
'The day is gone . . .'
'Bright Star . . .'

6. *Autograph MSS. in the Harvard Library.* The Harvard Library has autograph MSS. of the following:

'I stood tip-toe . . .', lines 38–48, 53–60, 107–10.
On first looking into Chapman's Homer (*1817*).
Ode to Autumn (*1820*).
'O that a week . . .' (*1848*).
Song of Four Fairies (*1848*).

Here the fragments of 'I stood tip-toe . . .' are of considerable textual interest. They show that, when he began to fill in the gap between lines 28 and 151, Keats wrote first lines 29–60, then 107–10‡—only at a later stage did he add, first 61–4 (*T*) and then 65–106.

V

Among the sources for the text of Keats must be reckoned a number of periodical publications in which poems of his appeared for the first time. Of these, the principal is the *Examiner*, edited by Leigh Hunt and his brother. In this journal eight of Keats' sonnets were printed, viz.:

1816.
5 May. On Solitude.
1 Dec. On first looking into Chapman's Homer.
1817.
16 Feb. To Kosciusko.
23 Feb. 'After dark vapours . . .'
9 March. The two sonnets on the Elgin Marbles.

‡ On the whole subject see the *Note on the first version of 'I stood tip-toe . . .'* at the end of this Introduction.

(The last two appeared on the same day in the *Champion*, and later in No. 8 of the *Annals of the Fine Arts*.)

16 March. 'This pleasant tale . . .'

1819.

21 Sept. The Grasshopper and Cricket

(printed also in the *Monthly Repertory*, Oct. 1817).

In the same journal was printed, after Keats' death, the poem 'There is a charm in footing slow . . .'.

Another of Hunt's papers, *The Indicator*, printed two other poems:

1820.

10 May. 'La Belle Dame sans Merci.'

28 June. 'As Hermes once . . .'

(The latter of these two pieces was printed also in the *London Magazine* in November 1821.)

Hunt's *Literary Pocket Book*, in its first number, 1819, printed two sonnets of Keats. 'To Ailsa Rock' and 'Four Seasons fill . . .'.

In the *Champion* were printed, besides the two Elgin Marbles sonnets, the sonnet *On the Sea* (17 Aug 1817).

Three of Hood's periodicals printed poems of Keats, viz.:

The Gem, 1829. 'Come hither . . .'

1830. 'In a drear-nighted . . .'

The Comic Annual, 1830. On Mrs. Reynolds' Cat.

Hood's Magazine, September 1844. 'Time's sea . . .'

March 1845 ‡ 'Hush, hush, tread softly . . .'

In the *Annals of the Fine Arts* were printed (in addition to the Elgin Marbles sonnets mentioned above).

1819 July. Ode to the Nightingale.

1820 Jan.? On a Grecian Urn.

The sonnet 'Fame, like a wayward girl . . .' was first printed in New York, in *The Ladies' Companion*, vii, iv, Aug. 1837. It was reprinted in 1838 in *The Ladies' Pocket Magazine*, Part i, p. 226 *sq.* (London), and in 1842 in *The Odd Fellow* for Jan. 8 (London). See *TLS*, 4 Aug. 1932; 12 June 1937; 19 June 1937.

Two of these printed versions carry problems; problems which have importance, not merely in the criticism of texts, but for aesthetic criticism.

La Belle Dame sans Merci is printed in the *Indicator* in a text

‡ In the same number appears the sonnet 'High-mindedness, a jealousy for good', first printed in *Poems 1817* (see note *ad loc.*): the variants seem most easily explained as clerical errors.

differing widely from all our other texts, from Keats' autograph and from all the transcripts. That this text, the 'wretched wight' version, is in almost all particulars inferior to the 'Knight-at-arms' version, has been felt by almost all readers; and the suffrage of poets and critics has been consistently for the 'Knight-at-arms' text. Buxton Forman, however, consistently printed the *Indicator* version, partly as being the first printed text, and partly as being Keats' revision. Most of us, perhaps, will agree with Colvin that it is 'a perversion in textual criticism to perpetuate the worse version merely because it happens to be the one printed in Keats's lifetime'. Nor do I find it in the Ten Commandments of criticism that we should always print a poet's second version.‡ Doubt has, indeed, been cast on the authenticity of the *Indicator* version—Miss Lowell has supposed that she can trace in it the hand of Hunt, or of Woodhouse, or of both. But that the second version is equally authoritative with the first can be easily established. In Crewe House there is preserved an unpublished letter of John Jeffrey (who married the widow of George Keats, becoming possessed at the same time of autograph poems of Keats which had been in George's possession). Among these pieces was a MS. of *La Belle Dame* in the 'wretched wight' version—which Jeffrey supposed not to have been printed.§ We must believe, accordingly, that Keats, having on or about 3 May 1819 sent George the 'knight-at-arms' version (*Letters* 123), followed it up at a later date by the version known to us from the *Indicator*.

Colvin, in a note to the last edition of his *Life*, made a solemn appeal to the Oxford University Press to cancel the *Indicator* version and to re-establish the earlier text. And this edition so far placates the ghost of a critic to whom the criticism of Keats stands permanently indebted.

The other problem-piece is 'In a drear-nighted December . . '. It was first printed in the *Literary Gazette* of 19 September 1829.

‡ In 1800 Wordsworth printed:

> Wrapt closely in thy sensual fleece,
> O turn aside,—and take, I pray,
> That he below may rest in peace,
> That abject thing, thy soul, away!

At a later date he substituted for the last line

> Thy ever-dwindling soul away!

Does any one wish to perpetuate *that* enfeeblement?

§ The *Indicator* version had in fact been printed in the U.S.A., in the periodical *Arcturus*, iii, p. 158 *sq.*, Jan. 1842 (see *American Literature*, ii, No. 4, Jan. 1931).

In the same year it was printed in Galignani; and in the *Gem* for 1830.‡ It is cited *in extenso* from the *Gem* in the *New Monthly Magazine* for November 1829, p. 485. *Gazette*, Galignani, and *Gem* give the first line in the form 'In a drear-nighted December'; and between this and the 'In drear-nighted December' of our other authorities there is perhaps not much to choose—without the *a* the rhythm is truer to its Drydenian model. But *Gazette*, Galignani, and *Gem* have, for the fifth line of the third stanza,

To know the change and feel it.

Keats' own MS, together with all our transcripts, except one,§ have

The feel of not to feel it.

Colvin says that 'to modern ears' the *Gazette* version is the 'more elegant'. I suppose he means to ears more modern than those of Keats. Yet already in 1818 Woodhouse‖ confesses to 'an utter abhorrence' of the alternative version; and we must suppose that his abhorrence was shared by the innovator—as Colvin thinks, Hood—who gave us

To know the change and feel it.

But the question is not merely one of 'elegance'.¶ The real trouble about 'the feel of not to feel it' is, as Woodhouse saw, and said, that it impairs, or confuses, the connexion of the last stanza with the two preceding stanzas.

The *Gazette* version is, in fact, both better poetry and better logic. That does not prove that Keats wrote it; and he certainly wrote the other version, leaving us the witness of his autograph. Yet the *Gazette* version is delivered to us as a poem of Keats by two reputable authorities, who are so far independent of one another that the editor of the *Gazette* admits that the *Gem* printed 'from another copy'. This, as Miss Lowell notices, rules out

‡ Not 1829, as both Colvin and Miss Lowell have it. The fact that the *Gazette* reviews the 1830 number on 24 October 1829 means no more than that these annuals appeared before their due season, so that, as the *Gazette* remarks on another occasion (1830, p. 810), reviewing them was 'like eating mince-pies and plum-pudding at Midsummer'.

§ The Hampstead transcript (see note *ad loc.*). This is, I think, a direct transcript from the *Literary Gazette*, made for Leigh Hunt by some person unknown. The variant '*great* felicity' which it shows in line 4 I suppose to be a mere error of copying.

‖ See the letter of his printed (in part) by Miss Lowell (ii. 534). The date of it is 1818, wrongly given by Miss Lowell as 1820.

¶ I do not like the word *elegance* in this connexion; and Colvin, when he says that 'after all' the substantive *feel* was 'good enough for Horace Walpole and Fanny Burney', may be thought to have forgotten that there is one glory of prose and another glory of poetry.

Colvin's suggestion that the revised version was the work of Hood.‡ Hood, says Miss Lowell, 'undoubtedly got his version from his wife, he had married Jane Reynolds'. But she has forgotten that Woodhouse, who knows nothing of the *Gazette* version, had before him both J. H. Reynolds' copy and that of Jane Reynolds (from Jane Reynolds' copy he quotes an unimportant variant, but of the *Gazette* version gives no hint). The suspect revised version, accordingly, was written neither by Hood nor by Reynolds nor by Woodhouse.§ From the letter of Woodhouse printed by Miss Lowell, it seems a fair inference that Woodhouse had remonstrated with Keats about the last stanza of the poem. 'But Keats', he writes, 'seems fond of it [*the word 'feel'*] and will engraft it *in aeternum*‖ on our language. Be it so.'

But was it so? For if Keats himself did not write the *Gazette* version, who did? Hood accepted it as coming from Keats; and he must have got his copy from some one whom he regarded as a reputable source. Miss Lowell does not like the poem. 'It is not worthy', she writes, 'of the popularity it has gained, nor the space I have accorded it' (yet she was, as a rule, notably prodigal of space). The judgement of the world has not been with Miss Lowell —as she hints. In its revised version the poem has passed for one of Keats' finest successes. But it was snatched out of failure; and I do not know who can have wrought this salvation for it, unless it was Keats himself.

For the other poems, the early printed texts yield little of value.

‡ The question of priority as between *Gazette* and *Gem* admits, I think, no question. The editor of the *Gazette* complains, mildly, that the *Gem* for 1830 (which he is reviewing) contains 'In a drear-nighted December ', though that poem had appeared in the *Gazette* 'a few weeks since'. But, he adds, 'it is but justice to state that the proprietors had previously printed their version from another copy.' Despite Miss Lowell's doubts (i. 532), the plain meaning of this is that the *Gem* may be excused, since its version of the poem (from another copy) was already in print (though not published) before the poem appeared in the *Gazette*. The flood of Christmas annuals began early; but it is not likely that it began so early as the middle of September. The review in the *New Monthly Magazine* in which the poem is cited begins by saying that 'the revolving year has brought round the month of November, in which these charming little works come forth'. But from the review in the *Gazette* it is clear that the *Gem* for 1830 appeared before 23 October 1829.

§ For Woodhouse's revised version, see note *ad loc.* and Amy Lowell, i. 532 (correcting Colvin).

‖ *aeternam* Miss Lowell; which I have ventured to correct. I do not know how good a scholar Woodhouse was; but Miss Lowell is often an inaccurate copyist. [I have since seen a photograph of the letter—*aeternum* is clear enough.]

The best I have gleaned from them is the correction of a misprint in the Kosciusko sonnet (line 7, *Are* changed). Buxton Forman—oddly, in one so accurate—missed this *Are*; and the line has been a problem (though Lord Houghton had solved it by conjecture—but nobody believes in conjectures, and Buxton Forman stuck to the nonsensical *And* of the *1817* text).

That the lines 'Hush, hush, tread softly . . .' were first printed in *Hood's Magazine* is a discovery of Mr. Frederick Page. The *Magazine* version agrees closely with that in the Hampstead *Literary Pocket Book*—which is said to be written in Keats' hand.

APPENDIX I

THE BRITISH MUSEUM MS. EGERTON 2780 [*E*]

THE MS. is a small leather-bound octavo Note-book, once the property of George Keats—written in the top margin of fol. 1 r. is 'George Keats. 1820'. Its contents are as follows:

Fol.

1 r.–28 r. *The Pot of Basil. 1818.* At the foot of fol. 28 r. is: *end of the Pot of Basil.* 28 v. is blank, and after it a leaf has been torn out. Autograph throughout.

29. *Ode. 1818.* ('Souls of poets . . .') Autograph; but the heading and date not, I think, in Keats' hand.

30. *Song. 1818.* (viz. 'Hence Burgundy', &c.)

31–2. *Saint Agnes Eve. 1819.* (Stanzas i–iv only.)

33–6. *The Eve of Saint Mark. 1819.* Autograph (exc. for date).

37 r.–51 v. *St Agnes Eve,* stanzas v–end. Ends '*End of St Agnes Eve*'.

52. *Ode on Melancholy. 1819.*

53. *Ode to the Nightingale. 1819.*

55. *Ode on a Grecian Urn. 1819.*

(At the end of this, pasted in at bottom of 56 r. is a printed *Sonnet, On the Death of the Poet Keats.* Begins 'And art thou dead . . .'.)

56 v.–57. *Fragment 1818.* (viz. 'Welcome joy and . . .')

57 v. *Fragment. 1818.* (viz. 'Where's the poet . . .')

58 r. *To Autumn 1819.*

59 r. *To John Reynolds in answer to his Sonnets on Robin Hood 1818.*

60 v. last two lines of preceding; then (in same hand):

Lines on seeing a Portrait of Keats
By the Author of L'Improvisatrice
L E L.
1824

(begins) 'The dark curls cluster . . .'

(at the end) *Examiner 1824.*

61 r. *Elegy on Keats, written by P. B. Shelley.* '*Adonais*'

(First 3 stanzas of *Adonais,* and then 'Most musical of mourners, weep'; line left incomplete.)

After 61 v. are 6 blank leaves: then a leaf numbered 62 of which the recto is blank; on 62 v. is

Sonnet by Mrs Norton 1840

Then a blank leaf: then a long thin sheet bound into the book and numbered 63 containing

Lines written in the Scotch Highlands

(in which each of the long lines is divided into two short ones:

There is a charm in footing slow
Across a silent plain &c.).

Then a leaf pasted in, numbered 64, giving a poem

To Miss Keats of Louisville Ky.

Of this poem the first two stanzas are a fair specimen:

Gentle Maiden! an unknown Bard,
Whose lyre can strike but simple chords,
With kindly feelings blends his verse,
Untutored as the song of birds.

The genius of thine Uncle's mind
Is deeply written on thy face,
Where thought and feeling glow divine!
In guileless innocence and grace.

Except where otherwise indicated above, the whole of the book is written in a hand usually said to be that of George Keats; but the Brit. Mus. *Guide to Exhibited MSS.*, part i, p. 89, says 'apparently by Mrs George Keats'.

APPENDIX II

WOODHOUSE TRANSCRIPTS. POEMS I [W^1]

W^1, like W^2 and *R*, is a copy of *The Literary Diary: or, Improved Common Place Book* published by Taylor & Hessey (1811). In the Crewe collection it is entitled *Woodhouse Transcripts. Poems I*; and is lettered *Common Place Book*. It bears the names of two previous owners: *Mrs. Geo. Taylor, Bakewell, Derbyshire* and *Sidney Colvin*. The first 10 pages are missing, and it begins at line 13 of the piece of which the first line is 'God of the Meridian . . .'. Its contents are as follows:

Page

11. 'As doth a mother mild . . .'
12–14. *To J. H. R. in Answer to his Robin Hood Sonnets.*
15. Reynolds' sonnets on Robin Hood.
16. *Lines on the Mermaid Tavern.*
17. Sonnet by Reynolds ('Sweet poets of the gentle antique line . . .').
18–19. 'Hadst thou liv'd . . .'
20. *To* —— (i.e. 'Think not of it, sweet one, so . . .').
21–32. 12 sonnets, viz.: 'Oh, how I love . . .', 'As from the darkening . . .', 'After dark vapours . . .', *Written on a blank space at the end of Chaucer's tale 'The floure & the lefe'*, Reynolds' 'Thy thoughts, dear Keats . . .', *To a Young Lady who sent me a laurel Crown, On Mrs Reynolds' cat, On sitting down to read King*

Page

Lear once again, 'Time's sea . . .', *Lines Written upon reading a sonnet by J. H. Reynolds which will be found on p. 17* ('Blue! 'tis the life . . .'), *To the Nile*, *On the Sea*.

33. *Lines Rhymed in a letter received (by J. H. R.) from Oxford* (i.e. 'The Gothic looks solemn . . .').
34. 'In drear-nighted December . . .'
36–7. *Fragment of an Ode to Apollo* ('God of the golden bow . . .').
39–99. *Hyperion*.
100–3 are blank; then follows a page numbered 108.
108–36. *St Agnes' Eve*.
138–40. *Lines on Visiting Staffa*.
142–4. 'Bards of Passion . . .'
144. 'When I have fears . . .'
146. *To Homer*.
146–50. *La Belle Dame sans mercy. A Ballad*.
150–2. *Fragment* (viz. 'Welcome Joy . . .').
154. *Lines on the Mermaid Tavern* (cf. p. 16).
156. 'As Hermes once . . .'
158. *To Sleep*.
On the Sonnet.
160. *On Fame* (viz. 'Fame like a wayward girl . . .').
160–2. *Lines on seeing a lock of Milton's hair*.
164–7. *Ode to the Nightingale*.
172–216. *Isabella, or The Pot of Basil*.

APPENDIX III

WOODHOUSE TRANSCRIPTS. POEMS II [W^2]

W^2 is (though it has lost its title-page) a 'Literary Diary' similar to W^1, but containing a greater number of pages. The first seven leaves of it and leaf 141 have been cut away, and are now part of the New York volume of Woodhouse Transcripts (W^3).‡ At the beginning of the book Woodhouse has written his name and address and the date 'Nov. 1818'. The book, however, contains poems written both before and after 1818. Most of the poems Woodhouse has dated by the year in which they were composed; some he has dated more exactly. Very often he indicates the source of his copy by initials, sometimes by the full name. Thus, against 21 poems he has written 'C. B.', or 'from C. B.' (Charles Brown). Six poems§ are marked 'from J. K.'s MS.' The Leander and Spenser sonnets

‡ See Appendix VII.

§ 'After dark vapours . . .', *To the Nile*, 'This pleasant tale . . .', 'Blue, 'tis the life . . .', 'God of the golden bow . . .', and *The Eve of Saint Mark*.

are initialed 'J. K.' Against the *Ode to Psyche* he has written 'Given by J. K. to J. H. R(eynolds)'; and 'Bards of passion . . .' is marked 'from J. H. R.' For two poems 'Miss Reynolds' is quoted as the source; and the date of a third is said to be taken 'from Miss Reynolds' album'. Once or twice variants are cited from 'B. B.' (Benjamin Bailey). Reynolds, in a letter to Milnes, speaks of having lent to Woodhouse all the poems of Keats in his possession; and from an unpublished letter of Woodhouse to Taylor, preserved on p. 9 of W^3, of which a part is quoted by Miss Lowell (i. 514–15), it appears that, about 1818, Woodhouse had borrowed from Taylor a volume belonging to Reynolds which contained, *inter alia*, poems of Keats. It is notable, therefore, that in W^2 Woodhouse should mention Reynolds as his source only twice.

To the last five poems‡ in the book is appended the initial 'F'. A shorthand note to the last of them tells us that the poem was addressed to 'Miss Frogley', and that the text was taken from her original. In a note to the same poem in W^3 she is called 'Miss Mary F.'; and several shorthand notes in W^3 quote 'Mary Frogley' as Woodhouse's source. Miss Mary Frogley was a cousin of Woodhouse. At different times both John and George Keats seem to have been in love with her: and she kept an album in which were copied ten poems of Keats, for nine of which she is our sole authority. The first of the 'F.' poems is addressed to 'Emma'; whom one of Woodhouse's shorthand notes identifies with a Miss Emma Mathews, not otherwise known to us. Whether she was another of the early loves of George Keats (who used the poem subsequently for Georgiana Wylie), or whether the verses were originally addressed to her by John Keats in his own person, there is nothing to determine.§

For all the poems initialed 'C. B.' in W^2, we possess, with two exceptions,‖ transcripts in the hand of Brown; and it might be thought that Woodhouse's transcripts of them could, accordingly,

‡ 'O come, my dear Emma . . .', *On Peace*, 'In thy western halls . . .', 'Fill for me a brimming bowl . . .', 'Hadst thou liv'd . . .'

§ For Mary Frogley and Emma Mathews, see my letter in *TLS*, 5 Sept. 1935, and a supplementary letter from M. Buxton Forman, ib. 19 Sept. 1935. Is Emma Mathews an error of Woodhouse for Mary Mathew, the sister of G. F. Mathew?

‖ 'I had a dove . . .' and the *Ode to the Nightingale*. The former poem is preserved also in *T*, in a copy made by Milnes. Milnes probably had Brown's transcript and, having made his own copy of it, destroyed or mislaid that of Brown. For the *Nightingale* he had Keats' autograph.

be dismissed as without value for the constitution of the text. But the matter is not quite so simple as this. It is often quite plain that, where a poem is marked 'C. B.', Woodhouse had before him, not only Brown's transcript, but some other copy, or copies. His versions, for example, of 'Chief of organic numbers . . .' and of the *Lear* sonnet follow, not Brown, but Keats' autograph in the Hampstead folio Shakespeare. In the first of these two poems he quotes also a variant from 'B. B.'s' copy—so that he had three MSS. in front of him. In *Autumn*, and in 'When I have fears . . .', he cites variants from Brown's copy, but follows in general a different version. In 'As Hermes once . . .' he mentions that Brown's copy has a title 'On A Dream'— indicating that he follows, or knows, a text from which this title was absent. In his transcript of the *Nightingale* Ode, while presumably following Brown's copy, he notes in shorthand the variants of Keats' autograph; and the autograph he had, not from Brown, but from Reynolds. In other poems there are small differences between W^2 and the extant versions of Brown; and of some poems it is possible that Brown made more than one transcript.

W^2 preserves all the poems found in W^1, though the order of arrangement is different. The [illegible] is a complete list of all the poems of Keats contained in it with the exception of those already listed (Appendix II) as occurring in W^1:

Page

21–2. Sonnets to Haydon ('My spirit is too weak . . .', 'Haydon, forgive me . . .').
56–7. 'Hence Burgundy . . .' (and 'God of the meridian . . .').
65–8. (Epistle) To J. H. Reynolds Esq.
72–4. *Ode to Psyche.*
75. 'And what is love . . .'
125–30. *Eve of St. Mark.*
131. 'Hush, hush . . .'.
132. *Ode to May* [*sic*].
134–6. Fragment of the Castlebuilder.
137–9. *Extracts from an Opera.*
140. 'Nature withheld Cassandra . . .'
142. *To Autumn.*
144. 'Spenser, a jealous . . .'
145–6. *Ode. On Melancholy.*
147–9. *Ode On Indolence.*
150. *Character of C. B.*
153. *To Fame* ('How fever'd is . . .').
161–4. *Song of Four Fairies.*
165–81. *The Fall of Hyperion. A Dream.*

Page

183–6. *Ode. To Fancy.*
187. *Song* ('I had a dove . . .').
188–90. *Ode. On a Grecian Urn.*
193. *On a Leander which a young lady gave the author.*
194. *Apollo to the Graces.*
195. *Stanzas* ('You say you love . . .').
196–210 v. The jealousies / A faery Tale / by / Lucy Vaughan Lloyd / of / China Walk, Lambeth.
212. 'The day is gone . . .'
213–14. 'There is a joy in footing slow . . .'
215. 'Four seasons fill . . .'
216. *To Chatterton.*
217. *To Lord Byron.*
218. *To J. R.* ('O that a week . . .').
219. *Song* ('Stay, ruby-breasted warbler . . .').
219–20. *To Emma.*
220. *On Peace.*
221–2. *Ode to Apollo* ('In thy western halls . . .').
222–3. 'Fill for me a brimming bowl . . .'

Pages 223–4 contain 'Hadst thou liv'd', which is preserved also in W^1. This and the four pieces immediately preceding are all marked 'F'.

On pp. 239 v.–236 v. (the book being here reversed) is: *A note of alterations in Endymion*, prefaced by: 'Several alterations were made in this poem while it was in the press: I have had an opportunity of comparing the MS. as originally written with the printed copy—The following show the principal alterations it underwent.—Most of which are made by the Author in the MS.'

On pp. 236 v.–235 v. Woodhouse has transcribed the 'Dedication and preface (as originally written)' of *Endymion*.

APPENDIX IV

JOHN KEATS. TRANSCRIPTS AND RECORDS [*T*]

PREFIXED to this volume is Charles Brown's *Life of John Keats*, in Brown's hand. This is followed by transcripts of 12 poems, and a fragment of *King Stephen*, in Brown's hand. Next stands *The Fall of Hyperion* in the hand of 'Woodhouse's clerk', who has added after it 12 sonnets and 6 short poems. In what follows 2 sonnets are copied in the hand of Woodhouse, 8 in that of John Jeffrey (all of them occurring in extant letters of Keats), 3 in that of Coventry Patmore (who has also copied 'Stay, ruby-breasted warbler . . .'). Leigh Hunt has copied the sonnet

On the Story of Rimini; and this is followed by 2 sonnets in a hand unidentified. Finally, in the hand of W. H. Prideaux we have fragments of 'I stood tiptoe'. Omitting prose transcripts the contents are as follows:

A. *Transcripts by Brown.*

II. *Ode on a Grecian Urn*, stanzas i–iv (stanza v is given in T^2).
III. *To John Reynolds* in answer to his Robin Hood Sonnets.
IV. *Lines to the Mermaid Tavern.*
V. *Song.* 'Hence Burgundy . . .'
VI. *Song.* 'O blush not so . . .'
VII. *Ode on Melancholy.*
VIII. *Ode to Autumn*, stanza iii (stanzas i–ii are given in T^2).
Fragment. 'Where's the Poet? . . .'
IX. *Ode to Psyche.*
X. *Ode to Fancy.*
'Welcome Joy . . .'
XI. *Sonnet to the Nile.*
XII. *King Stephen*, beginning to ii. 19.

B. *Transcripts by 'Woodhouse's clerk'.*

XIII. *The Fall of Hyperion.*
XIV. 8 Sonnets ('As from the darkening . . .', 'O how I love . . .', 'After dark vapours . . .', 'Fresh morning gusts . . .', 'This pleasant sale . . .' [*sic*], 'Blue, 'tis the life . . .', *On the Sea*, 'Time's sea . . .').
Ode to May [*sic*].
4 Sonnets ('Spenser, a jealous . . .', 'Four seasons . . .', XXV. *To Chatterton*, XXVII. *To J. R.* (i.e. 'O that a week . . .')).
XXVIII. *Song.* 'Stay, ruby-breasted warbler . . .'
To Emma.
On Peace.
Ode to Apollo ('In thy western halls . . .').
'Fill for me a brimming bowl . . .'

C. *Transcripts by Woodhouse.*

On a Leander Gem.
XXXIII a. 'The day is gone . . .'

D. *Transcripts by John Jeffrey.* XXXV–L.

On sitting down to read King Lear once again.
On visiting the tomb of Burns.
'Why did I laugh . . .'
'He is to weet . . .'
'As Hermes once . . .' (om. line 1).
'If by dull rhymes . . .'
The Gadfly.
'Of late two dainties . . .'

E. *Transcripts by Coventry Patmore.* LI–LXV.

On the Sea.
'As from the darkening . . .'
Song. 'Stay, ruby-breasted warbler . . .'
'Four Seasons fill . . .'

F. *Transcript by Leigh Hunt.*

LXVI. *On the Story of Rimini.*

G. *Transcripts in an unidentified hand.*

LXVII–LXVIII. *Written on a Sunday Evening 23 Dec. 1816.*
'High-mindedness, a jealousy . . .'
('Pleasures lie thickest . . .' ['I take this to be one of George Byron's forgeries.' R. M. M.])

H. *Transcript by W. H. Prideaux.*

LXXI. 'I stood tip-toe . . .' (61–7, 111–16).

I believe all the poems in the section labelled *B* (those written by 'Woodhouse's clerk') to be transcripts made, not from originals, but from Woodhouse's own transcripts.

APPENDIX V

JOHN KEATS. ADDITIONAL TRANSCRIPTS [T^2]

T^2, as the prefatory note explains, is a supplement to *T*. Its contents are as follows.

(*Prefatory Note.*) The following documents should properly have been distributed between the two volumes labelled 'Transcripts and Records' and 'Correspondence &c', but were not discovered until after those volumes had been completed and bound: they have consequently had to be arranged in the present supplementary volume.

⟨A.⟩ *Transcripts by Charles Armitage Brown cut up and used in printing 'Life Letters and Literary Remains' 1848.*

I. *Otho the Great. .*
II r. 'Bards of Passion . . .', lines 11–40.
v. *On the Story of Rimini.*
III r. 'When I have fears . . .'
v. *To Homer.*
IV r. *Song*: 'Hush, hush . . .'
v. The same concluded in Milnes' hand.
Ode on a Grecian Urn, stanza v.
V r. *Song*: 'Spirit here that reignest . . .'
v. 'Bright Star . . .'

VI r. *Faery Song*: 'Ah! woe is me . . .'.
v. *Nebuchadnezzar's Dream.*
VII r. *To Sleep.*
v. *Ode on seeing a Lock of Milton's hair* (25–42).
VIII r. *On Fame* ('Fame, like a . . .').
v. *On sitting down to read King Lear.*
IX r. *On Fame* ('How fevered . . .').
v. *Fragment*: 'Welcome joy . . .', lines 1–19.
X r. *Character of Charles Brown*: stanzas i–ii.
v. The same, stanza iii. *Extracts from an Opera*, 'O were I one . . .'.
XI–XII r. *Extracts from an Opera*, continued.
XII v. *Ode on seeing a Lock of Milton's Hair*, lines 1–24.
XIII r.–XIV r. *La Belle Dame.*
XIV r.–XV v. *Song of Four Fairies.*
XVI r. 'If by dull rhymes . . .'
v. 'As Hermes once . . .'
XVII r. 'The day is gone . . .'
v. 'I cry your mercy . . .'
XVIII r. *Fancy* (last two lines).
XVIII v.–XIX v. *Ode on Indolence.*
XIX v. 'Bards of Passion . . .', lines 1–10.
XX–XXII r. *Ode to Autumn*, stanzas i and ii.

〈B.〉 *Transcripts by R. M. Milnes.*

XXIII. *Song*: 'I had a dove . . .'.
Fairy's Song: 'Shed no tear . . .'.
'Why did I laugh . . .'
Ode to Fanny.

〈C.〉 *Transcripts by Coventry Patmore.*

XXVII. 'O how I love . . .'
To a young Lady who sent me a laurel crown.
Answer to a sonnet ('Blue! 'tis the life . . .').
To J. R. ('O that a week . . .').
'Time's sea . . .'
'After dark vapours . . .'
'This pleasant tale . . .'
XXXIV. *On the Sea.*

〈D.〉 *Transcripts by Charles Cowden Clarke.*

XXXV. *Song*: 'Think not of it . . .'.
Fragment: 'Welcome joy . . .'.

APPENDIX VI

AUTOGRAPH LETTERS, DRAFTS OF POEMS, ETC. [*C*]

Of the large folio volume at Crewe House bearing the above title the first 23 pages are filled by autograph letters of Keats, containing the following poems or parts of poems:

Endymion, iv. 1–29.
'Tis the witching hour . . .'
'Ever let the fancy . . .'
'Bards of Passion . . .'
'I had a dove . . .'
'Why did I laugh . . .'
'When they were come . . .'
'He is to weet . . .'
'As Hermes once . . .'
La Belle Dame.
Chorus of Fairies.
On Fame.
Another on Fame.
To Sleep.
Ode to Psyche.
'If by dull rhymes . . .', lines 1–4.

Pages 24–35 are occupied by the following, in Keats' hand throughout:

24. *Lines written in the Highlands.*
25. 'Souls of poets . . .'
26. 'Hush Hush! tread softly . . .'
27. 'Shed no tear . . .'
'O grant that like to Peter I . . .'
28–9. *Ode to Fanny.*
30–1. Fragments of *Lamia.*
32–5. Fragments of *King Stephen* (I. ii. 19–end).

APPENDIX VII

THE MORGAN LIBRARY WOODHOUSE BOOK [*W*^{3}]

For most of my knowledge of this book I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. J. B. Orrick, who either collated or transcribed for me all the poems in it, and procured for me [illegible] of the letters and of some of the poems. Mr. Orrick was, in addition, indefatigable in answering questions and resolving doubts. A general account of the MS. may be found in Miss Lowell's *John Keats*, vol. i, pp. 61 ff. The first part of the volume is occupied with letters addressed either to Woodhouse or to Taylor; a letter of Woodhouse to Taylor on p. 9

contains a transcript of 'In drear-nighted December'. Sheets 62–92 are filled with transcripts mostly by Woodhouse of poems of Keats, with one or two pieces by other persons. When Miss Lowell used the book these transcripts bore the following heading:

Poems, &c. / by, or relating to, John Keats / All that are not by Keats, / have the names of the authors added. / R. Woodhouse / Nov. 1818. Temple‡

The contents of the book have been completely rearranged in recent times, with unfortunate results. The sonnet, for example, entitled *The Poet* now has attached to it a note which was originally written to face the lines 'Stay, ruby-breasted warbler . . . '. A note, again, which properly belongs to the poem 'Fill for me a brimming bowl . . .', has strayed, in the rearrangement of the leaves, to the valentine 'Had'st thou liv'd . . .'. Miss Lowell seems to have supposed that the book, as she saw it, preserved Woodhouse's own arrangement. Accordingly, 'Woodhouse', she writes, 'made not a few mistakes'; and among his errors she lists the two notes which I have just mentioned.§ Both the errors can be corrected by a comparison with Woodhouse's notes in W^2, and the second of them can be corrected by examination of W^3 itself.

Some of the leaves of W^3 still show, in Woodhouse's own hand, the numbers which he originally gave to them—we can reconstruct with certainty the first 12 leaves of his collection. The leaf which he numbered 1 contains the following prefatory note:

'The small pieces marked F. (10 in number) were copied for my cousin into a volume of M.S. poetry, by Mr Kirkman, said to be by Keats.—They appear to be so by internal evidence. They must all have been written before the year 18 . . . Some of them are perhaps among his earliest compositions. They have different degrees of merit. All are worth preserving; if merely as specimens of his powers at different times, & his Improvement.'

W^2 has already introduced us to the initial 'F', and to Woodhouse's cousin, Mary Frogley (see p. lvii). Of Mr. Kirkman I know no more than that he is thrice mentioned in a letter of Keats (98).

This prefatory note was followed, as Woodhouse originally arranged the leaves of W^3, by 10 poems of which I set out here the titles, with Woodhouse's own numbering of the leaves on which they occur. For all of them we have the definite statement of Woodhouse, either in W^3 or in W^2 or in both, that they were derived from Mary Frogley: in W^2 he has appended the initial 'F' to

‡ A. Lowell, *John Keats*, i. 61. This heading seems now to have been dislodged in rebinding the book, and appears among the Letters, on page 22.

§ *John Keats*, i. 62.

five of them, which I have marked below by a dagger: in W^3 the 'F' is missing for the reason that the leaves have been cut in binding, but what seem to be traces of the initial are still discernible in the left-hand margin after the first and the two last of the 10 poems:

Fol.

1. *Song.* 'Stay, ruby-breasted warbler . . .'
2. The same concluded; with the beginning of †'Oh! come, my dear Emma . . .'
3. 'Oh! come, my dear Emma . . .', concluded; with 'See, the ship . . .'
4–5. †'Had'st thou liv'd . . .'
6–7. †'Fill for me a brimming bowl . . .' and †*On Peace.*
⟨8–9⟩.‡ 'Oh! how I love . . .' and 'As from the darkening gloom . . .'
10–11. †*Ode to Apollo* ('In thy western halls . . .').
12. 'Infatuate Britons . . .'

On the leaf facing the poem 'See the ship . . .' Woodhouse has noted:§ 'This piece K. said had not been written by him—He did not see it; but I repeated the first 4 lines to him.' Against the last piece he has noted: 'written probably when much in company with Leigh Hunt.—'

Except for these two pieces all 10 poems have been copied by Woodhouse into W^2. W^2, as I have noticed in speaking of it, begins at fol. 8—the first 7 leaves of it have been cut away. On fols. 8–9 it has the two sonnets which occupied fols. 8–9 of W^3, as Woodhouse first arranged W^3. The other 'F' poems, while they stand first in W^3, stand last in W^2. To one of them there is appended in W^3 a note which is only intelligible if the leaf on which it occurs (fol. 5), and the leaves following (fols. 6–7), which contain the poem to which the note refers, were at one time a part of W^2. The note in question is a note to the poem 'Fill for me a brimming bowl . . .' and reads as follows:

'See p. 28—where a sonnet is addressed (I believe) to the same lady who is here alluded to. / Feby 1819. K. this day said they both related to the same person. / And see p. 64.'

It has long been known, from notes in W^2, that the lady of the lines 'Fill for me . . .' was the person addressed in the two sonnets

‡ These leaves Woodhouse has not numbered. But on the verso of fol. 7 he has a note clearly meant to face the sonnet 'As from the darkening gloom'—'This sonnet would seem to have been written on the death of some person—& probably a female'. Moreover, the poems on these 2 leaves are accompanied by a shorthand note saying that they came 'from Mary Frogley'; they complete the 10 poems derived from that source; and they can therefore be assigned with confidence to this place.

§ I have no doubt that the note refers to 'See, the ship . . .', though from the position of it it might conceivably refer to either 'Stay, ruby-breasted warbler . . .' or 'Oh, come, my dear Emma . . .'.

'Time's sea . . .' and 'When I have fears . . .'. Neither of these sonnets is to be found in W^3, either on p. 28 or on p. 64, or elsewhere. But both are preserved in W^2, the first of them on p. 28 and the second on p. 64. On p. 28 of W^2 Woodhouse has copied 'Time's sea . . .', with this note:

'See p. 222 where lines are inserted alluding to the same lady to whom this is addressed. & p. 64.'

On p. 64 he has copied 'When I have fears . . .', and on p. 222 the lines 'Fill for me . . .', appending to the latter this note:

'At p. 28 will be found a Sonnet alluding to the same lady—Keats mentioned the circumstance of obtaining a casual sight of her at Vauxhall, in answer to my enquiry. Feby 1819. See also p. 64.'

If what has been said leaves any doubt that the first 7 leaves of W^3 (the first 7 in Woodhouse's arrangement of the book) are actually the 7 leaves cut away from the beginning of W^2, that doubt is dispelled by the fact that these 7 leaves bear the same watermark as the leaves of W^2. It is significant, again, that the date November 1818 appears at the head of both W^2 and W^3. We must suppose that Woodhouse copied the poems represented by these leaves into W^2, and that, having done so, he was dissatisfied with their position at the head of his collection—perhaps from their lack of merit, and from a doubt as to the authenticity of at least one of them. He accordingly cut away the first 7 leaves, making W^2 begin with 'As from the darkening gloom . . .' and 'Oh! how I love . . .'. Subsequently, he decided to place all the F poems together at the end of W^2, as a kind of appendix; excluding, however, 'See, the ship . . .' (having learned from Keats that Keats did not write it?) and 'Infatuate Britons . . .'—with regard to the latter piece, his note in W^3, cited above, suggests that he felt some doubt.

'Infatuate Britons . . .' has been accepted as a poem of Keats by Miss Lowell and others. I think its absence from W^2 suspicious. But the test is not decisive, and for the convenience of the reader I have printed it among Keats' poems. I have printed also 'See, the ship . . .'; but with no belief in its authenticity. What I take, however, to be Woodhouse's note on it in W^3 may, conceivably, refer to either of two other poems.

The following is a complete list of the poems contained in W^3 according to the numbering of the mounts in the book as recently rearranged: it will be noticed that several of the pieces exist in more than one transcript:

62. *Song.* 'The stranger lighted from his steed . . .'
'The sun with his great eye . . .'

63. *I went yesterday to Dawlish fair* ('Over the hill . . .').
64. 'Fill for me a brimming bowl . . .'
65. 'Fill for me a brimming bowl . . .', again.
    On Peace.
66–7. 'Fill for me a brimming bowl . . .', again.
68. *Ode to Apollo* ('God of the golden bow . . .').
69. *Song* ('Stay, ruby-breasted warbler . . .').
    *'Infatuate Britons . . .'
70. *Ode to Apollo* ('In thy western halls . . .').
    'Infatuate Britons . . .'
71. *Isabella or The Pot of Basil*; in shorthand throughout.
72. 'You say you love . . .'
73. 'I did not meet thee in thy earlier hour . . .' ('Written in the Album of the Countess of Pembroke', signed A. G. S(pencer) —the full name being added in shorthand). This piece is followed by another, of three stanzas, in shorthand, also initialed A. G. S.
74. 'There is a joy in footing slow . . .' ('From a letter of J. K. to Brockden Brown dated: Inverary 18 July 1818').
75. *On some Skulls in Beauley Abbey, near Inverness.*
76. **The Poet.*
77. 'Oh! come, my dear Emma . . .'
    *'See, the ship . . .'
78. *Song* ('Stay, ruby-breasted warbler . . .').
    'Oh! come, my dear Emma . . .'
    *'See, the ship . . .'
79. *Song* ('Oh' blush not so . . .').
80. 'Hush, hush' tread softly . . .'
    *'The House of Mourning . . .'
81. 'Oh! how I love . . .'
    'As from the darkening gloom . . .'
82. 'The day is gone . . .'
83. 'O come, dearest Emma . . .'
    'O Solitude . . .'
84. 'As Hermes once . . .'
85. 'Had'st thou liv'd . . .'
    **To A. G. S. on reading his admirable verses written in this (Miss Reynolds') album, on either side of the following attempt to pay small tribute thereto* (*Miss Reynolds*' in shorthand).
86. 'Think not of it . . .'
    Sonnet. On the Sea.
    Sonnet. On seeing the Elgin Marbles.
    To Haydon. With a Sonnet written on seeing the Elgin Marbles.
87. *Sonnet to Ailsa Rock* ('In the hand-writing of Charles Cowden Clarke, Keats's lifelong friend', pencilled).
88. *Sonnet* ('Oh, Chatterton! how very sad . . .').
89. 'Hadst thou liv'd . . .'
90. **To Woman—(from the Greek).*

91. 'Unfelt, unheard, unseen . . .'
92. 'When I perceive the efforts that combine' ('written by Marian Reynolds in her daughter's album': note in shorthand).

In the above list, the 6 poems which I have asterisked are pieces attributed to Keats here, and only here. Miss Lowell accepted as genuine only 2 of them—'Infatuate Britons . . .', which I think doubtful, and *The Poet*. She rejected 'See, the ship . . .'; and certainly the manner of it is strangely unlike Keats. But in saying nothing at all of the two sonnets 'The House of Mourning . . .' and *To A. G. S(pencer)*, she would seem to be without excuse. Both these sonnets bear every internal evidence of authenticity. The circumstance that the second of them came from the album of Jane Reynolds might well seem decisive in itself. A. G. Spencer is, I have no doubt, Aubrey George Spencer, later bishop of Newfoundland—the link between him and Keats is, pretty obviously, Benjamin Bailey. Spencer entered Magdalen Hall in the year in which Keats stayed there with Bailey. Like Bailey, he was a versifier—apart from his verses in the albums of Miss Reynolds and the Countess of Pembroke, whose grand-nephew he was, he wrote, and published, verses in *Blackwood*, the *Keepsake*, and elsewhere. A letter purporting to be written by Keats from Oxford, dated 'September 1817', and beginning 'My dear Spencer', is printed in the 1867 edition of the *Life and Letters*. The letter is a patent forgery. But I fancy that the forger had in mind A. G. Spencer.

The sixth of the new poems which W^3 attributes to Keats—the lines *To Woman*—offers difficulty. Woodhouse gives it to Keats without comment. Two copies of it are to be found in the Album of Mary Mathew, the sister of George Felton Mathew; nor can I think it mere coincidence that the poem appears among the *printed* scraps in the Keats–Wylie Scrap-book. The scrap in which it figures seems to be a review (undated) of a number of poems printed in some periodical, perhaps one of the annuals; the review cites 'To Woman' *in extenso*. I have not traced either the periodical in which the poem was first printed or the journal in which it is reviewed and reprinted. The Scrap-book probably dates from about 1817, but some of the scraps belong to a date five years later. The Scrap-book text differs from that of W^3, and Mary Mathew, in prefixing to the poem a Greek motto—*αὐτὰ γὰρ μί' ἐμοὶ γράφεται θεός*.‡ Keats knew no Greek; and the poem is quite clearly not, as it purports to be, a translation from the Greek—

‡ The quotation is from Meleager, *A.P.* 5. 136, 3 (Stadtmueller).

the sentiment of the concluding line, for example, derives from some one familiar with the contribution to the Fall of Man made by Eve. That the reader may judge for himself, I give the poem entire, as it stands in W^3:

To Woman—(from the Greek)

Oh thou! by Heaven ordained to be
Arbitress of man's destiny!
From thy sweet lip one tender sigh—
One glance from thine approving eye—
Can raise or bend him to thy will
To Virtue's noblest flights, or worst extreme of ill.

Be angel minded! and despise
Thy sex's little vanities;
And let not passion's lawless tide
Thy better purpose sweep aside,
For woe awaits the evil hour
That lends to man's annoy thy heaven entrusted power.

Woman! 'tis thine to cleanse his heart
From every gross, unholy part;
Thine, in domestic solitude,
To win him to be wise & good:—
His pattern guide & friend to be—
To give him back the heaven he forfeited for thee.

I give the piece in full in the hope that some one may be able to trace the source of it. I do not credit, or debit, it to Keats; but I fancy that, if we knew the source of it, we might know at the same time why Georgiana Keats wanted it for her Scrap-book, Mary Mathew for her Album, and why Woodhouse found a place for it in W^3.

Attached to the mount numbered 71 is a complete transcript in shorthand of *Isabella*. Of this Miss Lowell had made no mention; and I came to it with eager expectations; which were destined, however, to be disappointed; for the transcript is plainly made direct from the British Museum MS. (*E*). The transcript is made upon nine pages, with a tenth containing the title, supposed date of composition, and a statement that the poem is 'transcribed from his own manuscript'. The back cover has

B & I
Newton
17 Brick Lane.

At stanzas 49 and 54 the relevant passages of Boccaccio are transcribed, from the Italian, in longhand.

On the mount numbered 53 is a transcript of 'Nature withheld Cassandra . . .'.

Besides preserving for us at least two hitherto unknown poems of Keats, W^3 gives us hints of three lost poems.

i. A note of Woodhouse dated 21 Aug. 1823 tells us that, dining with C. C. Clarke at F. Salmon's, he learned that 'One of the earliest things J. K. wrote was a Sonnet to the Moon wh: he gave to C. C. C.' Clarke mentioned, besides this sonnet, two other sonnets which Keats had given him (*Nebuchadnezzar's Dream* and 'The Church bells toll . . .').

ii. A letter of Woodhouse to Taylor, undated, but shown by its contents to belong to 1819, speaking of Reynolds, says—'he has owed me 2 translated sonnets of Keats's any day these 2 months. But I suppose I must perforce now give him further credit till Michaelmas term'. One of the two translated sonnets may have been the incomplete version from Ronsard.

iii. C. C. Clarke, in a letter to Woodhouse dated 29 Dec^{r}/23, says—'Will you do me the favour to send me those lines of Keats's upon the mystery of the Maidenhead. I think them very beautiful.' It is difficult to identify the poem asked for with any of Keats' known compositions (e.g. 'O blush not . . .').

An undated letter of Woodhouse to Taylor (probably 1818) has the following:

> 'Do you think you could manage to procure me a Copy of the Sonnet you were talking of last night—as it is "a thought" complimentary, Keats may not be disposed, out of his excessive modesty, to give copies, and I would not wish to make an unpleasant application to him, but the circumstance is an interesting one, and I sho^{d} like to add that to my collection of "Keatsiana"—Do try—Perhaps Reynolds will get one for himself, & it may be done easily thro' that channel.'

The sonnet here spoken of would seem to be a sonnet, not *by*, but addressed *to*, Keats. It can hardly be a sonnet of Reynolds —though two such are preserved in W^1.

APPENDIX VIII

THE REYNOLDS COMMONPLACE-BOOK [*R*]

THIS book is yet another copy of Taylor and Hessey's *Literary Diary; or, Improved Common-Place-Book* (the issue for the year 1814). It belonged to J. H. Reynolds, who has written his name on the title-page, with the date 'Aug^{t} 1816'. On the fly-leaf is written 'Frances Freeling Hood / January / 1847'. Frances Freeling Hood (Mrs. Broderip) was the daughter of Thomas Hood and a niece of Reynolds. The book may have come to her on the

death of Hood (1845), though Reynolds, the original owner of it, did not die till 1852. It passed to her daughters, the Misses Broderip, who presented it some ten years ago to the Bristol Central Library, where it now is. It was collated in 1932 by Mr. W. B. Pope, who instead of publishing his collation very kindly put it at my disposal. I collated it myself in 1934.

Reynolds himself has copied into it a number of his own verses and prose-pieces; and there are pieces written and signed by Bailey and Rice, besides some poems, both MS. and printed, of Hood. On fol. 25 begins a section headed 'Manuscript Poems John Keats', written in a hand which is certainly not that of Reynolds. I took it to be a man's hand, but Mr. Pope thought it that of a woman (not Frances Hood, but 'possibly one of Reynolds' sisters'). It preserves the following poems of Keats, in the order here given:

Ode to Apollo (i.e. 'God of the golden bow . . .').
To —— ('Think not of it . . .').
Answer ('Blue! 'tis the life . . .').
On the Sea.
On Sitting down to Read 'King Lear' once again.
To the Nile.
To —— ('Time's sea hath been . . .').
Lines on Visiting Staffa.
'When I have fears . . .'
'Hence Burgundy, Claret and Port . . .'
'God of the Meridian . . .'
The Fall of Hyperion, lines 1-326.
On Seeing a Lock of Milton's Hair. Ode.
'You say you love . . .'
Extracts from an Opera: 'O were I one . . .' and *Song* ('The stranger lighted . . .').
Sonnet Translated from Ronsard.

NOTE ON
THE COMPOSITION OF *POEMS 1817*

In 1932 there came to light among the archives of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania a transcript of the full text of the earliest known letter of Keats. This is the letter of which a fragment, undated, is preserved in the *Recollections* of Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke, p. 128. We are now able to date it exactly. It is headed 'Wednesday Octr 9th'; and belongs, therefore, not, as was previously supposed, to 1815 (when 9 October fell on a Monday), but to 1816. Mr. Holman of Boston (Mass.), who first printed it,‡ was inclined to accept the old dating; and in this he is followed by Mr. M. Buxton Forman, in his new edition of the *Letters*. But this weight of authority notwithstanding, all the indications, I think, point to 1816. In the very first sentence of the letter Keats writes: 'The busy time has now gone by, and I can devote any time you may mention to the pleasure of seeing Mr Hunt—'twill be an era in my existence.' We know from Hunt himself that, as late as 5 May 1816, when he printed the *Solitude* sonnet, he had no personal acquaintance with Keats. In another part of the letter Keats refers to his Epistle to Mathew§ as a poem finished some time since; and in the *Poems*, 1817, he has himself dated it for us as belonging to *November* 1815: it bears the same date in Mathew's own transcript of it. Yet again, Clarke tells us that this letter preceded the 'symposium' which produced the sonnet on Chapman's Homer; and in the *Examiner*, where it first appeared, on 1 December 1816, that sonnet is dated 'Octr 1816'.

When I say that 'all the indications point to 1816', I do not think that I overstate the matter. If we retain the old dating, 1815, we have to suppose a singular conjunction of at least four errors. We have to suppose, first, that, when Keats wrote 'Wednesday Octr 9th', he meant to write either 'Monday Octr 9th' or 'Wednesday Octr 11th'. We have to suppose, secondly, that he dated wrongly the epistle to Mathew; and thirdly, that he dated wrongly the Chapman's Homer sonnet. And fourthly, we have to suppose that Hunt was mistaken as to the date at which he met

‡ *Within the Compass of a Print-shop*, Boston, Oct. 1932.

§ He speaks, it is true, of the 'Verses' to Mathew. But that the Epistle is intended is clear, I think, from his saying that 'the Muse is so frequently mentioned' (see, in the *Epistle*, lines 7, 32, 54, 73). To postulate some other poem to Mathew, now lost, equally full of the Muse, is *entia praeter necessitatem multiplicare*.

Keats. To suppose all this is to suppose, not merely that it is human to err, but that error is invariable.

Keats, accordingly, when he left Edmonton for London, did not go to 8 Dean Street (from which this earliest letter is dated). Where in London he first lodged, we must perhaps resign ourselves to not knowing. But we first hear of him as living in the house of a woman named Mitchell in St. Thomas Street. He shared a room with George Cooper and Frederick Tyrrell. But these two were near the end of their course; and when they completed it, Henry Stephens, who shared a room with Mackereth, agreed to take in Keats.‡ Stephens dates his acquaintance with Keats from 'the latter part of the year 1815 or the beginning of the year 1816'. Keats seems to have remained with Stephens until the end of July 1816, when he went to Margate. Miss Lowell has spent several pages on the attempt to discover where he went when he came back to London from Margate. But the answer is now very simple—he went to 8 Dean Street (now Stainer Street). We do not easily, perhaps, associate that unromantic locality with 'the realms of gold'. Keats himself calls it a 'beastly place'. Yet there, it would seem, he did his first great deed in poetry—there he wrote his sonnet on first looking into Chapman's Homer.

But he did not stay there very long; for a letter to Haydon of 20 November informs Haydon that he has 'removed to 76 Cheapside'—to the lodgings which Clarke erroneously places in 'The Poultry'§—they would be in 'The Poultry' if they were fifty feet farther east. 'I cannot remember', Clarke writes, 'the precise time of our separating at this stage [the Enfield–Edmonton stage] of Keats' career, *or which of us first went to London*' (*Recollections*, p. 127). It now seems certain that Keats went to London (but not to 8 Dean Street) at the end of September 1815, and that Clarke did not go there until the autumn of 1816. Keats was in Margate during August and September of 1816. When he returned 'he was not long in discovering my abode', Clarke says (p. 128). From 8 Dean Street he wrote the letter to Clarke of which we now have for the first time the full text and true date. From the complete text, however, it would seem that he had seen Clarke comparatively recently—Clarke had mentioned that he had something 'in his portfolio' which he wanted Keats to see; and, more important, he had promised to introduce Keats to Leigh Hunt. He

‡ I take these particulars from Stephens' letter in γ.

§ The same mistake occurs in a letter of Reynolds (G. C. Marsh, *John Hamilton Reynolds*, p. 39).

had seen Clarke, I think, in a period of which the biographers of Keats take no account. The Certificate‡ issued to Keats on 25 July 1816, licensing him to practise as an apothecary, speaks of him as having done *six* months' attendance at the hospitals. But his attendances began in October 1815. The Certificate further speaks of him as having served a five years' apprenticeship with Mr. Hammond in Edmonton. It is possible, I think, that the three months missing from his hospital attendance may have been given to completing his articles with Mr. Hammond—at Edmonton he would be within easy hail of Clarke at Enfield.§

‡ The Certificate (printed in full in Amy Lowell, i. 154) presents yet another difficulty. In it Keats is described as 'of full age'. If, as is generally believed, he was born on 31 Oct. 1795, he in fact wanted rather more than three months of full age. He was baptized on 18 Dec. 1795; and a note in the baptismal register, said to be in the handwriting of the rector, states that he was born on 31 Oct. Brown, in his Memoir of Keats (preserved in *T*), gives the date of his birth as 29 Oct. 1796, adding, however: 'One of his schoolfellows informs me that he thinks Keats must have been born a year earlier . . . I suspect that his birthday from his dislike to having it kept is not correctly given.' An affidavit in *Rawlings* v. *Jennings* gives 29 Oct. (Buxton Forman, ed. of 1900, Gowans & Gray, p. xxiv n.). What authority the baptismal register has I do not know; and the affidavit comes from the recollections of a close friend of Keats' parents. What Brown says of Keats' 'dislike to having his birthday kept' is curious in itself. He is said to have been a seven months' child. His parents were married, out of their own parish, neither the father nor the mother of the bride being present, on 9 Oct. 1794. If Keats had been born in June 1795, he would have been —or seemed to be—a seven months' child; and he would have been 'of full age' on 25 July 1816, the date of the Apothecaries' Certificate.

Of the nature of the examination which Keats passed in order to obtain this Certificate I know nothing. Stephens, in the letter preserved in γ, says that Keats was able to pass it because it was 'more a test of classical than medical knowledge'.

§ Clarke, in a letter to Milnes preserved in γ, says that Keats left school in the summer of 1810. The date commonly accepted is midsummer 1811. It seems to rest on the fact that a school prize won by him bears that date. But we have also 'an Ovid presented to him from the school and inscribed with a fine writing-master's flourish, "John Keats, emer: 1812" '. The 'emer' (said to stand for *Emerito*, but an unheard-of abbreviation) seems to be a later addition, in a fainter ink. It stands, Colvin says, for 'a boy who has left school, and the book was doubtless a gift from the headmaster to his late pupil' (Colvin[3], p. 16). Both these prize-books, I feel, need scrutinizing narrowly—I have seen neither of them. I find wholly preposterous, I will add, the silver medal 'won by Keats at school', and acquired from I know not whom by Miss Lowell; lettered 'audivit Clarkenem', which I am asked to believe means 'he was Clarke's pupil'. If the prizes—I cannot believe in the medal—are genuine, there are some sentences in Brown's Memoir of Keats (*T*) which may perhaps throw light on the matter. 'Owing to his early removal from school', says Brown, 'he felt a deficiency in the Latin language; and, therefore, during his apprenticeship, made and care-

The date of Keats' first meeting with Hunt has been a good deal canvassed. But we can now see that the call which Clarke paid on Hunt, when he and Hunt and Horace Smith read together 'two or three of the poems' of Keats—the call which resulted in Clarke's 'being requested to bring (Keats) over to the Vale of Health', preceded 9 October 1816. The Chapman 'symposium' and the Chapman sonnet belong to some day following closely on 9 October; and from Hunt's account of his first acquaintance with Keats (in *Lord Byron and his Contemporaries*) it seems plain that he had not seen the sonnet when he met Keats: 'not long afterwards', he says, he showed it to Hazlitt and Godwin and Montague. We know, again, from Haydon that he first met Keats at Hunt's house. But a letter of Keats, pretty certainly to be dated 31 October 1816, seems to speak of Keats' hope to visit Haydon with Clarke *at Haydon's studio*—that is the obvious meaning of the words 'seeing so soon this glorious Haydon *and all his creation*' (*Letters*, 3).‡ The first meeting with Hunt, therefore, took place probably not much after 9 October, and certainly before the end of October.

Its consequences were important; and they were, I think, quicker in coming than is usually supposed.

Clarke tells us that it was in 'The Poultry' (by which he means at 76 Cheapside) that there 'was determined, in great part written, and sent forth to the world, the first little, but vigorous, offspring of (Keats') brain'—the *Poems* of 1817. We may infer, I think, that Keats was not long in Dean Street—he may very well have been there for no more than a week, while looking about for a permanent lodging. He had moved to Cheapside certainly before

fully wrote out a literal prose translation of the whole of Virgil's Aeneid.... *After the usual term of years with Mr Hammond*, he became a student at Guy's Hospital.' To much the same effect, Clarke writes: 'With the exception of the duty he had to perform at the surgery—by no means an onerous one—his whole leisure hours were employed in indulging his passion for reading and translating. During his apprenticeship he finished the "Aeneid"' (*Recollections*, p. 125). Clarke speaks of him as apprenticed at fourteen (ib.). All this suggests that after leaving school Keats continued, perhaps in some sense as a pupil of the school, his classical studies. Clarke perhaps puts the date of his leaving school too early. But if we suppose that he ceased attending school at the *end* of 1810, the full five years' apprenticeship could be achieved by adding the three months missing from his London hospital attendance. If he left school in 1810, it would be a natural mistake of Clarke's to put the leaving in the summer—the usual school-leaving term.

‡ Comparing *Letters*, 7, I infer that the visit to Haydon took place on 'All hallowmas' day' (1 Nov.).

20 November, more probably a good deal earlier; for negotiations for the publication of *Poems* 1817 had begun as early 31 October (*Letters*, 3). The book seems to have been publis early in March. The first review of it (by Haydon?) appeared 9 March 1817. Charles Ollier's copy of it has written into i sonnet addressed to Keats, dated March 2 (Amy Lowell, i. 2 The Dedication to Leigh Hunt is commonly supposed to have b written on, or before, 1 December 1816. This dating rests o comparison with Hunt's sonnet ''Tis well you think me . . .', MS. of which bears date 1 December. But (1) it is not altoget certain that Hunt's sonnet *is* an answer to the Dedication; (2) the date which it bears is not decisive, for the MS. is writ in the hand, not of Hunt, but of Ollier. Miss Lowell speaks of Dedication as being dated 'March 2, 1817' (i. 216). But since MS. of it is known, I do not know what this means. Nor, inde can it mean very much to herself; for she elsewhere says it written 'some time in February, in all likelihood during the two weeks of that month' (i. 260–1), and, yet again, that Hu verses, dated 1 December, are the 'answering sonnet' to it 260–1). Clarke's story (*Recollections*, p. 137 sq.) of the even on which the printer's messenger brought 'the last proof-sheet the volume of 1817, and Keats wrote the Dedication (with publisher, Ollier, looking on), is circumstantial, though his mem —as he himself more than once notices—was untrustwort In a letter to Milnes, preserved at Crewe House, he says t 'Ollier took it (the Dedication) away with him that night' (T^2 x: Unless we assign to the Dedication a date later than 1 Decem 1816, we must suppose that, after the volume of 1817 wa print, Keats made very considerable changes and additions. ' first poem in the book, 'I stood tip-toe . . .', was more or finished on 18 December. In a letter dated 17 December Ke writes to Clarke: 'I have done little‡ to *Endymion* lately—I h to finish it in one more attack' (*Letters*, 7: *Endymion* was original title of the poem). But the autograph draft of the pc bears date 'Decr 16'. Sonnet xv, again, is dated, in the book its 30 December 1816. Sonnet xvi, first printed in the *Examine* 16 February 1817, is there dated December 1816. The fair co once more, of Sonnet xiv is dated 'Christ Day', though the f draft of it belongs to 20 November (*Letters*, 5).

But except for these pieces the book contains nothing of wh the composition can be dated later than 1 December; and of

‡ *Qy a* little.

these pieces, except the Dedication, it is likely that a draft was in existence before that date. Rather less than one-half of the poems are dated either by Keats himself or in a transcript made from his autograph. A prefatory note tells us that 'the short pieces in the middle of the book, as well as some of the sonnets,‡ were written at an earlier period than the rest of the Poems'. The earliest of them is presumably the *Imitation of Spenser*, said by Brown to be Keats' first poem, and usually assigned to the year 1814. Of the poems dated by Keats himself, or in some one or other of the transcripts, the earliest is *To Hope*, dated both in the printed text and in Keats' autograph 'Feb. 1815'. To the same year and month must be assigned Sonnet iii ('written on the day that Mr Leigh Hunt left prison', i.e. 2 February 1815). Only one other dated piece belongs to this year, viz. the Epistle to Mathew (November 1815). All the others belong to 1816; and all of them, with the exception of 'Had'st thou lived . . .' (dated in W^2 14 February 1816) to the period May–December. I set out here the dates of them, with the authorities:

5 May	Sonnet 7 (*Examiner*)
29 June	Sonnet v (*b*)
June	Sonnet x (a^1)
Aug.	Epistle to George (*1817*)
Aug.	Sonnet i (*a*)
Oct.	Sonnet xi (*Examiner*)
18 Nov.	Sonnet viii (*1817 b*)
20 Nov.	Sonnet xiv (*Letters*, 3)
16 Dec.	'I stood tiptoe . . .' (autograph MS.)
30 Dec.	Sonnet xv (*1817*)
Dec.	Sonnet xvi (*Examiner*)
Dec.	Sonnet vi (*b*)

If the newly discovered letter to Clarke may be taken—as I think it must—as establishing the date of Keats' first meeting with Hunt, we can date approximately some other poems of the volume of 1817. At some date prior to the meeting (i.e. prior to 9 October) Clarke showed to Hunt 'two or three of the poems'. One was Sonnet iv; another was one of the longer pieces—Clarke speaks of 'twenty lines' of it—it may have been the draft§ of 'I stood tip-toe . . .' (*Recollections*, pp. 132–3). Sonnets ix and xii were written after the meeting with Hunt (ib., pp. 134–5). *Sleep*

‡ The sonnets referred to are, no doubt, the three 'Woman, when I behold thee . . .' sonnets, which are separated from the numbered series.

§ In its first form the poem belongs to the summer of 1816—see Buxton Forman's prefatory note in his edition of 1900 (Gowans & Gray), and Clarke, *Recollections*, p. 138.

and Poetry was in large part composed in the library of Hun cottage (*Recollections*, pp. 133–4). Sonnet xiii can be dated comparison with the companion Sonnet xiv. Among the sonn we are left accordingly with two only which we have no mea of dating, ii and xvii.

Seven poems of Keats of a date earlier than the end of 1816 not appear in the volume of 1817. They are (with their dates, a our source for the dates) the following:

'Fill for me a brimming bowl . . .'	Aug. 1814 (W^2 W^3)
'As from the darkening gloom . . .'	Dec. 1814 (W^3: Keats' o dating)
To Lord Byron	Dec. 1814 (W^2)
To Chatterton	1815 (W^2 W^3)
'Stay, ruby-breasted warbler . . .'	1815/6 (W^3)
'The church bells toll . . .'	23 Dec. 1816 (Tb)
The Poet	1815/6 (W^3)
'Oh, how I love . . .'	1816 (T^2 W^1 W^2 W^3)

For the exclusion of the second of these from the 1817 *Poe* Keats himself has supplied the sufficient reason (see note *ad lo* For the exclusion of any of the others, it would be easy to sugg reasons. One or two of them are of obviously inferior quali though all of them, it might be urged, are better than the best 'the short pieces in the middle of the book'. But it is worth reme bering that Keats was careless in keeping copies of his poems— had, for example, no copy of the fine sonnet *To Sleep* (see n *ad loc.*).

The Sonnet to Spenser is commonly placed among the earlies Keats' pieces. Mrs. W. A. Longmore, who had the autograph it, deciphered the date as 5 February 1818. But all critics, exc Miss Lowell, have followed Milnes in assigning an earlier date the poem. I think 1816, however, quite as probable as 1814. 'forester' deep in Spenserian lore may at the later date very v have been Clarke; and Keats sometimes made the figures 6 an in such a fashion that they are indistinguishable. An exam of the difficulty of distinguishing these two figures in his scri is furnished by the autograph of 'Come hither . . .'. Woodhou who made two copies of the poem, dates it March 1816. But the extant autograph the figure looks to me much more like 18 The poem concerns Miss Reynolds; and in March 1816 Keats not know the Reynoldses (see G. L. Marsh, *John Hamilton R nolds*, p. 39).‡ Poems which are probably early, but for which

‡ The letter there printed throws light on the question of Keats' acquaintance with Hunt. Reynolds says that he first met Keats at Hu 'at the close of 1816 or early in 1817'. 'He then lived in the Poultry.

have no date, are the sonnets *On Peace*, 'The House of Mourning . . .', and *To A. G. S.* For the Ode 'In thy western halls . . .' Milnes gave the date 1815. This is probable enough, but has no attestation from our MSS.

NOTE ON THE FIRST VERSION OF 'I STOOD TIP-TOE . . .'

THE poem which stands first in Keats' first volume, the *Poems* of 1817, originally bore the title *Endymion* (*Keats' Letters*, 7), but is now inconveniently cited by its first line

I stood tip-toe upon a little hill.

For the study of it we have, in addition to the printed text of 1817, a confused wealth of manuscript material, still imperfectly listed. We have Keats' autograph fair copy; of which the portion containing lines 97–182 is now in the Harvard Library: that containing lines 1–96 was sold at Sotheby's in December 1903 —it was examined by H. Buxton Forman, whose son kindly lent me his collation, but I do not know its present whereabouts: that containing lines 183–242 was bought at Sotheby's by the Rosenbach Company on 7 June 1937. This fair copy belonged to Haydon —on one of the Harvard leaves is written, in Haydon's hand, 'Given me by my / Dear Friend Keats. / B. R. Haydon. / original / Manuscript / of part of his / first Volume': on one of the Rosenbach leaves is written similarly, 'a Fragment of Dear Keats poetry / & writing, given to me by him and by / me to Miss Barrett, December 30 / 1842 / B. R Haydon.'

The autograph fair copy offers few important divergences from the printed text. But besides the fair copy there are numerous fragments of Keats' draft of the poem.

The fragments known to me are twenty-two in number, and belong, it can hardly be doubted, to one and the same MS., a MS. once the property of Charles Cowden Clarke. They are preserved on thirteen scraps of paper, all of them, with one exception,‡

Keats got to know Hunt in October 1815, it is difficult to believe that he and Reynolds never met until a date twelve or fourteen months later.

‡ The exception is a half-sheet of notepaper in Crewe House, containing lines 61–4, followed by two cancelled lines, then a space, then lines 111–14+ two cancelled lines. The writing of this scrap has passed for Keats' autograph; the hand is, superficially, not unlike his; and there are numerous corrections in the text which might seem naturally to point to him. But recently I was able to identify the hand as that of W. H. Prideaux—who is so far connected with Keats that his widow married Sir Charles Dilke. Prideaux sent the fragments to Monckton Milnes in a letter (which I found in another

in Keats' autograph. Six of these scraps (accounting for ten‡ of the twenty-two fragments) bear an endorsement attesting that they once belonged to Clarke. The thirteen scraps preserve between them 193 of the 242 lines which make up the poem, and add 10 cancelled lines. Mr. W. T. Spencer owns two leaves (*Spenc.*), of which the first contains on the recto 11–18 (reproduced in Sotheby's catalogue, March 1929), on the verso 28–34; the other, written on one side only, 231–42 (reproduced in the *Sunday Times* of 12 Dec. 1933).§ Mr. Spencer at one time possessed a third scrap, containing lines 231–6, the whereabouts of which is now unknown.‖ Another scrap which has disappeared is that which belonged to the late W. H. Doeg, containing on the recto 7–10, on the verso 24–7.¶ A single leaf, written on one side only, containing two fragments (25–8, 151–6+4 cancelled lines), belongs to the Morgan Library (*M*). Harvard College possesses a single leaf, showing on the recto 38–48, on the verso 53–60, 107–10 (*H*). Crewe House preserves the fragment already mentioned containing 61–4+2 cancelled lines, and 111–15 (*T*). Mr. Owen D. Young owns two fragments (*Y*), of which the first was printed in *TLS*, 10 Dec. 1938, the second is reproduced in the catalogue of the Jerome Kern sale, 1929 (see *TLS*, 17 July 1937, 10 and 24 Dec. 1938). In the Edinburgh National Portrait Gallery is a scrap (*Edin.*) containing on the recto 81–6, on the verso four cancelled lines, 122*a–d*; an account of these two fragments is given in *TLS*, 17 July 1937, 13 Aug. 1938. Mr. Stefan Zweig has a single leaf (*Z*), showing on the recto 87–106, on the verso 123–50; the text of this was made known by Mr. M. Buxton Forman in

volume in Crewe House, separated from its enclosure) in which he describes his transcript as 'a correct copy of all the interlineations and erasures' of Keats' original. (The letter is written from 59 Red Lion street, Holborn; Prideaux' connexion with the Dilkes I learned from Mr. Blunden.)

‡ Asterisked in the Table which follows.

§ This is no doubt the same fragment as that offered for sale by Mr John Grant of Edinburgh in May 1933, and transcribed in his catalogue of that date.

‖ The relation of this to the second of Mr. Spencer's fragments, containing 231–42, must remain uncertain. But it may be noted that the longer of these two fragments is written in a careful hand, resembling a fair copy rather than a draft. It is dated 'Dec. 16': the extant fair copy is dated 'Dec. eve 16'. In this connexion it is notable that on 17 Dec. 1816 Keats wrote to Cowden Clarke that he hoped 'to finish' the poem 'in one more attack' (*Letters*, 7).

¶ I use the collation of H. Buxton Forman, kindly lent to me by his son. W. H. Doeg also owned the MS., now in Trinity College, Cambridge, of 'Give me women, wine and snuff . . .'.

TLS, 27 Aug. 1938. Another single leaf (*P*), showing on the recto 157–73, on the verso 181–95, belongs to Mr. Dallas Pratt. Mr. W. M. Elkins possesses a leaf written on one side only, showing lines 215–30 (*Elk.*). Of the existence of this last fragment I first became aware from a reference to it in the *Bulletin and Review of the Keats–Shelley Memorial*, No. 2, 1913. It was at that time in the possession of Mr. Harry B. Smith of New York. It had been earlier the property of William Potter of Liverpool, to whom it was given by Clarke in 1851. I have to thank Mr. Elkins for allowing it to be photographed for my use. The following Table shows at a glance the distribution of authorities:

1–6 missing	87–106 *Z*
7–10 *Docg*	107–10 *H*
*11–18 *Spenc.*	111–14+2 cancelled lines *T*
19–23 missing	*116–22 *Y*
24–7 *Docg*	122*a–d Edin.*
*25–8 *M*	123–50 *Z*
*28–34 *Spenc.*	*151–6+4 cancelled lines *M*
35–7 missing	157–73 *P*
*38–48 *H*	174–80 missing
49–52 missing	181–95 *P*
*53–60 *H*	196–214 missing
61–4+2 cancelled lines *T*	*215–30 *Elk.*
65–9 missing	231–5 *Spenc.*
*70–80 *Y*	*231–42 *Spenc.*
81–6 *Edin.*	

These fragments, interesting for the many variations which they show both from the printed text and from Keats' autograph fair copy, are further interesting from the light which they throw on the composition of the poem. The Harvard MS. contains on its recto lines 38–48, on its verso lines 53–60, followed immediately, without indication of anything missing, by lines 107–10. Lest we should suppose anything missing, Keats has himself numbered the lines for us (apparently every tenth line). Line 40 is correctly numbered according to the printed text, so too line 60. But when we turn to *Y* we find 80 written against a (cancel) line which, if it had stood in the 1817 text, would be line 126. Keats' numeration, that is, belongs to, and is correct for, a version in which lines 61–106 had no place.‡

‡ This was noticed by Miss Lowell, who first called attention to *H*. She succeeded, it should be added, in reporting its principal variants wrongly; e.g. she reports *beechen green* for *livelier green*, *cinques* for *cirques*; in the first line her *delicate ash* should, surely, be *delicate asp⟨en⟩*; and the word erased is, I fancy, *birch*—Keats uses the epithet *delicate* of the birch in *Calidore* 51.

The numbering of lines employed in *Z* is equally instructive. In *Z* Keats employs, for one side of the leaf (lines 123–50), the numeration of 1817. But on the other side of the leaf (87–106), we find him writing '98' against the line which is numbered 120 in the 1817 text. This, which perplexed Mr. Maurice Buxton Forman (*TLS* 27 Aug. 1938), admits, I think, a simple explanation. An examination of the existing fragments shows that lines 1–110 occupied two leaves, or four pages, of the Clarke MS., the text being distributed as follows:

Leaf
1 *recto* [1–6 missing]: 7–10 *Doeg*: 11–18 *Spenc.*
1 *verso* [19–23 missing]: 24–7 *Doeg*: 28–34 *Spenc.*
2 *recto* [35–7 missing]: 38–48 *H*
2 *verso* [49–52 missing]: 53–60, 107–10 *H*

This pagination can be inferred with certainty from a circumstance in connexion with *H* which has hitherto escaped observation. The left margin of the recto of *H* shows plainly before the first words of lines 44, 45, 47, 48, respectively, the letters *m*, *m*, *them*, *ts*. These letters are the last letters of lines 29, 30, 32, and 33; and lines 29, 30, 32, 33 appear in *Spenc.* with just these final letters missing (in 33, e.g., the word *violets* appears as *viole*).‡ This marginal over-running makes it certain that *Spenc.* and *H* formed one leaf (pages 2 and 3) of the same MS. (That the Doeg fragments are to be placed as I have placed them seems obvious from the fact that each of them supplies the three lines missing at the beginning of each of the Spencer fragments.) The fifth page of the Clarke MS. is represented by *T* (111–14), *Y* (116–22), and *Edin.* (122*a–d*). Keats had carried his poem down to line 122*d*, but he had not yet composed lines 61–106. That these lines were the next to be written follows from the numbering of the lines in *Z*. *Z* offers, on one side of the leaf, 87–106, on the other side 123–50. The numbering of lines shows that 87–106 was written after 61–86 were composed, for only on that assumption can we explain the fact that line 120 is numbered 97 in *Z*. When he reached the end of page 4 (leaf 2 verso) Keats had written 64 lines (carrying the poem down to line 110 of the printed text). Page 5 (111–22*d*) brings the total of lines to 80 (so numbered in *Y*). On the assumption that lines 61–86 were next written (page 6, *T* 61–4+2 cancelled lines, [65–9 missing], *Y* 70–80, *Edin.* 81–6,

‡ Messrs. Spencer did not feel able to allow me to examine their fragments. But they were so good as to furnish me with the information here given about the mutilated endings of lines 29, 30, 32, 33.

in all 28 lines), page 7 (that is, the recto of *Z*) would begin with a line (87 in the 1817 text) requiring to be numbered 109; and line 98 of the 1817 text should bear the number 120—the number which Keats in fact gives it.

Having inserted 61–106, Keats carried on from 122, page 8 of his MS. being filled by 123–50. The first draft of 151–6 is given us by the Morgan fragment (page 9), which shows, after 156, four lines subsequently cancelled. Pages 10–11 are given by *P* (157–73 [174–80 missing], 181–95). Page 12 (196–214) is wanting. Pages 13–14 are represented by *Elk.* (215–30) and *Spenc.* (231–42).

The Morgan fragment (*M*) presents some difficulty. It begins with lines 25–8:

> Had play'd upon my heels: [and thoughts delightful]
> Came roung about me
> I was lighthearted
> And many Da⟨ı⟩nties to my vision started
> So I straightway began to pluck a posy
> Of Luxuries bright milky soft or rosy

But line 28 is followed immediately by line 151. The two lines are separated only by a paragraph-space. There is no suggestion of any omission or loss; and a comparison with the transition in *H* from 60 to 107 might suggest that *M* is Keats' first draft of his poem, and that in the poem as he first conceived it lines 29–150 had no place. But this suggestion seems ruled out when the text of *M* is compared, for 25–7, with that of *Doeg*:

> Had started to my heels—This pleasant Earth
> Is filled with Loveliness of glorious birth
> Nor were it a bad Task to pluck Posey.

No one comparing the two versions could suppose that ***M*** was the first written, and that *Doeg* was conceived as an improvement. Indeed, that *M* is later seems the natural inference from the fact that it is adopted into the fair copy (except that that has *started to* in 25) and into the printed text. We must suppose that, in composing 151–6*d*, Keats utilized a slip of paper on which he had jotted down his revision of 25–8.

NOTE ON
THE COMPOSITION OF *ENDYMION*

THE composition of *Endymion* seems to have been begun at Carisbrooke, I.W. Keats left London on Monday, 14 April 1817, travelling to Southampton (17).‡ He had no intention of making any long stay in the Isle of Wight, but he meant to see the Island before settling down to work (ib.). He crossed from Southampton to Cowes in the afternoon of 15 April (ib.), sleeping the night at Newport (20). From Newport, on 16 April, he explored Shanklin —the walk there and back is about twenty miles—and had thoughts of staying there (19); but deterred mainly by the expense he took lodgings, either the same day or on the 17th, at Canterbury House, Castle Road, Carisbrooke (19). Either at Shanklin or at Carisbrooke he wrote his sonnet *On the Sea*. From Carisbrooke he wrote to Reynolds on 18 April—'I shall forthwith begin my Endymion, which I hope I shall have got some way into by the time you come' (22). Of a prospective visit of Reynolds we have no other knowledge—that he was not expected immediately may be inferred from the fact that Keats hopes to have a letter from him on the 23rd (21). Keats speaks of having stayed in Carisbrooke 'but a week' (29), and of having been in the Island 'a week or so' (25). If we take his 'but a week' literally, he will have left Carisbrooke on 23 or 24 April. He 'set off pell mell for Margate, at least 150 miles' (25). Writing to Hunt from Margate on 10 May, he says: 'I began my Poem about a Fortnight ago and have done some every day except travelling ones—Perhaps I have done a good deal for the time but it appears such a Pin's Point to me that I will not coppy any out' (26). 'About a fortnight since' would take us back to *about* 26 April. But what is said of the interruption to work on Endymion caused by travelling seems to indicate that the poem was at least begun in Carisbrooke. It seems likely, therefore, that the 'week' in Carisbrooke was some ten or twelve days, and that the 'fortnight' spent on the poem was nearer three weeks. Writing to Haydon on the day on which he wrote to Hunt, he says that a thing is not began at all till half done—'so according to that I have not begun my Poem'; yet he has been working eight hours a day, and 'I do begin arduously where I leave off' (29). But he has only 'got a little way in the first Book' (32).

‡ Here and throughout this Note the numbers refer to the *pages* of M. Buxton Forman's edition of *Keats' Letters*, 1935.

Ten days later, writing to Taylor and Hessey, 16 May, he says: 'I went day by day at my Poem for a Month—at the end of which time the other day I found my Brain so overwrought that I had neither Rhyme nor reason in it—so was obliged to give up for a few days—I hope soon to be able to resume my Work—I have endeavoured to do so once or twice but to no Purpose . . . tomorrow I will begin my next Month' (34). The Month is, obviously, dated from the day on which he settled in Carisbrooke—no doubt, he wished to stand well with Taylor and Hessey in point of industry; they had just advanced him £20. The day on which he found his brain overwrought and 'gave up' is probably 11 May, when he received a letter from his brother George, which left him 'not in a mood to write any today', and caused him to 'revoke his Promise of finishing his Poem by the Autumn' (30: the promise may be one made to Haydon—see *Letters*, No. 9—or to Taylor and Hessey; or it may be the promise of *Endymion* 54–5). On 11 May, then, he had only 'got a little way in Book i'; and he had got no further on 16 May. On 17 May he left Margate, going, or intending to go, to Canterbury, where he hoped that the remembrance of Chaucer would 'set him forward like a Billiard-Ball' (34). The reference to Chaucer suggests *Endymion*, i. 134. How long he stayed in Canterbury (if he made any protracted stay there at all) we do not know. A letter of George Keats,‡ of 22 May, speaks of him as being then at Canterbury (as George supposes). But he was back in London on 10 June, or earlier (34). Between 17 May, when he left Margate, and 3 September, when he went to Oxford (37–8), we know practically nothing of his movements or work. He had had 'some idea' of going to the Continent 'in the Summer' (34), and it is possible, though we have no record of it, that he crossed the Channel with Tom Keats, who was in Paris in September, and perhaps earlier (39). The fact that we have no letters from him between 10 June and 5 September has been generally interpreted as indicating that he was in London—most of his friends would be there, and he would have no need to write letters. If this be correct, we must suppose that the second book of *Endymion*—and very likely the greater part of the first—was written in London. The only witness to his presence in London is C. C. Clarke. 'He had been some weeks absent at the seaside', Clarke writes, 'before settling in' Hampstead; 'for the *Endymion* had

‡ *Bulletin of the Keats–Shelley Memorial*, i. 47: see Amy Lowell, i. 462 (Miss Lowell thinks that between 22 May and 10 June Keats visited Hastings).

been *begun*, and he had made considerable advances in his *plan*.'‡ 'One Sunday' he visited Clarke, and read to him and Severn the Hymn to Pan in Book I and the description of Adonis' bower in Book II—Clarke especially remembered lines 519–20 of the second book. By the end of August, in any case, the first two books were finished, in their first draft. Bailey, in a letter to Taylor preserved in W^3, says: 'the second book was concluded before I knew Keats.' This must mean before the Oxford visit, which extended from 4 September to 4 October. On 5 September Keats, in Oxford, completed the first 41 lines of Book III—in the draft MS. he recorded the date and place after line 41; not, as H. Buxton Forman thinks, sealing a vow himself (like his own Endymion at that line), but, as Miss Lowell suggests, marking the results of his first Oxford day. Bailey says that, in Oxford, he wrote 50 lines a day—for the first day, 41 will do well enough. On 21 September he tells Reynolds that he has done 800 lines of Book III, hoping to finish 'next week' (48). He, in fact, finished on 26 September, recording the date on his draft MS. The correspondence with Bailey's 50 lines a day is fairly exact.§

He seems to have left Oxford on 4 October.‖ Probably he took a rest after finishing Book III. But in the last days of October he sends Bailey iv. 1–29¶ (55), and apologizes for having written only 300 lines (57). This is not a misprint for 30 (i.e. iv. 1–29), for he speaks of being in a fair way to finish his poem in three weeks; and on 31 October he sends Miss Reynolds iv. 146–85 (the beginnings of the lyric which ends at iv. 292) (58–9), sending the same extract to Bailey on 5 November (62–3). From Burford Bridge on 22 November he sends Reynolds iv. 581–90 (66), and writes to Bailey that 'there are wanting 500 lines' (to complete the poem) (69). For the rest he was in London. We hear no more of the poem till 5 January 1818, when he tells his brothers 'I have not begun my corrections yet' (73). 'My corrections' means his fair copy—the extant Morgan MS. On 10 January he tells Taylor that he has 'made a vow not to call again without his first book' (78); 'so you may expect to see me in four days', he adds. They seem

‡ *Recollections of Writers*, p. 141. The italics are mine.

§ On 10 Sept. he tells his sister that he will have finished Book III in 'at most three weeks' (39). From the phrase 'desert shore', at the end of Letter 21, p. 44, I should conjecture that on 14 Sept. he had reached III. 339. On 28 Sept. he speaks of having done 1,000 lines of Book III in three weeks (51).

‖ *Letters*, pp. 51–9. See Colvin, p. 145; Amy Lowell, i. 510.

¶ These lines agree with the finished MS. (not copied fair till Jan. 1818), and have none of the variants recorded by Woodhouse from the draft MS.

not to have seen him or his MS. till 20 January (81–2). Three days later he writes to Taylor that he will have his 'second book in readiness forthwith' (83). On 23 January he tells Bailey that he has 'sent his first book to the Press, and this afternoon shall begin preparing the second' (86). On 30 January he sends Taylor a passage which he wishes substituted for i. 777 seq. (90–1). In the Morgan MS. the substitution appears made in Taylor's hand. On 3 February he hopes to bring his second book to Reynolds (99); and on 5 February he tells both Haydon and Taylor that he has finished the second book (100). On 14 February he writes to his brothers: 'I am now much beforehand with the printers; they have done none yet'; adding, however, later in the same letter, 'I saw a sheet of Endymion' (apparently on 4 February) (102). The sheet was plainly the first proof of pp 1–32, on which Keats makes a number of comments in a letter to Taylor of 27 February (107–9)—it is noteworthy that 'the 13 Line Page 32' which that letter speaks of can no longer be identified—the thirteenth line of page 32 of the edition of 1818 shows no changes from Keats' own MS. In the same letter Keats tells Taylor that he has copied Book III and begun Book IV (109). In a letter to Taylor, preserved in W^3, Hessey writes, on 6 March: 'George Keats called here today to say that his Brother the Poet is gone into Devonshire & has left the third Book with him—he will leave it here either tomorrow or on Monday. The Proofs he wishes to have sent to Mr Charles Clarke, 6 Little Warner Street, Clerkenwell—Keats went off on the night of the Storm on the outside of the Coach.' From Devonshire on 14 March Keats wrote to Reynolds: 'I have coppied my fourth Book, and shall write the preface soon' (114–15); and exactly a week later he sent Book IV with title-page and preface (dated 19 March) to Taylor and Hessey (121). A letter to Reynolds of 9 April mourns over the rejection of this Preface; and a letter to the same friend written the next day sends for his consideration a new Preface (130–3). By 24 April he had received an advance copy of his poem from Taylor (133–6).

The poem belongs, I think, in the main, to London—Oxford claiming Book III, Hampshire and Kent parts of Book I.

I print here for convenience the rejected title-page, Dedication, and Preface—from the original MS. in the Pierpont Morgan Library. The MS. at one time belonged, as I have said, to Reynolds. In 1890 it came to light in the possession of Dr. John Webster of Aberdeen—the Morgan Library preserves Dr. Webster's correspondence about it with Rossetti and Buxton Forman. I owe my

collation, which is here and there more exact than that of Buxton Forman, to Mr. J. B. Orrick:

Endymion

a Romance

by John Keats

The stretched‡ metre of an antique song—

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

Inscribed,
with every feeling of pride and regret,
and with 'a bowed mind',
To the memory of
The most english of Poets except Shakespeare,
Thomas Chatterton—

Preface [1] (Keats' numbering)

In a great nation, the work of an individual is of so little importance; his pleadings and excuses are so uninteresting; his 'way of life' such a nothing; that [the nearly] a preface seems a sort of imperti⟨n⟩ent bow to [an] strangers who care nothing about it. [However self-pride is the less offended where]

A preface however should be down in so many words; and such a one that, by an eye glance over the type, the Reader may catch an idea of an Author's modesty, and non opinion of himself—which I sincerely hope may be seen in the few lines I have to write, notwithstanding certain proverbs of many ages' [standing] old which men find a great pleasure in receiving for gospel.

About a twelve month since, I published a little book of verses; it was read by some dozen of my friends who lik'd it; and some dozen who I was unacquainted with, who did not. Now when [2] a dozen human beings, are at words with another dozen, it becomes a matter of anxiety to side with one's friends;—more especially when excited thereto by a great love of Poetry.

I fought under disadvantages. Before I began I had no inward feel of being able to finish; and as I proceeded my steps were all uncertain. So this Poem must rather be considered as an endeavour than a thing accomplish'd: a poor prologue to what, if I live, I humbly hope to do. In duty to the Public I should have kept it back for a year or two, knowing it to be so faulty: but I really cannot do [it] so:—by repetition my favorite Passages sound vapid in my ears, and I would

‡ stretched] Keats seems, in fact, to have written *sketched.*

rather redeem myself with a new Poem—should this one [create any interest] be found of any interest.

I have to apologise to the lovers of simplicity for touching the spell of loveliness‡ that hung about Endymion: if any of my lines plead for [3] me with such people I shall be proud.

It has been too much the fashion of late to consider men biggotted and adicted to every word that may chance to escape their lips: now I here declare that I have not any particular affection for any particular phrase, word or letter in the whole [matter] affair. I have written to please myself and in hopes to please others, and for a love of fame; if I neither please myself, nor others nor get fame, of what cosequence is Phraseology?

I would fain escape the bickerings that all works, not exactly in chime, bring upon their begetters:—but this is not fair to expect, there must be conversation of some sort and to object shows a Man's consequence. In case of a London drizzle or a scotch Mist, the following quotation from Marston may perhaps 'stead me [for] as an umbrella for an hour or so:§ 'let it be the Curtesy of my peruser rather to pity my self hindering labours [4] than to malice me'

One word more:—for we cannot help seeing our own affairs in every point of view—Should anyone call my dedication to Chatterton affected I [say] answer as followeth:

'Were I dead Sir I should like a Book dedicated to me'—

Teignmouth March 19th 1818—

‡ loveliness] So Woodhouse read the word. Buxton Forman deciphered it as *loneliness*.

§ so] Woodhouse has *two*.

POEMS 1817

POEMS 1817

DEDICATION.

To LEIGH HUNT, Esq.

MSS. None known.
Undated. (Hunt's answering sonnet is dated in the MS. 'Dec. 1, 1816'; but the MS. is in the hand of Charles Ollier, not (as A. E. Newton, *A Magnificent Farce*, p. 116) in Hunt's autograph. Ollier was present when Keats wrote his Dedication (*Recollections of Writers*, by Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke, p. 138, unpublished letter of Clarke in T^{12}).

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:
No crowd of nymphs soft voic'd and young, and gay,
In woven baskets bringing ears of corn,
Roses, and pinks, and violets, to adorn
The shrine of Flora in her early May.
But there are left delights as high as these,
And I shall ever bless my destiny,
That in a time, when under pleasant trees
Pan is no longer sought, I feel a free
A leafy luxury, seeing I could please
With these poor offerings, a man like thee.

Dedication.—*Title. as above 1817*

AUTOGRAPH (fair copy): 1–96, sold at Sotheby's Dec. 1903. 97–182, Harvard. 183–242, the Rosenbach Company: H^2.

AUTOGRAPH (draft): 7–10, 24–7 *Doeg.* 25–8, 151–6 *M.* 11–18, 28–34, 231–5, 231–42 *Spenc.* 38–48, 53–60, 107–10 *H.* 70–80, 116–22 Young (*Y*). 81–6, with 4 cancelled lines after 122, *Edin.* 87–106, 123–50 Zweig (*Z*). 157–73, 181–95 Dallas Pratt (*P*). 215–30 Elkins (*Elk.*).

TRANSCRIPTS: *b* and, for 61–4, 111–14, T^1 (T^1 is written in the hand of W. H. Prideaux, who, in a letter to Milnes (preserved in T^2), speaks of the fragment as 'a correct copy of all the interlineations and erasures' of Keats' autograph).

For the MSS., and the light thrown by them on the composition of the poem, see pp. lxxix–lxxxiii.

'Places of nestling green for Poets made'
STORY OF RIMINI

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 scantly leaved, and finely tapering stems,
Had not yet lost those starry diadems
Caught from the early sobbing of the morn.
The clouds were pure and white as flocks new shorn,
And fresh from the clear brook; sweetly they slept
On the blue fields of heaven, and then there crept
A little noiseless noise among the leaves,
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves:
For not the faintest motion could be seen
Of all the shades that slanted o'er the green.
There was wide wand'ring for the greediest eye,
To peer about upon variety;
Far round the horizon's crystal air to skim,
And trace the dwindled edgings of its brim;
To picture out the quaint, and curious bending
Of a fresh woodland alley, never ending;

I STOOD TIP-TOE.—*Title*: *wanting in 1817.* In *Letters* 7 Keats gives the poem the name *Endymion.* C. C. Clarke, in *Elk.*, entitles it, by inadvertence, *Sleep and Poetry,* stating that it was composed in Hunt's house 9 [the clear stream] (Rivers Brim *added above*) *Doeg* 13 faintest] gentlest *Spenc.* 14 all the *over* [the cold] *Spenc.* slanted *made from* slant *and* o'er *over* [along] *Spenc.* 16 upon *over* [for all] *Spenc.* 16/17 [To leap into the crystal Horison] *Spenc.* 17 Far round the crystal Horizon to skim H^3 *Spenc.* 18 dwindled] little *Spenc.*

Or by the bowery clefts, and leafy shelves,
Guess where the jaunty streams refresh themselves.
I gazed awhile, and felt as light, and free
As though the fanning wings of Mercury
Had played upon my heels: I was light-hearted,
And many pleasures to my vision started;
So I straightway began to pluck a posey
Of luxuries bright, milky, soft and rosy.

A bush of May flowers with the bees about them;
Ah, sure no tasteful nook would be without them;
And let a lush laburnum oversweep them,
And let long grass grow round the roots to keep them
Moist, cool and green; and shade the violets,
That they may bind the moss in leafy nets.

A filbert hedge with wild briar overtwined,
And clumps of woodbine taking the soft wind
Upon their summer thrones; there too should be
The frequent chequer of a youngling tree,
That with a score of light green brethren shoots
From the quaint mossiness of aged roots:
Round which is heard a spring-head of clear waters
Babbling so wildly of its lovely daughters
The spreading blue bells: it may haply mourn
That such fair clusters should be rudely torn
From their fresh beds, and scattered thoughtlessly
By infant hands, left on the path to die.

22 where] were *1817* refresh] embower H^2
25 played upon] started to H^2 [and thoughts delightful]
[Came] roung about me
I was light hearted *M*
25–7 Had started to my heels—This pleasant Earth
Is filled with [typ] lovelness of glorious birth
Nor were it a bad task to pluck Posey *Doeg.*
26 pleasures] Danties *M*; cf. *Isabella*, xlvii. 6; *Endymion*, iv. 656 27 posy *M* 28 soft or rosy *M* *In M* 151 *follows immediately on* 28 37/38 [The delicate birch Asp⟨en⟩] (delicate *added above*) *H* 38 a *over* [some] *H* 38/39 [Of livelier green] *H* 39 with a score of light green Brethren shoots *beneath* [sprouts (*over* [shoots]) with many of its light green peers] *H* 41 heard a *over* [found the] *H* of clear waters *over* [of a Stream] *H* 42 lovely] blooming *over* [blue eyed] (*between is* [fragrant dau⟨g⟩hters]) *H* 42/3 [The woodland Hyacynths] *H* 45 thoughlessly *H* 46 By Urchin's Hand *H* 46/7 [Come ye bright Marigolds] *H*

Open afresh your round of starry folds,
Ye ardent marigolds!
Dry up the moisture from your golden lids,
For great Apollo bids
That in these days your praises should be sung
On many harps, which he has lately strung;
And when again your dewiness he kisses,
Tell him, I have you in my world of blisses:
So haply when I rove in some far vale,
His mighty voice may come upon the gale.

Here are sweet peas, on tip-toe for a flight:
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,
And taper fingers catching at all things,
To bind them all about with tiny rings.

Linger awhile upon some bending planks
That lean against a streamlet's rushy banks,
And watch intently Nature's gentle doings:
They will be found softer than ring-dove's cooings.
How silent comes the water round that bend;
Not the minutest whisper does it send
To the o'erhanging sallows: blades of grass
Slowly across the chequer'd shadows pass.
Why, you might read two sonnets, ere they reach
To where the hurrying freshnesses aye preach
A natural sermon o'er their pebbly beds;
Where swarms of minnows show their little heads,
Staying their wavy bodies 'gainst the streams,
To taste the luxury of sunny beams

47 your] your [congregated] *H* round *over* cirques: *beneath* cirques *is* [Crown] *H* 49 from] of H^2 52 which] that H^2 55 rove] roam H^2

57 [Sweet Peas with gentle flush o'er delicate white]
Sweet Peas that seem on tiptoe for a flight *H*

58/9 [And slender hands catching] (slender *over* [twining]) *H* 60 To bind them [with neat encirclemgs] (neat *over* [small]) *H* (*the text of 1817 written in beneath*) 61–106 *wanting in H*, 107 *following immediately* 62 lean *over* [rest upo] *T* 64 softer than] as soft as *T* *After* 64 *T has:*

The inward ear will ear her (her *over* [them]) and be blest
And tingle with a joy too light for rest.

In the first line Keats clearly intended hear them: *for* ear, *cf. Cap and Bells, xxxi. 7*

66 does] will H^2 69 you] ye H^2 71 on their *Y* 72 Minnow *Y* 73 And stay their *Y* Stream H^2 74 That they may taste the warmth of *Y* Beam H^2

Temper'd with coolness. How they ever wrestle
With their own sweet delight, and ever nestle
Their silver bellies on the pebbly sand.
If you but scantily hold out the hand,
That very instant not one will remain;
But turn your eye, and they are there again.
The ripples seem right glad to reach those cresses,
And cool themselves among the em'rald tresses;
The while they cool themselves, they freshness give,
And moisture, that the bowery green may live:
So keeping up an interchange of favours,
Like good men in the truth of their behaviours.
Sometimes [illegible] one by one will drop
From low hung branches; little space they stop;
But sip, and twitter, and their feathers sleek;
Then off at once, as in a wanton freak:
Or perhaps, to show their black, and golden wings,
Pausing upon their yellow flutterings.
Were I in such a place, I sure should pray
That nought less sweet might call my thoughts away,
Than the soft rustle of a maiden's gown
Fanning away the dandelion's down;
Than the light music of her nimble toes
Patting against the sorrel as she goes.
How she would start, and blush, thus to be caught
Playing in all her innocence of thought.
O let me lead her gently o'er the brook,
Watch her [illegible] lips, and downward look;

75 they [still] ever H^2 coolness—and still they wrestle *Y* 76 own sweet *added above Y* 77 Their] They H^2 on the smooth pebbles and sand (on *over* ['gainst] *Y*) H^2Y 78 If ye H^2 82 emrald *over* [amber] *Edin.* 83 [And] as they *Edin.* 84 that [their] the *Edin.* 85 So keeping (ing *added above*) [they] up *Edin.* 88 Branch *Z* litthe *Z* 88/89 [They sip and] *Z* 89 sleak *Z* 90 off they go as *Z*

91 [And as they come and go but mark their wings
So lovely for their yellow flutterings]
Or perhaps to show the Beauty of their wings *Z*

93 would *Z* 94 sweet, might *1817* 95 Rustling ZH^2
96 Sweeping away *Z* 96/97 [Than her light tripping on the] *Z*

98/99 that I should see
[How she will start and blush thus to be caught
All
The wild o'er flowings] *Z*

99 would] will H^2Z 99/100 [Gladdening in the freedom] *Z*
102 With her *Z*

O let me for one moment touch her wrist;
Let me one moment to her breathing list;
And as she leaves me may she often turn
Her fair eyes looking through her locks aubùrne.
What next? A tuft of evening primroses,
O'er which the mind may hover till it dozes;
O'er which it well might take a pleasant sleep,
But that 'tis ever startled by the leap
Of buds into ripe flowers; or by the flitting
Of diverse moths, that aye their rest are quitting;
Or by the moon lifting her silver rim
Above a cloud, and with a gradual swim
Coming into the blue with all her light.
O Maker of sweet poets, dear delight
Of this fair world, and all its gentle livers;
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 us on to tell delightful stories.
For what has made the sage or poet write
But the fair paradise of Nature's light?

103 Wrist *over* [hand] *Z* 104 breathings H^2 105 may she] let her *Z* 106 looking] peeping H^2Z auburn *Z*: aburn (u *add. above*) H^2 107 What next? A *1817* H^2: Now for a *H*
108 Mind may hover *over* [thought may lean] *H* 109 take] earn *H*
110 ever *add. above H* the [sudden] leap *H* 111 [full] ripe *T*
113 [lifting that dipping] *over* [shadowing] *T*
114 Above a cloud and with a gradual swim
Floating through space with ever loving eye
The [night] crowned queen of ocean and the sky *T*
(114 [above] [beneath] *over* [Beneath] *T*)
122 [And] *over* Of *Y* cast *over* up[tu⟨r⟩nd] *Y* *After* 122 *Y has:*
[Smiler on Lovers when they smile on thee
Thee must I place the first among these Pleasures
Thee must I praise above all other things
That give our thought[s] a pair of little wings] (122 d.)
(122 d.: our *over* [to]: *above is written in* [dark])

These four cancelled lines seem to have been followed by four cancelled lines preserved in Edin, thus.

[Mens thoughts have sure been winged They have found
An inspiration in a pleasant sound
Or pleasant sight and we have heard therefor
Most dainty Tales from many Bards of yore]

123 other [Brightness] glories *Z*

In the calm grandeur of a sober line,
We see the waving of the mountain pine;
And when a tale is beautifully staid,
We feel the safety of a hawthorn glade:
When it is moving on luxurious wings,
The soul is lost in pleasant smotherings:
Fair dewy roses brush against our faces,
And flowering laurels spring from diamond vases;
O'er head we see the jasmine and sweet briar,
And bloomy grapes laughing from green attire;
While at our feet, the voice of crystal bubbles
Charms us at once away from all our troubles:
So that we feel uplifted from the world,
Walking upon the white clouds wreath'd and curl'd.
So felt he, who first told, how Psyche went
On the smooth wind to realms of wonderment;
What Psyche felt, and Love, when their full lips
First touch'd; what amorous, and fondling nips
They gave each other's cheeks; with all their sighs,
And how they kist each other's tremulous eyes:
The silver lamp,—the ravishment,—the wonder—
The darkness,—loneliness,—the fearful thunder;
Their woes gone by, and both to heaven upflown,
To bow for gratitude before Jove's throne.
So did he feel, who pull'd the boughs aside,
That we might look into a forest wide,
To catch a glimpse of Fawns, and Dryades
Coming with softest rustle through the trees;
And garlands woven of flowers wild, and sweet,
Upheld on ivory wrists, or sporting feet:

128 a mountain H^2Z 129 Tale *over* [Page is] is Z 130/131 [And so] Z 133/134 [And we can see them pl] Z 134 spring Z 137–8 *crossed out in* Z 139 we[e] H^2 142 the soft wind Z 144 what fondleing and amorous (and tender Z) nips (*transposition-marks added* H^2) H^2 Z 145, 146 others H^2 149 up flown Z 151 do they M: did he *made out of* do they *and* pulld *out of* pull H^2 pull the Boughs *over* [pull aside the] M 152 may M: might *made out of* may H^2 look] peep H^2 M 153 Fawns H^2 154 with [gen] softest M 155 And curious Garlands of flowers sweet and wite (*transposition-marks added*) M And [curious] Garlands woven of (woven *add. above*) H^2 156 sportive H^2M. *After* 156 M *has*

One Sunbeam comes the Solitude to bless
Widening it slants athwart the Duskiness
And whert it plays upon the turfy Mould (156 c)
There sleeps a Nest of Hair wavy and gold

(156 c. the *over* [a] M Mould *beneath* [bed]: *over* [bed] *is* [slope] M)

Telling us how fair, trembling Syrinx fled
Arcadian Pan, with such a fearful dread.
Poor nymph,—poor Pan,—how he did weep to find,
Nought but a lovely sighing of the wind
Along the reedy stream; a half heard strain,
Full of sweet desolation—balmy pain.

What first inspired a bard of old to sing
Narcissus pining o'er the untainted spring?
In some delicious ramble, he had found
A little space, with boughs all woven round;
And in the midst of all, a clearer pool
Than e'er reflected in its pleasant cool
The blue sky here, and there, serenely peeping
Through tendril wreaths fantastically creeping.
And on the bank a lonely flower he spied,
A meek and forlorn flower, with naught of pride,
Drooping its beauty o'er the watery clearness,
To woo its own sad image into nearness:
Deaf to light Zephyrus it would not move;
But still would seem to droop, to pine, to love.
So while the Poet stood in this sweet spot,
Some fainter gleamings o'er his fancy shot;
Nor was it long ere he had told the tale
Of young Narcissus, and sad Echo's bale.
Where had he been, from whose warm head out-flew
That sweetest of all songs, that ever new,
That aye refreshing, pure deliciousness,
Coming ever to bless
The wanderer by moonlight? to him bringing
Shapes from the invisible world, unearthly singing
From out the middle air, from flowery nests,
And from the pillowy silkiness that rests

157 fair *over* [poor] *P* fled *over* [feard] *P* 159 he did] did he H^2P
160 of *over* [in] *P* 161 a half heard strain *beneath* [how desolate how wild how desolate how lone] *P*
166 Boughs *over* [leaves o'er] *P* 168 cool, *1817* 169/170 [With tendril] *P* 170 wreaths *added above P* 171 a lonely *over* [he saw] *P*
spied *over* [saw] *P* 172 folorn H^2P nought H^2P 173 Beauty *over* [⟨brigh⟩tness] *P* the watery clearness *over* [the deepness fair] *P* 174 sad] fair H^2 183 refreshing, [aye uplifting] pure *P* 184 Coming *over* [That] ever [comes] *P* 185 to him bringing *over* [bringing shapes] *over* [cheering him] *P* 185/186 [Of light about him] *P* 186 world—singing (delicious *added above* H^2) H^2P 187 out the *om.* H^2 *P* 188 pilowy *P*

Full in the speculation of the stars.
Ah! surely he had burst our mortal bars;
Into some wond'rous region he had gone,
To search for thee, divine Endymion!

He was a Poet, sure a lover too,
Who stood on Latmus' top, what time there blew
Soft breezes from the myrtle vale below;
And brought in faintness solemn, sweet, and slow
A hymn from Dian's temple; while upswelling,
The incense went to her own starry dwelling.
But though her face was clear as infant's eyes,
Though she stood smiling o'er the sacrifice,
The Poet wept at her so piteous fate,
Wept that such beauty should be desolate:
So in fine wrath some golden sounds he won,
And gave meek Cynthia her Endymion.

Queen of the wide air; thou most lovely queen
Of all the brightness that mine eyes have seen!
As thou exceedest all things in thy shine,
So every tale, does this sweet tale of thine.
O for three words of honey, that I might
Tell but one wonder of thy bridal night!

Where distant ships do seem to show their keels,
Phoebus awhile delayed his mighty wheels,
And turned to smile upon thy bashful eyes,
Ere he his unseen pomp would solemnize.
The evening weather was so bright, and clear,
That men of health were of unusual cheer;
Stepping like Homer at the trumpet's call,
Or young Apollo on the pedestal:

189–92 Or slowly moves about the Heavens—Where
Where (*add. marg.*) Had he been to catch a Thing so fair—
Into what Regions was his spirit gone
When he first thought of thee Endymion? *P*

192/193 [Was he a] *P* 193–5 *crossed out in P* 195 The softest breezes bearing (*the rest of the line undecipherable, the word after* bearing *might be* swoonli⟨ke⟩*; there are traces of a line following which begins* A p (*perhaps* A p⟨oet was he⟩)) *P* 196 Which brough in H^2 199 Infants' H^2 203 So from Apollo's Lyre a Tone he won H^2 204 meek] bright H^2 206 eye has H^2 212 delay'd H^2 217 Stepping with such an elegance withall H^2 *Elk.* Homer] ?Honor 218 Or] Like H^2 *Elk.*

And lovely women were as fair and warm,
As Venus looking sideways in alarm.
The breezes were ethereal, and pure,
And crept through half closed lattices to cure
The languid sick; it cool'd their fever'd sleep,
And soothed them into slumbers full and deep.
Soon they awoke clear eyed: nor burnt with thirsting,
Nor with hot fingers, nor with temples bursting:
And springing up, they met the wond'ring sight
Of their dear friends, nigh foolish with delight;
Who feel their arms, and breasts, and kiss and stare,
And on their placid foreheads part the hair.
Young men, and maidens at each other gaz'd
With hands held back, and motionless, amaz'd
To see the brightness in each other's eyes;
And so they stood, fill'd with a sweet surprise,
Until their tongues were loos'd in poesy.
Therefore no lover did of anguish die:
But the soft numbers, in that moment spoken,
Made silken ties, that never may be broken.
Cynthia! I cannot tell the greater blisses,
That follow'd thine, and thy dear shepherd's kisses:
Was there a Poet born ?—but now no more,
My wand'ring spirit must no further soar.—

219 *Elk.* *has over* [And] *first* [Each] *then* and woman there is fair *1848* were *over* [was] *Elk.* 219/220 [As Venus step bending from her Car dove drawn] *Elk.* 221 were [so pure and] ethereal *Elk.* 223 sick cooling their H^2 *Elk.* feaver'd H^2 *Elk.* sleep *over* [dreams] *Elk.* 224 Soothing them *Elk.*: Soothing [their] them H^2 225 Whence they *Elk.*: When they H^2 [and] *before* nor *Elk.*
226 Nor [heated Eyes, nor Lips]
with hot fingers, nor (fingers *over* [eyesight]) *Elk.*

227 So up they sprung (spang H^2) and met H^2 *Elk.* 228 delgth *Elk.* 230 [Temples p] foreheads H^2 231 Men and Maidens *Spenc.* gazed H^2 *Spenc.* 233 others H^2 *Spenc.*: others' *1817* 235 Untill H^2 236 So that no lover *Spenc.* 239 Cynthia *over* Alas *Spenc.* 242 wandering Spirit *Spenc.* *After* 242 *Spenc.* *has* Decr. 16: H^2 *has* Dec. eve 16

SPECIMEN OF AN INDUCTION TO A POEM

TRANSCRIPT: *b*.
Undated.

Lo! I must tell a tale of chivalry;
For large white plumes are dancing in mine eye.
Not like the formal crest of latter days:
But bending in a thousand graceful ways;
So graceful, that it seems no mortal hand,
Or e'en the touch of Archimago's wand,
Could charm them into such an attitude.
We must think rather, that in playful mood,
Some mountain breeze had turned its chief delight,
To show this wonder of its gentle might.
Lo! I must tell a tale of chivalry;
For while I muse, the lance points slantingly
Athwart the morning air: some lady sweet,
Who cannot feel for cold her tender feet,
From the worn top of some old battlement
Hails it with tears, her stout defender sent:
And from her own pure self no joy dissembling,
Wraps round her ample robe with happy trembling.
Sometimes, when the good Knight his rest would take,
It is reflected, clearly, in a lake,
With the young ashen boughs, 'gainst which it rests,
And th' half seen mossiness of linnets' nests.
Ah! shall I ever tell its cruelty,
When the fire flashes from a warrior's eye,
And his tremendous hand is grasping it,
And his dark brow for very wrath is knit?
Or when his spirit, with more calm intent,
Leaps to the honors of a tournament,
And makes the gazers round about the ring
Stare at the grandeur of the ballancing?
No, no! this is far off:—then how shall I
Revive the dying tones of minstrelsy,
Which linger yet about lone gothic arches,
In dark green ivy, and among wild larches?

SPECIMEN OF AN INDUCTION.—*Title. Specimen of an Induction to a Poem 1817*: Induction *b* 8 think] say *b* 9, 10 its] his *b* 17 And now no more her anxious grief remembring *b*

How sing the splendour of the revelries,
When buts of wine are drunk off to the lees?
And that bright lance, against the fretted wall,
Beneath the shade of stately banneral,
Is slung with shining cuirass, sword, and shield?
Where ye may see a spur in bloody field.
Light-footed damsels move with gentle paces
Round the wide hall, and show their happy faces;
Or stand in courtly talk by fives and sevens:
Like those fair stars that twinkle in the heavens.
Yet must I tell a tale of chivalry:
Or wherefore comes that steed so proudly by?
Wherefore more proudly does the gentle knight,
Rein in the swelling of his ample might?

Spenser! thy brows are arched, open, kind,
And come like a clear sun-rise to my mind;
And always does my heart with pleasure dance,
When I think on thy noble countenance:
Where never yet was ought more earthly seen
Than the pure freshness of thy laurels green.
Therefore, great bard, I not so fearfully
Call on thy gentle spirit to hover nigh
My daring steps: or if thy tender care,
Thus startled unaware,
Be jealous that the foot of other wight
Should madly follow that bright path of light
Trac'd by thy lov'd Libertas, he will speak,
And tell thee that my prayer is very meek;
That I will follow with due reverence,
And start with awe at mine own strange pretence.
Him thou wilt hear; so I will rest in hope
To see wide plains, fair trees and lawny slope:
The morn, the eve, the light, the shade, the flowers;
Clear streams, smooth lakes, and overlooking towers.

35 the grandeur of *b* 37 this bright spear *b* 40 ye] you *b* 44 that] which *b* 46 steed *b and autograph correction in several presentation copies*: knight *1817* 57 thy gentle care *b* 59 of living wight *b*

CALIDORE.

A Fragment.

TRANSCRIPT: *b*.

Undated.

YOUNG Calidore is paddling o'er the lake;
His healthful spirit eager and awake
To feel the beauty of a silent eve,
Which seem'd full loath this happy world to leave;
The light dwelt o'er the scene so lingeringly.
He bares his forehead to the cool blue sky,
And smiles at the far clearness all around,
Until his heart is well nigh over wound,
And turns for calmness to the pleasant green
Of easy slopes, and shadowy trees that lean
So elegantly o'er the waters' brim
And show their blossoms trim.
Scarce can his clear and nimble eye-sight follow
The freaks, and dartings of the black-wing'd swallow,
Delighting much, to see it half at rest,
Dip so refreshingly its wings, and breast
'Gainst the smooth surface, and to mark anon,
The widening circles into nothing gone.

And now the sharp keel of his little boat
Comes up with ripple, and with easy float,
And glides into a bed of water lillies:
Broad leav'd are they and their white canopies
Are upward turn'd to catch the heavens' dew.
Near to a little island's point they grew;
Whence Calidore might have the goodliest view
Of this sweet spot of earth. 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 out so invitingly
On either side. These, gentle Calidore
Greeted, as he had known them long before.

CALIDORE.—*Title*: Calidore. A Fragment. *1817*: Calidore *b* 6 the clear blue *b* 8 is] was *b* 10 that] which *b* 16 its] his *b* 28 Mountains. But sure no *b* 29 and] an *b*

The sidelong view of swelling leafiness,
Which the glad setting sun in gold doth dress;
Whence ever and anon the jay outsprings,
And scales upon the beauty of its wings.
The lonely turret, shatter'd, and outworn,
Stands venerably proud; too proud to mourn
Its long lost grandeur: fir trees grow around,
Aye dropping their hard fruit upon the ground.
The little chapel with the cross above
Upholding wreaths of ivy; the white dove,
That on the window spreads his feathers light,
And seems from purple clouds to wing its flight.
Green tufted islands casting their soft shades
Across the lake; sequester'd 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. The youth had long been viewing
These pleasant things, and heaven was bedewing
The mountain flowers, when his glad senses caught
A trumpet's silver voice. Ah! it was fraught
With many joys for him: the warder's ken
Had found white coursers prancing in the glen:
Friends very dear to him he soon will see;
So pushes off his boat most eagerly,
And soon upon the lake he skims along,
Deaf to the nightingale's first under-song;
Nor minds he the white swans that dream so sweetly:
His spirit flies before him so completely.

And now he turns a jutting point of land,
Whence may be seen the castle gloomy, and grand:
Nor will a bee buzz round two swelling peaches,
Before the point of his light shallop reaches
Those marble steps that through the water dip:
Now over them he goes with hasty trip,
And scarcely stays to ope the folding doors:
Anon he leaps along the oaken floors
Of halls and corridors.

30–45 *printed as four quatrains in 1817* 35 sun, in *1817* 36 over, and *1817* 40 fir trees] Laburnums *b* 41 And bow their golden honors to the ground *b* 42 the] its *b* 44 window *b*: windows *1817* 45 its] ? his 48 Which through *b* 57 found] seen *b* 60 upon] across *b* 69 he flies *b* 70 stays] stops *b*

Delicious sounds! those little bright-eyed things
That float about the air on azure wings,
Had been less heartfelt by him than the clang
Of clattering hoofs; into the court he sprang,
Just as two noble steeds, and palfreys twain,
Were slanting out their necks with loosened rein;
While from beneath the threat'ning portcullis
They brought their happy burthens. What a kiss,
What gentle squeeze he gave each lady's hand!
How tremblingly their delicate ancles spann'd!
Into how sweet a trance his soul was gone,
While whisperings of affection
Made him delay to let their tender feet
Come to the earth; with an incline so sweet
From their low palfreys o'er his neck they bent:
And whether there were tears of languishment,
Or that the evening dew had pearl'd their tresses.
He feels a moisture on his cheek, and blesses
With lips that tremble, and with glistening eye
All the soft luxury
That nestled in his arms. A dimpled hand,
Fair as some wonder out of fairy land,
Hung from his shoulder like the drooping flowers
Of whitest Cassia, fresh from summer showers:
And this he fondled with his happy cheek
As if for joy he would no further seek;
When the kind voice of good Sir Clerimond
Came to his ear, like something from beyond
His present being: so he gently drew
His warm arms, thrilling now with pulses new,
From their sweet thrall, and forward gently bending,
Thank'd heaven that his joy was never ending;
While 'gainst his forehead he devoutly press'd
A hand heaven made to succour the distress'd;
A hand that from the world's bleak promontory
Had lifted Calidore for deeds of glory.

Amid the pages, and the torches' glare,
There stood a knight, patting the flowing hair
Of his proud horse's mane: he was withal
A man of elegance, and stature tall:

78 with] from *b* 85 their pretty feet *b* 101 His] This *b* 103 gently] meekly *b*

So that the waving of his plumes would be
High as the berries of a wild ash tree,
Or as the winged cap of Mercury.
His armour was so dexterously wrought
In shape, that sure no living man had thought
It hard, and heavy steel: but that indeed
It was some glorious form, some splendid weed,
In which a spirit new come from the skies
Might live, and show itself to human eyes.
'Tis the far-fam'd, the brave Sir Gondibert,
Said the good man to Calidore alert;
While the young warrior with a step of grace
Came up,—a courtly smile upon his face,
And mailed hand held out, ready to greet
The large-eyed wonder, and ambitious heat
Of the aspiring boy; who as he led
Those smiling ladies, often turned his head
To admire the visor arched so gracefully
Over a knightly brow: while they went by
The lamps that from the high-roof'd hall were pendent,
And gave the steel a shining quite transcendent.

Soon in a pleasant chamber they are seated;
The sweet-lipp'd ladies have already greeted
All the green leaves that round the window clamber,
To show their purple stars, and bells of amber.
Sir Gondibert has doff'd his shining steel,
Gladdening in the free and airy feel
Of a light mantle; and while Clerimond
Is looking round about him with a fond
And placid eye, young Calidore is burning
To hear of knightly deeds, and gallant spurning
Of all unworthiness; and how the strong of arm
Kept off dismay, and terror, and alarm
From lovely woman: while brimful of this,
He gave each damsel's hand so warm a kiss,
And had such manly ardour in his eye,
That each at other look'd half staringly;
And then their features started into smiles
Sweet as blue heavens o'er enchanted isles.

139 free, and airy *1817*: free and easy *b* 141 fond, *1817* 147 so sweet a *b*

Softly the breezes from the forest came,
Softly they blew aside the taper's flame;
Clear was the song from Philomel's far bower;
Grateful the incense from the lime-tree flower;
Mysterious, wild, the far heard trumpet's tone;
Lovely the moon in ether, all alone:
Sweet too the converse of these happy mortals,
As that of busy spirits when the portals
Are closing in the west; or that soft humming
We hear around when Hesperus is coming.
Sweet be their sleep. * * * * * * * * *

TO SOME LADIES.

AUTOGRAPH: MS. in possession of Harry B. Smith (*Smith*).
Undated.

WHAT though while the wonders of nature exploring,
I cannot your light, mazy footsteps attend;
Nor listen to accents, that almost adoring,
Bless Cynthia's face, the enthusiast's friend:

Yet over the steep, whence the mountain stream rushes,
With you, kindest friends, in idea I muse;
Mark the clear tumbling crystal, its passionate gushes,
Its spray that the wild flower kindly bedews.

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 beamy air.

'Tis morn, and the flowers with dew are yet drooping,
I see you are treading the verge of the sea:
And now! ah, I see it—you just now are stooping
To pick up the keep-sake intended for me.

If a cherub, on pinions of silver descending,
Had brought me a gem from the fret-work of heaven;
And smiles with his star-cheering voice sweetly blending,
The blessings of Tighe had melodiously given;

158 those *b*

TO SOME LADIES.—*Title:* To Some Ladies *1817*: To the Misses M—— at Hastings (at Hastings *in diff. hand*) *Smith* 5 gushes *Smith* 6 I [rove] muse *Smith*: rove *1817* 8 Its] In *Smith* 19 smiles *Smith*: smiles, *1817*

It had not created a warmer emotion
  Than the present, fair nymphs, I was blest with from you,
Than the shell, from the bright golden sands of the ocean
  Which the emerald waves at your feet gladly threw.

For, indeed, 'tis a sweet and peculiar pleasure,
  (And blissful is he who such happiness finds,)
To possess but a sand in the hour of leisure,
  In elegant, pure, and aerial minds.

ON RECEIVING A CURIOUS SHELL, AND A COPY OF VERSES, FROM THE SAME LADIES.

TRANSCRIPTS *a b and for* 1–12 a^1.
Undated.

HAST thou from the caves of Golconda, a gem
  Pure as the ice-drop that froze on the mountain?
Bright as the humming-bird's green diadem,
  When it flutters in sun-beams that shine through a fountain?

Hast thou a goblet for dark sparkling wine?
  That goblet right heavy, and massy, and gold?
And splendidly mark'd with the story divine
  Of Armida the fair, and Rinaldo the bold?

Hast thou a steed with a mane richly flowing?
  Hast thou a sword that thine enemy's smart is?
Hast thou a trumpet rich melodies blowing?
  And wear'st thou the shield of the fam'd Britomartis?

What is it that hangs from thy shoulder, so brave,
  Embroidered with many a spring-peering flower?
Is it a scarf that thy fair lady gave?
  And hastest thou now to that fair lady's bower?

27 san⟨d⟩ m *Smith*: span of *1817* 28 arial *Smith*

ON RECEIVING A CURIOUS SHELL.—*Title* On receiving a curious Shell, And A Copy Of Verses, from the same Ladies *1817 and* (*om.* from the same Ladies) *b*: Eric. Written on receiving a copy of Tom Moore's 'Golden Chain', and a most beautiful Dome shaped shell from a Lady *a* a^1 (Eric *om. a*: most beautiful *om.* a^1) 2 drops a^1 4 thro' a^1 6 right] full *a* a^1 7 mark'd] wrought *a* a^1 9 with his mane thickly *a* a^1 10 that] which *a* a^1 12 Britomartes a^1 14 spring-peering *a*: spring peering *1817*

Ah! courteous Sir Knight, with large joy thou art crown'd;
  Full many the glories that brighten thy youth!
I will tell thee my blisses, which richly abound
  In magical powers to bless, and to sooth.

On this scroll thou seest written in characters fair
  A sun-beamy tale of a wreath, and a chain;
And, warrior, it nurtures the property rare
  Of charming my mind from the trammels of pain.

This canopy mark: 'tis the work of a fay;
  Beneath its rich shade did King Oberon languish,
When lovely Titania was far, far away,
  And cruelly left him to sorrow, and anguish.

There, oft would he bring from his soft sighing lute
  Wild strains to which, spell-bound, the nightingales listened;
The wondering spirits of heaven were mute,
  And tears 'mong the dewdrops of morning oft glistened.

In this little dome, all those melodies strange,
  Soft, plaintive, and melting, for ever will sigh;
Nor e'er will the notes from their tenderness change;
  Nor e'er will the music of Oberon die.

So, when I am in a voluptuous vein,
  I pillow my head on the sweets of the rose,
And list to the tale of the wreath, and the chain,
  Till its echoes depart; then I sink to repose.

Adieu, valiant Eric! with joy thou art crown'd;
  Full many the glories that brighten thy youth,
I too have my blisses, which richly abound
  In magical powers, to bless and to sooth.

17 Sir Eric! with joy *a* 19 I too have my blisses *a* 23 And lo! it possesses this property rare *a* 29 soft speaking *a* 31 The hymns of the wondering Spirits were (are *b*) mute *a b* 37 And when I *a* 39 tale] song *a* 40 echos *a* 41 valliant *a*

TO * * * *

AUTOGRAPH: Wisbech Museum (*Wisb.*).

TRANSCRIPTS: $W^1W^2W^3$ (W^1 *has a note* Copied from the original in possession of Miss Wylie). W^3 has two versions, distinguished here as W^3 and w^3. Dated: 14 Feb^{y} 1816 $W^2W^3w^3$.

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 fane of lightness.
Over which thine eyebrows, leaning,
Picture out each lovely meaning:
In a dainty bend they lie,
Like to streaks across the sky,
Or the feathers from a crow,
Fallen on a bed of snow.
Of thy dark hair that extends
Into many graceful bends:
As the leaves of Hellebore
Turn to whence they sprung before.
And behind each ample curl
Peeps the richness of a pearl.
Downward too flows many a tress
With a glossy waviness;
Full, and round like globes that rise
From the censer to the skies
Through sunny air. Add too, the sweetness
Of thy honied voice; the neatness
Of thine ankle lightly turn'd:
With those beauties, scarce discern'd,
Kept with such sweet privacy,
That they seldom meet the eye

To * * * *.—*Title wanting in* W^1W^3: To Miss .... *Wisb.* To * * * **1817** W^2
28 seldom] never *Wisb.* 3–36 *For these lines* $W^1W^2W^3w^3$ *have:*

Of thy lively dimpled face
And thy footsteps full of grace
Of thy hair's luxurious darkling,
Of thine eyes' expressive sparkling.
And thy voice's swelling rapture,
Taking hearts a ready capture.
Oh! if thou hadst breathed then,
Thou hadst made the Muses ten.

Of the little loves that fly
Round about with eager pry.
Saving when, with freshening lave,
Thou dipp'st them in the taintless wave;
Like twin water lillies, born
In the coolness of the morn.
O, if thou hadst breathed then,
Now the Muses had been ten.
Couldst thou wish for lineage higher
Than twin sister of Thalia?
At least for ever, evermore,
Will I call the Graces four.

Hadst thou liv'd when chivalry
Lifted up her lance on high,
Tell me what thou wouldst have been.
Ah! I see the silver sheen
Of thy broidered, floating vest
Cov'ring half thine ivory breast;
Which, O heavens! I should see,
But that cruel destiny
Has placed a golden cuirass there;
Keeping secret what is fair.
Like sunbeams in a cloudlet nested
Thy locks in knightly casque are rested:
O'er which bend four milky plumes
Like the gentle lilly's blooms
Springing from a costly vase.
See with what a stately pace
Comes thine alabaster steed;
Servant of heroic deed!
O'er his loins, his trappings glow
Like the northern lights on snow.
Mount his back! thy sword unsheath!
Sign of the enchanter's death;

33 lilies *Wisb.* 38 twin] the *Wisb.* 43 been? *1817 Wisb.* 46 iv'ry *Wisb.* 48 Destiny W^1W^2*Wisb.* 51 Like light in wreathed cloudlets nested $W^1W^2W^3$ rested *Wisb.* 52 Thy hair in gilden casque is rested $W^1W^2W^3$ 53 O'er which bend *1817* W^2w^3: From which bend W^1 *and marg.* W^3: From the which W^3 (*In* W^2w^3 *Wisb. a note states that* bend *is taken from 1817, and that the original MS. had* O'er the which) 54 gentle lilly's *1817*: fleur-de-luce's $W^1W^2W^3w^3$*Wisb.* 55 costly *1817 Wisb.*: Indian $W^1W^2W^3w^3$ 57 Moves *over* [Comes] W^2: Moves W^3 59 O'er his limbs $W^1W^2W^3$ 59–60 *add. marg. Wisb.* 62 Magician's death $W^1W^2W^3$

Bane of every wicked spell;
Silencer of dragon's yell.
Alas! thou this wilt never do:
Thou art an enchantress too,
And wilt surely never spill
Blood of those whose eyes can kill.

TO HOPE.

AUTOGRAPH: MS. in the possession of M. Buxton Forman (*K*).
Dated: Feb. 1815 *1817 K*.

WHEN by my solitary hearth I sit,
And hateful thoughts enwrap my soul in gloom;
When no fair dreams before my "mind's eye" flit,
And the bare heath of life presents no bloom;
Sweet Hope, ethereal balm upon me shed,
And wave thy silver pinions o'er my head.

Whene'er I wander, at the fall of night,
Where woven boughs shut out the moon's bright ray,
Should sad Despondency my musings fright,
And frown, to drive fair Cheerfulness away,
Peep with the moon-beams through the leafy roof,
And keep that fiend Despondence far aloof.

Should Disappointment, parent of Despair,
Strive for her son to seize my careless heart;
When, like a cloud, he sits upon the air,
Preparing on his spell-bound prey to dart:
Chace him away, sweet Hope, with visage bright,
And fright him as the morning frightens night!

Whene'er the fate of those I hold most dear
Tells to my fearful breast a tale of sorrow,
O bright-eyed Hope, my morbid fancy cheer;
Let me awhile thy sweetest comforts borrow:

63 Bane of the Enchanter's spell $W^1W^2W^3$ 65–8 *om. Wisb.* 65 But ah! thou W^1 W^2W^3 67 And thou sure wilt never spill $W^1W^2W^3$ *After 68* $W^1W^2W^3w^3$ *have*

Ah me! whither shall I flee?
Thou hast metamorphosed me.
Do not let me sigh and pine,
Prythee be my valentine.

TO HOPE.—*Title as above 1817 K* 8 boughs exclude the *K* 10 And wish to drive *K* 14 [care]less (reck *added above*) *K*

Thy heaven-born radiance around me shed,
And wave thy silver pinions o'er my head!

Should e'er unhappy love my bosom pain,
From cruel parents, or relentless fair;
O let me think it is not quite in vain
To sigh out sonnets to the midnight air!
Sweet Hope, ethereal balm upon me shed,
And wave thy silver pinions o'er my head!

In the long vista 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; and not freedom's shade.
From thy bright eyes unusual brightness shed—
Beneath thy pinions canopy my head!

Let me not see the patriot's high bequest,
Great Liberty! how great in plain attire!
With the base purple of a court oppress'd,
Bowing her head, and ready to expire:
But let me see thee stoop from heaven on wings
That fill the skies with silver glitterings!

And as, in sparkling majesty, a star
Gilds the bright summit of some gloomy cloud;
Brightening the half-veil'd face of heaven afar:
So, when dark thoughts my boding spirit shroud,
Sweet Hope, celestial influence round me shed,
Waving thy silver pinions o'er my head.

February, 1815.

28 I sigh *K* 32 Country's honor *K* 33 Ah! let *K* retain [our] her *K* 34 Pride . . . Freedom . . . Freedom's shade! *K* 35 shed! *K* 37 bequest—*K* 43 And, as . . . Majesty a Star *K* 45 Bright'ning *K* half-veil'd *K*: half veil'd *1817* 48 silken (k *written over* [v]) *K*

IMITATION OF SPENSER.

TRANSCRIPT: *b*.
Undated.

* * * * * * *

Now Morning from her orient chamber came,
And her first footsteps touch'd a verdant hill;
Crowning its lawny crest with amber flame,
Silv'ring the untainted gushes of its rill;
Which, pure from mossy beds, did down distill,
And after parting beds of simple flowers,
By many streams a little lake did fill,
Which round its marge reflected woven bowers,
And, in its middle space, a sky that never lowers.

There the king-fisher saw his plumage bright
Vieing with fish of brilliant dye below;
Whose silken fins, and golden scalès light
Cast upward, through the waves, a ruby glow:
There saw the swan his neck of arched snow,
And oar'd himself along with majesty;
Sparkled his jetty eyes; his feet did show
Beneath the waves like Afric's ebony,
And on his back a fay reclined voluptuously.

Ah! could I tell the wonders of an isle
That in that fairest lake had placed been,
I could e'en Dido of her grief beguile;
Or rob from aged Lear his bitter teen:
For sure so fair a place was never seen,
Of all that ever charm'd romantic eye:
It seem'd an emerald in the silver sheen
Of the bright waters; or as when on high,
Through clouds of fleecy white, laughs the cœrulean sky.

And all around it dipp'd luxuriously
Slopings of verdure through the glassy tide,
Which, as it were in gentle amity,
Rippled delighted up the flowery side;
As if to glean the ruddy tears, it tried,
Which fell profusely from the rose-tree stem!
Haply it was the workings of its pride,
In strife to throw upon the shore a gem
Outvieing all the buds in Flora's diadem.

* * * * * * *

IMITATION OF SPENSER.—*Title: as above 1817* 12 scalès *b*: scales' *1817* 29 glassy *b*: glossy *1817*

MSS. None known.
Undated.

WOMAN! when I behold thee flippant, vain,
  Inconstant, childish, proud, and full of fancies;
  Without that modest softening that enhances
The downcast eye, repentant of the pain
That its mild light creates to heal again:
  E'en then, elate, my spirit leaps, and prances,
  E'en then my soul with exultation dances
For that to love, so long, I've dormant lain:
But when I see thee meek, and kind, and tender,
  Heavens! how desperately do I adore
Thy winning graces;—to be thy defender
  I hotly burn—to be a Calidore—
A very Red Cross Knight—a stout Leander—
  Might I be loved by thee like these of yore.

MSS. None known.
Undated.

LIGHT feet, dark violet eyes, and parted hair;
  Soft dimpled hands, white neck, and creamy breast,
  Are things on which the dazzled senses rest
Till the fond, fixed eyes forget they stare.
From such fine pictures, heavens! I cannot dare
  To turn my admiration, though unpossess'd
  They be of what is worthy,—though not drest
In lovely modesty, and virtues rare.
Yet these I leave as thoughtless as a lark;
  These lures I straight forget,—e'en ere I dine,
Or thrice my palate moisten: but when I mark
  Such charms with mild intelligences shine,
My ear is open like a greedy shark,
  To catch the tunings of a voice divine.

WOMAN! WHEN I . . .—*Title: wanting in 1817*

LIGHT FEET, DARK VIOLET EYES . . .—*Title: wanting in 1817* 4 eyes, forget *1817*

MSS. None known.
Undated.

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. Surely the All-seeing,
Who joys to see us with his gifts agreeing,
Will never give him pinions, who intreats
Such innocence to ruin,—who vilely cheats
A dove-like bosom. In truth there is no freeing
One's thoughts from such a beauty; when I hear
A lay that once I saw her hand awake,
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.

Ah! Who Can E'er . . .—*Title wanting in 1817*

EPISTLES.

'Among the rest a shepheard (though but young
'Yet hartned to his pipe) with all the skill
'His few yeeres could, began to fit his quill.'
Britannia's Pastorals.—BROWNE.

TO GEORGE FELTON MATHEW.

TRANSCRIPT: *G. F. Mathew.*
Dated: November 1815 *1817.*

SWEET are the pleasures that to verse belong,
And doubly sweet a brotherhood in song;
Nor can remembrance, Mathew! bring to view
A fate more pleasing, a delight more true
Than that in which the brother Poets joy'd,
Who with combined powers, their wit employ'd
To raise a trophy to the drama's muses.
The thought of this great partnership diffuses
Over the genius-loving heart, a feeling
Of all that's high, and great, and good, and healing.

Too partial friend! fain would I follow thee
Past each horizon of fine poesy;
Fain would I echo back each pleasant note
As o'er Sicilian seas, clear anthems float
'Mong the light skimming gondolas far parted,
Just when the sun his farewell beam has darted:
But 'tis impossible; far different cares
Beckon me sternly from soft "Lydian airs",
And hold my faculties so long in thrall,
That I am oft in doubt whether at all
I shall again see Phœbus in the morning:
Or flush'd Aurora in the roseate dawning!
Or a white Naiad in a rippling stream;
Or a rapt seraph in a moonlight beam;
Or again witness what with thee I've seen,
The dew by fairy feet swept from the green,

To GEORGE FELTON MATHEW.—*Title: as above 1817* 9 genius loving *1817*

After a night of some quaint jubilee
Which every elf and fay had come to see:
When bright processions took their airy march
Beneath the curved moon's triumphal arch.

But might I now each passing moment give
To the coy muse, with me she would not live
In this dark city, nor would condescend
'Mid contradictions her delights to lend.
Should e'er the fine-eyed maid to me be kind,
Ah! surely it must be whene'er I find
Some flowery spot, sequester'd, wild, romantic,
That often must have seen a poet frantic;
Where oaks, that erst the Druid knew, are growing,
And flowers, the glory of one day, are blowing;
Where the dark-leav'd laburnum's drooping clusters
Reflect athwart the stream their yellow lustres,
And intertwined the cassia's arms unite,
With its own drooping buds, but very white;
Where on one side are covert branches hung,
'Mong which the nightingales have always sung
In leafy quiet: where to pry, aloof,
Atween the pillars of the sylvan roof,
Would be to find where violet beds were nestling,
And where the bee with cowslip bells was wrestling.
There must be too a ruin dark, and gloomy,
To say "joy not too much in all that's bloomy."

Yet this is vain—O Mathew lend thy aid
To find a place where I may greet the maid—
Where we may soft humanity put on,
And sit, and rhyme and think on Chatterton;
And that warm-hearted Shakspeare sent to meet him
Four laurell'd spirits, heaven-ward to intreat him.
With reverence would we speak of all the sages
Who have left streaks of light athwart their ages:
And thou shouldst moralize on Milton's blindness,
And mourn the fearful dearth of human kindness
To those who strove with the bright golden wing
Of genius, to flap away each sting

44 white. *1817*

Thrown by the pitiless world. We next could tell
Of those who in the cause of freedom fell;
Of our own Alfred, of Helvetian Tell;
Of him whose name to ev'ry heart's a solace,
High-minded and unbending William Wallace.
While to the rugged north our musing turns
We well might drop a tear for him, and Burns.

Felton! without incitements such as these,
How vain for me the niggard Muse to tease:
For thee, she will thy every dwelling grace,
And make "a sun-shine in a shady place:"
For thou wast once a flowret blooming wild,
Close to the source, bright, pure, and undefil'd,
Whence gush the streams of song: in happy hour
Came chaste Diana from her shady bower,
Just as the sun was from the east uprising;
And, as for him some gift she was devising,
Beheld thee, pluck'd thee, cast thee in the stream
To meet her glorious brother's greeting beam.
I marvel much that thou hast never told
How, from a flower, into a fish of gold
Apollo chang'd thee; how thou next didst seem
A black-eyed swan upon the widening stream;
And when thou first didst in that mirror trace
The placid features of a human face:
That thou hast never told thy travels strange,
And all the wonders of the mazy range
O'er pebbly crystal, and o'er golden sands;
Kissing thy daily food from Naiad's pearly hands.

November, 1815.

68 name's to ev'ry heart a solace *Mathew*

TO MY BROTHER GEORGE.

AUTOGRAPH. *L* (2) (*at the end Keats has written* This may be kept for a fair Coppy).

TRANSCRIPTS: *a and for lines 1–31* Warder a^1.

Dated: Margate, August 1816 *a 1817*: Margate Aug^t *L*.

FULL many a dreary hour have I past,
My brain bewilder'd, and my mind o'ercast
With heaviness; in seasons when I've thought
No spherey strains by me could e'er be caught
From the blue dome, though I to dimness gaze
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:
That I should never hear Apollo's song,
Though feathery clouds were floating all along
The purple west, and, two bright streaks between,
The golden lyre itself were dimly seen:
That the still murmur of the honey bee
Would never teach a rural song to me:
That 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.

But there are times, when those that love the bay,
Fly from all sorrowing far, far away;
A sudden glow comes on them, naught they see
In water, earth, or air, but poesy.
It has been said, dear George, and true I hold it,
(For knightly Spenser to Libertas told it,)
That when a Poet is in such a trance,
In air he sees white coursers paw, and prance,
Bestridden of gay knights, in gay apparel,
Who at each other tilt in playful quarrel,
And what we, ignorantly, sheet-lightning call,
Is the swift opening of their wide portal,

TO MY BROTHER GEORGE.—*Title: as above 1817* 4 strains, by me, could *L* 8 strive *1817 La*: try a^1 11 strokes *a* a^1 12 Lyre *Laa*^{1} dimly *1817*: faintly *Laa*^{1} 17 ardor *Laa*^{1} 18 times *L* 19 those who *L* 20 Fly *1817*: Glide *La*^{1} 21, 32, 57 nought *a* 24 Spencer *aa*^{1}

When the bright warder blows his trumpet clear,
Whose tones reach naught on earth but Poet's ear.
When these enchanted portals open wide,
And through the light the horsemen swiftly glide,
The Poet's eye can reach those golden halls,
And view the glory of their festivals:
Their ladies fair, that in the distance seem
Fit for the silv'ring of a seraph's dream;
Their rich brimm'd goblets, that incessant run
Like the bright spots that move about the sun;
And, when upheld, the wine from each bright jar
Pours with the lustre of a falling star.
Yet further off, are dimly seen their bowers,
Of which, no mortal eye can reach the flowers;
And 'tis right just, for well Apollo knows
'Twould make the Poet quarrel with the rose.
All that's reveal'd from that far seat of blisses,
Is, the clear fountains' interchanging kisses,
As gracefully descending, light and thin,
Like silver streaks across a dolphin's fin,
When he upswimmeth from the coral caves,
And sports with half his tail above the waves.

These wonders strange he sees, and many more,
Whose head is pregnant with poetic lore.
Should he upon an evening ramble fare
With forehead to the soothing breezes bare,
Would he naught see but the dark, silent blue
With all its diamonds trembling through and through?
Or 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?
Ah, yes! much more would start into his sight—
The revelries, and mysteries of night:
And should I ever see them, I will tell you
Such tales as needs must with amazement spell you.

32 earth, but Poets hear *a* 37 fair] bright *La* 39 brimed *L*: brim'd *a* 45 well *added above a* just right *a* (*transposition-marks added*) 48 fountains, interchanging *La* 51 upswimmeth *1817*: upspringeth *La* 60 doth *La* 65 see *1817*: view *La* 65, 66 you *1817*: ye *La*

These are the living pleasures of the bard:
But richer far posterity's award.
What does he murmur with his latest breath,
While his proud eye looks through the film of death?
"What though I leave this dull, and earthly mould,
"Yet shall my spirit lofty converse hold
"With after times.—The patriot shall feel
"My stern alarum, and unsheath his steel;
"Or, in the senate thunder out my numbers
"To startle princes from their easy slumbers.
"The sage will mingle with each moral theme
"My happy thoughts sententious; he will teem
"With lofty periods when my verses fire him,
"And then I'll stoop from heaven to inspire him.
"Lays have I left of such a dear delight
"That maids will sing them on their bridal night.
"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 plac'd in midst of all that lovely lass
"Who chosen is their queen,—with her fine head
"Crowned with flowers purple, white, and red:
"For there the lily, and the musk-rose, sighing,
"Are emblems true of hapless lovers dying:
"Between her breasts, that never yet felt trouble,
"A bunch of violets full blown, and double,
"Serenely sleep:—she from a casket takes
"A little book,—and then a joy awakes
"About each youthful heart,—with stifled cries,
"And rubbing of white hands, and sparkling eyes:
"For she's to read a tale of hopes, and fears;
"One that I foster'd in my youthful years:
"The pearls, that on each glist'ning circlet sleep,
"Gush ever and anon with silent creep,
"Lured by the innocent dimples. To sweet rest
"Shall the dear babe, upon its mother's breast,
"Be lull'd with songs of mine. Fair world, adieu!
"Thy dales, and hills, are fading from my view:

68 richer, far, Posterity's *L* 77 each *1817 La*[2]: the *a* 78 thoughts, sententious *L* 86 And plac'd *1817*: Placing *La* of all *1817*: thereof *La* lovely *1817 a*[2]: happy *La* 94 then *added above a* 98 fostered *a* 101 lur'd *a*

"Swiftly I mount, upon wide spreading pinions,
"Far from the narrow bounds of thy dominions.
"Full joy I feel, while thus I cleave the air,
"That my soft verse will charm thy daughters fair,
"And warm thy sons!" Ah, my dear friend and brother,
Could I, at once, my mad ambition smother,
For tasting joys like these, sure I should be
Happier, and dearer to society.
At times, 'tis true, I've felt relief from pain
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.
As to my sonnets, though none else should heed them,
I feel delighted, still, that you should read them.
Of late, too, I have had much calm enjoyment,
Stretch'd on the grass at my best lov'd employment
Of scribbling lines for you. These things I thought
While, in my face, the freshest breeze I caught.
E'en now I'm pillow'd on a bed of flowers
That crowns a lofty clift, which proudly towers
Above the ocean-waves. The stalks, and blades,
Chequer my tablet with their quivering shades.
On one side is a field of drooping oats,
Through which the poppies show their scarlet coats;
So pert and useless, that they bring to mind
The scarlet coats that pester human-kind.
And on the other side, outspread, is seen
Ocean's blue mantle streak'd with purple, and green.
Now 'tis I see a canvass'd ship, and now
Mark the bright silver curling round her prow.
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.
Now I direct my eyes into the west,
Which at this moment is in sunbeams drest:
Why westward turn? 'Twas but to say adieu!
'Twas but to kiss my hand, dear George, to you!

August, 1816.

105 widespreading *L* 118 should *1817*: will *La* 120 Stretched *a* 123 pillowed *a* *Against 123–42, in a copy of 1817 belonging to Isabella Jane Towers, is pencilled* Written on the cliff at Margate 124 crown *L* cliff *La* 125 Ocean's waves *a* 126 Checquer *La* 135 to her nest *La* 139 eyes towards the *La*

TO CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE.

AUTOGRAPH: Huntington Library (once the property of Harry B. Smith (*K*)). Dated: September 1816 *1817* After the title *K* has 'Margate Sept. 1816' (not in Keats' hand but, I fancy, in that of Woodhouse).

OFT have you seen a swan superbly frowning,
And with proud breast his own white shadow crowning;
He slants his neck beneath the waters bright
So silently, it seems a beam of light
Come from the Galaxy: anon he sports,—
With outspread wings the Naiad Zephyr courts,
Or ruffles all the surface of the lake
In striving from its crystal face to take
Some diamond water drops, and them to treasure
In milky nest, and sip them off at leisure.
But not a moment can he there insure them,
Nor to such downy rest can he allure them;
For down they rush as though they would be free,
And drop like hours into eternity.
Just like that bird am I in loss of time,
Whene'er I venture on the stream of rhyme;
With shatter'd boat, oar snapt, and canvass rent,
I slowly sail, scarce knowing my intent;
Still scooping up the water with my fingers,
In which a trembling diamond never lingers.

By this, friend Charles, you may full plainly see
Why I have never penn'd a line to thee:
Because my thoughts were never free, and clear,
And little fit to please a classic ear;
Because my wine was of too poor a savour
For one whose palate gladdens in the flavour
Of sparkling Helicon:—small good it were
To take him to a desert rude, and bare,
Who had on Baiæ's shore reclin'd at ease,
While Tasso's page was floating in a breeze
That gave soft music from Armida's bowers,
Mingled with fragrance from her rarest flowers:

TO CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE.—*Title: as above 1817*: To Mr. C. C. Clarke *K*
5 Come *1817*: Shot *K* Galaxy *K*: galaxy *1817* 14 hours *1817*: time *K* 17 shatter'd *1817*: shattered *K* 22 penn'd *1817*: pen'd *K*

Small good to one who had by Mulla's stream
Fondled the maidens with the breasts of cream;
Who had beheld Belphœbe in a brook,
And lovely Una in a leafy nook,
And Archimago leaning o'er his book:
Who had of all that's sweet tasted, and seen,
From silv'ry ripple, up to beauty's queen;
From the sequester'd haunts of gay Titania,
To the blue dwelling of divine Urania:
One, who, of late, had ta'en sweet forest walks
With him who elegantly chats, and talks—
The wrong'd Libertas,—who has told you stories
Of laurel chaplets, and Apollo's glories;
Of troops chivalrous prancing through a city,
And tearful ladies made for love, and pity:
With many else which I have never known.

Thus have I thought; and 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:
The grand, the sweet, the terse, the free, the fine;
What swell'd with pathos, and what right divine:
Spenserian vowels that elope with ease,
And float along like birds o'er summer seas;
Miltonian storms, and more, Miltonian tenderness;
Michael in arms, and more, meek Eve's fair slenderness.
Who read for me the sonnet swelling loudly
Up to its climax and then dying proudly?
Who found for me the grandeur of the ode,
Growing, like Atlas, stronger from its load?
Who let me taste that more than cordial dram,
The sharp, the rapier-pointed epigram?
Shew'd me that epic was of all the king,
Round, vast, and spanning all like Saturn's ring?
You too upheld the veil from Clio's beauty,
And pointed out the patriot's stern duty;
The might of Alfred, and the shaft of Tell;
The hand of Brutus, that so grandly fell

37 Archimage *K* 44 has *1817*: hath *K* 49 *K marks here a new paragraph: 1817 runs on*

Upon a tyrant's head. Ah! had I never seen,
Or known your kindness, what might I have been?
What my enjoyments in my youthful years,
Bereft of all that now my life endears?
And can I e'er these benefits forget?
And can I e'er repay the friendly debt?
No, doubly no;—yet should these rhymings please,
I shall roll on the grass with two-fold ease:
For I have long time been my fancy feeding
With hopes that you would one day think the reading
Of my rough verses not an hour misspent;
Should it e'er be so, what a rich content!

Some weeks have pass'd since last I saw the spires
In lucent Thames reflected:—warm desires
To see the sun o'er peep the eastern dimness,
And morning shadows streaking into slimness
Across the lawny fields, and pebbly water;
To mark the time as they grow broad, and shorter;
To feel the air that plays about the hills,
And sips its freshness from the little rills;
To see high, golden corn wave in the light
When Cynthia smiles upon a summer's night,
And peers among the cloudlet's jet and white,
As though she were reclining in a bed
Of bean blossoms, in heaven freshly shed—
No sooner had I stepp'd into these pleasures
Than I began to think of rhymes and measures:
The air that floated by me seem'd to say
"Write! thou wilt never have a better day."
And so I did. When many lines I'd written,
Though with their grace I was not oversmitten,
Yet, as my hand was warm, I thought I'd better
Trust to my feelings, and write you a letter.
Such an attempt required an inspiration
Of a peculiar sort,—a consummation;—
Which, had I felt, these scribblings might have been
Verses from which the soul would never wean:

82 mispent *1817 K* 83 Should it e'er be so *1817*: Should I e'er hear it *K* 84 *K marks a new paragraph*: *1817 begins a new page* 87 streaking *1817*: stretching *K* 88 and *1817*: or *K* 94 peers *over* [play] *K* Cloudlets *K* 95 on *K* 96 shed. *1817 K* 98 rhymes *1817*: Verse *K* 103 warm *1817*: in *K*

But many days have past since last my heart
Was warm'd luxuriously by divine Mozart;
By Arne delighted, or by Handel madden'd;
Or by the song of Erin pierc'd and sadden'd:
What time you were before the music sitting,
And the rich notes to each sensation fitting;
Since I have walk'd with you through shady lanes
That freshly terminate in open plains,
And revel'd in a chat that ceased not
When at night-fall among your books we got:
No, nor when supper came, nor after that,—
Nor when reluctantly I took my hat;
No, nor till cordially you shook my hand
Mid-way between our homes:—your accents bland
Still sounded in my ears, when I no more
Could hear your footsteps touch the grav'ly floor.
Sometimes I lost them, and then found again;
You chang'd the footpath for the grassy plain.
In those still moments I have wish'd you joys
That well you know to honour:—"Life's very toys
"With him," said I, "will take a pleasant charm;
"It cannot be that ought will work him harm."
These thoughts now come o'er me with all their might:—
Again I shake your hand,—friend Charles, good night.

September, 1816.

112 song *1817*: Songs *K* 114 fitting *1817 K* 115 walk'd *1817*: walked *K* 127 those *1817*: these *K* wish'd *1817*: wished *K* 128 honour *1817*: honor *K* *After* 132 *K omits the date*

SONNETS.

I

TO MY BROTHER GEORGE.

AUTOGRAPHS: *S*: pencil-draft in Severn pocket-book in Huntington Library. *K*: Keats' fair copy, sold at Sotheby's 20 Dec. 1937.

TRANSCRIPTS: *a b* W^3.
Dated: Margate, August, 1816 *a*.

MANY the wonders I this day have seen:
The sun, when first he kist away the tears
That fill'd the eyes of morn;—the laurel'd peers
Who from the feathery gold of evening lean;—
The ocean with its vastness, its blue green,
Its ships, its rocks, its caves, its hopes, its fears,—
Its voice mysterious, which whoso hears
Must think on what will be, and what has been.
E'en now, dear George, while this for you I write,
Cynthia is from her silken curtains peeping
So scantly, that it seems her bridal night,
And she her half-discover'd revels keeping.
But what, without the social thought of thee,
Would be the wonders of the sky and sea?

TO MY BROTHER GEORGE.—*Title as above 1817* 3 That hung on Morning's cheek *written in beneath* That [trembled in (*over* [on]) the morning's eye] (Eyes of Morn *added above*) *S* laurel'd peers (*underlined*) W^3 *the underlining is probably due to Woodhouse, who at line 20 of the* Ode to Apollo *calls attention to the repetition of this phrase there*: laurell'd Peers *S* 4 Who *1817* W^3: That *S* from] in *S* feathery *over* [Paleing] *S* 6 rocks *over* [Dangers] *S* 8 think on what will be *1817 b* W^3: muse on what's to come *S*: what *added above K* 10 silken] silver *S* 10/11 Giving the world but snatches of delight *S* 11 that *added above S* knight *S*
12/13 [The Sights have warmd me but without thy love
What Joy in Earth or Sea or Heavn above?] *S*
13 thoughts *a*

II

TO * * * * * *

TRANSCRIPT: *b*.
Undated.

HAD I a man's fair form, then might my sighs
Be echoed swiftly through that ivory shell
Thine ear, and find thy gentle heart; so well
Would passion arm me for the enterprize:
But ah! I am no knight whose foeman dies;
No cuirass glistens on my bosom's swell;
I am no happy shepherd of the dell
Whose lips have trembled with a maiden's eyes.
Yet must I dote upon thee,—call thee sweet,
Sweeter by far than Hybla's honied roses
When steep'd in dew rich to intoxication.
Ah! I will taste that dew, for me 'tis meet,
And when the moon her pallid face discloses,
I'll gather some by spells, and incantation.

III

WRITTEN ON THE DAY THAT MR. LEIGH HUNT LEFT PRISON.

MSS. None known.
Undated. Hunt was released on 2 Feb. 1815.

WHAT though, for showing truth to flatter'd state,
Kind Hunt was shut in prison, yet has he,
In his immortal spirit, been as free
As the sky-searching lark, and as elate.
Minion of grandeur! think you he did wait?
Think you he nought but prison walls did see,
Till, so unwilling, thou unturn'dst the key?
Ah, no! far happier, nobler was his fate!
In Spenser's halls he strayed, and bowers fair,
Culling enchanted flowers; and he flew
With daring Milton through the fields of air:
To regions of his own his genius true
Took happy flights. Who shall his fame impair
When thou art dead, and all thy wretched crew?

To * * * * * *.—*Title:* To * * * * * * *1817*: Sonnet *b* 14 incantations *b*

WRITTEN ON THE DAY.—*Title: as above 1817*

IV

MSS. None known.
Undated.

How many bards gild the lapses of time!
A few of them have ever been the food
Of my delighted fancy,—I could brood
Over their beauties, earthly, or sublime:
And often, when I sit me down to rhyme,
These will in throngs before my mind intrude:
But no confusion, no disturbance rude
Do they occasion; 'tis a pleasing chime.
So the unnumber'd sounds that evening store;
The songs of birds—the whisp'ring of the leaves—
The voice of waters—the great bell that heaves
With solemn sound,—and thousand others more,
That distance of recognizance bereaves,
Make pleasing music, and not wild uproar.

V

TO A FRIEND WHO SENT ME SOME ROSES.

AUTOGRAPH (Draft). (*M*).

TRANSCRIPT: *b*.
Dated. June 29, 1816 *b*.

As late I rambled in the happy fields,
What time the sky-lark shakes the tremulous dew
From his lush clover covert;—when anew
Adventurous knights take up their dinted shields:
I saw the sweetest flower wild nature yields,
A fresh-blown musk-rose; 'twas the first that threw
Its sweets upon the summer: graceful it grew
As is the wand that queen Titania wields.
And, as I feasted on its fragrancy,
I thought the garden-rose it far excell'd:
But when, O Wells! 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 unquell'd.

HOW MANY BARDS.—*Title: wanting in 1819*

TO A FRIEND.—*Title: wanting in M*: To a friend who sent me some roses *1817*: To Charles Wells on receiving a bunch of [full-blown] roses *b*
1 rambled *1817 b*: wanderd *M* 2 akes *over* sh[ook] *M* 7 sweet *M*
9 on *1817 b*: in *M* 10 though *M* 12 spell'd *over* [quell'd] *M*
14 Whispered of truth, Humanity and Friendliness unquell'd *b*

VI

TO G. A. W.

AUTOGRAPH: *a*.
TRANSCRIPTS: *b* W^3.
Dated: Dec. 1816 *b*.

NYMPH of the downward smile, and sidelong glance,
In what diviner moments of the day
Art thou most lovely? When gone far astray
Into the labyrinths of sweet utterance?
Or when serenely wand'ring in a trance
Of sober thought? Or when starting away,
With careless robe, to meet the morning ray,
Thou spar'st the flowers in thy mazy dance?
Haply 'tis when thy ruby lips part sweetly,
And so remain, because thou listenest:
But thou to please wert nurtured so completely
That I can never tell what mood is best.
I shall as soon pronounce which Grace more neatly
Trips it before Apollo than the rest.

VII

AUTOGRAPH belonging to H. E. Lyte, sold at Sotheby's 6 April 1925.
TRANSCRIPTS: *b* W^3.
First printed in *The Examiner* 5 May, 1816.

O SOLITUDE! if I must with thee dwell,
Let it not be among the jumbled heap
Of murky buildings; climb with me the steep,—
Nature's observatory—whence the dell,
Its flowery slopes, its river's crystal swell,
May seem a span; let me thy vigils keep
'Mongst boughs pavillion'd, where the deer's swift leap
Startles the wild bee from the fox-glove bell.
But though I'll gladly trace these scenes with thee,
Yet 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.

To G. A. W.—*Title:* To Miss Wylie *a*: Sonnet to a Lady *b* 13 which *1817 a*: what *b* Grace *over* [Nymph] *a*: grace *1817 b*

O SOLITUDE!—*Title: wanting in 1817*: To Solitude *Examiner*: Sonnet to Solitude *b* 5 slopes; W^3: slopes— *Examiner* Rivers: rivers *Examiner* W^3 7 pavilioned W^3 *Examiner* 9 I'd *b* W^3 Ah! fain would I frequent such scenes with thee; *Examiner* 10 But the *Examiner* innocent] elegant W^3 12 Pleasure. It certainly must be W^3

VIII

TO MY BROTHERS.

AUTOGRAPH: pencil draft of lines 1–8 in Severn pocket-book (*S*: see note to Sonnet I). A MS. in the possession of W. T. Spencer is perhaps the same as the above.

TRANSCRIPT: *b*.
Dated: Nov. 18, 1816 *1817 b*.

SMALL, busy flames play through the fresh laid coals,
And their faint cracklings o'er our silence creep
Like whispers of the household gods that keep
A gentle empire o'er fraternal souls.
And while, for rhymes, I search around the poles,
Your eyes are fix'd, as in poetic sleep,
Upon the lore so voluble and deep,
That aye at fall of night our care condoles.
This is your birth-day Tom, and I rejoice
That thus it passes smoothly, quietly.
Many such eves of gently whisp'ring noise
May we together pass, and calmly try
What are this world's true joys,—ere the great voice,
From its fair face, shall bid our spirits fly.

November 18, 1816.

TO MY BROTHERS.—*Title: wanting in S*: To my Brothers *1817*: Written to his brother Tom on his Birthday *b* 1 Small flames are peeping through *S* 2 And their *over* [With a] *S* crackling *S* o'er our silence creeps *beneath* [hea⟨r⟩d distin⟨c⟩t] *S* 3 whisper *S* God that keeps *S* 4/5 And while I am searching (*over* thinking) of a Rhyme *S* 6 fixéd *S* 7 the Pages voluble *S* 14 fair place *b*

IX

MSS. None known.
Undated.

KEEN, fitful gusts are whisp'ring here and there
  Among the bushes half leafless, and dry;
  The stars look very cold about the sky,
And I have many miles on foot to fare.
Yet feel I little of the cool bleak air,
  Or of the dead leaves rustling drearily,
  Or of those silver lamps that burn on high,
Or of the distance from home's pleasant lair:
For I am brimfull of the friendliness
  That in a little cottage I have found;
Of fair-hair'd Milton's eloquent distress,
  And all his love for gentle Lycid drown'd;
Of lovely Laura in her light green dress,
  And faithful Petrarch gloriously crown'd.

X

TRANSCRIPTS: *a* a^1 *b*.
Dated: June 1816 a^1.

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.

KEEN, FITFUL GUSTS.—*Title: wanting in 1817*

TO ONE WHO HAS BEEN LONG.—*Title:* Written in the Fields a^1 2 into] upon *a* a^1 3 of *om.* a^1 4 blue *1817*: bright *a* a^1 *b* 5 heart's *a* a^1 *b*: hearts *1817* 6 into some] upon a *a* a^1 7 reads some debonair *a* a^1 9 home at evening] thoughtful, homeward *a* a^1 11 Following the wafted Cloudlet's light career *a* a^1 14 That droppeth through the Æther silently *a* a^1

XI

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

AUTOGRAPH: *H M* (both fair copies).

TRANSCRIPTS: *b* and Mary Mathew's Album.
First printed in *The Examiner* 1 Dec. 1816 (where it appears not as a contribution by Keats, but quoted in an article by Hunt).

Dated: Oct. 1816 *Examiner*: cf. *Recollections of Writers*, by Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke, p. 128; 1816 *b*.

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.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.—*Title. wanting in M*: *as above 1817, Examiner, Mary Mathew*: On (On the *H*) first looking into Chapman's Homer *Hb* *In M there is a heading* To Mariane Reynolds, *not in Keats' hand* 5 Oft] But *Examiner* 6 deep *over* [low] brow'd *H* 7 Yet could I never judge what Men could mean *HMb Examiner. C. C. Clarke states that the original draft had* Yet could I never tell what men could mean (*Recollections*, p. 130): never did I *Mary Mathew* 9 Watcher of the Skies *HM* 11 eagle] wond'ring *H* 12 Pacific and *M*: Pacific, and *H* 13 Look *M* surmise— *1817 H*: surmise,— *Examiner*: surmise *M* 14 Silent, upon *1817 Examiner*: Silent upon *HM*

XII

ON LEAVING SOME FRIENDS AT AN EARLY HOUR.

AUTOGRAPH: *M* (headed *The hand-writing of John Keats (witness) Charles Cowden Clarke*).
Undated.

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 'tis seen
The silver strings of heavenly harp atween:
And let there glide by many a pearly car,
Pink robes, and wavy hair, and diamond jar,
And half discovered wings, and glances keen.
The while let music wander round my ears,
And as it reaches each delicious ending,
Let me write down a line of glorious tone,
And full of many wonders of the spheres:
For what a height my spirit is contending!
'Tis not content so soon to be alone.

ON LEAVING SOME FRIENDS.—*Title wanting in M as above 1817* 1–4 *preceded in M by a cancelled opening*

Give me a golden Pen and let me lean
On heap'd up flowers in regions clear and calm
Bring me a tablet whiter than the palm
Of a young Angel what time it is seen

2 clear *over* [calm] *and* far *over* [clear] *M* 4 Or palm of hymning (hymning *over* [young eyed]) Angel *M* 7 Pink Robes *over* [Bright Looks] *M* wavy *over* [floating] *M* diamond *over* [sapphire] *M* jar] tiar *conj. Thomas Hardy but cf.* I stood tiptoe 134: *and in* Lamia i. 58 tiar *is rhymed with* fire 8 discover'd *over* [seen] *M* 9 round *over* [here] *M* 10 ending *over* [close] *M* 12/13 [I needs m] *M* *At the foot of the leaf is a note in M.* John Keats was only rivalled by J. Clare in his naturally gifted [genius ?] in Poetry. He died quite . . .

XIII

ADDRESSED TO HAYDON.

TRANSCRIPT: *T*.

Undated. Printed in *Hood's Magazine* March 1845. Both Hood and Milnes must be supposed to have forgotten *1817*.

HIGHMINDEDNESS, a jealousy for good,
A loving-kindness for the great man's fame,
Dwells here and there with people of no name,
In noisome alley, and in pathless wood:
And where we think the truth least understood,
Oft may be found a "singleness of aim",
That ought to frighten into hooded shame
A money-mong'ring, pitiable brood.
How glorious this affection for the cause
Of stedfast genius, toiling gallantly!
What when a stout unbending champion awes
Envy, and Malice to their native sty?
Unnumber'd souls breathe out a still applause,
Proud to behold him in his country's eye.

ADDRESSED TO HAYDON.—*Title: wanting in T*: Sonnet by the late John Keats (communicated by R. Monckton Milnes, Esq. M.P.) *Hood* 2 Adoring kindness *Hood* 5 when *Hood* 6 "singleness of aim"—*from Wordsworth, 'Happy Warrior', 40* 8 money mong'ring *1817* 12 sky *Hood*

XIV

ADDRESSED TO THE SAME.

AUTOGRAPH: *L* (5); *L* (6); and MS. in possession of the Rosenbach Company (*Ros.*) (*Ros.* is reproduced in Dr. Rosenbach's *Books and Bidders*, p. 41).

TRANSCRIPT: *b*.

Dated: 1816 *b*: 20 Nov. ⟨1816⟩ *L* (5): 21 Nov. ⟨1816⟩ *L* (6): Christ Day *Ros.*

GREAT spirits now on earth are sojourning;
He of the cloud, the cataract, the lake,
Who on Helvellyn's summit, wide awake,
Catches his freshness from Archangel's wing:
He of the rose, the violet, the spring,
The social smile, the chain for Freedom's sake:
And lo!—whose stedfastness would never take
A meaner sound than Raphael's whispering.
And other spirits there are standing apart
Upon the forehead of the age to come;
These, these will give the world another heart,
And other pulses. Hear ye not the hum
Of mighty workings?———
Listen awhile ye nations, and be dumb.

ADDRESSED TO THE SAME—*Title. wanting in L* (5), *L* (6) Addressed to the Same *1817 Ros.*: Sonnet *b* 1 now *underlined Ros.* 3 Helvellyn's *corr. from* Helvyllyn's *Ros.* 8 Raphael's *1817 L* (5) *L* (6) *b*: Raphael[s] (*the* s *twice struck through*) *Ros.* 9 there are *1817 Ros.*: are there *L* (5), *L* (6) 13 Of mighty workings? *1817 L* (6) *Ros. b*: Of mighty Workings in a distant Mart? *L* (5)

XV

ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET

AUTOGRAPH: Forster Collection *316* (*F*) (subscribed 'This is Keats's writing. B. W. P.'; the initials those of 'Barry Cornwall').
First printed in *The Monthly Repository* Oct. 1817; printed also in *The Examiner* 21 Sept. 1819.
Dated: December 30, 1816: *1817 F Examiner.*

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,—he has never done
With his delights; for when tired out with fun
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

December 30, 1816.

ON THE GRASSHOPPER.—*Title as above 1817* 8 weed (*no stop*) *F*

XVI

TO KOSCIUSKO

MSS. None known.
First printed in *The Examiner* 16 Feb. 1817.
Dated: Dec. 1816 *Examiner*.

GOOD Kosciusko, thy great name alone
Is a full harvest whence to reap high feeling;
It comes upon us like the glorious pealing
Of the wide spheres—an everlasting tone.
And now it tells me, that in worlds unknown,
The names of heroes, burst from clouds concealing,
Are changed to harmonies, for ever stealing
Through cloudless blue, and round each silver throne.
It tells me too, that on a happy day,
When some good spirit walks upon the earth,
Thy name with Alfred's, and the great of yore
Gently commingling, gives tremendous birth
To a loud hymn, that sounds far, far away
To where the great God lives for evermore.

XVII

MSS. None known.
Undated.

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.

TO KOSCIUSKO.—*Title as above 1817, Examiner* 4 tone *1817*: tone; *Examiner* 7 Are *Examiner*: And *1817* And change *conj. Forman* 8 and round *1817*: around *Examiner*

HAPPY IS ENGLAND.—*Title: wanting in 1817*

SLEEP AND POETRY

'As I lay in my bed slepe full unmete
'Was unto me, but why that I ne might
'Rest I ne wist, for there n'as erthly wight
'[As I suppose] had more of hertis ese
'Than I, for I n'ad sicknesse nor disese'
CHAUCER.

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?
What is more tranquil than a musk-rose blowing
In a green island, far from all men's knowing?
More healthful than the leafiness of dales?
More secret than a nest of nightingales?
More serene than Cordelia's countenance?
More full of visions than a high romance?
What, but thee, Sleep? Soft closer of our eyes!
Low murmurer of tender lullabies!
Light hoverer around our happy pillows!
Wreather of poppy buds, and weeping willows!
Silent entangler of a beauty's tresses!
Most happy listener! when the morning blesses
Thee for enlivening all the cheerful eyes
That glance so brightly at the new sun-rise.

But what is higher beyond thought than thee?
Fresher than berries of a mountain tree?
More strange, more beautiful, more smooth, more regal,
Than wings of swans, than doves, than dim-seen eagle?
What is it? And to what shall I compare it?
It has a glory, and nought else can share it:
The thought thereof is awful, sweet, and holy,
Chacing away all worldliness and folly;
Coming sometimes like fearful claps of thunder,
Or the low rumblings earth's regions under;

EP AND POETRY.—*Title: as above 1817* 11 thee Sleep *1817*

And sometimes like a gentle whispering
Of all the secrets of some wond'rous thing
That breathes about us in the vacant air;
So that we look around with prying stare,
Perhaps to see shapes of light, aerial lymning,
And catch soft floatings from a faint-heard hymning;
To see the laurel wreath, on high suspended,
That is to crown our name when life is ended.
Sometimes it gives a glory to the voice,
And from the heart up-springs 'Rejoice! rejoice!'
Sounds which will reach the Framer of all things,
And die away in ardent mutterings.

No one who once the glorious sun has seen,
And all the clouds, and felt his bosom clean
For his great Maker's presence, but must know
What 'tis I mean, and feel his being glow:
Therefore no insult will I give his spirit,
By telling what he sees from native merit.

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,
And echo back the voice of thine own tongue?
O Poesy! for thee I grasp my pen
That am not yet a glorious denizen
Of thy wide heaven; yet, to my ardent prayer,
Yield from thy sanctuary some clear air,
Smoothed for intoxication by the breath
Of flowering bays, that I may die a death
Of luxury, and my young spirit follow
The morning sun-beams to the great Apollo
Like a fresh sacrifice; or, if I can bear
The o'erwhelming sweets, 'twill bring to me the fair
Visions of all places: a bowery nook
Will be elysium—an eternal book
Whence I may copy many a lovely saying
About the leaves, and flowers—about the playing

upsprings, rejoice! rejoice! *1817*

Of nymphs in woods, and fountains; and the shade
Keeping a silence round a sleeping maid;
And many a verse from so strange influence
That we must ever wonder how, and whence
It came. Also imaginings will hover
Round my fire-side, and haply there discover
Vistas of solemn beauty, where I'd wander
In happy silence, like the clear Meander
Through its lone vales; and where I found a spot
Of awfuller shade, or an enchanted grot,
Or a green hill o'erspread with chequered dress
Of flowers, and fearful from its loveliness,
Write on my tablets all that was permitted,
All that was for our human senses fitted.
Then the events of this wide world I'd seize
Like a strong giant, and my spirit teaze
Till at its shoulders it should proudly see
Wings to find out an immortality.

Stop and consider! life is but a day;
A fragile dew-drop on its perilous way
From a tree's summit; a poor Indian's sleep
While his boat hastens to the monstrous steep
Of Montmorenci. Why so sad a moan?
Life is the rose's hope while yet unblown;
The reading of an ever-changing 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.

O for ten years, that I may overwhelm
Myself in poesy; so I may do the deed
That my own soul has to itself decreed.
Then will I pass the countries that I see
In long perspective, and continually
Taste their pure fountains. First the realm I'll pass
Of Flora, and old Pan: sleep in the grass,
Feed upon apples red, and strawberries,
And choose each pleasure that my fancy sees;

74 meander *1817*

Catch the white-handed nymphs in shady places,
To woo sweet kisses from averted faces,—
Play with their fingers, touch their shoulders white
Into a pretty shrinking with a bite
As hard as lips can make it: till agreed,
A lovely tale of human life we'll read.
And one will teach a tame dove how it best
May fan the cool air gently o'er my rest;
Another, bending o'er her nimble tread,
Will set a green robe floating round her head,
And still will dance with ever varied ease,
Smiling upon the flowers and the trees:
Another will entice me on, and on
Through almond blossoms and rich cinnamon;
Till in the bosom of a leafy world
We rest in silence, like two gems upcurl'd
In the recesses of a pearly shell.

And can I ever bid these joys farewell?
Yes, I must pass them for a nobler life,
Where I may find the agonies, the strife
Of human hearts: for lo! I see afar,
O'er-sailing the blue craggin[illegible], a car
And steeds with streamy manes—the charioteer
Looks out upon the winds with glorious fear:
And now the numerous tramplings quiver lightly
Along a huge cloud's ridge; and now with sprightly
Wheel downward come they into fresher skies,
Tipt round with silver from the sun's bright eyes.
Still downward with capacious whirl they glide;
And now I see them on a green-hill's side
In breezy rest among the nodding stalks.
The charioteer with wond'rous gesture talks
To the trees and mountains; and there soon appear
Shapes of delight, of mystery, and fear,
Passing along before a dusky space
Made by some mighty oaks: as they would chase
Some ever-fleeting music on they sweep.
Lo! how they murmur, laugh, and smile, and weep:
Some with upholden hand and mouth severe;
Some with their faces muffled to the ear

126 O'er sailing *1817*

Between their arms; some, clear in youthful bloom,
Go glad and smilingly athwart the gloom;
Some looking back, and some with upward gaze;
Yes, thousands in a thousand different ways
Flit onward—now a lovely wreath of girls
Dancing their sleek hair into tangled curls;
And now broad wings. Most awfully intent
The driver of those steeds is forward bent,
And seems to listen: O that I might know
All that he writes with such a hurrying glow.

The visions all are fled—the car is fled
Into the light of heaven, and in their stead
A sense of real things comes doubly strong,
And, like a muddy stream, would bear along
My soul to nothingness: but I will strive
Against all doubtings, and will keep alive
The thought of that same chariot, and the strange
Journey it went.

Is there so small a range
In the present strength of manhood, that the high
Imagination cannot freely fly
As she was wont of old? prepare her steeds,
Paw up against the light, and do strange deeds
Upon the clouds? Has she not shewn us all?
From the clear space of ether, to the small
Breath of new buds unfolding? From the meaning
Of Jove's large eye-brow, to the tender greening
Of April meadows? Here her altar shone,
E'en in this isle; and who could paragon
The fervid choir that lifted up a noise
Of harmony, to where it aye will poise
Its mighty self of convoluting sound,
Huge as a planet, and like that roll round,
Eternally around a dizzy void?
Ay, in those days the Muses were nigh cloy'd
With honors; nor had any other care
Than to sing out and sooth their wavy hair.

Could all this be forgotten? Yes, a schism
Nurtured by foppery and barbarism,

181 scism *1817*

Made great Apollo blush for this his land.
Men were thought wise who could not understand
His glories: with a puling infant's force
They sway'd about upon a rocking horse,
And thought it Pegasus. Ah dismal soul'd!
The winds of heaven blew, the ocean roll'd
Its gathering waves—ye felt it not. The blue
Bared its eternal bosom, and the dew
Of summer nights collected still to make
The morning precious: beauty was awake!
Why were ye not awake? But ye were dead
To things ye knew not of,—were closely wed
To musty laws lined out with wretched rule
And compass vile: so that ye taught a school
Of dolts to smooth, inlay, and clip, and fit,
Till, like the certain wands of Jacob's wit,
Their verses tallied. Easy was the task:
A thousand handicraftsmen wore the mask
Of Poesy. Ill-fated, impious race!
That blasphemed the bright Lyrist to his face,
And did not know it,—no, they went about,
Holding a poor, decrepid standard out
Mark'd with most flimsy mottos, and in large
The name of one Boileau!
O ye whose charge
It is to hover round our pleasant hills!
Whose congregated majesty so fills
My boundly reverence, that I cannot trace
Your hallowed names, in this unholy place,
So near those common folk; did not their shames
Affright you? Did our old lamenting Thames
Delight you? Did ye never cluster round
Delicious Avon, with a mournful sound,
And weep? Or did ye wholly bid adieu
To regions where no more the laurel grew?
Or did ye stay to give a welcoming
To some lone spirits who could proudly sing
Their youth away, and die? 'Twas even so:
But let me think away those times of woe:
Now 'tis a fairer season; ye have breathed
Rich benedictions o'er us; ye have wreathed
Fresh garlands: for sweet music has been heard
In many places;—some has been upstirr'd

From out its crystal dwelling in a lake,
By a swan's ebon bill; from a thick brake,
Nested and quiet in a valley mild,
Bubbles a pipe; fine sounds are floating wild
About the earth: happy are ye and glad.

These things are doubtless: yet in truth we've had
Strange thunders from the potency of song;
Mingled indeed with what is sweet and strong,
From majesty: but in clear truth the themes
Are ugly clubs, the Poets Polyphemes
Disturbing the grand sea. A drainless shower
Of light is poesy; 'tis the supreme of power;
'Tis 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:
But strength alone though of the Muses born
Is like a fallen angel: trees uptorn,
Darkness, and worms, and shrouds, and sepulchres
Delight it; for it feeds upon the burrs,
And thorns of life; forgetting the great end
Of poesy, that it should be a friend
To sooth the cares, and lift the thoughts of man.

Yet I rejoice: a myrtle fairer than
E'er grew in Paphos, from the bitter weeds
Lifts its sweet head into the air, and feeds
A silent space with ever sprouting green.
All tenderest birds there find a pleasant screen,
Creep through the shade with jaunty fluttering,
Nibble the little cupped flowers and sing.
Then let us clear away the choaking thorns
From round its gentle stem; let the young fawns,
Yeaned in after times, when we are flown,
Find a fresh sward beneath it, overgrown
With simple flowers: let there nothing be
More boisterous than a lover's bended knee;
Nought more ungentle than the placid look
Of one who leans upon a closed book;
Nought more untranquil than the grassy slopes
Between two hills. All hail delightful hopes!

As she was wont, th' imagination
Into most lovely labyrinths will be gone,
And they shall be accounted poet kings
Who simply tell the most heart-easing things.
O may these joys be ripe before I die.

Will not some say that I presumptuously
Have spoken? that from hastening disgrace
'Twere better far to hide my foolish face?
That whining boyhood should with reverence bow
Ere the dread thunderbolt could reach? How!
If I do hide myself, it sure shall be
In the very fane, the light of Poesy:
If I do fall, at least I will be laid
Beneath the silence of a poplar shade;
And over me the grass shall be smooth shaven;
And there shall be a kind memorial graven.
But off Despondence! miserable bane!
They should not know thee, who athirst to gain
A noble end, are thirsty every hour.
What though I am not wealthy in the dower
Of spanning wisdom; though I do not know
The shiftings of the mighty winds that blow
Hither and thither all the changing thoughts
Of man: though no great minist'ring reason sorts
Out the dark mysteries of human souls
To clear conceiving: yet there ever rolls
A vast idea before me, and I glean
Therefrom my liberty; thence too I've seen
The end and aim of Poesy. 'Tis clear
As any thing most true; as that the year
Is made of the four seasons—manifest
As a large cross, some old cathedral's crest,
Lifted to the white clouds. Therefore should I
Be but the essence of deformity,
A coward, did my very eye-lids wink
At speaking out what I have dared to think.
Ah! rather let me like a madman run
Over some precipice; let the hot sun
Melt my Dedalian wings, and drive me down
Convuls'd and headlong! Stay! an inward frown

274 reach ⟨me⟩ *Houghton*

Of conscience bids me be more calm awhile.
An ocean dim, sprinkled with many an isle,
Spreads awfully before me. How much toil!
How many days! what desperate turmoil!
Ere I can have explored its widenesses.
Ah, what a task! upon my bended knees,
I could unsay those—no, impossible!
Impossible!
For sweet relief I'll dwell
On humbler thoughts, and let this strange assay
Begun in gentleness die so away.
E'en now all tumult from my bosom fades:
I turn full hearted to the friendly aids
That smooth the path of honour; brotherhood,
And friendliness the nurse of mutual good.
The hearty grasp that sends a pleasant sonnet
Into the brain ere one can think upon it;
The silence when some rhymes are coming out;
And when they're come, the very pleasant rout:
The message certain to be done to-morrow—
'Tis perhaps as well that it should be to borrow
Some precious book from out its snug retreat,
To cluster round it when we next shall meet.
Scarce can I scribble on; for lovely airs
Are fluttering round the room like doves in pairs;
Many delights of that glad day recalling,
When first my senses caught their tender falling.
And with these airs come forms of elegance
Stooping their shoulders o'er a horse's prance,
Careless, and grand—fingers soft and round
Parting luxuriant curls;—and the swift bound
Of Bacchus from his chariot, when his eye
Made Ariadne's cheek look blushingly.
Thus I remember all the pleasant flow
Of words at opening a portfolio.

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:

323 to-morrow. *1817*

A butterfly, with golden wings broad parted,
Nestling a rose, convuls'd as though it smarted
With over pleasure—many, many more,
Might I indulge at large in all my store
Of luxuries: 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—and thus: The chimes
Of friendly voices had just given place
To as sweet a silence, when I 'gan retrace
The pleasant day, upon a couch at ease.
It was a poet's house who keeps the keys
Of Pleasure's temple. Round about were hung
The glorious features of the bards who sung
In other ages—cold and sacred busts
Smiled at each other. Happy he who trusts
To clear Futurity his darling fame!
Then there were fauns and satyrs taking aim
At swelling apples with a frisky leap
And reaching fingers, 'mid a luscious heap
Of vine leaves. Then there rose to view a fane
Of liny marble, and thereto a train
Of nymphs approaching fairly o'er the sward:
One, loveliest, holding her white hand toward
The dazzling sun-rise: two sisters sweet
Bending their graceful figures till they meet
Over the trippings of a little child:
And some are hearing, eagerly, the wild
Thrilling liquidity of dewy piping.
See, in another picture, nymphs are wiping
Cherishingly Diana's timorous limbs;—
A fold of lawny mantle dabbling swims
At the bath's edge, and keeps a gentle motion
With the subsiding crystal: as when ocean
Heaves calmly its broad swelling smoothness o'er
Its rocky marge, and balances once more
The patient weeds; that now unshent by foam
Feel all about their undulating home.

Sappho's meek head was there half smiling down
At nothing; just as though the earnest frown

350 him: and thus, the *1817* 355 pleasure's *1817* 377 smoothness *1817*

Of over thinking had that moment gone
From off her brow, and left her all alone.

Great Alfred's too, with anxious, pitying eyes,
As if he always listened to the sighs
Of the goaded world; and Kosciusko's worn
By horrid suffrance—mightily forlorn.

Petrarch, outstepping from the shady green,
Starts at the sight of Laura; nor can wean
His eyes from her sweet face. Most happy they!
For over them was seen a free display
Of out-spread wings, and from between them shone
The face of Poesy: from off her throne
She overlook'd things that I scarce could tell.
The very sense of where I was might well
Keep Sleep aloof: but more than that there came
Thought after thought to nourish up the flame
Within my breast; so that the morning light
Surprised me even from a sleepless night;
And up I rose refresh'd, and glad, and gay,
Resolving to begin that very day
These lines; and howsoever they be done,
I leave them as a father does his son.

ENDYMION

A POETIC ROMANCE

INSCRIBED

TO THE MEMORY

OF

THOMAS CHATTERTON

1818

PREFACE

KNOWING within myself the manner in which this Poem has been produced, it is not without a feeling of regret that I make it public.

What manner I mean, will be quite clear to the reader, who must soon perceive great inexperience, immaturity, and every error denoting a feverish attempt, rather than a deed accomplished. The two first books, and indeed the two last, I feel sensible are not of such completion as to warrant their passing the press; nor should they if I thought a year's castigation would do them any good;—it will not: the foundations are too sandy. It is just that this youngster should die away: a sad thought for me, if I had not some hope that while it is dwindling I may be plotting, and fitting myself for verses fit to live.

This may be speaking too presumptuously, and may deserve a punishment: but no feeling man will be forward to inflict it: he will leave me alone, with the conviction that there is not a fiercer hell than the failure in a great object. This is not written with the least atom of purpose to forestall criticisms of course, but from the desire I have to conciliate men who are competent to look, and who do look with a zealous eye, to the honour of English literature.

The imagination of a boy is healthy, and the mature imagination of a man is healthy; but there is a space of life between, in which the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain, the ambition thick-sighted: thence proceeds mawkishness, and all the thousand bitters which those men I speak of must necessarily taste in going over the following pages.

I hope I have not in too late a day touched the beautiful mythology of Greece, and dulled its brightness: for I wish to try once more, before I bid it farewel.

Teignmouth, April 10, 1818

ENDYMION

OGRAPH: Fair copy: *M*. Draft: *D*. *End.* marginalia in the Dilke *Endy-*
i. **End.** marginalia in the Hunt *Endymion*. *1818*: the first edition of
ymion. **1818:** Woodhouse's copy of *Endymion*. *L* (26, 27, 28, 30, 42, 51,
For date, see pp. lxxxiv–lxxxix.

BOOK I

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.
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,
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; the mid forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms:
And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read:
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

e: Endymion Book 1st *M* 1 *Henry Stephens recalled an early ant* A thing of beauty is a constant joy 9 days (d *over* [w])*M*

From our dark Spirits, [and before us dances
Like glitter on the points of Arthur's Lances.
Of these bright powers are] Such the Sun, [and] Moon

h added above, and the *over* [and] *M*

Trees old, and young sprouting *M*: trees old and young, sprouting *1818*, *ected in L 62* 15 and such *over* [of these] *M* 16 With *over* d] *M* 20 And such *over* [Of these] *M* is *over* [are] *M* 24 Pour-unto us from the *in Taylor's hand over* [telling us we are on the] *M*: *On opposite page Keats has written* Pouring unto (*altered from* into) from the ven's brigh⟨t⟩

Nor do we merely feel these essences
For one short hour; no, even as the trees
That whisper round a temple become soon
Dear as the temple's self, 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'ercast,
They alway must be with us, or we die.

Therefore, 'tis with full happiness that I
Will trace the story of Endymion.
The very music of the name has gone
Into my being, and each pleasant scene
Is growing fresh before me as the green
Of our own vallies: so I will begin
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; and the dairy pails
Bring home increase of milk. And, 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.
Many and many a verse I hope to write,
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,
I must be near the middle of my story.
O may no wintry season, bare and hoary,
See it half finished: but let Autumn bold,
With universal tinge of sober gold,
Be all about me when I make an end.
And now at once, adventuresome, I send
My herald thought into a wilderness:
There let its trumpet blow, and quickly dress
My uncertain path with green, that I may speed
Easily onward, thorough flowers and weed.

27 a *added above* *M* 29 The *over* [And] *M* passion,—poe[try] (*the comma added in pencil:* sy *written over* [try]) *M* *on the opposite page in Taylor's hand* its *over* [and] glories 36 musick *M* 50 vermil rim'd *M* 58 now, at once, adventuresome I *M*

Upon the sides of Latmos was outspread
A mighty forest; for the moist earth fed
So plenteously all weed-hidden roots
Into o'er-hanging boughs, and precious fruits.
And it had gloomy shades, sequestered deep,
Where no man went; and if from shepherd's keep
A lamb strayed far a-down those inmost glens,
Never again saw he the happy pens
Whither his brethren, bleating with content,
Over the hills at every nightfall went.
Among the shepherds, 'twas believed ever,
That not one fleecy lamb which thus did sever
From the white flock, but pass'd unworried
By angry wolf, or pard with prying head,
Until it came to some unfooted plains
Where fed the herds of Pan: ay great his gains
Who thus one lamb did lose. Paths there were many,
Winding through palmy fern, and rushes fenny,
And ivy banks; all leading pleasantly
To a wide lawn, whence one could only see
Stems thronging all around between the swell
Of turf and slanting branches: who could tell
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.

Full in the middle of this pleasantness
There stood a marble altar, with a tress
Of flowers budded newly; and the dew
Had taken fairy phantasies to strew
Daisies upon the sacred sward last eve,
And so the dawned light in pomp receive.
For 'twas the morn: Apollo's upward fire
Made every eastern cloud a silvery pyre
Of brightness so unsullied, that therein
A melancholy spirit well might win

71 Whither *over* [To which] *M* 74 fleec[y] ([ing] *over* [y]) *M* 75 pass'd *M* 78 aye *M*: ay *1818* 79 one Lamb *pencilled over* but one *M* 80 fenney *M* 82 To a [wh] wide *M; cf. 126* 83 all *added above M* around *made out of* round *M* 86 tree [tree] tops *M* 94 [the coming] the dawned *M* 96 cloud *added above M*

Oblivion, and melt out his essence fine
Into the winds: rain-scented eglantine
Gave temperate sweets to that well-wooing sun;
The lark was lost in him; cold springs had run
To warm their chilliest bubbles in the grass;
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.

Now while the silent workings of the dawn
Were busiest, into that self-same lawn
All suddenly, with joyful cries, there sped
A troop of little children garlanded;
Who [illegible] round the altar, seemed to pry
Earnestly round as wishing to espy
Some folk of holiday: nor had they waited
For many moments, ere their ears were sated
With a faint breath of music, which ev'n then
Fill'd out its voice, and died away again.
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 vallies,—ere their death, o'ertaking
The surgy murmurs of the lonely sea.

And now, as deep into the wood as we
Might mark a lynx's eye, there glimmered light
Fair faces and a rush of garments white,
Plainer and plainer shewing, till at last
Into the widest alley they all past,
Making directly for the woodland altar.
O kindly muse! let not my weak tongue faulter
In telling of this goodly company,
Of their old piety, and of their glee:
But let a portion of ethereal dew
Fall on my head, and presently unmew

99 [pure] fine *M* 102 in [lo . . .] him *M* 105 pulsed *M* 107 the *pencilled over* the[se] *M*: these **End.**: silent *underlined, with* Qy *in margin M* 111 Altar seemed *M* 115 Musick *M* e'en *M* 118 wave [*comma deleted*] **End.** 119 in *pencilled over* [and] *and then inked in M*: and **End.** 120 death o'ertaking *M* 122 now as *M* 125 shewing *1818*: showing *M* 126 [wh] widest *M; cf. 82* 131 etherial *M*. 127–34 *crossed out in M: in margin* Stet *is pencilled*

My soul; that I may dare, in wayfaring,
To stammer where old Chaucer used to sing.

Leading the way, young damsels danced along,
Bearing the burden of a shepherd song;
Each having a white wicker over brimm'd
With April's tender younglings: next, well trimm'd,
A crowd of shepherds with as sunburnt looks
As may be read of in Arcadian books;
Such as sat listening round Apollo's pipe,
When the great deity, for earth too ripe,
Let his divinity o'er-flowing die
In music, through the vales of Thessaly:
Some idly trailed their sheep-hooks on the ground,
And some kept up a shrilly mellow sound
With ebon-tipped flutes: close after these,
Now coming from beneath the forest trees,
A venerable priest full soberly,
Begirt with ministring looks: alway his eye
Stedfast upon the matted turf he kept,
And after him his sacred vestments swept.
From his right hand there swung a vase, milk-white,
Of mingled wine, out-sparkling generous light;
And in his left he held 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.
His aged head, crowned with beechen wreath,
Seem'd like a poll of ivy in the teeth

134 used *M 1818* 135 [In front some pretty] Damsels *M*: [And] *added at beginning of line*: [the] *added above before* front: young *over* [pretty]; *on the opposite page is written* Leading the way young 136 a [mayda] shepherd *M* 137 [And] Each [with handy] wicker over brimmed *M*: *above* [with handy] *is written* [an a] having a white; *on the opposite page but struck through with a pencil stands in Taylor's hand* [Each brought a little wicker over brimmed] bringing a white 138 trimed *M* 144 Musick *M* 147 flutes. Close *M* 149 soberly.] *See L 51* 153 a vase milk white, [vase] *M* (*the first* vase *added in pencil above*) 154 wines out-sparkling [like the stars] generous light; *M* 157 lillies whiter (*corr. from* white) [as Leda's] still *M* 158 Than Leda's love and [blossoms] (cresses *written under* [blossoms]) from the Rill *written above* Bosom, and choicest strips from mountain Cedars *M* 160 Seemed *M*

Of winter hoar. Then came another crowd
Of shepherds, lifting in due time aloud
Their share of the ditty. After them appear'd,
Up-followed by a multitude that rear'd
Their voices to the clouds, a fair wrought car,
Easily rolling so as scarce to mar
The freedom of three steeds of dapple brown:
Who stood therein did seem of great renown
Among the throng. His youth was fully blown,
Shewing like Ganymede to manhood grown;
And, for those simple times, his garments were
A chieftain king's: beneath his breast, half bare,
Was hung a silver bugle, and between
His nervy knees there lay a boar-spear keen.
A smile was on his countenance; he seem'd,
To common lookers on, like one who dream'd
Of idleness in groves Elysian:
But there were some who feelingly could scan
A lurking trouble in his nether lip,
And see that oftentimes the reins would slip
Through his forgotten hands: then would they sigh,
And think of yellow leaves, of owlet's cry,
Of logs piled solemnly.—Ah, well-a-day,
Why should our young Endymion pine away!

Soon the assembly, in a circle rang'd,
Stood silent round the shrine: each look was chang'd
To sudden veneration: women meek
Beckon'd their sons to silence; while each cheek
Of virgin bloom paled gently for slight fear.
Endymion too, without a forest peer,
Stood, wan, and pale, and with an awed face,
Among his brothers of the mountain chase.
In midst of all, the venerable priest
Eyed them with joy from greatest to the least,
And, after lifting up his aged hands,
Thus spake he: 'Men of Latmos! shepherd bands!

163 o' the *M* appeared *M* 168 stood *over* [sat] *M* 172 breast half bare *M* 174 [nevy] nervy *M* [was l] (*for* was laid?) *before* there lay *M* 175 seemed, *M* 176 dreamed *M* 178 there [was] were some *M* 182 owlets *1818 M* 188 Beckoned *M* 191 an *corr. from* a *M* awed *over* bowed *M* 194 Eyed *M 1818* 196 Latmus! *M*

Whose care it is to guard a thousand flocks:
Whether descended from beneath the rocks
That overtop your mountains; whether come
From vallies where the pipe is never dumb;
Or from your swelling downs, where sweet air stirs
Blue hare-bells lightly, and where prickly furze
Buds lavish gold; or ye, whose precious charge
Nibble their fill at ocean's very marge,
Whose mellow reeds are touch'd with sounds forlorn
By the dim echoes of old Triton's horn:
Mothers and wives! who day by day prepare
The scrip, with needments, for the mountain air;
And all ye gentle girls who foster up
Udderless lambs, and in a little cup
Will put choice honey for a favoured youth:
Yea, every one attend! for in good truth
Our vows are wanting to our great god Pan.
Are not our lowing heifers sleeker than
Night-swollen mushrooms? Are not our wide plains
Speckled with countless fleeces? Have not rains
Green'd over April's lap? No howling sad
Sickens our fearful ewes; and we have had
Great bounty from Endymion our lord.
The earth is glad: the merry lark has pour'd
His early song against yon breezy sky,
That spreads so clear o'er our solemnity.'

Thus ending, on the shrine he heap'd a spire
Of teeming sweets, enkindling sacred fire;
Anon he stain'd the thick and spongy sod
With wine, in honour of the shepherd-god.
Now while the earth was drinking it, and while
Bay leaves were crackling in the fragrant pile,
And gummy frankincense was sparkling bright
'Neath smothering parsley, and a hazy light
Spread greyly eastward, thus a chorus sang:

'O THOU, whose mighty palace roof doth hang
From jagged trunks, and overshadoweth
Eternal whispers, glooms, the birth, life, death
Of unseen flowers in heavy peacefulness;
Who lov'st to see the hamadryads dress

205 folorn *M* 232 Pallace *M* 236 Hamadryads *M*

Their ruffled locks where meeting hazels darken;
And through whole solemn hours dost sit, and hearken
The dreary melody of bedded reeds—
In desolate places, where dank moisture breeds
The pipy hemlock to strange overgrowth;
Bethinking thee, how melancholy loth
Thou wast to lose fair Syrinx—do thou now,
By thy love's milky brow!
By all the trembling mazes that she ran,
Hear us, great Pan!

'O thou, for whose soul-soothing quiet, turtles
Passion their voices cooingly 'mong myrtles,
What time thou wanderest at eventide
Through sunny meadows, that outskirt the side
Of thine enmossed realms: O thou, to whom
Broad leaved fig trees even now foredoom
Their ripen'd fruitage; yellow girted bees
Their golden honeycombs; our village leas
Their fairest blossom'd beans and poppied corn;
The chuckling linnet its five young unborn,
To sing for thee; low creeping strawberries
Their summer coolness; pent up butterflies
Their freckled wings; yea, the fresh budding year
All its completions—be quickly near,
By every wind that nods the mountain pine,
O forester divine!

'Thou, to whom every faun and satyr flies
For willing service; whether to surprise
The squatted hare while in half sleeping fit;
Or upward ragged precipices flit
To save poor lambkins from the eagle's maw;
Or by mysterious enticement draw
Bewildered shepherds to their path again;
Or to tread breathless round the frothy main,
And gather up all fancifullest shells
For thee to tumble into Naiads' cells,

242 loath *M* 246 Hear us *over* [Listen] *M* 247 O thou whose soul soothing quiet turtles *M: see Letter 51* 253 ripened 255 blossomed *M* 263 fawn *M 1818* 271/272 Naiads *M* [tumble them into fair Naiads shells Cells] *M*

And, being hidden, laugh at their out-peeping;
Or to delight thee with fantastic leaping,
The while they pelt each other on the crown
With silvery oak apples, and fir cones brown—
By all the echoes that about thee ring,
Hear us, O satyr king!

'O Hearkener to the loud clapping shears,
While ever and anon to his shorn peers
A ram goes bleating: Winder of the horn,
When snouted wild-boars routing tender corn
Anger our huntsmen: Breather round our farms,
To keep off mildews, and all weather harms:
Strange ministrant of undescribed sounds,
That come a swooning over hollow grounds,
And wither drearily on barren moors:
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!

'Be still the unimaginable lodge
For solitary thinkings; such as dodge
Conception to the very bourne of heaven,
Then leave the naked brain: be still the leaven,
That spreading in this dull and clodded earth
Gives it a touch ethereal—a new birth:
Be still a symbol of immensity;
A firmament reflected in a sea;
An element filling the space between;
An unknown—but no more: we humbly screen
With uplift hands our foreheads, lowly bending,
And giving out a shout most heaven rending,
Conjure thee to receive our humble Pæan,
Upon thy Mount Lycean!'

Even while they brought the burden to a close,
A shout from the whole multitude arose,

282–3 Wild boars routing tender
Corn anger our Huntsmen; *M, so dividing the lines*: huntsman *1818*

290 Dryope! *M* 293 Be (*without quotation mark*) *M 1818* 295 bourn *M* 296 leven *M* 302 screne *M* 306 Lycean! (*without quotation mark*) *M 1818* 307 E'en *M*

That lingered in the air like dying rolls
Of abrupt thunder, when Ionian shoals
Of dolphins bob their noses through the brine.
Meantime, on shady levels, mossy fine,
Young companies nimbly began dancing
To the swift treble pipe, and humming string.
Aye, those fair living forms swam heavenly
To tunes forgotten—out of memory:
Fair creatures! whose young childrens' children bred
Thermopylæ its heroes—not yet dead,
But in old marbles ever beautiful.
High genitors, unconscious did they cull
Time's sweet first-fruits—they danc'd to weariness,
And then in quiet circles did they press
The hillock turf, and caught the latter end
Of some strange history, potent to send
A young mind from its bodily tenement.
Or they might watch the quoit-pitchers, intent
On either side; pitying the sad death
Of Hyacinthus, when the cruel breath
Of Zephyr slew him,—Zephyr penitent,
Who now, ere Phœbus mounts the firmament,
Fondles the flower amid the sobbing rain.
The archers too, upon a wider plain,
Beside the feathery whizzing of the shaft,
And the dull twanging bowstring, and the raft
Branch down sweeping from a tall ash top,
Call'd up a thousand thoughts to envelope
Those who would watch. Perhaps, the trembling knee
And frantic gape of lonely Niobe,
Poor, lonely Niobe! when her lovely young
Were dead and gone, and her caressing tongue
Lay a lost thing upon her paly lip,
And very, very deadliness did nip
Her motherly cheeks. Arous'd from this sad mood
By one, who at a distance loud halloo'd,

310 abrubt *M* ionian *M* 311 bob] push raise *on the opposite page in Taylor's hand M* ('The words *raise push* were suggested to the author: but he insisted on retaining *bob*': *Note by Woodhouse in* W^2) 315 swam] mov'd *on the opposite page in Taylor's hand M* 318 Thermopylœ *M* 321 danced *M* 334–5 *See L 49* 335 downward *conj. Amy Lowell perhaps* adown: *cf. i. 69, ii. 77, 1009, iv. 257, 998* 336 envellop *M* 337 watch [them]. Perhaps, *M* 339 Niobe! *1818*: Niobe (*without exclamation mark*) *M*

Uplifting his strong bow into the air,
Many might after brighter visions stare:
After the Argonauts, in blind amaze
Tossing about on Neptune's restless ways,
Until, from the horizon's vaulted side,
There shot a golden splendour far and wide,
Spangling those million poutings of the brine
With quivering ore: 'twas even an awful shine
From the exaltation of Apollo's bow;
A heavenly beacon in their dreary woe.
Who thus were ripe for high contemplating,
Might turn their steps towards the sober ring
Where sat Endymion and the aged priest
'Mong shepherds gone in eld, whose looks increas'd
The silvery setting of their mortal star.
There they discours'd upon the fragile bar
That keeps us from our homes ethereal;
And what our duties there: to nightly call
Vesper, the beauty-crest of summer weather;
To summon all the downiest clouds together
For the sun's purple couch; to emulate
In ministring the potent rule of fate
With speed of fire-tailed exhalations.
To tint her pallid cheek with bloom, who cons
Sweet poesy by moonlight: besides these,
A world of other unguess'd offices.
Anon they wander'd, by divine converse,
Into Elysium; vieing to rehearse
Each one his own anticipated bliss.
One felt heart-certain that he could not miss
His quick gone love, among fair blossom'd boughs,
Where every zephyr-sigh pouts, and endows
Her lips with music for the welcoming.
Another wish'd, mid that eternal spring,
To meet his rosy child, with feathery sails,
Sweeping, eye-earnestly, through almond vales:
Who, suddenly, should stoop through the smooth wind,
And with the balmiest leaves his temples bind;

345 *added in margin M* 349 Horison's *M* 350 splendor *M*
352 even *1818*: e'en *M* 367 fire-tail'd *M* 368 pallid *1818*: pretty *M* (*on opposite page* pallid waning *is written in Taylor's hand*)
369 Moonlight. Besides *M* 377 Musick *M* 378 wished *M*

And, ever after, through those regions be
His messenger, his little Mercury.
Some were athirst in soul to see again
Their fellow huntsmen o'er the wide champaign
In times long past; to sit with them, and talk
Of all the chances in their earthly walk;
Comparing, joyfully, their plenteous stores
Of happiness, to when upon the moors,
Benighted, close they huddled from the cold,
And shar'd their famish'd scrips. Thus all out-told
Their fond imaginations,—saving him
Whose eyelids curtain'd up their jewels dim,
Endymion: yet hourly had he striven
To hide the cankering venom, that had riven
His fainting recollections. Now indeed
His senses had swoon'd off: he did not heed
The sudden silence, or the whispers low,
Or the old eyes dissolving at his woe,
Or anxious calls, or close of trembling palms,
Or maiden's sigh, that grief itself embalms:
But in the self-same fixed trance he kept,
Like one who on the earth had never stept.
Aye, even as dead-still as a marble man,
Frozen in that old tale Arabian.

Who whispers him so pantingly and close?
Peona, his sweet sister: of all those,

386 campaign *M* 389 plenteous *over* [present] *M* 398 swooned *M*
406 Frozen *written over* [Sitting] *After 406 follows in M*

[Now happily, there sitting on the grass
Was fair Peona, a most tender Lass,
And his sweet sister; who, uprising, went
With stifled sobs, and o'er his shoulder leant.
Putting her trembling hand against his cheek
She said: 'My dear Endymion, let us seek
A pleasant bower where thou may'st rest apart,
And ease in slumber thine afflicted heart:
Come my own dearest brother: these our friends
Will joy in thinking thou dost sleep where bends
Our freshening River through yon birchen grove:
Do come now!' Could he gainsay her who strove,
So soothingly, to breathe away a Curse?]

In place of this, on the opposite page, are written 407–13, line 413 appearing also in the body of the text

His friends, the dearest. Hushing signs she made,
And breath'd a sister's sorrow to persuade
A yielding up, a cradling on her care.
Her eloquence did breathe away the curse:
She led him, like some midnight spirit nurse
Of happy changes in emphatic dreams,
Along a path between two little streams,—
Guarding his forehead, with her round elbow,
From low-grown branches, and his footsteps slow
From stumbling over stumps and hillocks small;
Until they came to where these streamlets fall,
With mingled bubblings and a gentle rush,
Into a river, clear, brimful, and flush
With crystal mocking of the trees and sky.
A little shallop, floating there hard by,
Pointed its beak over the fringed bank;
And soon it lightly dipt, and rose, and sank,
And dipt again, with the young couple's weight,—
Peona guiding, through the water straight,
Towards a bowery island opposite;
Which gaining presently, she steered light
Into a shady, fresh, and ripply cove,
Where nested was an arbour, overwove
By many a summer's silent fingering;
To whose cool bosom she was used to bring
Her playmates, with their needle broidery,
And minstrel memories of times gone by.

So she was gently glad to see him laid
Under her favourite bower's quiet shade,
On her own couch, new made of flower leaves,
Dried carefully on the cooler side of sheaves
When last the sun his autumn tresses shook,
And the tann'd harvesters rich armfuls took.

413 midnight spirit-nurse *M in text*: midnight-spirit Nurse *M on opposite page* 432 By *written over* [With] *M* 439 Dry'd *M*: Dried *1818*

440–1 When last the Harvesters rich armfuls took.
[She tied a little bucket to a Crook,
Ran some swift paces to a dark wells side,
And in a sighing-time return'd, supplied
With spar cold water; in which she did squeeze
A snowy napkin, and upon her knees
Began to cherish her poor Brother's face;
Damping refreshfully his forehead's space,
[*continued overleaf*]

Soon was he quieted to slumbrous rest:
But, ere it crept upon him, he had prest
Peona's busy hand against his lips,
And still, a sleeping, held her finger-tips
In tender pressure. And 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.

O magic sleep! O comfortable bird
That broodest o'er the troubled sea of the mind
Till it is hush'd and smooth! O unconfin'd
Restraint! imprisoned liberty! great key
To golden palaces, strange minstrelsy,
Fountains grotesque, new trees, bespangled caves,
Echoing grottos, full of tumbling waves
And moonlight; aye, to all the mazy world
Of silvery enchantment!—who, upfurl'd
Beneath thy drowsy wing a triple hour,
But renovates and lives?—Thus, in the bower,
Endymion was calm'd to life again.
Opening his eyelids with a healthier brain,
He said: 'I feel this thine endearing love
All through my bosom: thou art as a dove

440–1 [*cont.*] His eyes, his Lips. then in a cupped shell
She brought him ruby wine; then let him smell,
Time after time, a precious amulet,
Which seldom took she from its cabinet.] *M*

On the opposite page stands

When last the Sun his autumn tresses shook
And [And] the tan'd Harvesters rich armfuls took

(*Over* [And] *is written* [While])

442 [Soon And he] ([he] *pencilled*) Soon was he (*the last three words in Taylor's hand*) *over*
[Soon Thus was he] quieted to slumbrous rest: *M*

451 or *added above M* 452 sear *M* 454 o' the *M* 456 Restraint; emprisoned Liberty; *M* 457 Pallaces *M* Minstrelsey *M* 459 grottoes *M* 462 tripple *M*

465/466 [A cheerfuller resignment, and a smile
For his fair Sister flowing like the Nile
Through all the channels of her piety,] *M*

466–7 He said: ['Dear Maid, may I this moment die,
If] I feel [not] this thine endearing Love *M*

Trembling its closed eyes and sleeked wings
About me; and 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,—the very home and haunt
Of sisterly affection. Can I want
Aught else, aught nearer heaven, than such tears?
Yet dry them up, in bidding hence all fears
That, any longer, I will pass my days
Alone and sad. No, I will once more raise
My voice upon the mountain-heights; once more
Make my horn parley from their foreheads hoar:
Again my trooping hounds their tongues shall loll
Around the breathed boar: again I'll poll
The fair-grown yew tree, for a chosen bow:
And, 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. So be thou cheered sweet,
And, if thy lute is here, softly intreat
My soul to keep in its resolved course.'

Hereat Peona, in their silver source,
Shut her pure sorrow drops with glad exclaim,
And took a lute, from which there pulsing came
A lively prelude, fashioning the way
In which her voice should wander 'Twas a lay
More subtle cadenced, more forest wild
Than Dryope's lone lulling of her child;

469 perliest *M*

470–3 [From woodbine hedges, such a morning feel,
As do those brighter drops, that twinkling steal
From those pressed lashes, from the blossom'd plant]
Of sisterly affection. Can I want *M*

On the opposite page is written the text of 1818, except that those (*472*) *is altered in pencil to* thy

494–5 [More forest-wild, more subtle-cadenced
Than can be told by mortal: even wed
The fainting tenors of a thousand Shells,
To a million whisperings of Lilly bells;
And, mingle too, the Nightingale's complain
Caught in its hundredth echo; 'twould be vain:] *M*

On the opposite page is written the text of 1818 495 *See L 51*

And nothing since has floated in the air
So mournful strange. Surely some influence rare
Went, spiritual, through the damsel's hand;
For still, with Delphic emphasis, she spann'd
The quick invisible strings, even though she saw
Endymion's spirit melt away and thaw
Before the deep intoxication.
But soon she came, with sudden burst, upon
Her self-possession—swung the lute aside,
And earnestly said: 'Brother, 'tis vain to hide
That thou dost know of things mysterious,
Immortal, starry; such alone could thus
Weigh down thy nature. Hast thou sinn'd in aught
Offensive to the heavenly powers? Caught
A Paphian dove upon a message sent?
Thy deathful bow against some dear-head bent,
Sacred to Dian? Haply, thou hast seen
Her naked limbs among the alders green;
And that, alas! is death. No, I can trace
Something more high-perplexing in thy face!'

Endymion look'd at her, and press'd her hand,
And said, 'Art thou so pale, who wast so bland
And merry in our meadows? How is this?
Tell me thine ailment: tell me all amiss!—

496 And] For *M* 499 delphic *M* span'd *M* 511 Deer-head *M* (*but it might be read* Deer-herd): deer-herd *1818* 513 among the alders *over* [on flags and rushes] *M*: on flags and rushes **End.** 515 high-perplexing *M*: high perplexing *1818*

After 515

[And I do pray thee by thy utmost aim
To tell me all No little fault or blame
Canst thou lay on[e] me for a teasing Girl;
Ever as an unfathomable pearl
Has been thy secrecy to me: but now
I needs must hunger after it, and vow
To be its jealous Guardian for aye.
Uttering these words she got nigh and more nigh,
And put at last her arms about his neck:
Nor was there any tart, ungentle check,
Nor any frown or stir dissatisfied,
But smooth compliance† and tender slide
Of arm in arm, and what is written next.
'Doubtless, Peona, thou hast been perplex'd,
And pained oft, in thinking of the change] *M*

In place of this 516–20 are written on the opposite page

† *a caret-mark pencilled in the MS.*

Ah! thou hast been unhappy at the change
Wrought suddenly in me. What indeed more strange?
Or more complete to overwhelm surmise?
Ambition is no sluggard: 'tis no prize,
That toiling years would put within my grasp,
That I have sigh'd for: with so deadly gasp
No man e'er panted for a mortal love.
So all have set my heavier grief above
These things which happen. Rightly have they done:
I, who still saw the horizontal sun
Heave his broad shoulder o'er the edge of the world,
Out-facing Lucifer, and then had hurl'd
My spear aloft, as signal for the chace—
I, who, for very sport of heart, would race
With my own steed from Araby; pluck down
A vulture from his towery perching; frown
A lion into growling, loth retire—
To lose, at once, all my toil breeding fire,
And sink thus low! but I will ease my breast
Of secret grief, here in this bowery nest.

'This river does not see the naked sky,
Till it begins to progress silverly
Around the western border of the wood,
Whence, from a certain spot, its winding flood
Seems at the distance like a crescent moon:
And in that nook, the very pride of June,
Had I been used to pass my weary eves;
The rather for the sun unwilling leaves

520 has *M* 530 o' the *M* 536 growling *over* [grumbling] *M* loath *M*
538–9 [And come to such a Ghost as I am now!
But listen, Sister, I will tell the how.] *M*
On the opposite page is written the text of 1818
542 wood: *M* *For 545 M has*
[And in that spot the most endowing boon
Of balmy Air, sweet blooms, and coverts fresh
Has been outshed; yes, all that could enmesh
Our human senses—make us fealty sware
To gadding Flora. In this grateful lair]
In the first line that *has been altered from* this; *in the last over* [In] *has been written* [To] In *On the opposite page are lines 545–6 as given by 1818, line 546 being written both on that page and in the text*
546 Had *corr. from* Have *M in the text* pass] [give] pass *written over* [pass] *M in the text* eaves *M on opposite page*

So dear a picture of his sovereign power,
And I could witness his most kingly hour,
When he doth tighten up the golden reins,
And paces leisurely down amber plains
His snorting four. Now when his chariot last
Its beams against the zodiac-lion cast,
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;
And, sitting down close by, began to muse
What it might mean. Perhaps, thought I, Morpheus,
In passing here, his owlet pinions shook;
Or, it may be, ere matron Night uptook
Her ebon urn, young Mercury, by stealth,
Had dipt his rod in it: such garland wealth
Came not by common growth. Thus on I thought,
Until my head was dizzy and distraught.
Moreover, through the dancing poppies stole
A breeze, most softly lulling to my soul;
And shaping visions all about my sight
Of colours, wings, and bursts of spangly light,
The which became more strange, and strange, and dim,
And then were gulph'd in a tumultuous swim.
And then I fell asleep. Ah, can I tell
The enchantment that afterwards befel?
Yet it was but a dream: yet such a dream
That never tongue, although it overteem
With mellow utterance, like a cavern spring,
Could figure out and to conception bring
All I beheld and felt. Methought I lay
Watching the zenith, where the milky way
Among the stars in virgin splendour pours;
And travelling my eye, until the doors
Of heaven appear'd to open for my flight,
I became loth and fearful to alight
From such high soaring by a downward glance:
So kept me stedfast in that airy trance,

550 tighten (*with uncrossed initial* t, *as not infrequently*) *M*. lighten *1818 cf. ii. 400, 410, 524, 889* 554 blossomed sudenly *M* 561 be [that], ere *M* matron *over* [still] *M* 565 dizy *M* 581 untill *M* 582 appeared *pencilled, and then inked, not in Keats' hand, over* [seemed] *M* 583 loath *M*

Spreading imaginary pinions wide.
When, presently, the stars began to glide,
And faint away, before my eager view:
At which I sigh'd that I could not pursue,
And dropt my vision to the horizon's verge;
And lo! from the opening clouds, I saw emerge
The loveliest moon, that ever silver'd o'er
A shell for Neptune's goblet: she did soar
So passionately bright, my dazzled soul
Commingling with her argent spheres did roll
Through clear and cloudy, even when she went
At last into a dark and vapoury tent—
Whereat, methought, the lidless-eyed train
Of planets all were in the blue again.
To commune with those orbs, once more I rais'd
My sight right upward: but it was quite dazed
By a bright something, sailing down apace,
Making me quickly veil my eyes and face:
Again I look'd, and, O ye deities,
Who from Olympus watch our destinies!
Whence that completed form of all completeness?
Whence came that high perfection of all sweetness?
Speak, stubborn earth, and tell me where, O where
Hast thou a symbol of her golden hair?
Not oat-sheaves drooping in the western sun;
Not—thy soft hand, fair sister! let me shun
Such follying before thee—yet she had,
Indeed, locks bright enough to make me mad;
And they were simply gordian'd up and braided,
Leaving, in naked comeliness, unshaded,
Her pearl round ears, white neck, and orbed brow;
The which were blended in, I know not how,
With such a paradise of lips and eyes,
Blush-tinted cheeks, half smiles, and faintest sighs,
That, when I think thereon, my spirit clings
And plays about its fancy, till the stings
Of human neighbourhood envenom all.
Unto what awful power shall I call?

598 lidless eyed *M* (eyed *underlined and queried in margin*) 599 all (*added above*) were [all] *M* 600 [And] To commune *M* those orbs *over* them *M* 601 sight *over* [eyes] *M* it was *over* they were *M* 621 plays *over* [fawns] *M*

To what high fane?—Ah! see her hovering feet,
More bluely vein'd, more soft, more whitely sweet
Than those of sea-born Venus, when she rose
From out her cradle shell. The wind out-blows
Her scarf into a fluttering pavilion;
'Tis blue, and over-spangled with a million
Of little eyes, as though thou wert to shed,
Over the darkest, lushest blue-bell bed,
Handfuls of daisies.'—'Endymion, how strange!
Dream within dream!'—'She took an airy range,
And then, towards me, like a very maid,
Came blushing, waning, willing, and afraid,
And press'd me by the hand: Ah! 'twas too much;
Methought I fainted at the charmed touch,
Yet held my recollection, even as one
Who dives three fathoms where the waters run
Gurgling in beds of coral: for anon,
I felt upmounted in that region
Where falling stars dart their artillery forth,
And eagles struggle with the buffeting north
That balances the heavy meteor-stone;—
Felt too, I was not fearful, nor alone,
But lapp'd and lull'd along the dangerous sky.
Soon, as it seem'd, we left our journeying high,
And straightway into frightful eddies swoop'd;
Such as aye muster where grey time has scoop'd
Huge dens and caverns in a mountain's side:
There hollow sounds arous'd me, and I sigh'd
To faint once more by looking on my bliss—
I was distracted; madly did I kiss
The wooing arms which held me, and did give
My eyes at once to death: but 'twas to live,
To take in draughts of life from the gold fount
Of kind and passionate looks; to count, and count

625 veined *M* 630 wert *made out of* wast *M* 632 daisies *over* [bud-stars] *M*: bud-stars **End.** 633 an[d] *M* 635 affraid *M* 638 Even (*the* v *marked for deletion?*) *M* 639 where (h *added above*) *M* 644 ballances *M* 646 along the dangerous sky *over* [in safe deliriousness] *M*

646/647 [Sleepy with deep foretasting, that did bless
My Soul from Madness, t'was such certainty.] *M*

647 seemed *M* 648 feigthtful (*in margin, in Keats' hand,* frightful) *M* 649 aye *M*: ay *1818* 651 [died] sigh'd *M*

The moments, by some greedy help that seem'd
A second self, that each might be redeem'd
And plunder'd of its load of blessedness.
Ah, desperate mortal! I ev'n dar'd to press
Her very cheek against my crowned lip,
And, at that moment, felt my body dip
Into a warmer air: a moment more
Our feet were soft in flowers. There was store
Of newest joys upon that alp. Sometimes
A scent of violets, and blossoming limes,
Loiter'd around us; then of honey cells,
Made delicate from all white-flower bells;
And once, above the edges of our nest,
An arch face peep'd,—an Oread as I guess'd.

'Why did I dream that sleep o'er-power'd me
In midst of all this heaven? Why not see,
Far off, the shadows of his pinions dark,
And stare them from me? But no, like a spark
That needs must die, although its little beam
Reflects upon a diamond, my sweet dream
Fell into nothing—into stupid sleep.
And so it was, until a gentle creep,
A careful moving caught my waking ears,
And up I started: Ah! my sighs, my tears,
My clenched hands;—for lo! the poppies hung
Dew-dabbled on their stalks, the ouzel sung
A heavy ditty, and the sullen day
Had chidden herald Hesperus away,
With leaden looks: the solitary breeze
Bluster'd, and slept, and its wild self did teaze

661 e'en *M* 662 cheek[s] *M* 665 was *made out of* were *M* store[s] *M*
665–6 Our feet were soft in flowers. [Hurry o'er
O sacrilegeous tongue the—best be dumb;
For should one little accent from thee come
On such a daring theme, all other sounds
Would sicken at it, as would beaten hounds
Scare the elysian Nightingales.] Sometimes *M*

Over Hurry o'er *in the first line is pencilled* Sounds pass o'er *and beneath* Stream* o'er. *Over the second line is pencilled* Mingling the whispering of Lily Bells; *over the third, a line beginning, teste Buxton Forman,* Came little** fainting (*in marg.* Past *for* Came); *over the fourth* Mingled the whispering of Lily Bells. *Over the fifth line is pencilled a line of which no word is any longer legible* 669 white flower *M*

* *Buxton Forman reads the word as* Standing ** *The word looks to me nearer* like *than* little.

With wayward melancholy; and I thought,
Mark me, Peona! that sometimes it brought
Faint fare-thee-wells, and sigh-shrilled adieus!—
Away I wander'd—all the pleasant hues
Of heaven and earth had faded: deepest shades
Were deepest dungeons; heaths and sunny glades
Were full of pestilent light; our taintless rills
Seem'd sooty, and o'er-spread with upturn'd gills
Of dying fish; the vermeil rose had blown
In frightful scarlet, and its thorns out-grown
Like spiked aloe. If an innocent bird
Before my heedless footsteps stirr'd, and stirr'd
In little journeys, I beheld in it
A disguis'd demon, missioned to knit
My soul with under darkness; to entice
My stumblings down some monstrous precipice:
Therefore I eager followed, and did curse
The disappointment. Time, that aged nurse,
Rock'd me to patience. Now, thank gentle heaven!
These things, with all their comfortings, are given
To my down-sunken hours, and with thee,
Sweet sister, help to stem the ebbing sea
Of weary life.'

Thus ended he, and both
Sat silent: for the maid was very loth
To answer; feeling well that breathed words
Would all be lost, unheard, and vain as swords
Against the enchased crocodile, or leaps
Of grasshoppers against the sun. She weeps,
And wonders; struggles to devise some blame;
To put on such a look as would say, *Shame*
On this poor weakness! but, for all her strife,
She could as soon have crush'd away the life
From a sick dove. At length, to break the pause,
She said with trembling chance: 'Is this the cause?
This all? Yet it is strange, and sad, alas!

690 farethee wells, *M* 693 dongeons *M* 696 vermil *M* 699 stir'd (*twice*) *M* 701 de[a]mon *M* 710 [boath] both *M* 711 loath *M* 719 crushed *M*

722 This all? Yet it is [wonderful—exceeding—
And yet a shallow dream, for ever breeding
Tempestuous Weather in that very Soul
That should be twice content, twice smooth, twice whole,
As is a double Peach. 'Tis] sad Alas! *M*

That one who through this middle earth should pass
Most like a sojourning demi-god, and leave
His name upon the harp-string, should achieve
No higher bard than simple maidenhood,
Singing alone, and fearfully,—how the blood
Left his young cheek; and how he used to stray
He knew not where; and how he would say, *nay*,
If any said 'twas love: and yet 'twas love;
What could it be but love? How a ring-dove
Let fall a sprig of yew tree in his path;
And how he died: and then, that love doth scathe,
The gentle heart, as northern blasts do roses;
And then the ballad of his sad life closes
With sighs, and an alas!—Endymion!
Be rather in the trumpet's mouth,—anon
Among the winds at large—that all may hearken!
Although, before the crystal heavens darken,
I watch and dote upon the silver lakes
Pictur'd in western cloudiness, that takes
The semblance of gold rocks and bright gold sands,
Islands, and creeks, and amber-fretted strands
With horses prancing o'er them, palaces
And towers of amethyst,—would I so tease
My pleasant days, because I could not mount
Into those regions? The Morphean fount
Of that fine element that visions, dreams,
And fitful whims of sleep are made of, streams
Into its airy channels with so subtle,
So thin a breathing, not the spider's shuttle,
Circled a million times within the space
Of a swallow's nest-door, could delay a trace,
A tinting of its quality: how light
Must dreams themselves be; seeing they're more slight
Than the mere nothing that engenders them!
Then wherefore sully the entrusted gem

725 atchieve *M* 727 the [young] blood *M* 733 scath *M*
738 at large *added above M* 739 Although (Al *over* [What]) *M*
741 Pictur'd in *in Taylor's hand over* [Pight among] 744 Pallaces *M*
745 tease *M* 747 The *made out of* That *M* 756 mere nothingness
engendring them *M* 757 wherefore (*the first three letters originally*
why) *M*

Of high and noble life with thoughts so sick?
Why pierce high-fronted honour to the quick
For nothing but a dream?' Hereat the youth
Look'd up: a conflicting of shame and ruth
Was in his plaited brow: yet, his eyelids
Widened a little, as when Zephyr bids
A little breeze to creep between the fans
Of careless butterflies: amid his pains
He seem'd to taste a drop of manna-dew,
Full palatable; and a colour grew
Upon his cheek, while thus he lifeful spake.

'Peona! ever have I long'd to slake
My thirst for the world's praises: nothing base,
No merely slumberous phantasm, could unlace
The stubborn canvas for my voyage prepar'd—
Though now 'tis tatter'd; leaving my bark bar'd
And sullenly drifting: yet my higher hope
Is of too wide, too rainbow-large a scope,
To fret at myriads of earthly wrecks.
Wherein lies happiness? In that which becks
Our ready minds to fellowship divine,
A fellowship with essence; till we shine,
Full alchemiz'd, and free of space. Behold
The clear religion of heaven! Fold
A rose leaf round thy finger's taperness,
And soothe thy lips: hist, when the airy stress

759 honor *M* 762 pleated [bow] brow *M* 764 breeze *1818*: Breath *over* [Puff] *M* 766 seemed *M* 770 base *in Taylor's hand over* [mean] *M* 771 unlace *in Taylor's hand over* [unseam] *M* 772 Canvass *M*

776–81 [To fret at myriads of earthly wrecks.
Wherein lies happiness? In that which becks
Our ready minds to blending pleasureable:
And that delight is the most treasureable
That makes the richest Alchymy. Behold
Wherein lies happiness Peona
The clear Religion of Heaven! Fold] *M*

Over 776 is written [sight of this world's losses. For, behold] *in Taylor's hand. On the opposite page is written, in Taylor's hand, the text of 1818. See L 42* 780 alchemized *M*: alchymized *L 42* 783 sooth *M*

Of music's kiss impregnates the free winds,
And with a sympathetic touch unbinds
Eolian magic from their lucid wombs:
Then old songs waken from enclouded tombs;
Old ditties sigh above their father's grave;
Ghosts of melodious prophecyings rave
Round every spot where trod Apollo's foot;
Bronze clarions awake, and faintly bruit,
Where long ago a Giant Battle was;
And, from the turf, a lullaby doth pass
In every place where infant Orpheus slept.
Feel we these things?—that moment have we stept
Into a sort of oneness, and our state
Is like a floating spirit's. But 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 orbed drop
Of light, and that is love: its influence,
Thrown in our eyes, genders a novel sense,
At which we start and fret; till in the end,
Melting into its radiance, we blend,
Mingle, and so become a part of it,—
Nor with aught else can our souls interknit
So wingedly: when we combine therewith,
Life's self is nourish'd by its proper pith,
And we are nurtured like a pelican brood.
Aye, so delicious is the unsating food,
That men, who might have tower'd in the van
Of all the congregated world, to fan
And winnow from the coming step of time

785 with a sympathetic touch *written over* [sympathetically, unconfines] *M* 786 Eolian *1818*: Œolian *M* 790 where (*but the* h *blotted*) *M*: where **End.**: were *1818* trod *over* [touch'd] *M* 792 Giant Battle *M*: giant battle *1818* 794 place *over* [spot] *M* 795 things—(*without interrogation-mark, making the sentence conditional*) *M* 798 enthral[l]-ments *M* 813 [wheneer] *pencilled over* when *M* combine *not in Keats' hand over* [amalgamate] *M*

All chaff of custom, wipe away all slime
Left by men-slugs and human serpentry,
Have been content to let occasion die,
Whilst they did sleep in love's elysium.
And, truly, I would rather be struck dumb,
Than speak against this ardent listlessness:
For I have ever thought that it might bless
The world with benefits unknowingly;
As does the nightingale, upperched high,
And cloister'd among cool and bunched leaves—
She sings but to her love, nor e'er conceives
How tiptoe Night holds back her dark-grey hood.
Just so may love, although 'tis understood
The mere commingling of passionate breath,
Produce more than our searching witnesseth:
What I know not: but who, of men, can tell
That flowers would bloom, or that green fruit would swell
To melting pulp, that fish would have bright mail,
The earth its dower of river, wood, and vale,
The meadows runnels, runnels pebble-stones,
The seed its harvest, or the lute its tones,
Tones ravishment, or ravishment its sweet,
If human souls did never kiss and greet?

'Now, if this earthly love has power to make
Men's being mortal, immortal; to shake
Ambition from their memories, and brim
Their measure of content; what merest whim,
Seems all this poor endeavour after fame,
To one, who keeps within his stedfast aim
A love immortal, an immortal too.
Look not so wilder'd; for these things are true,
And never can be born of atomies
That buzz about our slumbers, like brain-flies,
Leaving us fancy-sick. No, no, I'm sure,
My restless spirit never could endure
To brood so long upon one luxury,
Unless it did, though fearfully, espy
A hope beyond the shadow of a dream.

823 Whilst *made out of* While *M* 828 uppe[a]rched *M* 835 who of Men *M* 836 fruit *over* [frond] *M* 844 Man's (*but* o *pencilled over* a) *M* 847 Seems *over* [Shews] *M* 849 immortal, and immortal too *M* **End.** (*the* im *of the first* immortal *underlined and* both *written above in pencil M*)

My sayings will the less obscured seem,
When I have told thee how my waking sight
Has made me scruple whether that same night
Was pass'd in dreaming. Hearken, sweet Peona!
Beyond the matron-temple of Latona,
Which we should see but for these darkening boughs,
Lies a deep hollow, from whose ragged brows
Bushes and trees do lean all round athwart,
And meet so nearly, that with wings outraught,
And spreaded tail, a vulture could not glide
Past them, but he must brush on every side.
Some moulder'd steps lead into this cool cell,
Far as the slabbed margin of a well,
Whose patient level peeps its crystal eye
Right upward, through the bushes, to the sky.
Oft have I brought thee flowers, on their stalks set
Like vestal primroses, but dark velvet
Edges them round, and they have golden pits:
'Twas there I got them, from the gaps and slits
In a mossy stone, that sometimes was my seat,
When all above was faint with mid-day heat.
And there in strife no burning thoughts to heed,
I'd bubble up the water through a reed;
So reaching back to boy-hood: make me ships
Of moulted feathers, touchwood, alder chips,
With leaves stuck in them; and the Neptune be
Of their petty ocean. Oftener, heavily,
When love-lorn hours had left me less a child,
I sat contemplating the figures wild
Of o'er-head clouds melting the mirror through.
Upon a day, while thus I watch'd, by flew
A cloudy Cupid, with his bow and quiver;
So plainly character'd, no breeze would shiver
The happy chance: so happy, I was fain
To follow it upon the open plain,
And, therefore, was just going; when, behold!
A wonder, fair as any I have told—
The same bright face I tasted in my sleep,

861 passed *M* 862 Be[hind] (yond *written above*) *M* matron *over* [little] *M* 889 Cupid [wh] with *M*

Smiling in the clear well. My heart did leap
Through the cool depth.—It moved as if to flee—
I started up, when lo! refreshfully,
There came upon my face, in plenteous showers,
Dew-drops, and dewy buds, and leaves, and flowers,
Wrapping all objects from my smothered sight,
Bathing my spirit in a new delight.
Aye, such a breathless honey-feel of bliss
Alone preserved me from the drear abyss
Of death, for the fair form had gone again.
Pleasure is oft a visitant; but pain
Clings cruelly to us, like the gnawing sloth
On the deer's tender haunches: late, and loth,
'Tis scar'd away by slow returning pleasure.
How sickening, how dark the dreadful leisure
Of weary days, made deeper exquisite,
By a fore-knowledge of unslumbrous night!
Like sorrow came upon me, heavier still,
Than when I wander'd from the poppy hill:

896–7 [In the green opening smiling. Gods that keep,
Mercifully, a little strength of heart
Unkill'd in us by raving, pang and smart;
And do preserve it, like a lilly root,
That, in another spring, it may outshoot
From its wintry prison; let this hour go
Drawling along its heavy weight of woe
And leave me living! 'Tis not more than need—
Your veriest help. Ah! how long did I feed
On that crystalline life of Portraiture!
How hover'd breathless at the tender lure!
How many times dimpled the watery glass
With kisses maddest kisses; and, till they did pass
And leave the liquid smooth again, how mad!
O 'twas as if the absolute sisters bad
My Life into the compass of a Nut;
Or all my breathing minished and shut
To a scanty straw. To look above I fear'd
Lest my hot eyeballs might be burnt and scar'd
By a blank naught.] It moved as if to flee— *M*

Over the first of these lines is written

[Deep in the clear water smiling];

in the 11th, over hover'd, *is written* long I, *and over* at the *is written* round.

On the opposite page is written

[Was there (*over* [I saw]) reflected. How my heart did leap
At]
Smiling in the clear Well. My heart did leap
[Down] through the cool depth—it mov'd as if to flee

908 loath *M*

And a whole age of lingering moments crept
Sluggishly by, ere more contentment swept
Away at once the deadly yellow spleen.
Yes, thrice have I this fair enchantment seen;
Once more been tortured with renewed life.
When last the wintry gusts gave over strife
With the conquering sun of spring, and left the skies
Warm and serene, but yet with moistened eyes
In pity of the shatter'd infant buds,—
That time thou didst adorn, with amber studs,
My hunting cap, because I laugh'd and smil'd,
Chatted with thee, and many days exil'd
All torment from my breast;—'twas even then,
Straying about, yet, coop'd up in the den
Of helpless discontent,—hurling my lance
From place to place, and following at chance,
At last, by hap, through some young trees it struck,
And, plashing among bedded pebbles, stuck
In the middle of a brook,—whose silver ramble
Down twenty little falls, through reeds and bramble,
Tracing along, it brought me to a cave,
Whence it ran brightly forth, and white did lave
The nether sides of mossy stones and rock,—
'Mong which it gurgled blythe adieus, to mock
Its own sweet grief at parting. Overhead,
Hung a lush screne of drooping weeds, and spread
Thick, as to curtain up some wood-nymph's home.
"Ah! impious mortal, whither do I roam?"
Said I, low voic'd: "Ah, whither! 'Tis the grot
"Of Proserpine, when Hell, obscure and hot,
"Doth her resign; and where her tender hands
"She dabbles, on the cool and sluicy sands:
"Or 'tis the cell of Echo, where she sits,
"And babbles thorough silence, till her wits
"Are gone in tender madness, and anon,
"Faints into sleep, with many a dying tone
"Of sadness. O that she would take my vows,
"And breathe them sighingly among the boughs,
"To sue her gentle ears for whose fair head,

915 [pass'd] crept *M* 925 laught *M* 926 [beguil'd] exil'd *M*
928 [Al] Straying *M* cooped M 933 I' th *M* 940 screne *M*
End. *L 62*: scene *1818* 942 roam? [said I] *M* 944–59 *The inverted commas at the line-beginnings om. 1818 M, restored in L 62*

"Daily, I pluck sweet flowerets from their bed,
"And weave them dyingly—send honey-whispers
"Round every leaf, that all those gentle lispers
"May sigh my love unto her pitying!
"O charitable Echo! hear, and sing
"This ditty to her!—tell her"—so I stay'd
My foolish tongue, and listening, half afraid,
Stood stupefied with my own empty folly,
And blushing for the freaks of melancholy.
Salt tears were coming, when I heard my name
Most fondly lipp'd, and then these accents came:
"Endymion! the cave is secreter
Than the isle of Delos. Echo hence shall stir
No sighs but sigh-warm kisses, or light noise
Of thy combing hand, the while it travelling cloys
And trembles through my labyrinthine hair."
At that oppress'd I hurried in.—Ah! where
Are those swift moments? Whither are they fled?
I'll smile no more, Peona; nor will wed
Sorrow the way to death; but patiently
Bear up against it: so farewel, sad sigh;
And come instead demurest meditation,
To occupy me wholly, and to fashion
My pilgrimage for the world's dusky brink.
No more will I count over, link by link,
My chain of grief: no longer strive to find
A half-forgetfulness in mountain wind
Blustering about my ears: aye, thou shalt see,
Dearest of sisters, what my life shall be;

954 flowrets *M* 958 echo *M*: echo! *1818* 959 tell her (*without quotation marks*) *M* 960 list'ning half affraid *M* 961–4 *erased in the body of the text are re-written on the opposite page in M; in the body of the text is written* I kept me still it (*964*) *for* and then these accents *Between 964 and 965 M has*

[Again in passionatest (*made out of* passionate) syllable[s] saying
And thus again it charm
Again in passionate[st] (st *written over* [st] *again*) syllables;
And thus again that voice's tender swells:]

967 sigh warm *M* 969 labyrinthian *M* 970 [At that oppess'd (*sic*) I hurried in] *M* (stet *in margin*). *On the opposite page is written*

[Since then I never]
[I never saw her Beauty more. Ah Where]

974 farewell *M* 975 Meditation *M* 979 no [more] longer *M* 981 aye, *written over* [no more] *M*

What a calm round of hours shall make my days.
There is a paly flame of hope that plays
Where'er I look: but yet, I'll say 'tis naught—
And here I bid it die. Have not I caught,
Already, a more healthy countenance?
By this the sun is setting; we may chance
Meet some of our near-dwellers with my car.'

This said, he rose, faint-smiling like a star
Through autumn mists, and took Peona's hand:
They stept into the boat, and launch'd from land.

BOOK II

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 become indolent; but touching thine,
One sigh doth echo, one poor sob doth pine,
One kiss brings honey-dew from buried days.
The woes of Troy, towers smothering o'er their blaze,
Stiff-holden shields, far-piercing spears, keen blades,
Struggling, and blood, and shrieks—all dimly fades
Into some backward corner of the brain;
Yet, in our very souls, we feel amain
The close of Troilus and Cressid sweet.
Hence, pageant history! hence, gilded cheat!
Swart planet in the universe of deeds!
Wide sea, that one continuous murmur breeds
Along the pebbled shore of memory!
Many old rotten-timber'd boats there be

990 This said *written over* [At this] *M* [he] *M* (*the word dcleted by accident*)

Title-page Endymion
Book 2nd

Above the title is a direction to the Printer Attend to the punctuation in general as marked, and to the Elisions in the last Syllables of the participles as they are written.

Title: Endymion Book 2nd 4/5 [Hatred and tears hav] *M* 5 touching] O for *D* **End.** 7 brings] sends *D* 8 smothering] crashing *D*: *cf. ii. 139* 9 far-reaching spears, clear blades *D* 10 Shreiks *M* 13 Cressid sweet] Cressida *D* 14 *The first* Hence *over* [Away] *M* hence gilded cheat! *over* [away proud dull feat,] *M* away proud star *D*

Upon thy vaporous bosom, magnified
To goodly vessels; many a sail of pride,
And golden keel'd, is left unlaunch'd and dry.
But wherefore this? What care, though owl did fly
About the great Athenian admiral's mast?
What care, though striding Alexander past
The Indus with his Macedonian numbers?
Though old Ulysses tortured from his slumbers
The glutted Cyclops, what care?—Juliet leaning
Amid her window-flowers,—sighing,—weaning
Tenderly her fancy from its maiden snow,
Doth more avail than these: the silver flow
Of Hero's tears, the swoon of Imogen,
Fair Pastorella in the bandit's den,
Are things to brood on with more ardency
Than the death-day of empires. Fearfully
Must such conviction come upon his head,
Who, thus far, discontent, has dared to tread,
Without one muse's smile, or kind behest,
The path of love and poesy. But rest,
In chafing restlessness, is yet more drear
Than to be crush'd, in striving to uprear
Love's standard on the battlements of song.
So once more days and nights aid me along,
Like legion'd soldiers.

Brain-sick shepherd-prince,
What promise hast thou faithful guarded since
The day of sacrifice? Or, have new sorrows
Come with the constant dawn upon thy morrows?
Alas! 'tis his old grief. For many days,
Has he been wandering in uncertain ways:

19 vap'rous *M*: misty *D*

27–30 [Juliet leans
Amid her window flowers, sighs,—and as she weans
Her maiden thoughts from their young firstling snow,
What sorrows from the melting whiteness grow.] *D, cancelled for the text of 1818. For* 29 *D has another variant*
[Tenderly from their first young snow her maiden breast]

34 Than the death of Empires. How fearfully *D* 36 discontent] halt and lame *D* 38 But] To *D* 39 chafing **End.**: chaffing *1818 DM* restlessness] discontent *D* 43 legion'd] sturdy *D* Brainsick *over* [Fainting] *M*

Through wilderness, and woods of mossed oaks;
Counting his woe-worn minutes, by the strokes
Of the lone woodcutter; and listening still,
Hour after hour, to each lush-leav'd rill.
Now he is sitting by a shady spring,
And elbow-deep with feverous fingering
Stems the upbursting cold: a wild rose tree
Pavilions him in bloom, and he doth see
A bud which snares his fancy: lo! but now
He plucks it, dips its stalk in the water: how!
It swells, it buds, it flowers beneath his sight;
And, in the middle, there is softly pight
A golden butterfly; upon whose wings
There must be surely character'd strange things,
For with wide eye he wonders, and smiles oft.

Lightly this little herald flew aloft,
Follow'd by glad Endymion's clasped hands:
Onward it flies. From languor's sullen bands
His limbs are loos'd, and eager, on he hies
Dazzled to trace it in the sunny skies.
It seem'd he flew, the way so easy was;
And like a new-born spirit did he pass
Through the green evening quiet in the sun,
O'er many a heath, through many a woodland dun,
Through buried paths, where sleepy twilight dreams
The summer time away. One track unseams
A wooded cleft, and, far away, the blue
Of ocean fades upon him; then, anew,
He sinks adown a solitary glen,
Where there was never sound of mortal men,
Saving, perhaps, some snow-light cadences
Melting to silence, when upon the breeze

49 and brittle mossed oaks *D* 51 lone[ly] *M*: distant *D* 53 E'en now he's sitting *D* 56 Pavilions him in bloom] Bends lightly over him *D* 57 snares] takes *D* 58 in *over* [i'] *M* 59 [blooms] flowers *M* 60 the] its *D* 67 eager *added above M*

67–8 [His limbs are loos'd, and eagerly he paces
With nimble feet beneath its airy traces—]
and
[His limbs are loos'd, and eagerly he traces
With nimble footsteps all its airy paces] *D*

69 way] path *D* 75 Thro' woody cleft *D* 80 Melting] Thawing

Some holy bark let forth an anthem sweet,
To cheer itself to Delphi. Still his feet
Went swift beneath the merry-winged guide,
Until it reached a splashing fountain's side
That, near a cavern's mouth, for ever pour'd
Unto the temperate air: then high it soar'd,
And, downward, suddenly began to dip,
As if, athirst with so much toil, 'twould sip
The crystal spout-head: so it did, with touch
Most delicate, as though afraid to smutch
Even with mealy gold the waters clear.
But, at that very touch, to disappear
So fairy-quick, was strange! Bewildered,
Endymion sought around, and shook each bed
Of covert flowers in vain; and then he flung
Himself along the grass. What gentle tongue,
What whisperer disturb'd his gloomy rest?
It was a nymph uprisen to the breast
In the fountain's pebbly margin, and she stood
'Mong lilies, like the youngest of the brood.
To him her dripping hand she softly kist,
And anxiously began to plait and twist
Her ringlets round her fingers, saying: 'Youth!
Too long, alas, hast thou starv'd on the ruth,
The bitterness of love: too long indeed,
Seeing thou art so gentle. Could I weed
Thy soul of care, by heavens, I would offer
All the bright riches of my crystal coffer
To Amphitrite; all my clear-eyed fish,
Golden, or rainbow-sided, or purplish,
Vermilion-tail'd, or finn'd with silvery gauze;
Yea, or my veined pebble-floor, that draws

83 swift *made out of* sweet *M* merry-winged] [flutter-loving] *D* 84 [he] it *M* 86 then high] whereat *D* 87 And] Then *D* 90 a[f]fraid *M*

94–5 [Endymion all round the welkin sped
His anxious sight,]

and Endymion pry'd around *D*

96–7 His sullen limbs upon the grass—what tongue,
What airy whisperer spoilt his angry rest? *D*

99 In *altered from* I' *M* margin] basin *D* 100 Lillies *M* 102 carelessly began to twine *D* 103 round] 'bout *D* 104 *originally began in D with* Long hast thou tasted, *and* 105 *with* The bitter ruth of love 111 Vermillion *M*

A virgin light to the deep; my grotto-sands
Tawny and gold, ooz'd slowly from far lands
By my diligent springs; my level lilies, shells,
My charming rod, my potent river spells;
Yes, every thing, even to the pearly cup
Meander gave me,—for I bubbled up
To fainting creatures in a desert wild.
But woe is me, I am but as a child
To gladden thee; and all I dare to say,
Is, that I pity thee; that on this day
I've been thy guide; that thou must wander far
In other regions, past the scanty bar
To mortal steps, before thou cans't be ta'en
From every wasting sigh, from every pain,
Into the gentle bosom of thy love.
Why it is thus, one knows in heaven above:
But, a poor Naiad, I guess not. Farewel!
I have a ditty for my hollow cell.'

Hereat, she vanished from Endymion's gaze,
Who brooded o'er the water in amaze:
The dashing fount pour'd on, and where its pool
Lay, half asleep, in grass and rushes cool,
Quick waterflies and gnats were sporting still,
And fish were dimpling, as if good nor ill
Had fallen out that hour. The wanderer,
Holding his forehead, to keep off the burr
Of smothering fancies, patiently sat down;
And, while beneath the evening's sleepy frown
Glow-worms began to trim their starry lamps,
Thus breath'd he to himself: 'Whoso encamps
To take a fancied city of delight,

113 grotto sands *M* 114 oozed *M* 115 lillies *M* 116 [Shells] My *M* river] water *D* 117 e'en *M* 118 me, for *M* 121 all that I may say *D* 122 thee, that *M* 128 one knows] some know *D* 129 Farewell *M* 129–130 [guess not nor tell
Farewell I must away to my hollow cell] *D* (*exchanged for text of 1818*) 130 I've a new ditty *D* 131 Endymion's] the listener's *D* 132 Whose soul kept o'er the water in amaze *D* 133 fount] fall *D* its] the *D* 134 Crept smoothly by fresh grass *D* 139 smothering] [drowning] *D* 140 sleepy] [gentle] *D*: [mild] sleepy *M* 142 breathed *M* 143–4 His soul to take a city of delight
O what a wretch is he: ['tis in his sight] *D*, *which substitutes then for the last four words* and when 'tis his

O what a wretch is he! and when 'tis his,
After long toil and travelling, to miss
The kernel of his hopes, how more than vile:
Yet, for him there's refreshment even in toil;
Another city doth he set about,
Free from the smallest pebble-bead of doubt
That he will seize on trickling honey-combs:
Alas, he finds them dry; and then he foams,
And onward to another city speeds.
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 show
How quiet death is. Where soil is men grow,
Whether to weeds or flowers; but for me,
There is no depth to strike in: I can see
Nought earthly worth my compassing; so stand
Upon a misty, jutting head of land—
Alone? No, no; and by the Orphean lute,
When mad Eurydice is listening to 't;
I'd rather stand upon this misty peak,
With not a thing to sigh for, or to seek,
But the soft shadow of my thrice-seen love,
Than be—I care not what. O meekest dove
Of heaven! O Cynthia, ten-times bright and fair!
From thy blue throne, now filling all the air,
Glance but one little beam of temper'd light
Into my bosom, that the dreadful might
And tyranny of love be somewhat scar'd!
Yet do not so, sweet queen; one torment spar'd,
Would give a pang to jealous misery,
Worse than the torment's self: but rather tie

145 toil] siege *D* travailing *D* 147 even *1818 M*: e'en *D* 149 Free from] Without *D* pebble-bead **1818** *L 62*: pebble-head *1818; and M might be so read* 150 he will] there he'll *D* 153 war] acts *D* 155 Imaginings and searchings, far and nigh, *D* 158 show *M*: shew *1818* 159 Here is soil to grow *D* 164 No, no] No, heavens! *D* 166 stand] bide *D* 167 With nought to long for, sigh for *D* 169 care] know *D*

Large wings upon my shoulders, and point out
My love's far dwelling. Though the playful rout
Of Cupids shun thee, too divine art thou,
Too keen in beauty, for thy silver prow
Not to have dipp'd in love's most gentle stream.
O be propitious, nor severely deem
My madness impious; for, by all the stars
That tend thy bidding, I do think the bars
That kept my spirit in are burst—that I
Am sailing with thee through the dizzy sky!
How beautiful thou art! The world how deep!
How tremulous-dazzlingly the wheels sweep
Around their axle! Then these gleaming reins,
How lithe! When this thy chariot attains
Its airy goal, haply some bower veils
Those twilight eyes? Those eyes!—my spirit fails—
Dear goddess, help! or the wide-gaping air
Will gulph me—help!'—At this with madden'd stare,
And lifted hands, and trembling lips he stood;
Like old Deucalion mountain'd o'er the flood,
Or blind Orion hungry for the morn.
And, but from the deep cavern there was borne
A voice, he had been froze to senseless stone;
Nor sigh of his, nor plaint, nor passion'd moan
Had more been heard. Thus swell'd it forth: 'Descend,
Young mountaineer! descend where alleys bend
Into the sparry hollows of the world!
Oft hast thou seen bolts of the thunder hurl'd
As from thy threshold; day by day hast been
A little lower than the chilly sheen
Of icy pinnacles, and dipp'dst thine arms
Into the deadening ether that still charms

179 far-dwelling *M* 181 keen] sharp *D* 189 *D offers the variants* How silently and tremulous, How bright and tremulous, How tremulous and dazzling tremulous!—dazzlingly **End.** 191 [When this thy silent chariot gains] *D*

192–3 [haply thou veilst thine eyes
In some fresh bower] *D*

193 twilight] [liquid] *D* 195 help!] Oh *D* 197 wondering at the flood *D* 198 hungry] waiting *D* the dawn *D* 199 deep] hollow *D* born *DM* 201 [nor wild complaint nor moan] *D* 204 [Spiral] into *D* 206 Thresh-hold *M* 208 and couldst dip thy palms *D* dipp'dst *1818*: dip'dst *M*: dipp'd **End.**

Their marble being: now, as deep profound
As those are high, descend! He ne'er is crown'd
With immortality, who fears to follow
Where airy voices lead: so through the hollow,
The silent mysteries of earth, descend!'

He heard but the last words, nor could contend
One moment in reflection: for he fled
Into the fearful deep, to hide his head
From the clear moon, the trees, and coming madness.

'Twas far too strange, and wonderful for sadness;
Sharpening, by degrees, his appetite
To dive into the deepest. Dark, nor light,
The region; nor bright, nor sombre wholly,
But mingled up; a gleaming melancholy;
A dusky empire and its diadems;
One faint eternal eventide of gems.
Aye, millions sparkled on a vein of gold,
Along whose track the prince quick footsteps told,
With all its lines abrupt and angular:
Out-shooting sometimes, like a meteor-star,
Through a vast antre; then the metal woof,
Like Vulcan's rainbow, with some monstrous roof
Curves hugely: now, far in the deep abyss,
It seems an angry lightning, and doth hiss
Fancy into belief: anon it leads
Through winding passages, where sameness breeds
Vexing conceptions of some sudden change;
Whether to silver grots, or giant range
Of sapphire columns, or fantastic bridge
Athwart a flood of crystal. On a ridge
Now fareth he, that o'er the vast beneath
Towers like an ocean-cliff, and whence he seeth

210 as [far] deep *M* 211 are . . . is] were . . . was *D* 214 silent] fearful *D* 215 But the last words he heard, *M* 218 moon] night *D* 220 Sharpening] Upwinding *D* 227 Whose track the venturous Latmian follows bold *D* 228 With] Thro' *D* abrubt *M* 229 And sometimes like a shooting meteor star *D* 230 Through *over* [Past] *M* vast *over* [huge] *M* (*it would hardly be possible to read it as* large) Past a vast antre's gloom *D* 231 with] o'er *D* 232 the] a *D* 236 Vexing] Dizzy *D* 239 Athward *M* 240 Now fareth he] [Sometimes he fares] *and* [Sometimes he went] *D* 241 see'th *M*

A hundred waterfalls, whose voices come
But as the murmuring surge. Chilly and numb
His bosom grew, when first he, far away,
Descried an orbed diamond, set to fray
Old darkness from his throne: 'twas like the sun
Uprisen o'er chaos: and with such a stun
Came the amazement, that, absorb'd in it,
He saw not fiercer wonders—past the wit
Of any spirit to tell, but one of those
Who, when this planet's sphering time doth close,
Will be its high remembrancers: who they?
The mighty ones who have made eternal day
For Greece and England. While astonishment
With deep-drawn sighs was quieting, he went
Into a marble gallery, passing through
A mimic temple, so complete and true
In sacred custom, that he well nigh fear'd
To search it inwards; whence far off appear'd,
Through a long pillar'd vista, a fair shrine,
And, just beyond, on light tiptoe divine,
A quiver'd Dian. Stepping awfully,
The youth approach'd; oft turning his veil'd eye
Down sidelong aisles, and into niches old.
And when, more near against the marble cold
He had touch'd his forehead, he began to thread
All courts and passages, where silence dead
Rous'd by his whispering footsteps murmured faint:
And long he travers'd to and fro, to acquaint

243 the] a *D* 245 Descry'd *M* 246 Darkness *M* 248 the] this *D*
251 sphering *over* shereing *M* 253 who've shone athwart the day *D*
254 For] Of *D*

256–7 [gallery that near the roof
Of a fair mimic Temple] *D*

257 mimic *not in Keats' hand over* [Mimic] *M*

260–2 [Thro' a long vist' of columns a fair shrine
And just beyond lightly diminished
A Dian quiver'd tiptoe, crescented—] *D*

263 veiled *M* 264 sidelong] sideway *D* Aisles *made out of* Ailes *M*
265 And when, more near *corr. from* And, when more near, *M* 266 tread (h *added above*) *M* 267 All] The *D* 268 Roused *M* 269 travers'ed (*the comma crossed out*) *M* t' acquaint *M*

Himself with every mystery, and awe;
Till, weary, he sat down before the maw
Of a wide outlet, fathomless and dim,
To wild uncertainty and shadows grim.
There, when new wonders ceas'd to float before,
And thoughts of self came on, how crude and sore
The journey homeward to habitual self!
A mad-pursuing of the fog-born elf,
Whose flitting lantern, through rude nettle-briar,
Cheats us into a swamp, into a fire,
Into the bosom of a hated thing.

What misery most drowningly doth sing
In lone Endymion's ear, now he has raught
The goal of consciousness? Ah, 'tis the thought,
The deadly feel of solitude: for lo!
He cannot see the heavens, nor the flow
Of rivers, nor hill-flowers running wild
In pink and purple chequer, nor, up-pil'd,
The cloudy rack slow journeying in the west,
Like herded elephants; nor felt, nor prest
Cool grass, nor tasted the fresh slumberous air;
But far from such companionship to wear
An unknown time, surcharg'd with grief, away,
Was now his lot. And must he patient stay,
Tracing fantastic figures with his spear?
'No!' exclaimed he, 'why should I tarry here?'

270 Mystery, [until] and *M*

270–2 Himself with every mystery, until
His weary legs he rested on the sill
Of some remotest chamber, outlet dim *D*

272 dim, *M L 62*: dim *1818* 277 A] That *D* 278 Briar *over* [beds] *M* beds *D*

279–80 Cheats us into a Swamp, [cuttings and shreds
Of old Vexations plaited to a rope
Wherewith to drag us from the sight of hope,
And fix us to our earthly bating-ring] *M D* (*except that D has* bog *for* Swamp, haul *for* drag, bind *for* fix, baiting *for* bating. In *M over* [cuttings and shreds] *is written* into a fire, *and on the opposite page is written*

into a fire,
Into the Bosom of a hated thing

282 raught *M*: caught *1818* 288 [Wra] Rack *M* 289 he[a]rded *M* 290 fresh] free *D* slumb'rous *M*: sleepy *D* 294 Tracing *over* [Drawing] *M*: Drawing *D*

No! loudly echoed times innumerable.
At which he straightway started, and 'gan tell
His paces back into the temple's chief;
Warming and glowing strong in the belief
Of help from Dian: so that when again
He caught her airy form, thus did he plain,
Moving more near the while. 'O Haunter chaste
Of river sides, and woods, and heathy waste,
Where with thy silver bow and arrows keen
Art thou now forested? O woodland Queen,
What smoothest air thy smoother forehead woos?
Where dost thou listen to the wide halloos
Of thy disparted nymphs? Through what dark tree
Glimmers thy crescent? Wheresoe'er it be,
'Tis in the breath of heaven: thou dost taste
Freedom as none can taste it, nor dost waste
Thy loveliness in dismal elements;
But, finding in our green earth sweet contents,
There livest blissfully. Ah, if to thee
It feels Elysian, how rich to me,
An exil'd mortal, sounds its pleasant name!
Within my breast there lives a choking flame—
O let me cool it the zephyr-boughs among!
A homeward fever parches up my tongue—
O let me slake it at the running springs!
Upon my ear a noisy nothing rings—
O let me once more hear the linnet's note!
Before mine eyes thick films and shadows float—
O let me 'noint them with the heaven's light!
Dost thou now lave thy feet and ankles white?
O think how sweet to me the freshening sluice!
Dost thou now please thy thirst with berry-juice?

296 innumerable *made out of* unnumerable *M* 297 roused, and gan to tell *D* 299 growing *D* (*and M might be so read*) 301 did] gan *D* 302 Moving] Pacing *D* more near *1818*: towards *DM* 304 with thy] now with *D* 305 now forested] in covert hid *D* 308 [From what deep glen] *D* 311 [of] as *M* 313 in *1818*: on *M* 317 choaking *M* 318 cool it *1818*: cool't *DM* among the zephyr-boughs *M 1818*: among the waving boughs *D*, *but in D* among *is marked to be transposed*

319 A] An *M* fever *over* feaver *M*
[A fever parches up my suppliant tongue—]
An endless fever parches up my tongue *D*

325 [hands] feet *M* 327 cherry-juice *D*

O think how this dry palate would rejoice!
If in soft slumber thou dost hear my voice,
Oh think how I should love a bed of flowers!—
Young goddess! let me see my native bowers!
Deliver me from this rapacious deep!'

Thus ending loudly, as he would o'erleap
His destiny, alert he stood: but when
Obstinate silence came heavily again,
Feeling about for its old couch of space
And airy cradle, lowly bow'd his face
Desponding, o'er the marble floor's cold thrill.
But 'twas not long; for, sweeter than the rill
To its cold channel, or a swollen tide
To margin sallows, were the leaves he spied,
And flowers, and wreaths, and ready myrtle crowns
Up heaping through the slab: refreshment drowns
Itself, and strives its own delights to hide—
Nor in one spot alone; the floral pride
In a long whispering birth enchanted grew
Before his footsteps; as when heav'd anew
Old ocean rolls a lengthened wave to the shore,
Down whose green back the short-liv'd foam, all hoar,
Bursts gradual, with a wayward indolence.

Increasing still in heart, and pleasant sense,
Upon his fairy journey on he hastes;
So anxious for the end, he scarcely wastes
One moment with his hand among the sweets:
Onward he goes—he stops—his bosom beats
As plainly in his ear, as the faint charm
Of which the throbs were born. This still alarm,

330 should] would *D* 331 Young] Oh *D* 332 Lift me, oh lift me from this horrid deep! *D* rapacious *made out of* repacious *M* 335 [cloudily came] *changed to* came heavily *D* 336 about for] its way to *D* 337 lowly bow'd] he bent down *D* 339 But [not] 'twas not long *M* 'Twas not for long *D* 340 cold *M*: cool *D*: old *1818* or a swollen] the o'erswollen *D* 343 Upswelling through *D* slap *M* 344 [Itself, lush tumbling on every side] *M* (*above* every side *is written* [cool fragrance]: *on the opposite page stands the text of 1818.* Itself lush tumbling down on every side *D* 346 birth [before] enchanted *M* 348 rolls] sends *D* 349 Down] From *D*, *altered to* O'er, *then to* Down back] head *D*, *altered to* back short-liv'd] gentle *D* 350 Bursts] Runs *D* 353 scarcely waits *M* 354 moments *M* 357 This [w] still *M*

This sleepy music, forc'd him walk tiptoe:
For it came more softly than the east could blow
Arion's magic to the Atlantic isles;
Or than the west, made jealous by the smiles
Of thron'd Apollo, could breathe back the lyre
To seas Ionian and Tyrian.

O did he ever live, that lonely man,
Who lov'd—and music slew not? 'Tis the pest
Of love, that fairest joys give most unrest;
That things of delicate and tenderest worth
Are swallow'd all, and made a seared dearth,
By one consuming flame: it doth immerse
And suffocate true blessings in a curse.
Half-happy, by comparison of bliss,
Is miserable. 'Twas even so with this
Dew-dropping melody, in the Carian's ear;
First heaven, then hell, and then forgotten clear,
Vanish'd in elemental passion.

And down some swart abysm he had gone,
Had not a heavenly guide benignant led
To where thick myrtle branches, 'gainst his head
Brushing, awakened: then the sounds again
Went noiseless as a passing noontide rain
Over a bower, where little space he stood;
For as the sunset peeps into a wood

359 For 't *M* 363 Ionian and seas of Tyre *conj. H. Buxton Forman*

363–72 To seas Ionian and Tyrian. Dire
Was the love lorn despair to which it wrought
Endymion—for dire is the bare thought
That among lovers things of tenderest worth
Are swallow'd all, and made a blank—a dearth
By one devouring flame: and far far worse
Blessing to them become a heavy curse
Half happy till comparisons of bliss
To misery lead them. 'Twas even so with this *D*,

the third line being altered to Endymion—for dire to quiet (*corr. to* placid) bosoms is the thought, *and the penultimate line to* Half happy till they gaze upon the sky , 365 Who[m loving] Musick (lov'd and *written over* loving) *M* (*the punctuation given in H. Buxton Forman is not in M*) 369 flame: [and] it *M* 371 comparisons *M* 372 'Twas even *1818*: 'Te'en *M* with *made out of* in *M* 377 Had not a] [But that some] *D* 379 awaken'd him: the *D* 380 Went *over* Came *M*: Came softly as a gentle evening rain *D*

381–3 Around a bower, where he stay'd harkening
And through whose tufted shrubby darkening
Bright starry glimmers came, towards which he went *D*

So saw he panting light, and towards it went
Through winding alleys; and lo, wonderment!
Upon soft verdure saw, one here, one there,
Cupids a slumbering on their pinions fair.

After a thousand mazes overgone,
At last, with sudden step, he came upon
A chamber, myrtle wall'd, embowered high,
Full of light, incense, tender minstrelsy,
And more of beautiful and strange beside:
For on a silken couch of rosy pride,
In midst of all, there lay a sleeping youth
Of fondest beauty; fonder, in fair sooth,
Than sighs could fathom, or contentment reach:
And coverlids gold-tinted like the peach,
Or ripe October's faded marigolds,
Fell sleek about him in a thousand folds—
Not hiding up an Apollonian curve
Of neck and shoulder, nor the tenting swerve
Of knee from knee, nor ankles pointing light;
But rather, giving them to the filled sight
Officiously. Sideway his face repos'd
On one white arm, and tenderly unclos'd,
By tenderest pressure, a faint damask mouth
To slumbery pout; just as the morning south
Disparts a dew-lipp'd rose. Above his head,
Four lily stalks did their white honours wed
To make a coronal; and round him grew
All tendrils green, of every bloom and hue,
Together intertwin'd and trammel'd fresh:
The vine of glossy sprout; the ivy mesh,
Shading its Ethiop berries; and woodbine,
Of velvet leaves and bugle-blooms divine;

385 soft turf he saw *D* 386 a slumbring *M* 390 Minstrelsey *M* 396 And draperies mellow-tinted *D* 397 Or lady peas entwined with marigolds *D* 399 an *over* his *M* Ap[p]ollonian *M* 400 tenting *written* lenting *M: cf. i. 550, ii. 410, 524, 889* 402 gave them *M* the gazer's sight *D* 403 repos'd *1818*: reposed *M* 405 a] his *D* 408 lilly *M* honors *M* 409 coronet *D* 410 tendril *DM* (*written* lendril *in M: cf. i. 550, ii. 400, 524, 889*) of pleasant lush and hue *D* 412 purply sprout *D* 413 Ethiop] darkling *D* 414 With all its honey bugle tufts divine *D*

Convolvulus in streaked vases flush;
The creeper, mellowing for an autumn blush;
And virgin's bower, trailing airily;
With others of the sisterhood. Hard by,
Stood serene Cupids watching silently.
One, kneeling to a lyre, touch'd the strings,
Muffling to death the pathos with his wings;
And, ever and anon, uprose to look
At the youth's slumber; while another took
A willow-bough, distilling odorous dew,
And shook it on his hair; another flew
In through the woven roof, and fluttering-wise
Rain'd violets upon his sleeping eyes.

At these enchantments, and yet many more,
The breathless Latmian wonder'd o'er and o'er;
Until, impatient in embarrassment,
He forthright pass'd, and lightly treading went
To that same feather'd lyrist, who straightway,
Smiling, thus whisper'd: 'Though from upper day
Thou art a wanderer, and thy presence here
Might seem unholy, be of happy cheer!
For 'tis the nicest touch of human honour,
When some ethereal and high-favouring donor
Presents immortal bowers to mortal sense;
As now 'tis done to thee, Endymion. Hence
Was I in no wise startled. So recline
Upon these living flowers. Here is wine,
Alive with sparkles—never, I aver,
Since Ariadne was a vintager,
So cool a purple: taste these juicy pears,
Sent me by sad Vertumnus, when his fears
Were high about Pomona: here is cream,
Deepening to richness from a snowy gleam;

415 in *over* [of] *M* · of **End.** 416 The creeper, blushing deep at Autumn's blush *D*

419 Stood Cupids holding o'er an upward gaze
Each a slim wand tipt with a silver blaze
Each one a silver torch *D*

420 touched *M* 424 myrtle-bough *D* 426 In from the branched roof *D* 429 The mortal Latmian *D* 430 embarrasment *M* 436 honor *DM* 442 Sparkling up diamonds—never *D*

Sweeter than that Nurse Amalthea skimm'd
For the boy Jupiter: and here, undimm'd
By any touch, a bunch of blooming plums
Ready to melt between an infant's gums:
And here is manna pick'd from Syrian trees,
In starlight, by the three Hesperides.
Feast on, and meanwhile I will let thee know
Of all these things around us.' He did so,
Still brooding o'er the cadence of his lyre;
And thus: 'I need not any hearing tire
By telling how the sea-born goddess pin'd
For a mortal youth, and how she strove to bind
Him all in all unto her doting self.
Who would not be so imprison'd? but, fond elf,
He was content to let her amorous plea
Faint through his careless arms; content to see
An unseiz'd heaven dying at his feet;
Content, O fool! to make a cold retreat,
When on the pleasant grass such love, lovelorn,
Lay sorrowing; when every tear was born
Of diverse passion; when her lips and eyes
Were clos'd in sullen moisture, and quick sighs
Came vex'd and pettish through her nostrils small.
Hush! no exclaim—yet, justly mightst thou call
Curses upon his head.—I was half glad,
But my poor mistress went distract and mad,
When the boar tusk'd him: so away she flew
To Jove's high throne, and by her plainings drew
Immortal tear-drops down the thunderer's beard;
Whereon, it was decreed he should be rear'd
Each summer time to life. Lo! this is he,
That same Adonis, safe in the privacy

448 Even sweet as that which Amalthea *D* Nurse *M*: nurse *1818*
456–7 Keeping a ravishing cadence with his lyre.
And thus it was 'I'll not thy knowing tire *D*
461 so bound, but, foolish elf, *D* prison'd *M* 462 to let Divinity *D*
463 Faint] Slip *D* 464 dying] sighing *D* *D shows cancelled readings*
He was content to unclasp his
He was content to let Elysium
a fainting heaven
Faint gradual from his arms
470 nostrills *M* 474 tusk'd *1818*: tush'd *M* **End.** 476 Thunderer's *M* 479 in *pencilled over* [i'] *M*

Of this still region all his winter-sleep.
Aye, sleep; for when our love-sick queen did weep
Over his waned corse, the tremulous shower
Heal'd up the wound, and, with a balmy power,
Medicined death to a lengthened drowsiness:
The which she fills with visions, and doth dress
In all this quiet luxury; and hath set
Us young immortals, without any let,
To watch his slumber through. 'Tis well nigh pass'd,
Even to a moment's filling up, and fast
She scuds with summer breezes, to pant through
The first long kiss, warm firstling, to renew
Embower'd sports in Cytherea's isle.
Look! how those winged listeners all this while
Stand anxious: see! behold!'—This clamant word
Broke through the careful silence; for they heard
A rustling noise of leaves, and out there flutter'd
Pigeons and doves: Adonis something mutter'd,
The while one hand, that erst upon his thigh
Lay dormant, mov'd convuls'd and gradually
Up to his forehead. Then there was a hum
Of sudden voices, echoing, '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:
Rise, Cupids! or we'll give the blue-bell pinch
To your dimpled arms. Once more sweet life begin!'
At this, from every side they hurried in,
Rubbing their sleepy eyes with lazy wrists,
And doubling over head their little fists
In backward yawns. But all were soon alive:
For as delicious wine doth, sparkling, dive

482 Over this paly corse, the crystal shower *D* 484 Medicin'ed (*the comma crossed out*) *M*: Medicined *1818* 487 [The] Us *M*: These *D* 488 slumber] winter *D* 489 E'en *M* filling up] complishing *D* 490 with *over* [oer] *M*: o'er **End.** 149 warm firstling] sweet prologue *D* 495 for *over* [and] *M* 501 echoing] echoing out *D* 503 Onto *M* 504 Most soothingly *D*

505–6 [Cupids awake! or black and blue we'll pinch]
To Your dimpled arms. Once more sweet Life begin! *M*

To *added in margin: on the opposite page 505 is given as in 1818, D gives 505 as first given in M, and for 506 has* Your dimpled arms—for lo! your Queen, your Queen. 509 over head] in the air *D*

In nectar'd clouds and curls through water fair,
So from the arbour roof down swell'd an air
Odorous and enlivening; making all
To laugh, and play, and sing, and loudly call
For their sweet queen: when lo! the wreathed green
Disparted, and far upward could be seen
Blue heaven, and a silver car, air-borne,
Whose silent wheels, fresh wet from clouds of morn,
Spun off a drizzling dew,—which falling chill
On soft Adonis' shoulders, made him still
Nestle and turn uneasily about.
Soon were the white doves plain, with necks stretch'd out,
And silken traces tighten'd in descent;
And soon, returning from love's banishment,
Queen Venus leaning downward open arm'd:
Her shadow fell upon his breast, and charm'd
A tumult to his heart, and a new life
Into his eyes. Ah, miserable strife,
But for her comforting! unhappy sight,
But meeting her blue orbs! Who, who can write
Of these first minutes? The unchariest muse
To embracements warm as theirs makes coy excuse.

O it has ruffled every spirit there,
Saving Love's self, who stands superb to share

512 Clouds and Curls *M* (*marking* Curls *as a substantive*) 518 Car air-borne, *M* 519 wheels fresh *M* Morn *M* (*no comma*) 523 Anon the doves necks *D M* were plain (appear'd *above*) *D* 524 And] Their *D* tighten'd *D*, **End.** *and probably M. cf. i. 550, ii. 400, 410, 889* · lighten'd *1818* 525 soon *over* [next] *M*

526–34 [Queen Venus bending downward, so o'ertaken,
So suffering sweet, so blushing mad, so shaken
That the wild warmth prob'd the young sleeper's heart
Enchantingly; and with a sudden start
His trembling arms were out in instant time
To catch his fainting love.—O foolish rhyme
What mighty power is in thee that so often
Thou strivest rugged syllables to soften
Even to the telling of a sweet like this.
Away! let them embrace alone! that kiss
Was far too rich for thee to talk upon.
Poor wretch! mind not these sobs and sighs! begone!
Speak not one atom of thy paltry stuff,
That they are met is poetry enough.
O this has ruffled every spirit there] *D*

535 Loves *M*; love's *1818*

The general gladness: awfully he stands;
A sovereign quell is in his waving hands;
No sight can bear the lightning of his bow;
His quiver is mysterious, none can know
What themselves think of it; from forth his eyes
There darts strange light of varied hues and dyes:
A scowl is sometimes on his brow, but who
Look full upon it feel anon the blue
Of his fair eyes run liquid through their souls.
Endymion feels it, and no more controls
The burning prayer within him; so, bent low,
He had begun a plaining of his woe.
But Venus, bending forward, said: 'My child,
Favour this gentle youth; his days are wild
With love—he—but alas! too well I see
Thou know'st the deepness of his misery.
Ah, smile not so, my son: I tell thee true,
That when through heavy hours I used to rue
The endless sleep of this new-born Adon',
This stranger ay I pitied. For upon
A dreary morning once I fled away
Into the breezy clouds, to weep and pray
For this my love: for vexing Mars had teaz'd
Me even to tears: thence, when a little eas'd
Down-looking, vacant, through a hazy wood,
I saw this youth as he despairing stood:
Those same dark curls blown vagrant in the wind;
Those same full fringed lids a constant blind
Over his sullen eyes: I saw him throw
Himself on wither'd leaves, even as though
Death had come sudden; for no jot he mov'd,
Yet mutter'd wildly. I could hear he lov'd
Some fair immortal, and that his embrace
Had zoned her through the night. There is no trace
Of this in heaven: I have mark'd each cheek,
And find it is the vainest thing to seek;

538 His bow no sight can bear for lightning so *M* 541 varied] sundry *altered to* changeful *D* dies *M* 543 full upon upon it *M* 545 controlls *M* 548 bending] leaning *D* 551 the[e] *M* 552 my son] sweet boy *D* 554 new-born *M*: mad-brain'd *D* 555 pittied *M* 561 this *1818*: yon *M* 567 wildly] madly *D*

And that of all things 'tis kept secretest.
Endymion! one day thou wilt be blest:
So still obey the guiding hand that fends
Thee safely through these wonders for sweet ends.
'Tis a concealment needful in extreme;
And if I guess'd not so, the sunny beam
Thou shouldst mount up to with me. Now adieu!
Here must we leave thee.'—At these words up flew
The impatient doves, up rose the floating car,
Up went the hum celestial. High afar
The Latmian saw them minish into nought;
And, when all were clear vanish'd, still he caught
A vivid lightning from that dreadful bow.
When all was darkened, with Etnean throe
The earth clos'd—gave a solitary moan—
And left him once again in twilight lone.

He did not rave, he did not stare aghast,
For all those visions were o'ergone, and past,
And he in loneliness: he felt assur'd
Of happy times, when all he had endur'd
Would seem a feather to the mighty prize.
So, with unusual gladness, on he hies
Through caves, and palaces of mottled ore,
Gold dome, and crystal wall, and turquois floor,
Black polish'd porticos of awful shade,
And, at the last, a diamond balustrade,
Leading afar past wild magnificence,
Spiral through ruggedest loopholes, and thence
Stretching across a void, then guiding o'er
Enormous chasms, where, all foam and roar,
Streams subterranean tease their granite beds;
Then heighten'd just above the silvery heads

582 naught *M*
584–5 Anon and ever gleams from that dread bow.
One lightning more—then with Œtnœan throe *D*
585 Etnean *1818*: œtnean *M* 586 closed, gave *M* moan, *M*
587 left] shut *D* 588 Nor did he rave, nor did he stare (feel *written over* stare) aghast *D*: agast (h *added above* g) *M* 590 [Leaving him solitary;] he *D* assured *M* 591 endured *M* 592 would [f] seem *M* feather, *M* mighty joy *D* 594 Caves and Pallaces (*no comma*) *M* 597 Then diamond steps and ruby balustrade *D* Ballustrade *M* 598 Leading to fierce and wild *D* 599 through] by *D* 600 guiding] leading *D* 602 tease their] wear their (rage in *written above*) *D*

Of a thousand fountains, so that he could dash
The waters with his spear; but at the splash,
Done heedlessly, those spouting columns rose
Sudden a poplar's height, and 'gan to enclose
His diamond path with fretwork, [illegible] round
Alive, and dazzling cool, and with a sound,
Haply, like dolphin tumults, when sweet shells
Welcome the float of Thetis. Long he dwells
On this delight; for, every minute's space,
The streams with changed magic interlace:
Sometimes like delicatest lattices,
Cover'd with crystal vines; then weeping trees,
Moving about as in a gentle wind,
Which, in a wink, to watery gauze refin'd,
Pour'd into shapes of curtain'd canopies,
Spangled, and rich with liquid broideries
Of flowers, peacocks, swans, and naiads fair.
Swifter than lightning went these wonders rare;
And then the water, into stubborn streams
Collecting, mimick'd the wrought oaken beams,
Pillars, and frieze, and high fantastic roof,
Of those dusk places in times far aloof
Cathedrals call'd. He bade a loth farewel
To these founts Protean, passing gulph, and dell,
And torrent, and ten thousand jutting shapes,
Half seen through deepest gloom, and griesly gapes,
Blackening on every side, and overhead
A vaulted dome like Heaven's, far bespread
With starlight gems: aye, all so huge and strange,
The solitary felt a hurried change
Working within him into something dreary,—
Vex'd like a morning eagle, lost, and weary,
And purblind amid foggy, midnight wolds.
But he revives at once: for who beholds

604 thousand] hundred *D* 606 He playfully made, those *D* 607 'gan to *1818*: 'gan *M* **End.** 608 diamond] mid-air *D* streaming] quivering *D* 610 sweet] loud *D* 615 Cover'd] O'erspread *D* trees] peas *D* 616 Waving *D* 622 waters *DM* 623 mimmick'd *M* wrought rafts and beams *D* 625 dusk *made out of* dim *M*: dim *D* 626 bad *M* loath farewell *M* 627 protéan *M* 628 jutting] massy *and* blackening *and* bulging *D* 629 Hid in the dim profound, and *D* through *made out of* in (?) *M* grisly *M* 631 far bespread] overspread *D*: [oversp] far bespread *M* 632 huge and] monstrous *D* 633 hurried] dizzy *D* 635 Scar'd like *D* 636 amid [damp an] foggy 637 bholds *M*

New sudden things, nor casts his mental slough?
Forth from a rugged arch, in the dusk below,
Came mother Cybele! alone—alone—
In sombre chariot; dark foldings thrown
About her majesty, and front death-pale,
With turrets crown'd. Four maned lions hale
The sluggish wheels; solemn their toothed maws,
Their surly eyes brow-hidden, heavy paws
Uplifted drowsily, and nervy tails
Cowering their tawny brushes. Silent sails
This shadowy queen athwart, and faints away
In another gloomy arch.

Wherefore delay,
Young traveller, in such a mournful place?
Art thou wayworn, or canst not further trace
The diamond path? And does it indeed end
Abrupt in middle air? Yet earthward bend
Thy forehead, and to Jupiter cloud-borne
Call ardently! He was indeed wayworn;
Abrupt, in middle air, his way was lost;
To cloud-borne Jove he bowed, and there crost
Towards him a large eagle, 'twixt whose wings,
Without one impious word, himself he flings,
Committed to the darkness and the gloom:
Down, down, uncertain to what pleasant doom,

639 Forth from] From out *D*, *which for* rugged *has* dismal *and* beetling *and* gloomy a [f] rugged *M* dusk *over* [dark] *M*

642–7 [About her majesty, and her pale brow
With turrets crown'd, which forward heavily bow
Weighing her chin to the breast. Four lions draw
The wheels in sluggish time—each toothed maw
Shut patiently—eyes hid in tawny veils—
Drooping about their paws, and nervy tails
Cowering their tufted brushes to the dust.] *D*

For this D substitutes the text of 1818, with the variants tawny *for* maned *in 643*, closed *and* patient *for* toothed *in 644*, half shut, their *for* brow-hidden *in 645*, lazily *for* drowsily *in 646*, Vailing their tawny tufts *in 647* 645 hevy (a *added above*) *M* 646 Uplifted [sleepily] drowsily *M* 649 [To] In *over* [Into] *M* 653 Abrubt (b *made into* p) *M* 656 abrubt *M* 657 bow'ed (*the comma deleted*) *M*

657–660 To cloudborne Jove he bent: and there was tost
Into his grasping hands a silken cord
At which without a single impious word
He swung upon it off into the gloom *D*

Swift as a fathoming plummet down he fell
Through unknown things; till exhaled asphodel,
And rose, with spicy fannings interbreath'd,
Came swelling forth where little caves were wreath'd
So thick with leaves and mosses, that they seem'd
Large honey-combs of green, and freshly teem'd
With airs delicious. In the greenest nook
The eagle landed him, and farewel took.

It was a jasmine bower, all bestrown
With golden moss. His every sense had grown
Ethereal for pleasure; 'bove his head
Flew a delight half-graspable; his tread
Was Hesperean; to his capable ears
Silence was music from the holy spheres;
A dewy luxury was in his eyes;
The little flowers felt his pleasant sighs
And stirr'd them faintly. Verdant cave and cell
He wander'd through, oft wondering at such swell
Of sudden exaltation: but, '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? Then shall I be left
So sad, so melancholy, so bereft!
Yet still I feel immortal! O my love,
My breath of life, where art thou? High above,
Dancing before the morning gates of heaven?
Or keeping watch among those starry seven,
Old Atlas' children? Art a maid of the waters,
One of shell-winding Triton's bright-hair'd daughters?
Or art, impossible! a nymph of Dian's,
Weaving a coronal of tender scions

662 Dropt like a fathoming *D*

668–71
With airs delicious. Long he hung about
Before his nice enjoyment could pick out
The resting place: but at the last he swung
Into the greenest cell of all—among
Dark leaved jasmine: star flower'd and bestrown
With golden moss.

669 farewell *M* 675 Musick *M* 678 stirr'd *1818*: stir'd *M* 679 He wandered through, with still encreasing swell *D* 680 exhaltation *M* 681 this *made out of* these *M* these gushing feelings pass *D* 684 Ah shall I be left *D* 689 those] the *D* 690 Maid *M*: nymph *D* of *D 1818*: o' *M* 691 bright-hair'd] floating *D* 692 Or art] Art thou *D* nymph] maid *D*

For very idleness? Where'er thou art,
Methinks it now is at my will to start
Into thine arms; to scare Aurora's train,
And snatch thee from the Morning; o'er the main
To scud like a wild bird, and take thee off
From thy sea-foamy cradle; or to doff
Thy shepherd vest, and woo thee mid fresh leaves.
No, no, too eagerly my soul deceives
Its powerless self: I know this cannot be.
O let me then by some sweet dreaming flee
To her entrancements: hither, Sleep, awhile!
Hither, most gentle Sleep! and soothing foil
For some few hours the coming solitude.'

Thus spake he, and that moment felt endued
With power to dream deliciously; so wound
Through a dim passage, searching till he found
The smoothest mossy bed and deepest, where
He threw himself, and just into the air
Stretching his indolent arms, he took, O bliss!
A naked waist: 'Fair Cupid, whence is this?'
A well-known voice sigh'd, 'Sweetest, here am I!'
At which soft ravishment, with doating cry
They trembled to each other.—Helicon!
O fountain'd hill! Old Homer's Helicon!
That thou wouldst spout a little streamlet o'er
These sorry pages; then the verse would soar
And sing above this gentle pair, like lark
Over his nested young: but all is dark
Around thine aged top, and thy clear fount
Exhales in mists to heaven. Aye, the count

697 [from among them; to attain
The starry hights and find thee ere a breath] *D*

Morning *M*: morning *1818* 698 scud] skim *D* 701 No, no] But ah! *D* 702 powerless] mortal *D*: *before* powerless *M has what might be either* [reachin] *or* [re[e]velin I know] O since *D* 703 O [th] let *M* 704–5 hither sleep awhile! Hither most gentle sleep! *1818*: sleep *in 704 but* Sleep *in 705 M* 706 With thy quick magic the *D* 707 endued *M 1818* 709 passage, [feeling] searching *M* 713 Fair Cupid] Good heavens! *D* 715 At which each uttering forth a wailful (an anguish *written above*) cry *D* doating *1818*: doting *M* 719 the] this *D* 720 this] the *D* 722 top] green *D* 723 mist *D M* **End.**: mists *1818*

Of mighty Poets is made up; the scroll
Is folded by the Muses; the bright roll
Is in Apollo's hand: our dazed eyes
Have seen a new tinge in the western skies:
The world has done its duty. Yet, oh yet,
Although the sun of Poesy is set,
These lovers did embrace, and we must weep
That there is no old power left to steep
A quill immortal in their joyous tears.
Long time in silence did their anxious fears
Question that thus it was; long time they lay
Fondling and kissing every doubt away;
Long time ere soft caressing sobs began
To mellow into words, and then there ran
Two bubbling springs of talk from their sweet lips.
'O known Unknown! from whom my being sips
Such darling essence, wherefore may I not
Be ever in these arms? in this sweet spot
Pillow my chin for ever? ever press
These toying hands and kiss their smooth excess?
Why not for ever and for ever feel
That breath about my eyes? Ah, thou wilt steal
Away from me again, indeed, indeed—
Thou wilt be gone away, and wilt not heed
My lonely madness. Speak, delicious fair!
Is it to be so? No! for who will dare
To pluck thee from me? And, of thine own will,
Full well I feel thou wouldst not leave me. Still
Let me entwine thee surer, surer—now
How can we part? Elysium! who art thou?
Who, that thou canst not be for ever here,
Or lift me with thee to some starry sphere?
Enchantress! tell me by this soft embrace,
By the most soft completion of thy face,

725 bright] great *D* 726 dazed] mortal (dazzled *written above*) *D* 729 Poesy *M*: poesy *1818* 735 every] dreaming *D* 736 soft] few *D* 743 toying] languid *D* 747 And there must be a time when thoul't not heed *D* wilt *made out of* will *M* 748 Speak, delicious fair! *L 62*, **1818**: Speak, my kindest fair! *M 1818*: O delicious fair (maid *written over* fair) *D* 749 Is [is] it to be so? No! who will dare (For *pencilled above* who) *M*: Is —is it to be so? No! who will dare *1818* who] What *D* 750 And of thine own will (*without commas*) *M* 751 I know—I feel *D* 756 soft] mad *D* 757 By the most languor of thy breathing face *D*

Those lips, O slippery blisses, twinkling eyes,
And by these tenderest, milky sovereignties—
These tenderest, and by the nectar-wine,
The passion'——'O dov'd Ida the divine!
Endymion! dearest! Ah, unhappy me!
His soul will 'scape us—O felicity!
How he does love me! His poor temples beat
To the very tune of love—how sweet, sweet, sweet.
Revive, dear youth, or I shall faint and die;
Revive, or these soft hours will hurry by
In tranced dulness; speak, and let that spell
Affright this lethargy! I cannot quell
Its heavy pressure, and will press at least
My lips to thine, that they may richly feast
Until we taste the life of love again.
What! dost thou move? dost kiss? O bliss! O pain!
I love thee, youth, more than I can conceive;
And so long absence from thee doth bereave
My soul of any rest: yet must I hence:
Yet, can I not to starry eminence
Uplift thee; nor for very shame can own
Myself to thee. Ah, dearest, do not groan
Or thou wilt force me from this secrecy,
And I must blush in heaven. O that I
Had done 't already; that the dreadful smiles
At my lost brightness, my impassion'd wiles,
Had waned from Olympus' solemn height,
And from all serious Gods; that our delight
Was quite forgotten, save of us alone!
And wherefore so ashamed? 'Tis but to atone
For endless pleasure, by some coward blushes:
Yet must I be a coward!—Horror rushes

760–1 These tenderest—and by the breath—the love
The passion—nectar—Heaven!'—'Jove above! *D*

761 dov'd *added above M* lov'd *1818* 764–5 *At the beginning and end of this couplet in M are vertical lines somewhat like square brackets, perhaps marking the lines for omission* 766 and] a *M* 768 dullness *M* 770 and] yet *D* **Enc.** 771 to] 'gainst *D* 772 Life of Love *M* 774 [Listen to me if Love will let me] *D* 782 done't **1818** *L 62*: don't [for] already *M* done it *1818* 783 [At my dear weakness and] impassion'd *D* 785 Gods] Powers *D* our] my *D* 787 And] But *D* attone *M* 788 by *made out of* in *M* 789 Horror **1818** *L 62*: [the] horror *M*: Honour *1818*: The thing *and* The idea *D*

Too palpable before me—the sad look
Of Jove—Minerva's start—no bosom shook
With awe of purity—no Cupid pinion
In reverence vailed—my crystalline dominion
Half lost, and all old hymns made nullity!
But what is this to love? O I could fly
With thee into the ken of heavenly powers,
So thou wouldst thus, for many sequent hours,
Press me so sweetly. Now I swear at once
That I am wise, that Pallas is a dunce—
Perhaps her love like mine is but unknown—
O I do think that I have been alone
In chastity: yes, Pallas has been sighing,
While every eve saw me my hair uptying
With fingers cool as aspen leaves. Sweet love,
I was as vague as solitary dove,
Nor knew that nests were built. Now a soft kiss—
Aye, by that kiss, I vow an endless bliss,
An immortality of passion's thine:
Ere long I will exalt thee to the shine
Of heaven ambrosial; and we will shade
Ourselves whole summers by a river glade;
And I will tell thee stories of the sky,
And breathe thee whispers of its minstrelsy.
My happy love will overwing all bounds!
O let me melt into thee; let the sounds
Of our close voices marry at their birth;
Let us entwine hoveringly O dearth
Of human words! roughness of mortal speech!
Lispings empyrean will I sometime teach
Thine honied tongue—lute-breathings, which I gasp
To have thee understand, now while I clasp
Thee thus, and weep for fondness—I am pain'd,
Endymion: woe! woe! is grief contain'd

793 vailed *made out of* veiled *M*: veiled *1818* crystaline *1818* 796 heavenly] starry *D* 800 Does Pallas self not love? she must—she must! *D* 807 vow *over* [swear] *M* 809 exhalt *M* 813 whispers of its] empyrean *D* Minstrelsey *M* 814 my happy love] My [Love] happy love *M* My maddened love (O my mad love *written above*) *D* 816 our close] both our *D* 817 hoveringly] inextricably *D* 818 Of mortal words! I'll teach thee other speech *D* 819 empyrean] immortal *D* 820 Lute *over* Gold *M*: Gold-breathings *D* 822 weep for fondness] shed these drops (tears *over* drops) *D* 823 woe! woe! is] There is a *D*

In the very deeps of pleasure, my sole life?'—
Hereat, with many sobs, her gentle strife
Melted into a languor. He return'd
Entranced vows and tears.

Ye who have yearn'd
With too much passion, will here stay and pity,
For the mere sake of truth; as 'tis a ditty
Not of these days, but long ago 'twas told
By a cavern wind unto a forest old;
And then the forest told it in a dream
To a sleeping lake, whose cool and level gleam
A poet caught as he was journeying
To Phœbus' shrine; and in it he did fling
His weary limbs, bathing an hour's space,
And, after straight, in that inspired place
He sang the story up into the air,
Giving it universal freedom. There
Has it been ever sounding for those ears
Whose tips are glowing hot. The legend cheers
Yon centinel stars; and he who listens to it
Must surely be self-doom'd or he will rue it:
For quenchless burnings come upon the heart,
Made fiercer by a fear lest any part
Should be engulphed in the eddying wind.
As much as here is penn'd doth always find
A resting place, thus much comes clear and plain;
Anon the strange voice is upon the wane—
And 'tis but echo'd from departing sound,
That the fair visitant at last unwound
Her gentle limbs, and left the youth asleep.—
Thus the tradition of the gusty deep.

Now turn we to our former chroniclers.—
Endymion awoke, that grief of hers

824 In [the very] the very *M* deeps] shrine *D* my sole] O my *D* life (*quotation-mark om.*) *M* 825 many] fainting *D* 826 Melted into a] Died into passive *D* langour *M* 827 No answer saving tears *D* yearn'd] burn'd *D* 828 With over passion, here exclaim and pity *D* 829 Even for the sake *D* 831 Cavern[s] *M* wind *over* Mouth *M* 833 Sleeping] slumbering *D* 835 Phoebus *M* 837 And, after straight, *M*: And after, straight *1818* 843 doomed *1818*: doom'ed *M* 847 pen'd *M* 849 But after the *D* upon] on *D* 850 echo'd from] guess'd from the *D* 852 Her prison'd limbs *D* 853 Thus *over* [Thus], *but over* [Thus] *some other word* (? As) *was first written M*

Sweet-paining on his ear: he sickly guess'd
How lone he was once more, and sadly press'd
His empty arms together, hung his head,
And most forlorn upon that widow'd bed
Sat silently. Love's madness he had known:
Often with more than tortured lion's groan
Moanings had burst from him; but now that rage
Had pass'd away: no longer did he wage
A rough-voic'd war against the dooming stars.
No, he had felt too much for such harsh jars:
The lyre of his soul Eolian tun'd
Forgot all violence, and but commun'd
With melancholy thought: O he had swoon'd
Drunken from Pleasure's nipple; and his love
Henceforth was dove-like.—Loth was he to move
From the imprinted couch, and when he did,
'Twas with slow, languid paces, and face hid
In muffling hands. So temper'd, out he stray'd
Half seeing visions that might have dismay'd
Alecto's serpents; ravishments more keen
Than Hermes' pipe, when anxious he did lean
Over eclipsing eyes: and at the last
It was a sounding grotto, vaulted vast,
O'er studded with a thousand, thousand pearls,
And crimson mouthed shells with stubborn curls,
Of every shape and size, even to the bulk
In which whales arbour close, to brood and sulk
Against an endless storm. Moreover too,
Fish-semblances, of green and azure hue,
Ready to snort their streams. In this cool wonder
Endymion sat down, and 'gan to ponder
On all his life: his youth, up to the day
When 'mid acclaim, and feasts, and garlands gay,

856 Sweet-paining *M*: Sweet paining *1818* on *made out of* in *M* 859 folorn *M* 860 Patiently sat. Love's *D* 862 Moanings *M in margin · in text* [Plainings] *written over* [Complaints]: Passion *D* 865 had felt too much] felt (was *written above*) too divine *D* 866 Eolian *1818*: œolian *M* 868 With thoughts of tenderest birth: O *D* 869 Pleasure's *M*: pleasure's *1818* 870 Loath *M* Scarcely could he move *D* 871 imprinted] dear *D* 873 hands] arms *D* temper'd but *M* 874 Half] Scarce *D* 876 Than [those of] Herme's *M* 878 He found a *D* vaulted vast, *M*: vaulted, vast *1818* 879 O'er *over* [And] *M* 880 And shells outswelling their faint tinged curls *D* 881 shape *over* [hue] *M* 882 arbour *M 1818*: harbour *Aldine edition* 884 green and golden hue *D*

He stept upon his shepherd throne: the look
Of his white palace in wild forest nook,
And all the revels he had lorded there:
Each tender maiden whom he once thought fair,
With every friend and fellow-woodlander—
Pass'd like a dream before him. Then the spur
Of the old bards to mighty deeds: his plans
To nurse the golden age 'mong shepherd clans:
That wondrous night: the great Pan-festival:
His sister's sorrow; and his wanderings all,
Until into the earth's deep maw he rush'd:
Then all its buried magic, till it flush'd
High with excessive love. 'And now,' thought he,
'How long must I remain in jeopardy
Of blank amazements that amaze no more?
Now I have tasted her sweet soul to the core
All other depths are shallow: essences,
Once spiritual, are like muddy lees,
Meant but to fertilize my earthly root,
And make my branches lift a golden fruit
Into the bloom of heaven: other light,
Though it be quick and sharp enough to blight
The Olympian eagle's vision, is dark,
Dark as the parentage of chaos. Hark!
My silent thoughts are echoing from these shells;
Or they are but the ghosts, the dying swells
Of noises far away?—list!'—Hereupon
He kept an anxious ear. The humming tone
Came louder, and behold, there as he lay,
On either side outgush'd, with misty spray,
A copious spring; and both together dash'd
Swift, mad, fantastic round the rocks, and lash'd
Among the conchs and shells of the lofty grot,
Leaving a trickling dew. At last they shot
Down from the ceiling's height, pouring a noise
As of some breathless racers whose hopes poize

889 stept *written as* slept *in M: cf. i. 550, ii. 400, 410, 524* 895 Of minstrelsy to *D* 897 great Pan's high festival *D* (*which has also a variant* that wean'd him) 899 Until[l] *M* deep] dim *D* 901 thought (*final* t *add. in pencil*) *M* 902 jeapardy *M* 907 Ment *M*: Made *and* Sent *D* 908 lift their ripen'd fruit *D* 914 Or they are subtlest and dying swells *D* 917 louder [still] and *M* 920 and splash'd *D* **End.**

Upon the last few steps, and with spent force
Along the ground they took a winding course.
Endymion follow'd—for it seem'd that one
Ever pursued, the other strove to shun—
Follow'd their languid mazes, till well nigh
He had left thinking of the mystery,—
And was now rapt in tender hoverings
Over the vanish'd bliss. Ah! what is it sings
His dream away? What melodies are these?
They sound as through the whispering of trees,
Not native in such barren vaults. Give ear!

'O Arethusa, peerless nymph! why fear
Such tenderness as mine? Great Dian, why,
Why didst thou hear her prayer? O that I
Were rippling round her dainty fairness now,
Circling about her waist, and striving how
To entice her to a dive! then stealing in
Between her luscious lips and eyelids thin.
O that her shining hair was in the sun,
And I distilling from it thence to run
In amorous rillets down her shrinking form!
To linger on her lily shoulders, warm
Between her kissing breasts, and every charm
Touch raptur'd!—See how painfully I flow:
Fair maid, be pitiful to my great woe.
Stay, stay thy weary course, and let me lead,
A happy wooer, to the flowery mead
Where all that beauty snar'd me.'—'Cruel god,
Desist! or my offended mistress' nod
Will stagnate all thy fountains:—tease me not
With syren words—Ah, have I really got
Such power to madden thee? And is it true—
Away, away, or I shall dearly rue
My very thoughts. in mercy then away,
Kindest Alpheus, for should I obey

928 shun: *M* 931 was [eve] now *M* 932 O'er past and future. Ah! *D* is't *M* **End.** 945 Amorous and slow adown *D* 946 lilly *M* 947 Between] About *D* kissing] budding (pouting *written above*) *D*

948–9 Kiss, raptur'd, even to her milky toes.
O foolish maid be gentle to my woes. *D*

952 snar'd] slew *D* 954 fountains *over* [waters] *M* 956 true? **End.**

My own dear will, 'twould be a deadly bane.—
O, Oread-Queen! would that thou hadst a pain
Like this of mine, then would I fearless turn
And be a criminal.—Alas, I burn,
I shudder—gentle river, get thee hence.
Alpheus! thou enchanter! every sense
Of mine was once made perfect in these woods.
Fresh breezes, bowery lawns, and innocent floods,
Ripe fruits, and lonely couch, contentment gave;
But ever since I heedlessly did lave
In thy deceitful stream, a panting glow
Grew strong within me: wherefore serve me so,
And call it love? Alas, 'twas cruelty.
Not once more did I close my happy eye
Amid the thrushes' song. Away! Avaunt!
O 'twas a cruel thing.'—'Now thou dost taunt
So softly, Arethusa, that I think
If thou wast playing on my shady brink,
Thou wouldst bathe once again. Innocent maid!
Stifle thine heart no more;—nor be afraid
Of angry powers: there are deities
Will shade us with their wings. Those fitful sighs
'Tis almost death to hear: O let me pour
A dewy balm upon them!—fear no more,
Sweet Arethusa! Dian's self must feel
Sometimes these very pangs. Dear maiden, steal
Blushing into my soul, and let us fly
These dreary caverns for the open sky.
I will delight thee all my winding course,
From the green sea up to my hidden source
About Arcadian forests; and will show
The channels where my coolest waters flow
Through mossy rocks; where, 'mid exuberant green,
I roam in pleasant darkness, more unseen

960 bane. **1818** *M*: bane' *1818* 961 O *M* **1818**: 'O *1818 L 62* 963 criminal. Alas **1818** *M L 62*: criminal.' 'Alas, *1818* 964 gentle river] for sweet mercy *D* 966 perfect] happy *D* 967 bowery shady *D* 968 lonely] leafy *D* 969 did] gan *D* 973 No longer could I close my sleepless (wearied *written above*) eye *D* eye **End.**: eyes *M 1818* 974 thrushes' *D*: Thrushes *M*: thrush's *1818* 977 on] by *D* 979 affraid *M* 980 angry [Deities] powers *M* 985 Sometimes *1818*: Sometime *M* 990 Arcadia's Plains *D* and I will *DM* show *DM*: shew *1818* 991 coolest *made out of* cooler *M*

Than Saturn in his exile; where I brim
Round flowery islands, and take thence a skim
Of mealy sweets, which myriads of bees
Buzz from their honied wings: and thou shouldst please
Thyself to choose the richest, where we might
Be incense-pillow'd every summer night.
Doff all sad fears, thou white deliciousness,
And let us be thus comforted; unless
Thou couldst rejoice to see my hopeless stream
Hurry distracted from Sol's temperate beam,
And pour to death along some hungry sands.'—
'What can I do, Alpheus? Dian stands
Severe before me: persecuting fate!
Unhappy Arethusa! thou wast late
A huntress free in'—At this, sudden fell
Those two sad streams adown a fearful dell.
The Latmian listen'd, but he heard no more,
Save echo, faint repeating o'er and o'er
The name of Arethusa. On the verge
Of that dark gulph he wept, and said: 'I urge
Thee, gentle Goddess of my pilgrimage,
By our eternal hopes, to soothe, to assuage,
If thou art powerful, these lovers' pains;
And make them happy in some happy plains.'

He turn'd—there was a whelming sound—he stept,
There was a cooler light; and so he kept
Towards it by a sandy path, and lo!
More suddenly than doth a moment go,
The visions of the earth were gone and fled—
He saw the giant sea above his head.

996 mealy] powdery *D* 997 Buzz *over* [Shake] *M* 998 richest] freshest *D* 1004 along hot Afric's sands *D* 1006 persecuting] cruel, cruel *D* 1013 and [I] said *M* *1015–1023 in M are written in the hand of J. H. Reynolds* 1016 are *M* Lovers pains *M 1818* 1017 native plains *D* plains (*without inverted commas*) *M 1818* 1020 a [scanty path] sandy path *M*

Colophon End of 2d Book *M*

BOOK III

THERE are who lord it o'er their fellow-men
With most prevailing tinsel: who unpen
Their baaing vanities, to browse away
The comfortable green and juicy hay
From human pastures; or, O torturing fact!
Who, through an idiot blink, will see unpack'd
Fire-branded foxes to sear up and singe
Our gold and ripe-ear'd hopes. With not one tinge
Of sanctuary splendour, not a sight
Able to face an owl's, they still are dight
By the blear-eyed nations in empurpled vests,
And crowns, and turbans. With unladen breasts,
Save of blown self-applause, they proudly mount
To their spirit's perch, their being's high account,
Their tiptop nothings, their dull skies, their thrones—
Amid the fierce intoxicating tones
Of trumpets, shoutings, and belabour'd drums,
And sudden cannon. Ah! how all this hums,
In wakeful ears, like uproar past and gone—
Like thunder clouds that spake to Babylon,
And set those old Chaldeans to their tasks.—
Are then regalities all gilded masks?
No, there are throned seats unscalable
But by a patient wing, a constant spell,
Or by ethereal things that, unconfin'd,
Can make a ladder of the eternal wind,
And poise about in cloudy thunder-tents
To watch the abysm-birth of elements.
Aye, 'bove the withering of old-lipp'd Fate
A thousand Powers keep religious state,
In water, fiery realm, and airy bourne;
And, silent as a consecrated urn,

Title: Endymion Book 3rd 3 vanaties (i *pencilled in marg.*) *M*
5 O devilish fact! *D* 6 through] with *D* 12 breats *M*
15 Thrones:— *M* 19 past and] almost *D* 21 their work *D*

22–3 [Are then all regal things so gone, so murk?
No there are other thrones to mount] *D*

28 abysm birth *M* 31 bourn *M*

31–2 [In the several vastnesses of air and fire;
And silent, as a corpse upon a pyre.] *D*

Hold sphery sessions for a season due.
Yet few of these far majesties, ah, few!
Have bared their operations to this globe—
Few, who with gorgeous pageantry enrobe
Our piece of heaven—whose benevolence
Shakes hand with our own Ceres; every sense
Filling with spiritual sweets to plenitude,
As bees gorge full their cells. And, by the feud
'Twixt Nothing and Creation, I here swear,
Eterne Apollo! that thy Sister fair
Is of all these the gentlier-mightiest,
When thy gold breath is misting in the west,
She unobserved steals unto her throne,
And there she sits most meek and most alone;
As if she had not pomp subservient;
As if thine eye, high Poet! was not bent
Towards her with the Muses in thine heart;
As if the ministring stars kept not apart,
Waiting for silver-footed messages.
O Moon! the oldest shades 'mong oldest trees
Feel palpitations when thou lookest in:
O Moon! old boughs lisp forth a holier din
The while they feel thine airy fellowship.
Thou dost bless every where, with silver lip
Kissing dead things to life. The sleeping kine,
Couched in thy brightness, dream of fields divine:
Innumerable mountains rise, and rise,
Ambitious for the hallowing of thine eyes;
And yet thy benediction passeth not
One obscure hiding-place, one little spot
Where pleasure may be sent. the nested wren
Has thy fair face within its tranquil ken,
And from beneath a sheltering ivy leaf
Takes glimpses of thee; thou art a relief

33 sphery *M* **End.** 34 Yet] How *D* ah] how *D*

38–9 Salutes our native Ceres—every (and each *written above*) sense
With spiritual honey fills to plentitude *D*

44 When thy gold hair falls thick about the west *D* 49 Upon her *D*
52 Waiting the oldest shadows of ('mong *written above*) old trees *D*

56–7 Thou dost bless all things—even dead things sip
A midnight life from thee *D*

63 sent] wrought *D* 64 [Quiet behind dark ivy leaves] *D* 66 are *M*

To the poor patient oyster, where it sleeps
Within its pearly house.—The mighty deeps,
The monstrous sea is thine—the myriad sea!
O Moon! far-spooming Ocean bows to thee,
And Tellus feels his forehead's cumbrous load.

Cynthia! where art thou now? What far abode
Of green or silvery bower doth enshrine
Such utmost beauty? Alas, thou dost pine
For one as sorrowful: thy cheek is pale
For one whose cheek is pale: thou dost bewail
His tears, who weeps for thee. Where dost thou sigh?
Ah! surely that light peeps from Vesper's eye,
Or what a thing is love! 'Tis She, but lo!
How chang'd, how full of ache, how gone in woe!
She dies at the thinnest cloud; her loveliness
Is wan on Neptune's blue: yet there's a stress
Of love-spangles, just off yon cape of trees,
Dancing upon the waves, as if to please
The curly foam with amorous influence.
O, not so idle: for down-glancing thence
She fathoms eddies, and runs wild about
O'erwhelming water-courses; scaring out
The thorny sharks from hiding-holes, and fright'ning
Their savage eyes with unaccustomed lightning.
Where will the splendor be content to reach?
O Love! how potent hast thou been to teach
Strange journeyings! Wherever beauty dwells,
In gulf or aerie, mountains or deep dells,
In light, in gloom, in star or blazing sun,

69 myriad] monstrous *D* 70 far] old *D* 71 his **End.** *End. and Errata 1818*: his (her *pencilled in marg., but not by Keats M*): her *1818*
74 Such] Thine *D*
77–8
Where art thou Ah
Surely that light is from the Evening Star *D*
80 chang'd *1818*: changed *M* 85 amourous *M*
86–7 [Nor there sleeps (stays it *written above*) the idleness—but glancing thence
Nor cradled idly—but down glancing thence
Yet not so idle—for down glancing thence
It mingles and starts about unfathomed] *D*
89 Enormous sharks *D* 90 The whale's large eyes *D* unaccustomed *D 1818*: unaccustom'ed *M* 91 splendor *M 1818* 92 love *1818 M*
94–5
In air, or living flame—or magic shells,
In earth, or mist, in star *D*

Thou pointest out the way, and straight 'tis won.
Amid his toil thou gav'st Leander breath;
Thou leddest Orpheus through the gleams of death;
Thou madest Pluto bear thin element;
And now, O winged Chieftain! thou hast sent
A moon-beam to the deep, deep water-world,
To find Endymion.

On gold sand impearl'd
With lily shells, and pebbles milky white,
Poor Cynthia greeted him, and sooth'd her light
Against his pallid face: he felt the charm
To breathlessness, and suddenly a warm
Of his heart's blood: 'twas very sweet; he stay'd
His wandering steps, and half-entranced laid
His head upon a tuft of straggling weeds,
To taste the gentle moon, and freshening beads,
Lashed from the crystal roof by fishes' tails.
And so he kept, until the rosy veils
Mantling the east, by Aurora's peering hand
Were lifted from the water's breast, and fann'd
Into sweet air; and sober'd morning came
Meekly through billows:—when like taper-flame
Left sudden by a dallying breath of air,
He rose in silence, and once more 'gan fare
Along his fated way.

Far had he roam'd,
With nothing save the hollow vast, that foam'd
Above, around, and at his feet; save things
More dead than Morpheus' [illegible];
Old rusted anchors, helmets, breast-plates large
Of gone sea-warriors; brazen beaks and targe;
Rudders that for a hundred years had lost
The sway of human hand; gold vase emboss'd
With long-forgotten story, and wherein
No reveller had ever dipp'd a chin
But those of Saturn's vintage; mouldering scrolls,
Writ in the tongue of heaven, by those souls
Who first were on the earth; and sculptures rude
In ponderous stone, developing the mood

99 thin] ? thine 103 lilly *M* 123 Brest-plates *M* 128 revellers *D* 129 Mouldring *M*

Of ancient Nox;—then skeletons of man,
Of beast, behemoth, and leviathan,
And elephant, and eagle, and huge jaw
Of nameless monster. A cold leaden awe
These secrets struck into him; and unless
Dian had chaced away that heaviness,
He might have died: but now, with cheered feel,
He onward kept; wooing these thoughts to steal
About the labyrinth in his soul of love.

'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 smil'd.
Thou seem'dst my sister: hand in hand we went
From eve to morn across the firmament.
No apples would I gather from the tree,
Till thou hadst cool'd their cheeks deliciously:
No tumbling water ever spake romance,
But when my eyes with thine thereon could dance.
No woods were green enough, no bower divine,
Until thou liftedst up thine eyelids fine:
In sowing time ne'er would I dibble take,
Or drop a seed, till thou wast wide awake;
And, in the summer tide of blossoming,
No one but thee hath heard me blithely sing
And mesh my dewy flowers all the night.
No melody was like a passing spright
If it went not to solemnize thy reign.
Yes, in my boyhood, every joy and pain
By thee were fashion'd to the self-same end;
And as I grew in years, still didst thou blend
With all my ardours: thou wast the deep glen;
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:—

140 kept] [went] kept *M*: went *D* 150 eyes] soul *D* 156 blithely *D*: blithly *1818*: blythly *M* 159 went] flew *and* sought *D* 163 was (t *added in pencil*) *M; and so the second* was *in 166 and the first in 167* 168 my highest deed *D*

Thou wast the charm of women, lovely Moon!
O what a wild and harmonized tune
My spirit struck from all the beautiful!
On some bright essence could I lean, and lull
Myself to immortality: I prest
Nature's soft pillow in a wakeful rest.
But, gentle Orb! there came a nearer bliss—
My strange love came—Felicity's abyss!
She came, and thou didst fade, and fade away—
Yet not entirely; no, thy starry sway
Has been an under-passion to this hour.
Now I begin to feel thine orby power
Is coming fresh upon me: O be kind,
Keep back thine influence, and do not blind
My sovereign vision.—Dearest love, forgive
That I can think away from thee and live!—
Pardon me, airy planet, that I prize
One thought beyond thine argent luxuries!
How far beyond!" At this a surpris'd start
Frosted the [illegible] verdure of his heart;
For as he lifted up his eyes to swear
How his own goddess was past all things fair,
He saw far in the concave green of the sea
An old man sitting calm and peacefully.
Upon a weeded rock this old man sat,
And his white hair was awful, and a mat
Of weeds were cold beneath his cold thin feet;
And, ample as the largest winding-sheet,
A cloak of blue wrapp'd up his aged bones,
O'erwrought with symbols by the deepest groans
Of ambitious magic: every ocean-form
Was woven in with black distinctness; storm,
And calm, and w[illegible] and hideous roar
Quicksand, and whirlpool, and deserted shore
Were emblem'd in the woof; with every shape
That skims, or dives, or sleeps, 'twixt cape and cape.

170 harmonizing *D* 171 struck] sung *and* made *D* 173 pest (prest *pencilled in marg.*) *M* 176 Felicity's] dear pleasure's own *D* 180 orbed *D* **End.** 183 My sovereign vision] The vision of my Love *D* 188 Stemm'd quick the (Blighted the *written above*) flowing river of his heart *D* 189 sware *M* 193 Unpon *M* 195 were] was *is pencilled above and struck out in M* 201 hedious *M* 202 *So D*, **End.** (*M and 1818 omit the line*)

The gulphing whale was like a dot in the spell,
Yet look upon it, and 'twould size and swell
To its huge self; and the minutest fish
Would pass the very hardest gazer's wish,
And shew his little eye's anatomy.
Then there was pictur'd the regality
Of Neptune; and the sea nymphs round his state.
In beauteous vassalage, look up and wait.
Beside this old man lay a pearly wand,
And in his lap a book, the which he conn'd
So stedfastly, that the new denizen
Had time to keep him in amazed ken,
To mark these shadowings, and stand in awe.

The old man rais'd his hoary head and saw
The wilder'd stranger—seeming not to see,
His features were so lifeless. Suddenly
He woke as from a trance; his snow-white brows
Went arching up, and like two magic ploughs
Furrow'd deep wrinkles in his forehead large,
Which kept as fixedly as rocky marge,
Till round his wither'd lips had gone a smile.
Then up he rose, like one whose tedious toil
Had watch'd for years in forlorn hermitage,
Who had not from mid-life to utmost age
Eas'd in one accent his o'er-burden'd soul,
Even to the trees. He rose: he grasp'd his stole,
With convuls'd clenches waving it abroad,
And in a voice of solemn joy, that aw'd
Echo into oblivion, he said:—

'Thou art the man! Now shall I lay my head
In peace upon my watery pillow: now
Sleep will come smoothly to my weary brow.
O Jove! I shall be young again, be young!
O shell-borne Neptune, I am pierc'd and stung
With new-born life! What shall I do? Where go,
When I have cast this serpent-skin of woe?—

205 whale[s] *M* The [gl] gulphing *M* 206 it, and] it long, *D* 214 conn'd *1818*: con'd *M* 218 rais'd *1818*: raised *M* 226 studious toil *D* 229 Eased *M* 230 [Not] even M 236 watry *M* 240 When *over* [Now] *M*

I'll swim to the sirens, and one moment listen
Their melodies, and see their long hair glisten;
Anon upon that giant's arm I'll be,
That writhes about the roots of Sicily:
To northern seas I'll in a twinkling sail,
And mount upon the snortings of a whale
To some black cloud; thence down I'll madly sweep
On forked lightning, to the deepest deep,
Where through some sucking pool I will be hurl'd
With rapture to the other side of the world!
O, I am full of gladness! Sisters three,
I bow full hearted to your old decree!
Yes, every god be thank'd, and power benign,
For I no more shall wither, droop, and pine.
Thou art the man!' Endymion started back
Dismay'd; and, like a wretch from whom the rack
Tortures hot breath, and speech of agony,
Mutter'd: 'What lonely death am I to die
In this cold region! Will he let me freeze,
And float my brittle limbs o'er polar seas?
Or will he touch me with his searing hand,
And leave a black memorial on the sand?
Or tear me piece-meal with a bony saw,
And keep me as a chosen food to draw
His magian fish through hated fire and flame?
O misery of hell! resistless, tame,
Am I to be burnt up? No, I will shout,
Until the gods through heaven's blue look out!—
O Tartarus! but some few days agone
Her soft arms were entwining me, and on
Her voice I hung like fruit among green leaves:
Her lips were all my own, and—ah, ripe sheaves
Of happiness! ye on the stubble droop,
But never may be garner'd. I must stoop
My head, and kiss death's foot. Love! love, farewel!
Is there no hope from thee? This horrid spell
Would melt at thy sweet breath.—By Dian's hind
Feeding from her white fingers, on the wind

241 Syren *M* 246 mout *M* 252 you *M* 254 w[h]ither *M* 257 breath and *M* 263 peice-meal *M* 266 [Of] O Misery *M* of hell] Oh hell *D* **End.** 269 days *over* [hours] *M*: hours **End.** 271 voice *over* [lips] *M* 275 farewell! *M*

I see the streaming hair! and now, by Pan,
I care not for this old mysterious man!'

He spake, and walking to that aged form,
Look'd high defiance. Lo! his heart 'gan warm
With pity, for the grey-hair'd creature wept.
Had he then wrong'd a heart where sorrow kept?
Had he, though blindly contumelious, brought
Rheum to kind eyes, a sting to humane thought,
Convulsion to a mouth of many years?
He had in truth; and he was ripe for tears.
The penitent shower fell, as down he knelt
Before that care-worn sage, who trembling felt
About his large dark locks, and faultering spake:

'Arise, good youth, for sacred Phœbus' sake!
I know thine inmost bosom, and I feel
A very brother's yearning for thee steal
Into mine own: for why? thou openest
The prison gates that have so long opprest
My weary watching. Though thou know'st it not,
Thou art commission'd to this fated spot
For great enfranchisement. O weep no more;
I am a friend to love, to loves of yore:
Aye, hadst thou never lov'd an unknown power,
I had been grieving at this joyous hour.
But even now most miserable old,
I saw thee, and my blood no longer cold
Gave mighty pulses: in this tottering case
Grew a new heart, which at this moment plays
As dancingly as thine. Be not afraid,
For thou shalt hear this secret all display'd,
Now as we speed towards our joyous task.'

So saying, this young soul in age's mask
Went forward with the Carian side by side:
Resuming quickly thus; while ocean's tide
Hung swollen at their backs, and jewel'd sands
Took silently their foot-prints.

286 humane *M*: human *1818* 291 The youths large *D* fault'ring *M* 294 Brother's *over* fathers *M* 301 an[d] *M* 307 As youthfully *D* affraid *M* 309 The while we speed *D*

'My soul stands
Now past the midway from mortality,
And so I can prepare without a sigh
To tell thee briefly all my joy and pain.
I was a fisher once, upon this main,
And my boat danc'd in every creek and bay;
Rough billows were my home by night and day,—
The sea-gulls not more constant; for I had
No housing from the storm and tempests mad,
But hollow rocks,—and they were palaces
Of silent happiness, of slumberous ease:
Long years of misery have told me so.
Aye, thus it was one thousand years ago.
One thousand years!—Is it then possible
To look so plainly through them? to dispel
A thousand years with backward glance sublime?
To breathe away as 'twere all scummy slime
From off a crystal pool, to see its deep,
And one's own image from the bottom peep?
Yes: now I am no longer wretched thrall,
My long captivity and moanings all
Are but a slime, a thin-pervading scum,
The which I breathe away, and thronging come
Like things of yesterday my youthful pleasures.

'I touch'd no lute, I sang not, trod no measures:
I was a lonely youth on desert shores.
My sports were lonely, 'mid continuous roars,
And craggy isles, and sea-mew's plaintive cry
Plaining discrepant between sea and sky.
Dolphins were still my playmates; shapes unseen
Would let me feel their scales of gold and green,
Nor be my desolation; and, full oft,
When a dread waterspout had rear'd aloft
Its hungry hugeness, seeming ready ripe
To burst with hoarsest thunderings, and wipe
My life away like a vast sponge of fate,
Some friendly monster, pitying my sad state,

323 pallaces *M* 324 slumbrous *M* 329 At one glance back the mistiness of time? *D* 337 youthful] first youth's *D* 342 between *1818*: atween *M*: 'twixt the *D* 348 [wh] wipe *M*

Has dived to its foundations, gulph'd it down,
And left me tossing safely. But the crown
Of all my life was utmost quietude:
More did I love to lie in cavern rude,
Keeping in wait whole days for Neptune's voice,
And if it came at last, hark, and rejoice!
There blush'd no summer eve but I would steer
My skiff along green shelving coasts, to hear
The shepherd's pipe coming clear from aery steep,
Mingled with ceaseless bleatings of his sheep:
And never was a day of summer shine,
But I beheld its birth upon the brine:
For I would watch all night to see unfold
Heaven's gates, and Æthon snort his morning gold
Wide o'er the swelling streams: and constantly
At brim of day-tide, on some grassy lea,
My nets would be spread out, and I at rest.
The poor folk of the sea-country I blest
With daily boon of fish most delicate:
They knew not whence this bounty, and elate
Would strew sweet flowers on a sterile beach.

'Why was I not contented? Wherefore reach
At things which, but for thee, O Latmian!
Had been my dreary death? Fool! I began
To feel distemper'd longings: to desire
The utmost privilege that ocean's sire
Could grant in benediction: to be free
Of all his kingdom. Long in misery
I wasted, ere in one extremest fit
I plung'd for life or death. To interknit
One's senses with so dense a breathing stuff
Might seem a work of pain; so not enough
Can I admire how crystal-smooth it felt,
And buoyant round my limbs. At first I dwelt
Whole days and days in sheer astonishment;
Forgetful utterly of self-intent;

351 dived *1818*: div'd *M* 353 utmost *1818*: tip-top *M*: [for 'utmost' read 'tiptop'] *L 62* 358 coasts, *1818*: coast, *M* **End.** 359 aery *1818*: airy *M* **End.** 367 [out]spead (out *added above again after* spead) *M*: out spread **End.** 371 sterile *1818*: steril *M* 376 Privile[d]ge *M* 377 to [become] be free *M* 380 plung'd *1818*: plunged *M* 384 boyant *M*

Moving but with the mighty ebb and flow.
Then, like a new fledg'd bird that first doth shew
His spreaded feathers to the morrow chill,
I tried in fear the pinions of my will.
'Twas freedom! and at once I visited
The ceaseless wonders of this ocean-bed.
No need to tell thee of them, for I see
That thou hast been a witness—it must be—
For these I know thou canst not feel a drouth,
By the melancholy corners of that mouth.
So I will in my story straightway pass
To more immediate matter. Woe, alas!
That love should be my bane! Ah, Scylla fair!
Why did poor Glaucus ever—ever dare
To sue thee to his heart? Kind stranger-youth
I lov'd her to the very white of truth,
And she would not conceive it. Timid thing!
She fled me swift as sea-bird on the wing,
Round every isle, and point, and promontory,
From where large Hercules wound up his story
Far as Egyptian Nile. My passion grew
The more, the more I saw her dainty hue
Gleam delicately through the azure clear:
Until 'twas too fierce agony to bear;
And in that agony, across my grief
It flash'd, that Circe might find some relief—
Cruel enchantress! So above the water
I rear'd my head, and look'd for Phœbus' daughter.
Ææa's isle was wondering at the moon:—
It seem'd to whirl around me, and a swoon
Left me [illegible] to that fatal power.

'When I awoke, 'twas in a twilight bower;
Just when the light of morn, with hum of bees,
Stole through its verdurous matting of fresh trees.

395 For such a drink thou canst not feel a drouth *D* 400 ever ever *M*
412 find some] afford *D* 415 Œœa's *M* wondring *M*: looking *D*
417 to[wards] *M: above the line another* towards *is pencilled and deleted*
419 What time tho *D*

420/421 [How sweet to me! and then I heard a Lyre
With which a sighing voice] *M*

How sweet, and sweeter! for I heard a lyre,
And over it a sighing voice expire.
It ceased—I caught light footsteps; and anon
The fairest face that morn e'er look'd upon
Push'd through a screen of roses. Starry Jove!
With tears, and smiles, and honey-words she wove
A net whose thraldom was more bliss than all
The range of flower'd Elysium. Thus did fall
The dew of her rich speech: 'Ah! Art awake?
'O let me hear thee speak, for Cupid's sake!
'I am so oppress'd with joy! Why, I have shed
'An urn of tears, as though thou wert cold dead;
'And now I find thee living, I will pour
'From these devoted eyes their silver store,
'Until exhausted of the latest drop,
'So it will pleasure thee, and force thee stop
'Here, that I too may live: but if beyond
'Such cool and sorrowful offerings, thou art fond
'Of soothing warmth, of dalliance supreme;
'If thou art ripe to taste a long love dream;
'If smiles, if dimples, tongues for ardour mute,
'Hang in thy vision like a tempting fruit,
'O let me pluck it for thee.' Thus she link'd
Her charming syllables, till indistinct
Their music came to my o'er-sweeten'd soul;
And then she hover'd over me, and stole
So near, that if no nearer it had been
This furrow'd visage thou hadst never seen.

'Young man of Latmos! thus particular
Am I, that thou may'st plainly see how far
This fierce temptation went: and thou may'st not
Exclaim, How then, was Scylla quite forgot?

425 screne *M* Mighty Jove! *D* 430–43 *The inverted commas at the line-beginnings, given in M, are wanting in 1818, but supplied in* **1818** *and L 62. So too 540–54, 571–600* 431 I'm *M* 432 as if *D* 436 it would *D* 441 for rapture *D* 445 Musick *M* soul] sense *D*

446–7 And then I felt a hovering influence
A breathing on my forehead *D*

448 vissage *M* 449 Latmus *M* 451 went: thou (& *add. above in pencil*) *M* went: that thou *D* 452 was *added above M* forgot! *M*

'Who could resist? Who in this universe?
She did so breathe ambrosia; so immerse
My fine existence in a golden clime.
She took me like a child of suckling time,
And cradled me in roses. Thus condemn'd,
The current of my former life was stemm'd,
And to this arbitrary queen of sense
I bow'd a tranced vassal: nor would thence
Have mov'd, even though Amphion's harp had woo'd
Me back to Scylla o'er the billows rude.
For as Apollo each eve doth devise
A new appareling for western skies;
So every eve, nay every spendthrift hour
Shed balmy consciousness within that bower.
And I was free of haunts umbrageous;
Could wander in the mazy forest-house
Of squirrels, foxes shy, and antler'd deer,
And birds from coverts innermost and drear
Warbling for very joy mellifluous sorrow—
To me new born delights!

'Now let me borrow,
For moments few, a temperament as stern
As Pluto's sceptre, that my words not burn
These uttering lips, while I in calm speech tell
How specious heaven was changed to real hell.

'One morn she left me sleeping: half awake
I sought for her smooth arms and lips, to slake
My greedy thirst with nectarous camel-draughts;
But she was gone. Whereat the barbed shafts
Of disappointment stuck in me so sore,
That out I ran and search'd the forest o'er.
Wandering about in pine and cedar gloom
Damp awe assail'd me; for there 'gan to boom
A sound of moan, an agony of sound,
Sepulchral from the distance all round
Then came a conquering earth-thunder, and rumbled
That fierce complain to silence: while I stumbled

461 even *1818*: e'en *M* 464 apar[r]eling (p *added above*) *M*
466 balmy consciousness] nectarous Influence *D* 468 forest house *M*
477 morn *over* [day] *M* 483 Wand'ring *M* 485 an[d] agony *M*

Down a precipitous path, as if impell'd.
I came to a dark valley.—Groanings swell'd
Poisonous about my ears, and louder grew,
The nearer I approach'd a flame's gaunt blue,
That glar'd before me through a thorny brake.
This fire, like the eye of gordian snake,
Bewitch'd me towards; and I soon was near
A sight too fearful for the feel of fear:
In thicket hid I curs'd the haggard scene—
The banquet of my arms, my arbour queen,
Seated upon an uptorn forest root;
And all around her shapes, wizard and brute,
Laughing, and wailing, groveling, serpenting,
Shewing tooth, tusk, and venom-bag, and sting
O such deformities! Old Charon's self,
Should he give up awhile his penny pelf,
And take a dream 'mong rushes Stygian,
It could not be so phantasied. Fierce, wan,
And tyrannizing was the lady's look,
As over them a gnarled staff she shook.
Oft-times upon the sudden she laugh'd out,
And from a basket emptied to the rout
Clusters of grapes, the which they raven'd quick
And roar'd for more; with many a hungry lick
About their shaggy jaws. Avenging, slow,
Anon she took a branch of mistletoe,
And emptied on't a black dull-gurgling phial
Groan'd one and all, as if some piercing trial
Was sharpening for their pitiable bones.
She lifted up the charm: appealing groans
From their poor breasts went sueing to her ear
In vain; remorseless as an infant's bier
She whisk'd against their eyes the sooty oil.
Whereat was heard a noise of painful toil,
Increasing gradual to a tempest rage,
Shrieks, yells, and groans of torture-pilgrimage;

489 impell'd *1818*: impel'd *M*. *Between 492 and 493 M has 494 crossed through, rewritten in its proper place* 495 Drew me towards it; and *D* 498 My beautiful rose bud, my arbour Queen *D* 500 around] about *D* 502 venom bag *M* 508 narled (k *pencilled before* n, *and* knarled *pencilled above*) *M: cf. iv. 682* 509 laught *M* 516 Groan'ed *M* 521 wisk'd *M* 524 Shreiks *M* torture pilgrimage *M*

Until their grieved bodies 'gan to bloat
And puff from the tail's end to stifled throat:
Then was appalling silence: then a sight
More wildering than all that hoarse affright;
For the whole herd, as by a whirlwind writhen,
Went through the dismal air like one huge Python
Antagonizing Boreas,—and so vanish'd.
Yet there was not a breath of wind: she banish'd
These phantoms with a nod. Lo! from the dark
Came waggish fauns, and nymphs, and satyrs stark,
With dancing and loud revelry,—and went
Swifter than centaurs after rapine bent.—
Sighing an elephant appear'd and bow'd
Before the fierce witch, speaking thus aloud
In human accent: 'Potent goddess! chief
Of pains resistless! make my being brief,
Or let me from this heavy prison fly:
Or give me to the air, or let me die!
I sue not for my happy crown again;
I sue not for my phalanx on the plain,
I sue not for my lone, my widow'd wife;
I sue not for my ruddy drops of life,
My children fair, my lovely girls and boys!
I will forget them: I will pass these joys;
Ask nought so heavenward, so too—too high:
Only I pray, as fairest boon, to die,
Or be deliver'd from this cumbrous flesh,
From this gross, detestable, filthy mesh,
And merely given to the cold bleak air.
Have mercy, Goddess! Circe, feel my prayer!'

'That curst magician's name fell icy numb
Upon my wild conjecturing: truth had come
Naked and sabre-like against my heart.
I saw a fury whetting a death-dart;

525 their [stif] grieved *M* 526 tail's-end *M* 527 apalling *M*
537 Sighing an *1818*: Seeing an *M*: For a large *D* 539 With human voice: O potent *D* 540 pains] spells *and* charms *D* my *over* [by] *M*
545 my lonely, my dear wife *D* 546 ruddy] hearts blood *D*
547 My sweetest babes, my *D* 548 Ah, likely they are dead—I pass *D*
549 too, too *M*

554 Have mercy goddess! feel oh feel my prayer.
Pity great Circe!'—Nor sight nor syllable
Saw I or heard I more of this sick spell. *D*

And my slain spirit, overwrought with fright,
Fainted away in that dark lair of night.
Think, my deliverer, how desolate
My waking must have been! disgust, and hate,
And terrors manifold divided me
A spoil amongst them. I prepar'd to flee
Into the dungeon core of that wild wood:
I fled three days—when lo! before me stood
Glaring the angry witch. O Dis, even now,
A clammy dew is beading on my brow,
At mere remembering her pale laugh, and curse.
'Ha! ha! Sir Dainty! there must be a nurse
'Made of rose leaves and thistledown, express,
'To cradle thee my sweet, and lull thee: yes,
'I am too flinty-hard for thy nice touch:
'My tenderest squeeze is but a giant's clutch.
'So, fairy-thing, it shall have lullabies
'Unheard of yet; and it shall still its cries
'Upon some breast more lily-feminine.
'Oh, no—it shall not pine, and pine, and pine
'More than one pretty, trifling thousand years;
'And then 'twere pity, but fate's gentle shears
'Cut short its immortality. Sea-flirt!
'Young dove of the waters! truly I'll not hurt
'One hair of thine: see how I weep and sigh,
'That our heart-broken parting is so nigh.
'And must we part? Ah, yes, it must be so.
'Yet ere thou leavest me in utter woe,
'Let me sob over thee my last adieus,
'And speak a blessing: Mark me! thou hast thews
'Immortal, for thou art of heavenly race:
'But such a love is mine, that here I chase
'Eternally away from thee all bloom
'Of youth, and destine thee towards a tomb.

560 dark lair] dull realm *D* 564 prepar'ed *M* 565 dongeon *M*
567 even *1818*: e'en *M* 569 remembring *M* 570 Ha! Ha! *1818*:
Ah Ah, *M*: O! O! *D* must *pencilled over* muse *M* 575 fairy] tender *D*
577 lilly-feminine *M*: zephyr-feminine *D* 579 trifling] little *D*
580 sheers *M*

581–3 Great Jove
What fury of the three could harm this dove
Dear youth! see how I weep, hear how I sigh *D*

588 hadst *M*

'Hence shalt thou quickly to the watery vast;
'And there, ere many days be overpast,
'Disabled age shall seize thee; and even then
'Thou shalt not go the way of aged men;
'But live and wither, cripple and still breathe
'Ten hundred years: which gone, I then bequeath
'Thy fragile bones to unknown burial.
'Adieu, sweet love, adieu!'—As shot stars fall,
She fled ere I could groan for mercy. Stung
And poisoned was my spirit: despair sung
A war-song of defiance 'gainst all hell.
A hand was at my shoulder to compel
My sullen steps; another 'fore my eyes
Moved on with pointed finger. In this guise
Enforced, at the last by ocean's foam
I found me; by my fresh, my native home.
Its tempering coolness, to my life akin,
Came salutary as I waded in;
And, with a blind voluptuous rage, I gave
Battle to the swollen billow-ridge, and drave
Large froth before me, while there yet remain'd
Hale strength, nor from my bones all marrow drain'd

'Young lover, I must weep—such hellish spite
With dry cheek who can tell? While thus my might
Proving upon this element, dismay'd,
Upon a dead thing's face my hand I laid;
I look'd—'twas Scylla! Cursed, cursed Circe!
O vulture-witch, hast never heard of mercy?
Could not thy harshest vengeance be content,
But thou must nip this tender innocent
Because I lov'd her?—Cold, O cold indeed
Were her fair limbs, and like a common weed
The sea-swell took her hair. Dead as she was
I clung about her waist, nor ceas'd to pass
Fleet as an arrow through unfathom'd brine,
Until there shone a fabric crystalline,
Ribb'd and inlaid with coral, pebble, and pearl.
Headlong I darted; at one eager swirl

595 even *1818*. e'en *M* 598 bequeathe *M* 606 guize (s *written above*) *M* 612 billow ridge *M* 620 hast *M 1818* (hadst *pencilled above in M*) 621 Was not thine harshest Avengeance content *M* 626 nor ceas'd] and dived nor ceas'd *D* 628 fabrick *M* 629 inlay'd *made out of* inlaied *M*

Gain'd its bright portal, enter'd, and behold!
'Twas vast, and desolate, and icy-cold;
And all around—But wherefore this to thee
Who in few minutes more thyself shalt see?—
I left poor Scylla in a niche and fled.
My fever'd parchings up, my scathing dread
Met palsy half way: soon these limbs became
Gaunt, wither'd, sapless, feeble, cramp'd, and lame.

'Now let me pass a cruel, cruel space,
Without one hope, without one faintest trace
Of mitigation, or redeeming bubble
Of colour'd phantasy; for I fear 'twould trouble
Thy brain to loss of reason: and next tell
How a restoring chance came down to quell
One half of the witch in me.

'On a day,
Sitting upon a rock above the spray,
I saw grow up from the horizon's brink
A gallant vessel: soon she seem'd to sink
Away from me again, as though her course
Had been resum'd in spite of hindering force—
So vanish'd: and not long, before arose
Dark clouds, and mutterings of winds morose.
Old Eolus would stifle his mad spleen,
But could not: therefore all the billows green
Toss'd up the silver spume against the clouds.
The tempest came: I saw that vessel's shrouds
In perilous bustle; while upon the deck
Stood trembling creatures. I beheld the wreck,
The final gulphing; the poor struggling souls:
I heard their cries amid loud thunder-rolls.
O they had all been sav'd but crazed eld
Annull'd my vigorous cravings: and thus quell'd
And curb'd, think on't, O Latmian! did I sit
Writing with pity, and a cursing fit

636 fe[a]ver'd *M* 638 crampt *M* 639 cruel crul *M* 644 a [small] restoring *M* 647 Horison's *M* 650 She would resume *D* hindering] adverse D 652 muttering *M* 653 Eolus *1818*: Œolus *M* 655 up their *M* 660 thunder rolls *M* 661 sav'd *1818*: saved *M* 662 Annull'd *1818*: Annul'd *M* 663 Latmian *M*

Against that hell-born Circe. The crew had gone,
By one and one, to pale oblivion;
And I was gazing on the surges prone,
With many a scalding tear and many a groan,
When at my feet emerg'd an old man's hand,
Grasping this scroll, and this same slender wand.
I knelt with pain—reached out my hand—had grasp'd
These treasures—touch'd the knuckles—they unclasp'd—
I caught a finger: but the downward weight
O'erpowered me—it sank. Then 'gan abate
The storm, and through chill aguish gloom outburst
The comfortable sun. I was athirst
To search the book, and in the warming air
Parted its dripping leaves with eager care.
Strange matters did it treat of, and drew on
My soul page after page, till well-nigh won
Into forgetfulness; when, stupefied,
I read these words, and read again, and tried
My eyes against the heavens, and read again.
O what a load of misery and pain
Each Atlas-line bore off!—a shine of hope
Came gold around me, cheering me to cope
Strenuous with hellish tyranny. Attend!
For thou hast brought their promise to an end.

'In the wide sea there lives a forlorn wretch,
Doom'd with enfeebled carcase to outstretch
His loath'd existence through ten centuries,
And then to die alone. Who can devise
A total opposition? No one. So
One million times ocean must ebb and flow,
And he oppressed. Yet he shall not die,
These things accomplish'd:—If he utterly
Scans all the depths of magic, and expounds
The meanings of all motions, shapes, and sound
If he explores all forms and substances
Straight homeward to their symbol-essences,

665 The crew] All *pencilled above (not in Keats' hand) M* 678 Unfolded its damp leaves *D* 685–6 sweet rays of hope Glanc'd round me cheering me at once to cope *D* 686 round (a *added later*) *M* 689 Listen!' *In the wide* (Listen!' *crossed out in pencil*) *M* folorn *M* 697 *Scans*] Sounds *D*

He shall not die. Moreover, and in chief,
He must pursue this task of joy and grief
Most piously;—all lovers tempest-tost,
And in the savage overwhelming lost,
He shall deposit side by side, 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; whom he shall direct
How to consummate all. The youth elect
Must do the thing, or both will be destroy'd.'—

'Then,' cried the young Endymion, overjoy'd,
'We are twin brothers in this destiny!
Say, I intreat thee, what achievement high
Is, in this restless world, for me reserv'd.
What! if from thee my wandering feet had swerv'd,
Had we both perish'd?'—'Look!' the sage replied,
'Dost thou not mark a gleaming through the tide,
Of diverse brilliances? 'tis the edifice
I told thee of, where lovely Scylla lies;
And where I have enshrined piously
All lovers, whom fell storms have doom'd to die
Throughout my bondage.' Thus discoursing on
They went till unobscur'd the porches shone,
Which hurryingly they gain'd, and enter'd straight.
Sure never since king Neptune held his state
Was seen such wonder underneath the stars.
Turn to some level plain where haughty Mars
Has legion'd all his battle; and behold
How every soldier, with firm foot, doth hold
His even breast: see, many steeled squares,
And rigid ranks of iron—whence who dares
One step? Imagine further, line by line,
These warrior thousands on the field supine:—
So in that crystal place, in silent rows,
Poor lovers lay at rest from joys and woes.—
The stranger from the mountains, breathless, trac'd
Such thousands of shut eyes in order placed;

702 of heaviest grief *D* 704 savage] surges **End.** 712 Then cried (*without inverted commas*) *M* 713 We (*without inverted commas*) *M* 714 atchievement *M* 719 divers[e] *M*: divers *1818* Œdifice *M*

Such ranges of white feet, and patient lips
All ruddy,—for here death no blossom nips.
He mark'd their brows and foreheads; saw their hair
Put sleekly on one side with nicest care;
And each one's gentle wrists, with reverence,
Put cross-wise to its heart.

'Let us commence,'
Whisper'd the guide, stuttering with joy, 'even now.'
He spake, and, trembling like an aspen-bough,
Began to tear his scroll in pieces small,
Uttering the while some mumblings funeral.
He tore it into pieces small as snow
That drifts unfeather'd when bleak northerns blow;
And having done it, took his dark blue cloak
And bound it round Endymion: then stroke
His wand against the empty air times nine.—
'What more there is to do, young man, is thine:
But first a little patience; first undo
This tangled thread, and wind it to a clue.
Ah, gentle! 'tis as weak as spider's skein,
And shouldst thou break it—What, is it done so clean?
A power overshadows thee! Oh, brave!
The spite of hell is tumbling to its grave.
Here is a shell; 'tis pearly blank to me,
Nor mark'd with any sign or charactery—
Canst thou read aught? O read for pity's sake!
Olympus! we are safe! Now, Carian, break
This wand against yon lyre on the pedestal.'

'Twas done: and straight with sudden swell and fall
Sweet music breath'd her soul away, and sigh'd
A lullaby to silence.—'Youth! now strew
These minced leaves on me, and passing through
Those files of dead, scatter the same around,
And thou wilt see the issue.'—'Mid the sound
Of flutes and viols, ravishing his heart,
Endymion from Glaucus stood apart,

744 commence (*without inverted commas*) *M 1818* 745 joy, even now' *1818*: joy, e'en now' *M* 750 unfeather'd] all shatter'd *D* 751 done it, took *1818*: don't, he took *M* 752 stroke *M* **End.**: struck *1818* 753 against the empty] at something in the *D* 756 clue *1818*: clew *M* 758 is it *1818*: is't *M* 759 Oh brave! *M* 767 breath'd *1818*: breathed *M* 768 silence. ['Tis] 'Youth! *M*

And scatter'd in his face some fragments light.
How lightning-swift the change! a youthful wight
Smiling beneath a coral diadem,
Out-sparkling sudden like an upturn'd gem,
Appear'd, and, stepping to a beauteous corse,
Kneel'd down beside it, and with tenderest force
Press'd its cold hand, and wept—and Scylla sigh'd!
Endymion, with quick hand, the charm applied—
The nymph arose: he left them to their joy,
And onward went upon his high employ,
Showering those powerful fragments on the dead.
And, as he pass'd, each lifted up its head,
As doth a flower at Apollo's touch.
Death felt it to his inwards; 'twas too much:
Death fell a weeping in his charnel-house.
The Latmian persever'd along, and thus
All were re-animated. There arose
A noise of harmony, pulses and throes
Of gladness in the air—while many, who
Had died in mutual arms devout and true,
Sprang to each other madly; and the rest
Felt a high certainty of being blest.
They gaz'd upon Endymion. Enchantment
Grew drunken, and would have its head and bent.
Delicious symphonies, like airy flowers,
Budded, and swell'd, and, full-blown, shed full showers
Of light, soft, unseen leaves of sounds divine.
The two deliverers tasted a pure wine
Of happiness, from fairy-press ooz'd out.
Speechless they eyed each other, and about
The fair assembly wander'd to and fro,
Distracted with the richest overflow
Of joy that ever pour'd from heaven.

——'Away!'
Shouted the new born god; 'Follow, and pay
Our piety to Neptunus supreme!'—
Then Scylla, blushing sweetly from her dream,

779 Kneel'd *1818*: Kneeled *M* 787 to] at *D* 791 A hum, a harmony *D* 795 high] sweet *D* 796 gaz'd *1818*: gazed *M* Enchantment *over* [Ravishment] *M*: Ravishment **End.** 799 and full-blown shed (*a comma deleted after* full-blown) *M* 802 Of happiness, not from earthly grapes press'd out *D*

They led on first, bent to her meek surprise,
Through portal columns of a giant size,
Into the vaulted, boundless emerald.
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.

Thus went that beautiful multitude, nor far,
Ere from among some rocks of glittering spar,
Just within ken, they saw descending thick
Another multitude. Whereat more quick
Moved either host. On a wide sand they met,
And of those numbers every eye was wet;
For each their old love found. A murmuring rose,
Like what was never heard in all the throes
Of wind and waters: 'tis past human wit
To tell; 'tis dizziness to think of it.

This mighty consummation made, the host
Mov'd on for many a league: and gain'd, and lost
Huge sea-marks; vanward swelling in array,
And from the rear diminishing away,—
Till a faint dawn surpris'd them. Glaucus cried,
'Behold! behold, the palace of his pride!
God Neptune's palaces!' With noise increas'd,
They shoulder'd on towards that brightening east.
At every onward step proud domes arose
In prospect,—diamond gleams, and golden glows
Of amber 'gainst their faces levelling.
Joyous, and many as the leaves in spring,
Still onward; still the splendour gradual swell'd.
Rich opal domes were seen, on high upheld
By jasper pillars, letting through their shafts
A blush of coral. Copious wonder-draughts

811 Through *Galignani*: Though *M 1818* 815 An hour glass sand; and *M* 832 dawning bloom'd—and Glaucus *D* 834 Of God Neptunus pride'. With hum increased *D* noise *over* [hum] *M* increas'd *1818*: encreas'd *M* 835 The host moved on *D* 836 And as it moved along proud *D*

838–9 Of amber leveling against their faces.
With expectation high, and hurried paces *D*

839 sping *M*

Each gazer drank; and deeper drank more near:
For what poor mortals fragment up, as mere
As marble was there lavish, to the vast
Of one fair palace, that far far surpass'd,
Even for common bulk, those olden three,
Memphis, and Babylon, and Nineveh.

As large, as bright, as colour'd as the bow
Of Iris, when unfading it doth shew
Beyond a silvery shower, was the arch
Through which this Paphian army took its march,
Into the outer courts of Neptune's state:
Whence could be seen, direct, a golden gate,
To which the leaders sped; but not half raught
Ere it burst open swift as fairy thought,
And made those dazzled thousands veil their eyes
Like callow eagles at the first sunrise.
Soon with an eagle nativeness their gaze
Ripe from hue-golden swoons took all the blaze,
And then, behold! large Neptune on his throne
Of emerald deep: yet not exalt alone;
At his right hand stood winged Love, and on
His left sat smiling Beauty's paragon.

Far as the mariner on highest mast
Can see all round upon the calmed vast,
So wide was Neptune's hall: and as the blue
Doth vault the waters, so the waters drew
Their doming curtains, high, magnificent,
Aw'd from the throne aloof;—and when storm-rent
Disclos'd the thunder-gloomings in Jove's air;
But sooth'd as now, flash'd sudden everywhere,
Noiseless, sub-marine cloudlets, glittering
Death to a human eye: for there did spring
From natural west, and east, and south, and north,
A light as of four sunsets, blazing forth

845 fragment *over* [treasure] *M* 847 *the first* far *over* [as] *M*: far far surpass'd] to nothing cast *D* 850 coulour'd *M* 860 But soon like eagles natively their gaze *D* 863 exhalt *M* 864 Love, elate *D* 865 And on his left Love's fairest mother sate *D* 869 vault *written over* [canopy] *M* 871 Aw'd *1818*: Awed *M* 872 Disclos'd *1818*: Disclosed *M* Thunder gloomings *M* 874 submarine *M* 876 and north [and south] (and south *added above before* and north) *M*

A gold-green zenith 'bove the Sea-God's head.
Of lucid depth the floor, and far outspread
As breezeless lake, on which the slim canoe
Of feather'd Indian darts about, as through
The delicatest air: air verily,
But for the portraiture of clouds and sky:
This palace floor breath-air,—but for the amaze
Of deep-seen wonders motionless,—and blaze
Of the dome pomp, reflected in extremes,
Globing a golden sphere.

They stood in dreams
Till Triton blew his horn. The palace rang;
The Nereids danc'd; the Syrens faintly sang;
And the great Sea-King bow'd his dripping head.
Then Love took wing, and from his pinions shed
On all the multitude a nectarous dew.
The ooze-born Goddess beckoned and drew
Fair Scylla and her guides to conference;
And when they reach'd the throned eminence
She kist the sea-nymph's cheek,—who sat her down
A toying with the doves Then,—'Mighty crown
And sceptre of this kingdom!' Venus said,
'Thy vows were on a time to Nais paid:
Behold!'—Two copious tear-drops instant fell
From the God's large eyes, he smil'd delectable,
And over Glaucus held his blessing hands.—
'Endymion! Ah! still wandering in the bands
Of love? Now this is cruel. Since the hour
I met thee in earth's bosom, all my power
Have I put forth to serve thee. What, not yet
Escap'd from dull mortality's harsh net?
A little patience, youth! 'twill not be long,
Or I am skilless quite: an idle tongue,
A humid eye, and steps luxurious,
Where these are new and strange, are ominous.
Aye, I have seen these signs in one of heaven,
When others were all blind; and were I given

884 breath air, but *M* 885 motionless; and *M* 889 danc'd *1818*: danced *M* sweetly sang *D* 900 Behold! Two (*without inverted commas*) *M* 903 wandring *M* 907 rough net *D* 913 others' sight was blind *D*

To utter secrets, haply I might say
Some pleasant words:—but Love will have his day.
So wait awhile expectant. Pr'ythee soon,
Even in the passing of thine honey-moon,
Visit thou my Cythera: thou wilt find
Cupid well-natured, my Adonis kind;
And pray persuade with thee—Ah, I have done,
All blisses be upon thee, my sweet son!'—
Thus the fair goddess: while Endymion
Knelt to receive those accents halcyon.

Meantime a glorious revelry began
Before the Water-Monarch. Nectar ran
In courteous fountains to all cups outreach'd;
And plunder'd vines, teeming exhaustless, pleach'd
New growth about each shell and pendent lyre;
The which, in disentangling for their fire,
Pull'd down fresh foliage and coverture
For dainty toying. Cupid, empire-sure,
Flutter'd and laugh'd, and oft-times through the throng
Made a delighted way. Then dance, and song,
And garlanding grew wild; and pleasure reign'd.
In harmless tendril they each other chain'd,
And strove who should be smother'd deepest in
Fresh crush of leaves.

O 'tis a very sin
For one so weak to venture his poor verse
In such a place as this. O do not curse,
High Muses! let him hurry to the ending.

All suddenly were silent. A soft blending
Of dulcet instruments came charmingly;
And then a hymn.

'KING of the stormy sea!
Brother of Jove, and co-inheritor
Of elements! Eternally before

915 pleasant] honey *D* 916 Pr'ythee *1818*: Prythee *M* 917 Even *1818*: E'en *M* 918 Visit thou my Cythera **End.** *and Woodhouse* (*from D?*): Visit my Cytherea *M 1818* 919 well-natured] a treasure *Woodhouse* (*from D?*) 922 fair] blithe *D* 927 teaming (teem *above*) *M* 930 fresh] full *D* 932 laught, and oft times *M*
934–5 and wildness reigns.
They bound each other up in tendril chains. *D*
935 tendrill *M* 937 crushing leaves *D* 945 before *pencilled over* in awe (in awe *struck through in pencil*) *M*

Thee the waves awful bow. Fast, stubborn rock,
At thy fear'd trident shrinking, doth unlock
Its deep foundations, hissing into foam.
All mountain-rivers lost in the wide home
Of thy capacious bosom, ever flow.
Thou frownest, and old Eolus thy foe
Skulks to his cavern, 'mid the gruff complaint
Of all his rebel tempests. Dark clouds faint
When, from thy diadem, a silver gleam
Slants over blue dominion. Thy bright team
Gulphs in the morning light, and scuds along
To bring thee nearer to that golden song
Apollo singeth, while his chariot
Waits at the doors of heaven. Thou art not
For scenes like this: an empire stern hast thou;
And it hath furrow'd that large front: yet now,
As newly come of heaven, dost thou sit
To blend and interknit
Subdued majesty with this glad time.
O shell-borne King sublime!
We lay our hearts before thee evermore—
We sing, and we adore!

'Breathe softly, flutes:
Be tender of your strings, ye soothing lutes;
Nor be the trumpet heard! O vain, O vain:
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!

946 Of thee (Of *struck through in pencil*, thee *changed to* Thee *in pencil*) *M* Waves bow down (awful *pencilled above before* bow, down *struck through in pencil*) *M* 949 All mountain-Rivers lost *M L 62*: A thousand rivers, lost *D*: All mountain-rivers lost, *1818* 950 bosom, ever *DM*: bosom ever *1818* 951 Œolus *M* 952 complaint[s] *M* 953 Dark [coul] Clouds *M* 954 When from thy] When thy bright *D* 955 O'er blue dominion starts. Thy finny team *D* 956 Gulphs] Snorts *D* scuds] sends *D* (*but this seems like a misreading of* scuds) 960 this *made out of* these *M*: these **End.** 962 Like a young child of heaven *D*

967–8 We sing and we adore!'
'Breathe softly, flutes;
so indented in M 972 flow; *M* 973 œolian *M*

Yet deign, white Queen of Beauty, thy fair eyes
On our souls' sacrifice.

'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.
O sweetest essence! sweetest of all minions!
God of warm pulses, and dishevell'd hair,
And panting bosoms bare!
Dear unseen light in darkness! eclipser
Of light in light! delicious poisoner
Thy venom'd goblet will we quaff until
We fill—we fill!
And by thy Mother's lips——'

Was heard no more
For clamour, when the golden palace door
Opened again, and from without, in shone
A new magnificence. On oozy throne
Smooth-moving came Oceanus the old,
To take a latest glimpse at his sheep-fold,
Before he went into his quiet cave
To muse for ever—Then a lucid wave,
Scoop'd from its trembling sisters of mid-sea,
Afloat, and pillowing up the majesty
Of Doris, and the Egean seer, her spouse—
Next, on a dolphin, clad in laurel boughs,
Theban Amphion leaning on his lute:
His fingers went across it—All were mute
To gaze on Amphitrite, queen of pearls,
And Thetis pearly too.—

The palace whirls
Around giddy Endymion; seeing he
Was there far strayed from mortality.

977–8 On our souls' sacrifice.'
'Bright-winged Child!
so indented in M
979 Who is not full of heaven when *D* 983 essence of all sweetest minions! *D* 987 Poisonner *M* 990 Lips—(*without quotation-mark*) *M* 991 clamour *1818*: Clamor *M* 992 Open'ed (*the apostrophe deleted*) *M*: Opened *1818* 995 sheep fold *M* 997 ever. Then *M* 1000 œgean seer her Spouse. *M* 1001 dolphin clad *M* 1003 it: all *M* 1004 Amphitrite Queen *M* 1007 far strayed], a stray lamb *D*

He could not bear it—shut his eyes in vain;
Imagination gave a dizzier pain.
'O I shall die! sweet Venus, be my stay!
Where is my lovely mistress? Well-away!
I die—I hear her voice—I feel my wing—'
At Neptune's feet he sank. A sudden ring
Of Nereids were about him, in kind strife
To usher back his spirit into life:
But still he slept. At last they interwove
Their cradling arms, and purpos'd to convey
Towards a crystal bower far away.

Lo! while slow carried through the pitying crowd,
To his inward senses these words spake aloud;
Written in star-light on the dark above:
Dearest Endymion! my entire love!
How have I dwelt in fear of fate: 'tis done—
Immortal bliss for me too hast thou won.
Arise then! for the hen-dove shall not hatch
Her ready eggs, before I'll kissing snatch
Thee into endless heaven. Awake! awake!

The youth at once arose: a placid lake
Came quiet to his eyes; and forest green,
Cooler than all the wonders he had seen,
Lull'd with its simple song his fluttering breast.
How happy once again in grassy nest!

1008 it. shut *M* 1012 I die—love calls me hence'—thus muttering *D*

1016–18 They gave him nectar – shed bright drops, and strove
Long time in vain. At last they interwove
Their cradling arms, and carefully conveyed
His body towards a quiet bowery shade. *D*

1017 purposed to convey *written over* [did his carried him aw] *M* 1019 pitying] [parting] *D* crowd *written over* [throng] *M* 1022 my own entire love! *D* 1024 has *M* 1025 [Awak] Arise *M* 1026 kissing] madly *D*

BOOK IV

MUSE of my native land! loftiest Muse!
O first-born on the mountains! by the hues
Of heaven on the spiritual air begot:
Long didst thou sit alone in northern grot,
While yet our England was a wolfish den;
Before our forests heard the talk of men;
Before the first of Druids was a child;—
Long didst thou sit amid our regions wild
Rapt in a deep prophetic solitude.
There came an eastern voice of solemn mood:— 10
Yet wast thou patient. Then sang forth the Nine,
Apollo's garland:—yet didst thou divine
Such home-bred glory, that they cry'd in vain,
'Come hither, Sister of the Island!' Plain
Spake fair Ausonia; and once more she spake
A higher summons:—still didst thou betake
Thee to thy native hopes. O thou hast won
A full accomplishment! The thing is done,
Which undone, these our latter days had risen
On barren souls. Great Muse, thou know'st what prison
Of flesh and bone curbs, and confines, and frets 21
Our spirit's wings: despondency besets
Our pillows; and the fresh tomorrow-morn
Seems to give forth its light in very scorn
Of our dull, uninspired, snail-paced lives.
Long have I said, how happy he who shrives
To thee! But then I thought on poets gone,
And could not pray:—nor can I now—so on
I move to the end in lowliness of heart.——

Title: Endymion Book 4th 1–29 *appear in L 26* 2 [O Mountain-born] *D* by] [while] *D* 6 talk] voice *D* 7 child] babe *D* 9 [W]rapt *M* 10 eastern *over* hebrew *M*: hebrew *L* 11 those nine *D* 12 Garland *L* 13 in vain they cry'd; *M* 14 of] from *D* 16 In self-surpassing summons *D* 17 Thee to thyself and to thy hopes *D* native *over* thy[self and to thy] *M*: Thee to thy [self and to thy] darling hopes *L* has *L* 18 accomplishment: the M 19 Which wanting all these latter days had dawnd *D* 20 Great] Oh *DL* 21 bone, curbs, *1818 M. No commas at all in L* 23 tomorrow-morn *M*: to-morrow morn *1818*: tomorrow morn *L* 29 Humbleness of Heart *L*

'Ah, woe is me! that I should fondly part
From my dear native land! Ah, foolish maid!
Glad was the hour, when, with thee, myriads bade
Adieu to Ganges and their pleasant fields!
To one so friendless the clear freshet yields
A bitter coolness; the ripe grape is sour:
Yet I would have, great gods! but one short hour
Of native air—let me but die at home.'

Endymion to heaven's airy dome
Was offering up a hecatomb of vows,
When these words reach'd him. Whereupon he bows
His head through thorny-green entanglement
Of underwood, and to the sound is bent,
Anxious as hind towards her hidden fawn.

'Is no one near to help me? No fair dawn
Of life from charitable voice? No sweet saying
To set my dull and sadden'd spirit playing?
No hand to toy with mine? No lips so sweet
That I may worship them? No eyelids meet
To twinkle on my bosom? No one dies
Before me, till from these enslaving eyes
Redemption sparkles!—I am sad and lost.'

Thou, Carian lord, hadst better have been tost
Into a whirlpool. Vanish into air,
Warm mountaineer! for canst thou only bear
A woman's sigh alone and in distress?
See not her charms! Is Phœbe passionless?

31 With my *D* 34 Where no friends are, the very freshet yields *D* 36 Yet *over* [And] *M* Yet I would have] Then take my life *D* but] for *D* 41 [thro' over rough entanglement] *D* 42 [In the briar'd (thick *written above*) wood] *D* 45 Of hope from *D*

49–54
bosom! false! 'twas false
They said how beautiful I was! who calls
Me now divine? Who now kneels down and dies
Before me till from these enslaving eyes
Redemption sparkles. Ah me how sad I am!
Of all the poisons sent to make us mad
Of all death's overwhelmings'—Stay Beware
Young Mountaineer! *D*

51 Sad/ and lost/ I am *M*: sad I am and lost **End.** 53 Whirlpool—vanish *M* 55 alone and in] in the luxury of *D*

Phœbe is fairer far—O gaze no more:—
Yet if thou wilt behold all beauty's store,
Behold her panting in the forest grass!
Do not those curls of glossy jet surpass
For tenderness the arms so idly lain
Amongst them? Feelest not a kindred pain,
To see such lovely eyes in swimming search
After some warm delight, that seems to perch
Dovelike in the dim cell lying beyond
Their upper lids?—Hist!

'O for Hermes' wand,
To touch this flower into human shape!
That woodland Hyacinthus could escape
From his green prison, and here kneeling down
Call me his queen, his second life's fair crown!
Ah me, how I could love!—My soul doth melt
For the unhappy youth—Love! I have felt
So faint a kindness, such a meek surrender
To what my own full thoughts had made too tender,
That but for tears my life had fled away!—
Ye deaf and senseless minutes of the day,
And thou, old forest, hold ye this for true,
There is no lightning no authentic dew
But in the eye of love: there's not a sound,
Melodious howsoever, can confound
The heavens and earth in one to such a death
As doth the voice of love: there's not a breath
Will mingle kindly with the meadow air,
Till it has panted round, and stolen a share
Of passion from the heart!'—

63 fruitless search *D* 70 living's crown *D* 72 After some beauteous youth—Who, who hath felt *D* 73 [As I do now in] *and* So warm a faintness *D* 74 full] fair *D*

76–7
Sweet shadow, be distinct awhile and stay
While I speak to thee—trust me it is true *D*

79 the (*made out of* a) [lover's] eye of love *M*: a Lover's eye *D* 82 As will a lover's voice *D*

85–7
Of passion from the heart—Where love is not
Only is solitude—poor shadow! what
I say thou hearest not! away begone
And leave me prythee with my grief alone!'
The Latmian lean'd his arm upon a bough,
A wretched mortal: what can he do now?
Must he another Love? O impious *D*

Upon a bough
He leant, wretched. He surely cannot now
Thirst for another love: O impious,
That he can even dream upon it thus!—
Thought he, 'Why am I not as are the dead,
Since to a woe like this I have been led
Through the dark earth, and through the wondrous sea?
Goddess! I love thee not the less: from thee
By Juno's smile I turn not—no, no, no—
While the great waters are at ebb and flow.—
I have a triple soul! O fond pretence—
For both, for both my love is so immense,
I feel my heart is cut for them in twain.'

And so he groan'd, as one by beauty slain.
The lady's heart beat quick, and he could see
Her gentle bosom heave tumultuously.
He sprang from his green covert: there she lay,
Sweet as a muskrose upon new-made hay;
With all her limbs on tremble, and her eyes
Shut softly up alive. To speak he tries.
'Fair damsel, pity me! forgive that I
Thus violate thy bower's sanctity!
O pardon me, for I am full of grief—
Grief born of thee, young angel! fairest thief!
Who stolen hast away the wings wherewith
I was to top the heavens. Dear maid, sith
Thou art my executioner, and I feel
Loving and hatred, misery and weal,

85 Bough[t] *M* 89 dead, *1818*: dead? *M* 91 sea? *1818*: sea. *M*
92 Mine own I *D*

94–5 While the fair moon gives light, or rivers flow
My adoration of thee is yet pure
As infants prattling. How is this—why sure
I have a tripple soul! *D*

95 tripple *M D* petence (r *added in pencil*) *M* 97 for them in twain **End.**. in twain for them *M 1818 and* **1818**, *but in M the necessary transposition is indicated in pencil* 101 spang (r *added in pencil*) *M*
102 new made *M*

104–5 Shut softly up alive—Ye harmonies
Ye tranced visions—ye flights ideal
Nothing are ye to life so dainty real
O Lady pity me! *D*

Will in a few short hours be nothing to me,
And all my story that much passion slew me;
Do smile upon the evening of my days:
And, for my tortur'd brain begins to craze,
Be thou my nurse; and let me understand
How dying I shall kiss that lily hand.—
Dost weep for me? Then should I be content.
Scowl on, ye fates! until the firmament
Outblackens Erebus, and the full-cavern'd earth
Crumbles into itself. By the cloud girth
Of Jove, those tears have given me a thirst
To meet oblivion.'—As her heart would burst
The maiden sobb'd awhile, and then replied:
'Why must such desolation betide
As that thou speak'st of? Are not these green nooks
Empty of all misfortune? Do the brooks
Utter a gorgon voice? Does yonder thrush,
Schooling its half-fledg'd little ones to brush
About the dewy forest, whisper tales?—
Speak not of grief, young stranger, or cold snails
Will slime the rose to night. Though if thou wilt,
Methinks 'twould be a guilt—a very guilt—
Not to companion thee, and sigh away
The light—the dusk—the dark—till break of day!'
'Dear lady,' said Endymion, ''tis past:
I love thee! and my days can never last.
That I may pass in patience still speak:
Let me have music dying, and I seek
No more delight—I bid adieu to all.
Didst thou not after other climates call,

116 tortured *M* 118 lilly *M* 122 itself: [for] By *M* 127 speakst *M*: speakest *1818*

137–8 *D offers (continuing Phoebe's speech)*

Canst thou do so? Is there no balm, no cure
Could not a beckoning Hebe soon allure
Thee into Paradise? What sorrowing
So weighs thee down what utmost woe could bring
This madness—Sit thee down by me, and ease
Thine heart in whispers—haply by degrees
I may find out some soothing medicine.'—
'Dear Lady,' said Endymion, 'I pine
I die—the tender accents thou hast spoken
Have finish'd all—my heart is lost and broken.

And murmur about Indian streams?'—Then she,
Sitting beneath the midmost forest tree,
For pity sang this roundelay——

'O 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?

'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-spry?

'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 dews among?

'O Sorrow,
Why dost borrow
Heart's lightness from the merriment of May?—
A lover would not tread
A cowslip on the head,

143 Indian streams—now, now—
I listen, it may save me—O my vow—
Let me have music dying!' The ladye *D*

145 With tears of pity sang *D* 145–290 *M has no division into stanzas, except that pencil lines indicate the divisions of 1818. Lines 145–181 appear in L 27 and 28* 148 vermeil *1818*: vermil *M L 27, 28* 151 is't **1818** *L 62*: is't *D M*: ist *L 27, 28*: is it *1818* 154 a falcon-eye *1818 M*: a Lover's eye *D L 27*: an orbed eye *L 28* 160 mellow] tender *L 28* 161 giv't *L 27* 162 Nightingal *L 28* 163 mayest *L 28* 166 Heart's *1818*: Hearts *M L 27, 28*

Though he should dance from eve till peep of day—
Nor any drooping flower
Held sacred for thy bower,
Wherever he may sport himself and play.

'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.

'Beneath my palm trees, by the river side,
I sat a weeping: in the whole world wide
There was no one to ask me why I wept,—
And so I kept
Brimming the water-lily cups with tears
Cold as my fears.

'Beneath my palm trees, by the river side,
I sat aweeping: what enamour'd bride,
Cheated by shadowy wooer from the clouds,
But hides and shrouds
Beneath dark palm trees by a river side?

'And as I sat, over the light blue hills
There came a noise of revellers: the rills
Into the wide stream came of purple hue—
'Twas Bacchus and his crew!
The earnest trumpet spake, and silver thrills
From kissing cymbals made a merry din—
'Twas Bacchus and his kin!
Like to a moving vintage down they came,
Crown'd with green leaves, and faces all on flame;

171 for] to *L 28* 172 However *D* 174 bade *1818 L 28*: bad *M L 27* 178 so constant to me *1818 M*: to me so (so *over* too *L 27*) constant *L 27, 28* 181 so ... so *1818 M*: too ... too *D L 27 L 28* 184 wept, *M* 186 lilly *M* 187 Chill'd with strange fears *D* 190 shadowy lover *D* 195 hue: *M* 198 din: *M*

All madly dancing through the pleasant valley,
To scare thee, Melancholy!
O then, O then, thou wast a simple name!
And I forgot thee, as the berried holly
By shepherds is forgotten, when, in June,
Tall chesnuts keep away the sun and moon:—
I rush'd into the folly!

'Within his car, aloft, young Bacchus stood,
Trifling his ivy-dart, in dancing mood,
With sidelong laughing;
And little rills of crimson wine imbrued
His plump white arms, and shoulders, enough white
For Venus' pearly bite:
And near him rode Silenus on his ass,
Pelted with flowers as he on did pass
Tipsily quaffing.

'Whence came ye, merry Damsels! whence came ye!
So many, and so many, and such glee?
Why have ye left your bowers desolate,
Your lutes, and gentler fate?—
"We follow Bacchus! Bacchus on the wing,
A conquering!
Bacchus, young Bacchus! good or ill betide,
We dance before him thorough kingdoms wide:—
Come hither, lady fair, and joined be
To our wild minstrelsy!"

'Whence came ye, jolly Satyrs! whence came ye!
So many, and so many, and such glee?
Why have ye left your forest haunts, why left
Your nuts in oak-tree cleft?—
"For wine, for wine we left our kernel tree;
For wine we left our heath, and yellow brooms,
And cold mushrooms;
For wine we follow Bacchus through the earth;
Great God of breathless cups and chirping mirth!—

202 down the *D* valley *M* 203 thee melancholy: *M* my melancholy *D* 207 The Beeches keep *D* 208 Folly *M* 210 Triffling *M* 212 rills] streaks *D* 213 Shoulders enough *M*: shoulders dainty *D* 214 Venus' *1818*: Venus *M*: any *D* 218 merry *over* [mery] *M* 221/222 We follow Bacchus from a far country *D* 222, 227, 232, 238 *M has no quotation-marks* 225 beside him *D* 227 Minstrelsey *M* 232 our forest meat *D* 236 chirping] endless *D*

Come hither, lady fair, and joined be
To our mad minstrelsy!"

'Over wide streams and mountains great we went,
And, save when Bacchus kept his ivy tent,
Onward the tiger and the leopard pants,
With Asian elephants:
Onward these myriads—with song and dance,
With zebras striped, and sleek Arabians' prance,
Web-footed [illegible] crocodiles,
Bearing upon their scaly backs, in files,
Plump infant laughers mimicking the coil
Of seamen, and stout galley-rowers' toil.
With toying oars and silken sails they glide,
Nor care for wind and tide.

'Mounted on panthers' furs and lions' manes,
From rear to van they scour about the plains;
A three days' journey in a moment done:
And always, at the rising of the sun,
About the wilds they hunt with spear and horn,
On spleenful unicorn.

'I saw Osirian Egypt kneel adown
Before the vine-wreath crown!
I saw parch'd Abyssinia rouse and sing
To the silver cymbals' ring!
I saw the whelming vintage hotly pierce
Old Tartary the fierce!
The kings of Inde their jewel-sceptres vail,
And from their treasures scatter pearled hail;
Great Brahma from his mystic heaven groans,
And all his priesthood moans;
Before young Bacchus' eye-wink turning pale.—
Into these regions came I following him,
Sick hearted, weary—so I took a whim
To stray away into these forests drear

244 striped *1818*: strip'd *M* 245 Webb footed aligators *M* 246 Bearing, upon *M* 247 mimicing *M* Arch infant crews in mimic of the coil *D* 254 alway *D* 263 jewel-sceptres *1818*: jewel sceptres *M*: jewel'd sceptres *D* 267/268 [All city gates were opened to his pomp] *D* 269 weary; so *M*

Alone, without a peer:
And I have told thee all thou mayest hear.

'Young stranger!
I've been a ranger
In search of pleasure throughout every clime:
Alas! 'tis not for me!
Bewitch'd I sure must be,
To lose in grieving all my maiden prime.

'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.

'There is not one,
No, no, not one
But thee to comfort a poor lonely maid;
Thou art her mother,
And her brother,
Her playmate, and her wooer in the shade.'

O what a sigh she gave in finishing,
And look, quite dead to every worldly thing!
Endymion could not speak, but gazed on her;
And listened to the wind that now did stir
About the crisped oaks full drearily,
Yet with as sweet a softness as might be
Remember'd from its velvet summer song.
At last he said: 'Poor lady, how thus long
Have I been able to endure that voice?
Fair Melody! kind Syren! I've no choice;
I must be thy sad servant evermore:
I cannot choose but kneel here and adore.
Alas, I must not think—by Phœbe, no!
Let me not think, soft Angel! shall it be so?

272 all that thou canst hear *D* 277 must I sure *D* 278 loose *M*
281 nuse *M* 283 deceive [three] thee *M* 291 sigh] sob *D*
292 look quite *M*: look'd quite *D* 300 Melody; kind Syren I've *M*
304 shall't *M*

Say, beautifullest, shall I never think?
O thou could'st foster me beyond the brink
Of recollection! make my watchful care
Close up its bloodshot eyes, nor see despair!
Do gently murder half my soul, and I
Shall feel the other half so utterly!—
I'm giddy at that cheek so fair and smooth;
O let it blush so ever! let it soothe
My madness! let it mantle rosy-warm
With the tinge of love, panting in safe alarm.—
This cannot be thy hand, and yet it is;
And this is sure thine other softling—this
Thine own fair bosom, and I am so near!
Wilt fall asleep? O let me sip that tear!
And whisper one sweet word that I may know
This is this world—sweet dewy blossom!'—*Woe!*
Woe! Woe to that Endymion! Where is he?—
Even these words went echoing dismally
Through the wide forest—a most fearful tone,
Like one repenting in his latest moan;
And while it died away a shade pass'd by,
As of a thunder cloud. When arrows fly
Through the thick branches, poor ring-doves sleek forth
Their timid necks and tremble; so these both
Leant to each other trembling, and sat so
Waiting for some destruction—when lo,
Foot-feather'd Mercury appear'd sublime
Beyond the tall tree tops; and in less time
Than shoots the slanted hail-storm, down he dropt
Towards the ground; but rested not, nor stopt
One moment from his home: only the sward
He with his wand light touch'd, and heavenward
Swifter than sight was gone—even before
The teeming earth a sudden witness bore

306 forster *M: cf. 398* 307 care[s] *M*

311–14 That—oh how beautiful—how giddy smooth!
Blush so for ever! let those glances soothe
My madness for did I no mercy spy
Dear lady I should shudder and then die. *D*

312 Sooth *M* 316 And this thine other softling—and is this *D*
317 am I *D* 320 blossom—Woe! (*no italics or inverted commas*) *M*
320–1 *No italics M* 323 forest: a *M* 325 pass'd *1818*: passed *M*

Of his swift magic. Diving swans appear
Above the crystal circlings white and clear;
And catch the cheated eye in wide surprise,
How they can dive in sight and unseen rise—
So from the turf outsprang two steeds jet-black,
Each with large dark blue wings upon his back.
The youth of Caria plac'd the lovely dame
On one, and felt himself in spleen to tame
The other's fierceness. Through the air they flew,
High as the eagles. Like two drops of dew
Exhal'd to Phœbus' lips, away they are gone,
Far from the earth away—unseen, alone,
Among cool clouds and winds, but that the free,
The buoyant life of song can floating be
Above their heads, and follow them untir'd.—
Muse of my native land, am I inspir'd?
This is the giddy air, and I must spread
Wide pinions to keep here; nor do I dread
Or height, or depth, or width, or any chance
Precipitous: I have beneath my glance
Those towering horses and their mournful freight.
Could I thus sail, and see, and thus await
Fearless for power of thought, without thine aid?—

There is a sleepy dusk, an odorous shade
From some approaching wonder, and behold
Those winged steeds, with snorting nostrils bold
Snuff at its faint extreme, and seem to tire,
Dying to embers from their native fire!

There curl'd a purple mist around them; soon,
It seem'd as when around the pale new moon
Sad Zephyr droops the clouds like weeping willow:
'Twas Sleep slow journeying with head on pillow.
For the first time, since he came nigh dead born
From the old womb of night, his cave forlorn
Had he left more forlorn; for the first time,
He felt aloof the day and morning's prime—

341 wide *DM*: wild *1818* 343 coal black *D* 349 Exhal'd *1818*: Exhaled *M* they are *1818*: they're *M* 352 boyant *M* 363 appoaching *M* *Between 361 and 362 there is no space in 1818: in M 361 ends a page: the spacing is directed in L 62* 364 nostrills *M cf. 400* 366 Seeming but embers to their former fire *D* 367 There comes a *D* 368 pale half moon *D* 370 slow voyaging *D* 372, 373 folorn *M*

Because into his depth Cimmerian
There came a dream, shewing how a young man,
Ere a lean bat could plump its wintery skin,
Would at high Jove's empyreal footstool win
An immortality, and how espouse
Jove's daughter, and be reckon'd of his house.
Now was he slumbering towards heaven's gate,
That he might at the threshold one hour wait
To hear the marriage melodies, and then
Sink downward to his dusky cave again.
His litter of smooth semilucent mist,
Diversely ting'd with rose and amethyst,
Puzzled those eyes that for the centre sought;
And scarcely for one moment could be caught
His sluggish form reposing motionless.
Those two on winged steeds, with all the stress
Of vision search'd for him, as one would look
Athwart the sallows of a river nook
To catch a glance at silver throated eels,—
Or from old Skiddaw's top, when fog conceals
His rugged forehead in a mantle pale,
With an eye-guess towards some pleasant vale
Descry a favourite hamlet faint and far.

These raven horses, though they foster'd are
Of earth's splenetic fire, dully drop
Their full-veined ears, nostrils blood wide, and stop;
Upon the spiritless mist have they outspread
Their ample feathers, are in slumber dead,—
And on those pinions, level in mid air,
Endymion sleepeth and the lady fair.
Slowly they sail, slowly as icy isle
Upon a calm sea drifting: and meanwhile
The mournful wanderer dreams. Behold! he walks
On heaven's pavement; brotherly he talks
To divine powers: from his hand full fain
Juno's proud birds are pecking pearly grain:

376 showing *M* 377 wintery *1818*: wintry *M* 384 Betake him downward to his cave again *D* 385 smooth] pale *D* 386 Diversly *M* 387 those] the *D* 388 scarcely one short moment *D* 394 top] front *D* 397 favorite (u *added above*) *M* 398 forsterd *M*: *cf. 306* 400 nostrills *M*: *cf. 364* 401 mist *1818*: [mists] mist *M*: air *D*

He tries the nerve of Phœbus' golden bow,
And asketh where the golden apples grow:
Upon his arm he braces Pallas' shield,
And strives in vain to unsettle and wield
A Jovian thunderbolt: arch Hebe brings
A full-brimm'd goblet, dances lightly, sings
And tantalizes long; at last he drinks,
And lost in pleasure at her feet he sinks,
Touching with dazzled lips her starlight hand.
He blows a bugle,—an ethereal band
Are visible above: the Seasons four,—
Green-kyrtled Spring, flush Summer, golden store
In Autumn's sickle, Winter frosty-hoar,
Join dance with shadowy Hours, while still the blast,
In swells unmitigated, still doth last
To sway their floating morris. 'Whose is this?
Whose bugle?' he inquires: they smile—'O Dis!
Why is this mortal here? Dost thou not know
Its mistress' lips? Not thou?—'Tis Dian's: lo!
She rises crescented!' He looks, 'tis she,
His very goddess. good-bye earth, and sea,
And air, and pains, and care, and suffering;
Good-bye to all but love! Then doth he spring
Towards her, and awakes—and, strange, o'erhead,
Of those same fragrant exhalations bred,
Beheld awake his very dream: the gods
Stood smiling; merry Hebe laughs and nods;
And Phœbe bends towards him crescented.
O state perplexing! On the pinion bed,
Too well awake, he feels the panting side
Of his delicious lady. He who died
For soaring too audacious in the sun,
When that same treacherous wax began to run,

418 With pleasure at her knees he swoons and sinks *D* 420 He takes a bugle blows it, an aerial band *D* 421 above] o'erhead *D* Season's *M* 423 frosty-hoar *M*: frosty hoar *1818* 424 with] with the *D* 425 Echoed in swells *D* 426–7 *No inverted commas M · nor at 430* 428 this] a *D*

429 Its Mistress' Lips? Not thou? Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah!
'Tis Dian's, here she comes, look out afar, *M D*

430 looks *made out of* look'd *M* 432 cares *D* 433 doth[e] *M*

442–4 Because in sunshine treacherous wax would melt,
Even at the fatal melting thereof, felt
Not more tongue-tied than did Endymion *D*

443 When *M* **End.**: Where *1818 and* **1818**

Felt not more tongue-tied than Endymion.
His heart leapt up as to its rightful throne,
To that fair shadow'd passion puls'd its way—
Ah, what perplexity! Ah, well a day!
So fond, so beauteous was his bed-fellow,
He could not help but kiss her: then he grew
Awhile forgetful of all beauty save
Young Phœbe's, golden hair'd; and so 'gan crave
Forgiveness: yet he turn'd once more to look
At the sweet sleeper,—all his soul was shook,—
She press'd his hand in slumber; so once more
He could not help but kiss her and adore.
At this the shadow wept, melting away.
The Latmian started up: 'Bright goddess, stay!
Search my most hidden breast! By truth's own tongue,
I have no dædale heart: why is it wrung
To desperation? Is there nought for me,
Upon the bourne of bliss, but misery?'

These words awoke the stranger of dark tresses:
Her dawning love-look rapt Endymion blesses
With 'haviour soft. Sleep yawned from underneath.
'Thou swan of Ganges, let us no more breathe
This murky phantasm! thou contented seem'st
Pillow'd in lovely idleness, nor dream'st
What horrors may discomfort thee and me.
Ah, shouldst thou die from my heart-treachery!—
Yet did she merely weep—her gentle soul
Hath no revenge in it: as it is whole
In tenderness, would I were whole in love!
Can I prize thee, fair maid, all price above,
Even when I feel as true as innocence?
I do, I do.—What is this soul then? Whence
Came it? It does not seem my own, and I
Have no self-passion or identity.
Some fearful end must be: where, where is it?
By Nemesis, I see my spirit flit

446 puls'd *1818*: pulsed *M* way: *M* 449 kiss—then did he grow *D* 451 Yound *M* 453 sleeper: all *M* shook, *M* 455 kiss, kiss and adore *D* 458 hidden *over* [inmost] *M* 459 dœdale *M* 460 naught *M* 461 bourne *1818*: bourn *M* 462 stranger] lady *D* 463 love-glance *D* 465 Thou wandering fair one, let *D* 469 heart treachery *M*

Alone about the dark—Forgive me, sweet:
Shall we away?' He rous'd the steeds: they beat
Their wings chivalrous into the clear air,
Leaving old Sleep within his vapoury lair.

The good-night blush of eve was waning slow,
And Vesper, risen star, began to throe
In the dusk heavens silverly, when they
Thus sprang direct towards the Galaxy.
Nor did speed hinder converse soft and strange—
Eternal oaths and vows they interchange,
In such wise, in such temper, so aloof
Up in the winds, beneath a starry roof,
So witless of their doom, that verily
'Tis well nigh past man's search their hearts to see;
Whether they wept, or laugh'd, or griev'd, or toy'd—
Most like with joy gone mad, with sorrow cloy'd.

Full facing their swift flight, from ebon streak,
The moon put forth a little diamond peak,
No bigger than an unobserved star,
Or tiny point of fairy scymitar;
Bright signal that she only stoop'd to tie
Her silver sandals, ere deliciously
She bow'd into the heavens her timid head.
Slowly she rose, as though she would have fled,
While to his lady meek the Carian turn'd,
To mark if her dark eyes had yet discern'd
This beauty in its birth—Despair! despair!
He saw her body fading gaunt and spare
In the cold moonshine. Straight he seiz'd her wrist;
It melted from his grasp: her hand he kiss'd,
And, horror! kiss'd his own—he was alone.
Her steed a little higher soar'd, and then
Dropt hawkwise to the earth.

482 wings [He rous'd] chivalrous *M* 483 within his] to sail in *D*
484 hush *D* 485 Vesper's tumid pulse began *D* 486 silverly *D M*: silvery *1818* 487 towards] up to *D* 492 their doom] all things *D*
494 laught *M* 495 Most like] Until *and* haply *D* joy] woe *D*
499 Scymitar *M*: scymetar *1818* 505 had yet] slept or *D* 506 Such beauty being born *D* 507 faded *D* 508 her wrist he seized *D* seiz'd *1818*: seized *M* 509 grasp—his lips were teazed *D* kist *M*
510 *began in D with* To madness for his kist *M*

There lies a den,
Beyond the seeming confines of the space
Made for the soul to wander in and trace
Its own existence, of remotest glooms.
Dark regions are around it, where the tombs
Of buried griefs the spirit sees, but scarce
One hour doth linger weeping, for the pierce
Of new-born woe it feels more inly smart:
And in these regions many a venom'd dart
At random flies; they are the proper home
Of every ill: the man is yet to come
Who hath not journeyed in this native hell.
But few have ever felt how calm and well
Sleep may be had in that deep den of all.
There anguish does not sting; nor pleasure pall:
Woe-hurricanes beat ever at the gate,
Yet all is still within and desolate.
Beset with painful gusts, within ye hear
No sound so loud as when on curtain'd bier
The death-watch tick is stifled. Enter none
Who strive therefore: on the sudden it is won.
Just when the sufferer begins to burn,
Then it is free to him; and from an urn,
Still fed by melting ice, he takes a draught—
Young Semele such richness never quaft
In her maternal longing! 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! O wondrous soul!
Pregnant with such a den to save the whole
In thine own depth. Hail, gentle Carian!
For, never since thy griefs and woes began,

513 Beyond] Of misery beyond *D* 518 hour lingers *D* 520 a random dart *D* 522 the man] that soul *D* 527 Woe hurricanes *M*
526–7 There anguish stings not—sweetness cannot pall:
Dark hurricanes of woe beat ever at the gate, *D*
531 is muffled *D* 534 This den is *D* 537 longing! *L 62*: Longing! *M*: longing. *1818* 539 *began in D* The rightful tinge of health dreriest *M* 542 shut] close *D* 546 woes] joys *D*

Hast thou felt so content: a grievous feud
Hath led thee to this Cave of Quietude.
Aye, his lull'd soul was there, although upborne
With dangerous speed: and so he did not mourn
Because he knew not whither he was going.
So happy was he, not the aerial blowing
Of trumpets at clear parley from the east
Could rouse from that fine relish, that high feast.
They stung the feather'd horse: with fierce alarm
He flapp'd towards the sound. Alas, no charm
Could lift Endymion's head, or he had view'd
A skyey mask, a pinion'd multitude,—
And silvery was its passing: voices sweet
Warbling the while as if to lull and greet
The wanderer in his path. Thus warbled they,
While past the vision went in bright array.

'Who, who from Dian's feast would be away?
For all the golden bowers of the day
Are empty left? Who, who away would be
From Cynthia's wedding and festivity?
Not Hesperus: lo! upon his silver wings
He leans away for highest heaven and sings,
Snapping his lucid fingers merrily!—
Ah, Zephyrus! art here, and Flora too!
Ye tender bibbers of the rain and dew,
Young playmates of the rose and daffodil,
Be careful, ere ye enter in, to fill
Your baskets high

548 led (*made out of* let *M*) *D M*: let *1818* 550 With dangerous speed nor did he sigh and mourn *D* With *over* [On] *M* [Winds] speed *M* 551 wither *M cf. 755* 552 œrial *M* 554 rouse [him] from *M*

554–6 Could rouse from (him from that *written above*) inward feast—and yet to hear't
'Twas like a gift of Prophecy—alert
Tho feather'd horse he snorted with alarm
And towards it flapp'd away—Alas no charm *D*

556 flapp'd *1818*: flapped *M* 558 masque **End.** 561 path: thus *M* 563 Who, who would absent be from Dian's feast *D* 564 golden chambers of the East *D* 565 left?] *The interrogation-mark appears in D M and 1818* *After 566 D has* Who, who would be?
569/570 He stay behind—he glad of lazy plea?
Not he! not he! *D*

570 art *written over* at *M* 573 Mind ere ye enter in to oppress and fill *D*

With fennel green, and balm, and golden pines,
Savory, latter-mint, and columbines,
Cool parsley, basil sweet, and sunny thyme;
Yea, every flower and leaf of every clime,
All gather'd in the dewy morning: hie
Away! fly, fly!—
Crystalline brother of the belt of heaven,
Aquarius! to whom king Jove has given
Two liquid pulse-streams 'stead of feather'd wings,
Two fan-like fountains,—thine illuminings
For Dian play:
Dissolve the frozen purity of air;
Let thy white shoulders silvery and bare
Shew cold through watery pinions; make more bright
The Star-Queen's crescent on her marriage night:
Haste, haste away!—
Castor has tamed the planet Lion, see!
And of the Bear has Pollux mastery:
A third is in the race! who is the third,
Speeding away swift as the eagle bird?
The ramping Centaur!
The Lion's mane's on end: the Bear how fierce!
The Centaur's arrow ready seems to pierce
Some enemy: far forth his bow is bent
Into the blue of heaven. He'll be shent,
Pale unrelentor,
When he shall hear the wedding lutes a playing.—
Andromeda! sweet woman! why delaying
So timidly among the stars: come hither!
Join this bright throng, and nimbly follow whither
They all are going.
Danae's Son, before Jove newly bow'd,
Has wept for thee, calling to Jove aloud.
Thee, gentle lady, did he disenthral:
Ye shall for ever live and love, for all
Thy tears are flowing.—

576 Savory, [early] latter mint *M* 577 basil sweet, and] dripping cresses *D* 583/584 [Thine illuminings] *M* *581–90 appear in L 30* 582 has *1818 M*: hath *L* 583 pulse-streams *L M*: pulse streams *1818* 589 Star-Queen's *1818 M L*: Night-Queen's *D* 593 Ay three are in *D* 607 aloud (*without full stop*) *D* 608 For thee—thee gentle did *D*

By Daphne's fright, behold Apollo!—'
More
Endymion heard not: down his steed him bore,
Prone to the green head of a misty hill.

His first touch of the earth went nigh to kill.
'Alas!' said he, 'were I but always borne
Through dangerous winds, had but my footsteps worn
A path in hell, for ever would I bless
Horrors which nourish an uneasiness
For my own sullen conquering: to him
Who lives beyond earth's boundary, grief is dim,
Sorrow is but a shadow: now I see
The grass; I feel the solid ground—Ah, me!
It is thy voice—divinest! Where?—who? who
Left thee so quiet on this bed of dew?
Behold upon this happy earth we are;
Let us aye love each other; let us fare
On forest-fruits, and never, never go
Among the abodes of mortals here below,
Or be by phantoms duped. O destiny!
Into a labyrinth now my soul would fly,
But with thy beauty will I deaden it.
Where didst thou melt to? By thee will I sit
For ever: let our fate stop here—a kid
I on this spot will offer. Pan will bid
Us live in peace, in love and peace among
His forest wildernesses. I have clung
To nothing, lov'd a nothing, nothing seen
Or felt but a great dream! O I have been
Presumptuous against love, against the sky,
Against all elements, against the tie
Of mortals each to each, against the blooms
Of flowers, rush of rivers, and the tombs
Of heroes gone! Against his proper glory
Has my own soul conspired: so my story
Will I to children utter, and repent.
There never liv'd a mortal man, who bent

611 Apollo!—more (*without inverted commas*) *M* 620 boundery *M* 622 The real grass the *D*: The real grass I feel the *M* 624 so safe upon *D* 626 aye *M*: ay *1818* 629 destiny] Alas! alas! *D* 630 would pass *D*: would [pass] fly *M* 632 to *Aldine edition*: too *M 1818* 641 each to each] to each other *D* 642 flowers] roses *D* 643 his] its *D* 646 Has never *D*

His appetite beyond his natural sphere,
But starv'd and died. My sweetest Indian, here,
Here will I kneel, for thou redeemed hast
My life from too thin breathing: gone and past
Are cloudy phantasms. Caverns lone, farewel!
And air of visions, and the monstrous swell
Of visionary seas! No, never more
Shall airy voices cheat me to the shore
Of tangled wonder, breathless and aghast.
Adieu, my daintiest Dream! although so vast
My love is still for thee. The hour may come
When we shall meet in pure elysium.
On earth I may not love thee; and therefore
Doves will I offer up, and sweetest store
All through the teeming year: so thou wilt shine
On me, and on this damsel fair of mine,
And bless our simple lives. My Indian bliss!
My river-lily bud! one human kiss!
One sigh of real breath—one gentle squeeze,
Warm as a dove's nest among summer trees,
And warm with dew at ooze from living blood!
Whither didst melt? Ah, what of that!—all good
We'll talk about—no more of dreaming.—Now,
Where shall our dwelling be? Under the brow
Of some steep mossy hill, where ivy dun
Would hide us up, although spring leaves were none;
And where dark yew trees, as we rustle through,
Will drop their scarlet berry cups of dew?
O thou wouldst joy to live in such a place;
Dusk for our loves, yet light enough to grace
Those gentle limbs on mossy bed reclin'd:
For by one step the blue sky shouldst thou find,
And by another, in deep dell below,
See, through the trees, a little river go
All in its mid-day gold and glimmering.
Honey from out the gnarled hive I'll bring,

648 Idian *M* 649 Here *1818*: *om. M* Will *M* 650 life] spirit *D* breathing] a breath *D* 651 farewell *M* 653 No more, no more *D* 655 agast *M* 656 dantiest *M* Dream! how vast, how vast *D* 660 up] thee *D* 661 shine *over* [smile] *M* 664 river lilly *M* one mortal kiss *D* 665 sigh *M 1818* (sign *in H. B. Forman's text is a misprint—which has crept into the Washington Concordance*) 675 though (gh *marked in pencil beneath*) *M* 680 trees, a river at its flow *D* 682 narled *M: cf. iii. 508* hive] nest *D*

And apples, wan with sweetness, gather thee,—
Cresses that grow where no man may them see,
And sorrel untorn by the dew-claw'd stag:
Pipes will I fashion of the syrinx flag,
That thou mayest always know whither I roam,
When it shall please thee in our quiet home
To listen and think of love. Still let me speak;
Still let me dive into the joy I seek,—
For yet the past doth prison me. The rill,
Thou haply mayst delight in, will I fill
With fairy fishes from the mountain tarn,
And thou shalt feed them from the squirrel's barn.
Its bottom will I strew with amber shells,
And pebbles blue from deep enchanted wells.
Its sides I'll plant with dew-sweet eglantine,
And honeysuckles full of clear bee-wine.
I will entice this crystal rill to trace
Love's silver name upon the meadow's face.
I'll kneel to Vesta, for a flame of fire;
And to god Phœbus, for a golden lyre;
To Empress Dian, for a hunting spear;
To Vesper, for a taper silver-clear,
That I may see thy beauty through the night;
To Flora, and a nightingale shall light
Tame on thy finger; to the River-gods,
And they shall bring thee taper fishing-rods
Of gold, and lines of Naiads' long bright tress.
Heaven shield thee for thine utter loveliness!
Thy mossy footstool shall the altar be
'Fore which I'll bend, bending, dear love, to thee:
Those lips shall be my Delphos, and shall speak
Laws to my footsteps, colour to my cheek,
Trembling or stedfastness to this same voice,
And of three sweetest pleasurings the choice:

687 That thou by ear mayst know *D* mayest *M* 688 thee, *M* home, *M* 691 prison me] weigh me down *D* 693 tarns *D* 694 barns *D* 697 I'll] I *M* 699 [And] I will *M* entice *over* [make] *M* rill[et] *M* to *added above M* (*H. Buxton Forman's* Aye *is an aberration*)

700/701 And by it shalt thou sit and sing, hey nonny!
While doves coo to thee for a little honey. *M*

709 and] with *D* 713 delphos *M* 716 And [the most velve⟨t⟩] of three *M* And the most velvet peaches to my choice *D*

And that affectionate light, those diamond things,
Those eyes, those passions, those supreme pearl springs,
Shall be my grief, or twinkle me to pleasure.
Say, is not bliss within our perfect seisure?
O that I could not doubt!'

The mountaineer
Thus strove by fancies vain and crude to clear
His briar'd path to some tranquillity.
It gave bright gladness to his lady's eye,
And yet the tears she wept were tears of sorrow;
Answering thus, just as the golden morrow
Beam'd upward from the vallies of the east:
'O that the flutter of this heart had ceas'd,
Or the sweet name of love had pass'd away.
Young feather'd tyrant! by a swift decay
Wilt thou devote this body to the earth:
And I do think that at my very birth
I lisp'd thy blooming titles inwardly;
For at the first, first dawn and thought of thee,
With uplift hands I blest the stars of heaven.
Art thou not cruel? Ever have I striven
To think thee kind, but ah, it will not do!
When yet a child, I heard that kisses drew
Favour from thee, and so I kisses gave
To the void air, bidding them find out love:
But when I came to feel how far above
All fancy, pride, and fickle maidenhood,
All earthly pleasure, all imagin'd good,
Was the warm tremble of a devout kiss,—
Even then, that moment, at the thought of this,
Fainting I fell into a bed of flowers,
And languish'd there three days. Ye milder powers,
Am I not cruelly wrong'd? Believe, believe
Me, dear Endymion, were I to weave

720 Is not, then, bliss *D* 721 doubt! *M* **1818** *L 62*: doubt? *1818*
723 His] The *D* 724 *At the end of D is preserved the variant* There was rejoicing in his Lady's eye 726 just as] what time *D* 728 has *M* ceas'ed (e *erased*) *M* 730 tyrant, by *M* 733 lisp'd *1818*: lisped *M*
734 thought and dawn *D* 739 Favor *M* kisses gave *End.* **End.**
1818 *L 62*: gave gave (kisses *pencilled in marg.*) *M*: gave and gave *1818*
743 All *over* [Was] *M* 748 cruelly [serv'd] wrong'd *M*

With my own fancies garlands of sweet life,
Thou shouldst be one of all. Ah, bitter strife!
I may not be thy love: I am forbidden—
Indeed I am—thwarted, affrighted, chidden,
By things I trembled at, and gorgon wrath.
Twice hast thou ask'd whither I went: henceforth
Ask me no more! I may not utter it,
Nor may I be thy love. We might commit
Ourselves at once to vengeance; we might die;
We might embrace and die: voluptuous thought!
Enlarge not to my hunger, or I'm caught
In trammels of perverse deliciousness.
No, no, that shall not be: thee will I bless,
And bid a long adieu.'

The Carian

No word return'd: both lovelorn, silent, wan,
Into the vallies green together went.
Far wandering, they were perforce content
To sit beneath a fair lone beechen tree;
Nor at each other gaz'd, but heavily
Por'd on its hazle cirque of shedded leaves.

Endymion! unhappy! it nigh grieves
Me to behold thee thus in last extreme:
Ensky'd ere this, but truly that I deem
Truth the best music in a first-born song.
Thy lute-voic'd brother will I sing ere long,
And thou shalt aid—hast thou not aided me?
Yes, moonlight Emperor! felicity
Has been thy meed for many thousand years;
Yet often have I, on the brink of tears,
Mourn'd as if yet thou wert a forester;—
Forgetting the old tale.

He did not stir
His eyes from the dead leaves, or one small pulse
Of joy he might have felt. The spirit culls

750–1 My own imaginations to sweet life
Thou would'st o'ertop them all *D*

754 tremble *D* 755 wither *M: cf. 551* 766 Far] Long *D*
769 carpet of shed leaves *D* 772 That hadst been high ere this, but that I deem *D* truly, that *M* 778 I, mid some foolish tears *D*

Unfaded amaranth, when wild it strays
Through the old garden-ground of boyish days.
A little onward ran the very stream
By which he took his first soft poppy dream;
And on the very bark 'gainst which he leant
A crescent he had carv'd, and round it spent
His skill in little stars. The teeming tree
Had swollen and green'd the pious charactery,
But not ta'en out. Why, there was not a slope
Up which he had not fear'd the antelope;
And not a tree, beneath whose rooty shade
He had not with his tamed leopards play'd.
Nor could an arrow light, or javelin,
Fly in the air where his had never been—
And yet he knew it not.

O treachery!
Why does his lady smile, pleasing her eye
With all his sorrowing? He sees her not.
But who so stares on him? His sister sure!
Peona of the woods!—Can she endure—
Impossible—how dearly they embrace!
His lady smiles; delight is in her face;
It is no treachery.

'Dear brother mine!
Endymion, weep not so! Why shouldst thou pine
When all great Latmos so exalt will be?
Thank the great gods, and look not bitterly;
And speak not one pale word, and sigh no more.
Sure I will not believe thou hast such store
Of grief, to last thee to my kiss again.
Thou surely canst not bear a mind in pain,
Come hand in hand with one so beautiful.
Be happy both of you! for I will pull

783 wild] perchance *D* 791 ta'en out] effaced *D* 792 fear'd] chaced *D* 794 tamed leopards] jessied falcons *D* 805 Dear Endy: weep *D* 806 Latmus *M* 808 nor sigh once more *D*

811–13 Were this sweet damsel like a long neck'd crane
Or an old rocking barn owl half asleep
Some reason would there be for thee to keep
So dull-eyed—but thou knowst she's beautiful
Yes, Yes! and thou dost love her well—I'll pull *D*

The flowers of autumn for your coronals.
Pan's holy priest for young Endymion calls
And when he is restor'd, thou, fairest dame,
Shalt be our queen. Now, is it not a shame
To see ye thus,—not very, very sad?
Perhaps ye are too happy to be glad:
O feel as if it were a common day;
Free-voic'd as one who never was away.
No tongue shall ask, whence come ye? but ye shall
Be gods of your own rest imperial.
Not even I, for one whole month, will pry
Into the hours that have pass'd us by,
Since in my arbour I did sing to thee.
O Hermes! on this very night will be
A hymning up to Cynthia, queen of light;
For the soothsayers old saw yesternight
Good visions in the air,—whence will befal,
As say these sages, health perpetual
To shepherds and their flocks; and furthermore,
In Dian's face they read the gentle lore:
Therefore for her these vesper-carols are.
Our friends will all be there from nigh and far.
Many upon thy death have ditties made;
And many, even now, their foreheads shade
With cypress, on a day of sacrifice.
New singing for our maids shalt thou devise,
And pluck the sorrow from our huntsmen's brows.
Tell me, my lady-queen, how to espouse
This wayward brother to his rightful joys!
His eyes are on thee bent, as thou didst poise
His fate most goddess-like. Help me, I pray,
To lure—Endymion! Dear brother, say
What ails thee?' He could bear no more, and so
Bent his soul fiercely like a spiritual bow,

815 Great Pan's high priest *D* 816 This Shepherd Prince restor'd *D* restor'd *1818*: restored *M* 818 thus? Not *M*

819 Perhaps ye feel too much joy—too overglad

and

Perhaps ye are too glad, too overglad *D*

825 the long hours *D* 827 O Hermes!] Why! hark ye! *D* night] eve *D* 840 the cypress *D* 845 lure—Endymion! Dear *M*: lure—Endymion, dear *1818*

And twang'd it inwardly, and calmly said:
'I would have thee my only friend, sweet maid!
My only visitor! not ignorant though,
That those deceptions which for pleasure go
'Mong men, are pleasures real as real may be:
But there are higher ones I may not see,
If impiously an earthly realm I take.
Since I saw thee, I have been wide awake
Night after night, and day by day, until
Of the empyrean I have drunk my fill.
Let it content thee, Sister, seeing me
More happy than betides mortality.
A hermit young, I'll live in mossy cave,
Where thou alone shalt come to me, and lave
Thy spirit in the wonders I shall tell.
Through me the shepherd realm shall prosper well;
For to thy tongue will I all health confide.
And, for my sake, let this young maid abide
With thee as a dear sister. Thou alone,
Peona, mayst return to me. I own
This may sound strangely: but when, dearest girl,
Thou seest it for my happiness, no pearl
Will trespass down those cheeks. Companion fair!
Wilt be content to dwell with her, to share
This sister's love with me?' Like one resign'd
And bent by circumstance, and thereby blind
In self-commitment, thus that meek unknown:
'Aye, but a buzzing by my ears has flown,
Of jubilee to Dian:—truth I heard?
Well then, I see there is no little bird,
Tender soever, but is Jove's own care.
Long have I sought for rest, and, unaware,
Behold I find it! so exalted too!
So after my own heart! I knew, I knew
There was a place untenanted in it:
In that same void white Chastity shall sit,
And monitor me nightly to lone slumber.
With sanest lips I vow me to the number

853 But I have higher *D* 862 will tell *D* 864 [all health] confide [all health] *M* (all health *written in again above, before* confide) 866 thee ev'n as a sister *D* 874 meek] mild *D* 875 buzzing, by *M* 876 heard? *M* **1818** *L 62*: heard! *1818* 882 place] void *D* unten[n]anted *M*

Of Dian's sisterhood; and, kind lady,
With thy good help, this very night shall see
My future days to her fane consecrate.'

As feels a dreamer what doth most create
His own particular fright, so these three felt:
Or like one who, in after ages, knelt
To Lucifer or Baal, when he'd pine
After a little sleep: or when in mine
Far under-ground, a sleeper meets his friends
Who know him not. Each diligently bends
Towards common thoughts and things for very fear;
Striving their ghastly malady to cheer,
By thinking it a thing of yes and no,
That housewives talk of. But the spirit-blow
Was struck, and all were dreamers. At the last
Endymion said: 'Are not our fates all cast?
Why stand we here? Adieu, ye tender pair!
Adieu!' Whereat those maidens, with wild stare,
Walk'd dizzily away. Pained and hot
His eyes went after them, until they got
Near to a cypress grove, whose deadly maw,
In one swift moment, would what then he saw
Engulph for ever. 'Stay!' he cried, 'ah, stay!
Turn, damsels! hist! one word I have to say:
Sweet Indian, I would see thee once again.
It is a thing I dote on: so I'd fain,
Peona, ye should hand in hand repair
Into those holy groves, that silent are
Behind great Dian's temple. I'll be yon,
At vesper's earliest twinkle—they are gone—
But once, once, once again—' At this he press'd
His hands against his face, and then did rest
His head upon a mossy hillock green,
And so remain'd as he a corpse had been

888 to] in *D* 889 doth] can *D* 892 he'd pine] at strife *D*
894 under ground *M* 897 gastly *M* 899 Huswives *M* spirit
blow *M* 904 dizzily] patiently *D* 906 deadly shade *D*
907 would, what *M* 912 should, hand in hand, repair *M*

918–19 His hands upon a pillow of green moss
And so remained without impatient toss *D*

(hands *clearly an error for* head)

All the long day; save when he scantly lifted
His eyes abroad, to see how shadows shifted
With the slow move of time,—sluggish and weary
Until the poplar tops, in journey dreary,
Had reach'd the river's brim. Then up he rose,
And, slowly as that very river flows,
Walk'd towards the temple grove with this lament:
'Why such a golden eve? The breeze is sent
Careful and soft, that not a leaf may fall
Before the serene father of them all
Bows down his summer head below the west.
Now am I of breath, speech, and speed possest,
But at the setting I must bid adieu
To her for the last time. Night will strew
On the damp grass myriads of lingering leaves,
And with them shall I die; nor much it grieves
To die, when summer dies on the cold sward.
Why, I have been a butterfly, a lord
Of flowers, garlands, love-knots, silly posies,
Groves, meadows, melodies, and arbour roses;
My Kingdom's at its death, and just it is
That I should die with it: so in all this
We miscall grief, bale, sorrow, heartbreak, woe,
What is there to plain of? By Titan's foe
I am but rightly serv'd.' So saying, he
Tripp'd lightly on, in sort of deathful glee
Laughing at the clear stream and setting sun,
As though they jests had been: nor had he done
His laugh at nature's holy countenance,
Until that grove appear'd, as if perchance,
And then his tongue with sober seemlihed
Gave utterance as he entered: 'Ha! I said,
'King of the butterflies; but by this gloom,
And by old Rhadamanthus' tongue of doom,
This dusk religion, pomp of solitude,
And the Promethean clay by thief endued,

920 day long *D* 922 And note the weary time. Ah weary, weary. *D*
926 grove lamenting 'O *D* 927 The breezes blow *D* 934 ling'ring *M*
942 miscal *1818* 947 no *M*
949–50 Until he saw that grove, as if perchance,
And then his soul was changed *D*
950 semelihed *M* 951 'Ha! *M* **1818** *L 62*: 'Ha!' *1818* 955 the *over* [by] *M*

By old Saturnus' forelock, by his head
Shook with eternal palsy, I did wed
Myself to things of light from infancy;
And thus to be cast out, thus lorn to die,
Is sure enough to make a mortal man
Grow impious.' So he inwardly began
On things for which no wording can be found;
Deeper and deeper sinking, until drown'd
Beyond the reach of music: for the choir
Of Cynthia he heard not, though rough briar
Nor muffling thicket interpos'd to dull
The vesper hymn, far swollen, soft and full,
Through the dark pillars of those sylvan aisles.
He saw not the two maidens, nor their smiles,
Wan as primroses gather'd at midnight
By chilly finger'd spring. 'Unhappy wight!
Endymion!' said Peona, 'we are here!
What wouldst thou ere we all are laid on bier?'
Then he embrac'd her, and his lady's hand
Press'd, saying: 'Sister, I would have command,
If it were heaven's will, on our sad fate.'
At which that dark-eyed stranger stood elate
And said, in a new voice, but sweet as love,
To Endymion's amaze: 'By Cupid's dove,
And so thou shalt! and by the lily truth
Of my own breast thou shalt, beloved youth!'
And as she spake, into her face there came
Light, as reflected from a silver flame:
Her long black hair swell'd ampler, in display
Full golden; in her eyes a brighter day
Dawn'd blue and full of love. Aye, he beheld
Phœbe, his passion! joyous she upheld
Her lucid bow, [illegible] thus; 'Drear, drear
Has our delaying been; but foolish fear
Withheld me first; and then decrees of fate;
And then 'twas fit that from this mortal state

956 And by old Saturn's single forelock *D* 967 vesper] prelude *D*
968 [isles ailes] aisles *M* 974 [Her] Then *M* Her brother kiss'd her, and *D* 975 Press'd, saying] Saying, 'Sweet *D* 977 Then that dark-tressed *D* 980 lilly *M*

984–6 ampler, while it turned
Golden—and her eyes of jet dawned forth a brighter day
Blue—blue—and full of love *D*

Thou shouldst, my love, by some unlook'd for change
Be spiritualiz'd. Peona, we shall range
These forests, and to thee they safe shall be
As was thy cradle; hither shalt thou flee
To meet us many a time.' Next Cynthia bright
Peona kiss'd, and bless'd with fair good night:
Her brother kiss'd her too, and knelt adown
Before his goddess, in a blissful swoon.
She gave her fair hands to him, and behold,
Before three swiftest kisses he had told,
They vanish'd far away!—Peona went
Home through the gloomy wood in wonderment.

993 spiritualiz'd *1818*: spiritualized *M* 994 savo *M* 997, 998 kist *M*
At the end of D was written Burford Bridge, Nov. 28, 1817

LAMIA,
ISABELLA,
THE EVE OF ST. AGNES,
AND OTHER POEMS
1820

ADVERTISEMENT

If any apology be thought necessary for the appearance of the unfinished poem of Hyperion, the publishers beg to state that they alone are responsible, as it was printed at their particular request, and contrary to the wish of the author. The poem was intended to have been of equal length with Endymion, but the reception given to that work discouraged the author from proceeding.

Fleet-Street, June 26, 1820.

LAMIA

PART I

AUTOGRAPH (fair copy): *B*.

AUTOGRAPH (draft): *H* (i. 386–97). *C* (ii. 26–49; after 82, 18 lines and 6 fragmentary lines; 122–47; 191–8). *c* (ii. 50–61, followed by 3 cancelled lines). *r* (two fragments in the Keats–Shelley Museum, Rome: i. 185–90, ii. 67–74). *L* (149) (ii. 122–62 and 18 lines not represented in our text, but apparently a first version of ii. 199 sqq.).

Undated.

UPON a time, before the faery broods
Drove Nymph and Satyr from the prosperous woods,
Before King Oberon's bright diadem,
Sceptre, and mantle, clasp'd with dewy gem,
Frighted away the Dryads and the Fauns
From rushes green, and brakes, and cowslip'd lawns,
The ever-smitten Hermes empty left
His golden throne, bent warm on amorous theft:
From high Olympus had he stolen light,
On this side of Jove's clouds, to escape the sight
Of his great summoner, and made retreat
Into a forest on the shores of Crete.
For somewhere in that sacred island dwelt
A nymph, to whom all hoofed Satyrs knelt;
At whose white feet the languid Tritons poured
Pearls, while on land they wither'd and adored.
Fast by the springs where she to bathe was wont,
And in those meads where sometime she might haunt,
Were strewn rich gifts, unknown to any Muse,
Though Fancy's casket were unlock'd to choose.
Ah, what a world of love was at her feet!
So Hermes thought, and a celestial heat
Burnt from his winged heels to either ear,
That from a whiteness, as the lily clear,

At the foot of fol. 1 B has The ground work of this story will be found in Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy', Part 3. Sect. 3. Memb. I[st]. Subj. I[st].

Title: Lamia Part I[st] *B* 4 mantle *written over* [sandalls] *B* 6 lawns; *B* 11 Summoner *B* 15 [And] at whose *B* white *added above B* pourd *B* 16 ador'd *B* 19 W[h]ere *B* 24 lilly, clear *B*

Blush'd into roses 'mid his golden hair,
Fallen in jealous curls about his shoulders bare.
From vale to vale, from wood to wood, he flew,
Breathing upon the flowers his passion new,
And wound with many a river to its head,
To find where this sweet nymph prepar'd her secret bed:
In vain; the sweet nymph might nowhere be found,
And so he rested, on the lonely ground,
Pensive, and full of painful jealousies
Of the Wood-Gods, and even the very trees.
There as he stood, he heard a mournful voice,
Such as once heard, in gentle heart, destroys
All pain but pity: thus the lone voice spake:
'When from this wreathed tomb shall I awake!
'When move in a sweet body fit for life,
'And love, and pleasure, and the ruddy strife
'Of hearts and lips! Ah, miserable me!'
The God, dove-footed, glided silently
Round bush and tree, soft-brushing, in his speed,
The taller grasses and full-flowering weed,
Until he found a palpitating snake,
Bright, and cirque-couchant in a dusky brake.

She was a gordian shape of dazzling hue,
Vermilion-spotted, golden, green, and blue;
Striped like a zebra, freckled like a pard,
Eyed like a peacock, and all crimson barr'd;
And full of silver moons, that, as she breathed,
Dissolv'd, or brighter shone, or interwreathed
Their lustres with the gloomier tapestries—
So rainbow-sided, touch'd with miseries,
She seem'd, at once, some penanced lady elf,
Some demon's mistress, or the demon's self.
Upon her crest she wore a wannish fire
Sprinkled with stars, like Ariadne's tiar:
Her head was serpent, but ah, bitter-sweet!
She had a woman's mouth with all its pearls complete:
And for her eyes: what could such eyes do there
But weep, and weep, that they were born so fair?

25 hair,— *B* 27 *new paragraph in B* 29 river, to *B* 34 Wood-gods *B* 48 Vermillion *over* [Cerulean] *B* 49 Strip'd *B* *the first* like *added above B* 51 breath'd *B* 52 interwreath'd *B* 55 penanc'd *B*

As Proserpine still weeps for her Sicilian air.
Her throat was serpent, but the words she spake
Came, as through bubbling honey, for Love's sake,
And thus; while Hermes on his pinions lay,
Like a stoop'd falcon ere he takes his prey.

'Fair Hermes, crown'd with feathers, fluttering light,
'I had a splendid dream of thee last night:
'I saw thee sitting, on a throne of gold,
'Among the Gods, upon Olympus old,
'The only sad one; for thou didst not hear
'The soft, lute-finger'd Muses chaunting clear,
'Nor even Apollo when he sang alone,
'Deaf to his throbbing throat's long, long melodious moan.
'I dreamt I saw thee, robed in purple flakes,
'Break amorous through the clouds, as morning breaks,
'And, swiftly as a bright Phœbean dart,
'Strike for the Cretan isle; and here thou art!
'Too gentle Hermes, hast thou found the maid?'
Whereat the star of Lethe not delay'd
His rosy eloquence, and thus inquired:
'Thou smooth-lipp'd serpent, surely high inspired!
'Thou beauteous wreath, with melancholy eyes,
'Possess whatever bliss thou canst devise,
'Telling me only where my nymph is fled,—
'Where she doth breathe!' 'Bright planet, thou hast said,'
Return'd the snake, 'but seal with oaths, fair God!'
'I swear,' said Hermes, 'by my serpent rod,
'And by thine eyes, and by thy starry crown!'
Light flew his earnest words, among the blossoms blown.
Then thus again the brilliance feminine:
'Too frail of heart! for this lost nymph of thine,
'Free as the air, invisibly, she strays
'About these thornless wilds; her pleasant days
'She tastes unseen; unseen her nimble feet
'Leave traces in the grass and flowers sweet;
'From weary tendrils, and bow'd branches green,
'She plucks the fruit unseen, she bathes unseen:

69 splendid *1820*: silver *B* 76 rob'd *B* 77 amourous *B* 78 bright *1820*: mission'd *B* phœbean *B* 79 cretan *B* 80 maid? (*no inverted comma*) *B* 82 enquired *B* 83 inspir'd *B* 92 Brilliance femminine *B* 93 Too frail *over* Superb *B*

'And by my power is her beauty veil'd
'To keep it unaffronted, unassail'd
'By the love-glances of unlovely eyes,
'Of Satyrs, Fauns, and blear'd Silenus' sighs.
'Pale grew her immortality, for woe
'Of all these lovers, and she grieved so
'I took compassion on her, bade her steep
'Her hair in weïrd syrops, that would keep
'Her loveliness invisible, yet free
'To wander as she loves, in liberty.
'Thou shalt behold her, Hermes, thou alone,
'If thou wilt, as thou swearest, grant my boon!'
Then, once again, the charmed God began
An oath, and through the serpent's ears it ran
Warm, tremulous, devout, psalterian.
Ravish'd, she lifted her Circean head,
Blush'd a live damask, and swift-lisping said,
'I was a woman, let me have once more
'A woman's shape, and charming as before.
'I love a youth of Corinth—O the bliss!
'Give me my woman's form, and place me where he is.
'Stoop, Hermes, let me breathe upon thy brow,
'And thou shalt see thy sweet nymph even now.'
The God on half-shut feathers sank serene,
She breath'd upon his eyes, and swift was seen
Of both the guarded nymph near-smiling on the green.
It was no dream; or say a dream it was,
Real are the dreams of Gods, and smoothly pass
Their pleasures in a long immortal dream.
One warm, flush'd moment, hovering, it might seem
Dash'd by the wood-nymph's beauty, so he burn'd;
Then, lighting on the printless verdure, turn'd
To the swoon'd serpent, and with languid arm,
Delicate, put to proof the lythe Caducean charm.
So done, upon the nymph his eyes he bent
Full of adoring tears and blandishment,
And towards her stept: she, like a moon in wane,
Faded before him, cower'd, nor could restrain

104 grew *1820*: wox *B* 106 bad *B* 107 wierd *B* (*above is pencilled* weir'd) 114 devout, bright-ton'd, psalterian *B* 115 lifted up her circean *B* 116 a *1820*: to *B* 123 half shut *B* sunk *B* 132 languid *1820*: langrous *B* 133 caducean *B*

Her fearful sobs, self-folding like a flower
That faints into itself at evening hour:
But the God fostering her chilled hand,
She felt the warmth, her eyelids open'd bland,
And, like new flowers at morning song of bees,
Bloom'd, and gave up her honey to the lees.
Into the green-recessed woods they flew;
Nor grew they pale, as mortal lovers do.

Left to herself, the serpent now began
To change; her elfin blood in madness ran,
Her mouth foam'd, and the grass, therewith besprent,
Wither'd at dew so sweet and virulent;
Her eyes in torture fix'd, and anguish drear,
Hot, glaz'd, and wide, with lid-lashes all sear,
Flash'd phosphor and sharp sparks, without one cooling tear.
The colours all inflam'd throughout her train,
She writh'd about, convuls'd with scarlet pain:
A deep volcanian yellow took the place
Of all her milder-mooned body's grace;
And, as the lava ravishes the mead,
Spoilt all her silver mail, and golden brede,
Made gloom of all her frecklings, streaks and bars,
Eclips'd her crescents, and lick'd up her stars:
So that, in moments few, she was undrest
Of all her sapphires, greens, and amethyst,
And rubious-argent: of all these bereft,
Nothing but pain and ugliness were left.
Still shone her crown; that vanish'd, also she
Melted and disappear'd as suddenly;
And in the air, her new voice luting soft,
Cried, 'Lycius! gentle Lycius!'—Borne aloft
With the bright mists about the mountains hoar
These words dissolv'd: Crete's forests heard no more.

Whither fled Lamia, now a lady bright,
A full-born beauty new and exquisite?

142 And [she] like *B* new *added above B* 155 vulcanian *B*
156 body's *made out of* bodies *B* 166 disappear'd, as *B*
167–8 And her new voice; soft luting in the air
Cried 'Lycius! gentle Lycius, where, ah where!' *B* (*the last three words struck through in pencil*) 170 dissolved *B* 171 Lamia? Now *B* 172 exquisite. *B*

She fled into that valley they pass o'er
Who go to Corinth from Cenchreas' shore;
And rested at the foot of those wild hills,
The rugged founts of the Peræan rills,
And of that other ridge whose barren back
Stretches, with all its mist and cloudy rack,
South-westward to Cleone. There she stood
About a young bird's flutter from a wood,
Fair, on a sloping green of mossy tread,
By a clear pool, wherein she passioned
To see herself escap'd from so sore ills,
While her robes flaunted with the daffodils.

Ah, happy Lycius!—for she was a maid
More beautiful than ever twisted braid,
Or sigh'd, or blush'd, or on spring-flowered lea
Spread a green kirtle to the minstrelsy:
A virgin purest lipp'd, yet in the lore
Of love deep learned to the red heart's core:
Not one hour old, yet of sciential brain
To unperplex bliss from its neighbour pain;
Define their pettish limits, and estrange
Their points of contact, and swift counterchange;
Intrigue with the specious chaos, and dispart
Its most ambiguous atoms with sure art;
As though in Cupid's college she had spent
Sweet days a lovely graduate, still unshent,
And kept his rosy terms in idle languishment.

Why this fair creature chose so fairily
By the wayside to linger, we shall see;
But first 'tis fit to tell how she could muse
And dream, when in the serpent prison-house,

173 pass o'er *1820*: must pass *B* 174 Who go from Corinth out to Cencreas, *B* 176 The rugged paps of little Perea's rills *B* 179 Southwestward *B* Cleonœ *B* 180 Birds *B* 183 herself, escaped *B*

185 Ah! never heard of, delight never known
Save of one happy mortal! only one,—
Lycius the happy: for she was a Maid *B*
Ah! happy Lycius *wanting in r*

188 Minstrelsey *B* 189 A Virgin, purest-lipp'd *r* 190 deep-learned *r* 192 its *1820*: her *B* 193–5 *No commas in B* 196 Its *1820*: Their *B* 197 College *B*

Of all she list, strange or magnificent:
How, ever, where she will'd, her spirit went;
Whether to faint Elysium, or where
Down through tress-lifting waves the Nereids fair
Wind into Thetis' bower by many a pearly stair;
Or where God Bacchus drains his cups divine,
Stretch'd out, at ease, beneath a glutinous pine;
Or where in Pluto's gardens palatine
Mulciber's columns gleam in far piazzian line.
And sometimes into cities she would send
Her dream, with feast and rioting to blend;
And once, while among mortals dreaming thus,
She saw the young Corinthian Lycius
Charioting foremost in the envious race,
Like a young Jove with calm uneager face,
And fell into a swooning love of him.
Now on the moth-time of that evening dim
He would return that way, as well she knew,
To Corinth from the shore; for freshly blew
The eastern soft wind, and his galley now
Grated the quaystones with her brazen prow
In port Cenchreas, from Egina isle
Fresh anchor'd; whither he had been awhile
To sacrifice to Jove, whose temple there
Waits with high marble doors for blood and incense rare.
Jove heard his vows, and better'd his desire;
For by some freakful chance he made retire
From his companions, and set forth to walk,
Perhaps grown wearied of their Corinth talk:
Over the solitary hills he fared,
Thoughtless at first, but ere eve's star appeared
His phantasy was lost, where reason fades,
In the calm'd twilight of Platonic shades.
Lamia beheld him coming, near, more near—
Close to her passing, in indifference drear,
His silent sandals swept the mossy green;
So neighbour'd to him, and yet so unseen
She stood: he pass'd, shut up in mysteries,
His mind wrapp'd like his mantle, while her eyes

211 Palatine *B* 212 long *over* [far] *B* 220 moth time *B* 224 brasen *B* 225 In harbour Cencreas *B* 226 anchored *B* 228 insence *B* 233 fare'd *B* 234 appeard *B* 236 platonian *B* 238 *No commas in B* 240 neighboured *B*

Follow'd his steps, and her neck regal white
Turn'd—syllabling thus, 'Ah, Lycius bright,
'And will you leave me on the hills alone?
'Lycius, look back! and be some pity shown.'
He did; not with cold wonder fearingly,
But Orpheus-like at an Eurydice;
For so delicious were the words she sung,
It seem'd he had lov'd them a whole summer long:
And soon his eyes had drunk her beauty up,
Leaving no drop in the bewildering cup,
And still the cup was full,—while he, afraid
Lest she should vanish ere his lip had paid
Due adoration, thus began to adore;
Her soft look growing coy, she saw his chain so sure:
'Leave thee alone! Look back! Ah, Goddess, see
'Whether my eyes can ever turn from thee!
'For pity do not this sad heart belie—
'Even as thou vanishest so I shall die.
'Stay! though a Naiad of the rivers, stay!
'To thy far wishes will thy streams obey:
'Stay! though the greenest woods be thy domain,
'Alone they can drink up the morning rain:
'Though a descended Pleiad, will not one
'Of thine harmonious sisters keep in tune
'Thy spheres, and as thy silver proxy shine?
'So sweetly to these ravish'd ears of mine
'Came thy sweet greeting, that if thou shouldst fade
'Thy memory will waste me to a shade:—
'For pity do not melt!'—'If I should stay,'
Said Lamia, 'here, upon this floor of clay,
'And pain my steps upon these flowers too rough,
'What canst thou say or do of charm enough
'To dull the nice remembrance of my home?
'Thou canst not ask me with thee here to roam
'Over these hills and vales, where no joy is,—
'Empty of immortality and bliss!

243 Followed *B* 246 back and *B* 247 did, not *B* 253 affraid *B*
260/261 Thou to Elysium gone, here (*the second* e *added in pencil*) for the vultures I *B* 265 Pliead will *B* 270 Thy *made out of* Their *B*
Memery *made out of* Memeries *B* 272 Lamia 'upon (here *om.*) *B*
278 imortality *B*

'Thou art a scholar, Lycius, and must know
'That finer spirits cannot breathe below
'In human climes, and live: Alas! poor youth,
'What taste of purer air hast thou to soothe
'My essence? What serener palaces,
'Where I may all my many senses please,
'And by mysterious sleights a hundred thirsts appease?
'It cannot be—Adieu!' So said, she rose
Tiptoe with white arms spread. He, sick to lose
The amorous promise of her lone complain,
Swoon'd, murmuring of love, and pale with pain.
The cruel lady, without any show
Of sorrow for her tender favourite's woe,
But rather, if her eyes could brighter be,
With brighter eyes and slow amenity,
Put her new lips to his, and gave afresh
The life she had so tangled in her mesh:
And as he from one trance was wakening
Into another, she began to sing,
Happy in beauty, life, and love, and every thing,
A song of love, too sweet for earthly lyres,
While, like held breath, the stars drew in their panting fires.
And then she whisper'd in such trembling tone,
As those who, safe together met alone
For the first time through many anguish'd days,
Use other speech than looks; bidding him raise
His drooping head, and clear his soul of doubt,
For that she was a woman, and without
Any more subtle fluid in her veins
Than throbbing blood, and that the self-same pains
Inhabited her frail-strung heart as his.
And next she wonder'd how his eyes could miss
Her face so long in Corinth, where, she said,
She dwelt but half retir'd, and there had led
Days happy as the gold coin could invent
Without the aid of love; yet in content

280 [stirips] spirits *B* 282 sooth *B* 283 Pallaces *B* 285 thirsts *pencilled over* thirts *B* 286 be, adieu! *B* 287 Tiptoe with white arms *B: before* Tiptoe *is pencilled* [on]. spread *is added above in pencil in Taylor's hand both before and after* arms, *the second* spread *being inked over* 292 brighter *added above B* 303 though *B* 308 throbb[ed in his] (ing blood *added above*) *B* 309 frail strung *B* 311 where she said *B* 312 retired *B*

Till she saw him, as once she pass'd him by,
Where 'gainst a column he leant thoughtfully
At Venus' temple porch, 'mid baskets heap'd
Of amorous herbs and flowers, newly reap'd
Late on that eve, as 'twas the night before
The Adonian feast; whereof she saw no more,
But wept alone those days, for why should she adore?
Lycius from death awoke into amaze,
To see her still, and singing so sweet lays;
Then from amaze into delight he fell
To hear her whisper woman's lore so well;
And every word she spake entic'd him on
To unperplex'd delight and pleasure known.
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,
Haunters of cavern, lake, and waterfall,
As a real woman, lineal indeed
From Pyrrha's pebbles or old Adam's seed.
Thus gentle Lamia judg'd, and judg'd aright,
That Lycius could not love in half a fright,
So threw the goddess off, and won his heart
More pleasantly by playing woman's part,
With no more awe than what her beauty gave,
That, while it smote, still guaranteed to save.
Lycius to all made eloquent reply,
Marrying to every word a twinborn sigh;
And last, pointing to Corinth, ask'd her sweet,
If 'twas too far that night for her soft feet.
The way was short, for Lamia's eagerness
Made, by a spell, the triple league decrease
To a few paces; not at all surmised
By blinded Lycius, so in her comprized.
They pass'd the city gates, he knew not how,
So noiseless, and he never thought to know.

319 eve, [f] as *B* 320 whereof *1820*; of which *B* 321 shoud *B*
322 woke into an amaze *B* 326 enticed *B* 329 faries *B*
331 Waterfal *B* 333 pyrrha's *added above B* 334 aright (*no stop*) *B*
344 The[y] *B* 345 tripple *B* 346 surmis'd *B*
347 compriz'd *B* 348 City [ag] gates *B* 349 thought *written over* [sued] *B*

As men talk in a dream, so Corinth all,
Throughout her palaces imperial,
And all her populous streets and temples lewd,
Mutter'd, like tempest in the distance brew'd,
To the wide-spreaded night above her towers.
Men, women, rich and poor, in the cool hours,
Shuffled their sandals o'er the pavement white,
Companion'd or alone; while many a light
Flared, here and there, from wealthy festivals,
And threw their moving shadows on the walls,
Or found them cluster'd in the corniced shade
Of some arch'd temple door, or dusky colonnade.

Muffling his face, of greeting friends in fear,
Her fingers he press'd hard, as one came near
With curl'd gray beard, sharp eyes, and smooth bald crown,
Slow-stepp'd, and robed in philosophic gown:
Lycius shrank closer, as they met and past,
Into his mantle, adding wings to haste,
While hurried Lamia trembled: 'Ah,' said he,
'Why do you shudder, love, so ruefully?
'Why does your tender palm dissolve in dew?'—
'I'm wearied,' said fair Lamia: 'tell me who
'Is that old man? I cannot bring to mind
'His features:—Lycius! wherefore did you blind
'Yourself from his quick eyes?' Lycius replied,
''Tis Apollonius sage, my trusty guide
'And good instructor; but to-night he seems
'The ghost of folly haunting my sweet dreams.'

While yet he spake they had arrived before
A pillar'd porch, with lofty portal door,
Where hung a silver lamp, whose phosphor glow
Reflected in the slabbed steps below,
Mild as a star in water; for so new,
And so unsullied was the marble hue,

351 Pallaces *B* 352 streets, and *B* 353 brewd *B* 354 wide-spreded *B* 358 Flar'd *B* 360 cornic'd *B* 361 Colonade *B* 362 face of *B* 363 And pressing hard her fingers, one came near *B* 364 grey *B* 365 step'd *B* rob'd *B* Philosophic *B* 368 'Ah, said he, *B* 371 tell me *1820*: pray *B* 373 feature *B* Lycius! why did you so blind *B* 377 dreams.' *B*: dreams. *1820* 379 A royal-squared, lofty *B* 383 unsullid *B* [was the] marble'[s] [hue] show (did the *added above* [was the]) *B*

So through the crystal polish, liquid fine,
Ran the dark veins, that none but feet divine
Could e'er have touch'd there. Sounds Æolian
Breath'd from the hinges, as the ample span
Of the wide doors disclos'd a place unknown
Some time to any, but those two alone,
And a few Persian mutes, who that same year
Were seen about the markets: none knew where
They could inhabit; the most curious
Were foil'd, who watch'd to trace them to their house:
And but the flitter-winged verse must tell
For truth's sake, what woe afterwards befel,
'Twould humour many a heart to leave them thus,
Shut from the busy world of more incredulous.

PART II

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:—

386 œolian *BH* 388 disclosed *H* 389 Somtime *B* Ever to any *H* 390 [And] And *H* same *added above H*

392/393

[Who strove to trace (maze *written above*) them homeward to their house
Were foild they knew not how—but what can foil
The winged verse? What Poesy not win
The humblest Muse unweried of her toil?
and what can win
The soul
Were foil'd they knew not how, they could not tell
And puzzled
Were foild, but (and *written over* but) how it was they knew not well
Perhaps this
This flitter-winged verse perhaps might tell
If it durst speak, what it should dare to speak
But this (now *written over* this) is Poesy's long ember week
And And against fashion folly 'tis to sin
Tho' over Lamia's head the foery (?) Muse (? Music) flew in
And, but
Were foil'd, they knew not how. this] *H*

392 *numbered* 400 *in H* 393 Were foil'd *added in margin B* Who *B* trace *1820*: maze *HB* them [home] to B 394–5 but. . . befel *written in parenthesis H* 396 leave them thus *written over* close *B*

396–7 to close the door
Upon their happy days, incredulous of more *H*

Title: Part 2nd *B*

That is a doubtful tale from faery land,
Hard for the non-elect to understand.
Had Lycius liv'd to hand his story down,
He might have given the moral a fresh frown,
Or clench'd it quite: but too short was their bliss
To breed distrust and hate, that make the soft voice hiss.
Besides, there, nightly, with terrific glare,
Love, jealous grown of so complete a pair,
Hover'd and buzz'd his wings, with fearful roar,
Above the lintel of their chamber door,
And down the passage cast a glow upon the floor.

For all this came a ruin: side by side
They were enthroned, in the even tide,
Upon a couch, near to a curtaining
Whose airy texture, from a golden string,
Floated into the room, and let appear
Unveil'd the summer heaven, blue and clear,
Betwixt two marble shafts:—there they reposed,
Where use had made it sweet, with eyelids closed,
Saving a tythe which love still open kept,
That they might see each other while they almost slept;
When from the slope side of a suburb hill,
Deafening the swallow's twitter, came a thrill
Of trumpets—Lycius started—the sounds fled,
But left a thought a-buzzing in his head.
For the first time, since first he harbour'd in
That purple-lined palace of sweet sin,
His spirit pass'd beyond its golden bourn
Into the noisy world almost forsworn.
The lady, ever watchful, penetrant,
Saw this with pain, so arguing a want

7 his (h *added in pencil*) *B* 10 makes *B* 11 Besides there, *B* 22 repos'd *B* 23 clos'd *B* 27 Deafning the swallows *C* 29 a thought a-buzzing] a thought a buzzing *B*: a thought, a buzzing *1820* a thought at work *C* his] Lycius' *C*

30–33 [For the first time since that had been his
For the first time since he had harbour'd in
That [happy Palace] purple lined Palace]
For the first time since he soft-harbour'd in
That purple-lined palace of sweet sin
Not His spirit pass'd beyond its golden bourne
Into the world
Into [a world] a busy world almost foresworn (a *over* the *twice*) *C*

33 world, almost *B* 34 The Lady *B*: [Lamia] The Lady *C*

Of something more, more than her empery
Of joys; and she began to moan and sigh
Because he mused beyond her, knowing well
That but a moment's thought is passion's passing bell.
'Why do you sigh, fair creature?' whisper'd he:
'Why do you think?' return'd she tenderly:
'You have deserted me;—where am I now?
'Not in your heart while care weighs on your brow:
'No, no, you have dismiss'd me; and I go
'From your breast houseless: ay, it must be so.'
He answer'd, bending to her open eyes,
Where he was mirror'd small in paradise,
'My silver planet, both of eve and morn!
'Why will you plead yourself so sad forlorn,
'While I am striving how to fill my heart
'With deeper crimson, and a double smart?
'How to entangle, trammel up and snare
'Your soul in mine, and labyrinth you there
'Like the hid scent in an unbudded rose?
'Ay, a sweet kiss—you see your mighty woes.
'My thoughts! shall I unveil them? Listen then!
'What mortal hath a prize, that other men
'May be confounded and abash'd withal,
'But lets it sometimes pace abroad majestical,
'And triumph, as in thee I should rejoice
'Amid the hoarse alarm of Corinth's voice.
'Let my foes choke, and my friends shout afar,

37 Of joys [devote to him] and she *C* 38 mus'd *B* knowing *added above C* 39 moment's] minute's *C* 40 fair Lamia said he *C* 42 where am I now] *replacing* [I am] [you would] *C* 43 wile *C* 45 aye it *B* so. (*no inverted commas*) *B*

44/45 Too fond was I believing, fancy fed (fancy[ing] *C*)
In high deliriums, and blossoms never shed!' (In high *add. marg. C*: deliriums [eternal] *C*) *BC*

47 Wherein he saw himself in Paradise *C* 49 so [fo] sad-folorn? *B*: so sad-forlorn *C* 50 fill *over* [touch] *c* 51 smart? *1820*: smart; *B*: smart *c* 52 entangle, [thee snare] trammel *c* 53 Thy . . . thee *Bc* 54 rose? *1820*: rose. *Bc* 55 Aye *B* Aye that was sweet—you *c*

58/59 [But triumphs shows (shows *added above*) with it it round
But triumphs with it it the more the more majestical] *c*

59 let *c* 61 Amid the [great] buzz [of the City's] buzzd ala⟨r⟩m of corinth's voice ([great] *added above*) *c* 62 choak *B*

61–2 [and to my foes
Life to my friends, a poison to my foes, (and to my foes *above*) a curse
O let our Marriage march speed brilliant as it
Let my friends shout (shout *add. above*), and let my enemies choak] *c*

'While through the thronged streets your bridal car
'Wheels round its dazzling spokes.'—The lady's cheek
Trembled; she nothing said, but, pale and meek,
Arose and knelt before him, wept a rain
Of sorrows at his words; at last with pain
Beseeching him, the while his hand she wrung,
To change his purpose. He thereat was stung,
Perverse, with stronger fancy to reclaim
Her wild and timid nature to his aim:
Besides, for all his love, in self despite
Against his better self, he took delight
Luxurious in her sorrows, soft and new.
His passion, cruel grown, took on a hue
Fierce and sanguineous as 'twas possible
In one whose brow had no dark veins to swell.
Fine was the mitigated fury, like
Apollo's presence when in act to strike
The serpent—Ha, the serpent! certes, she
Was none. She burnt, she lov'd the tyranny,

67 his [purpose] words *B* 71 wild and *added above r* 72 in self despite *over* [and stern against] *r* 72/73 His better self *r*

Between 81 *and* 82 *B has*:

[Became herself a flame—'twas worth an age
Of minor joys to revel in such rage
She was persuaded, and he (/ she) fixt the hour [82]
When he should make a Bride of his fair Paramour. [83]
After the hotest day[s] comes languidest
The colour'd Eve, half-hidden in the west;
So they both look'd, so spake, if breathed sound,
That almost silence is, hath ever found
Compare with nature's quiet. Which lov'd most,
Which had the weakest, strongest, heart so lost,
So ruin'd, wreck'd, destroy'd: [for certes they
Scarcely could tell] they could not guess
Whether 'twas misery or happiness.
Spells are but made to break. Whisper'd the Youth [84]
'Sure some sweet name thou hast; though by my truth
I had not ask'd it, ever thinking thee
Not mortal but of heavenly progeny,
As still I do. Hast any mortal name?
Fif (*sic*) silver appellation for this dazzling frame
Or friends, or kinsfolks on the citied Earth,
To share our marriage feast and nuptial mirth?'
'I have no friends,' said Lamia '[as you list] [92, 98]
Intreat your many guests'. Then all was wist [98]

[*continued overleaf*]

And, all subdued, consented to the hour
When to the bridal he should lead his paramour.
Whispering in midnight silence, said the youth,
'Sure some sweet name thou hast, though, by my truth,
'I have not ask'd it, ever thinking thee
'Not mortal, but of heavenly progeny,
'As still I do. Hast any mortal name,
'Fit appellation for this dazzling frame?
'Or friends or kinsfolk on the citied earth,
'To share our marriage feast and nuptial mirth?'
'I have no friends,' said Lamia, 'no, not one;
'My presence in wide Corinth hardly known:

[*note continued*]

[She fell asleep, and Lycius to the Shade [104]
Of deep sleep in a moment was betray'd.] [105]
no not one; [92]
My presence in wide Corinth is unknown;
My parent's bones are in their dusty urns
Sepulcre'd where no kindled incence burns,
Seeing all their luckless race (*over* [Kin]) are dead save me
And I neglect the holy rite for thee.
Even as you[r] list invite your many guests;
But if, as now it seems, your vision rests
With any pleasure on me, summon not [100]
Old Apollonius. Lycius ignorant what [101–2]
Strange thoughts had led her to an end so blank
Made close enquiry; from whose touch she shrank
Feigning a sleep and he to the dull shade
Of deep sleep in a moment was betray'd.]

The first four of these lines are in the text, at the foot of fol. 17 recto. The next thirty-one lines are written on the verso of fol. 17; the last four on the verso of fol. 19. 5–25 *appear in C, with the variants* half-lidded (6), nature (9), Scarcely could tell if this was misery (12), *om.* (13); whisper'd the youth *over* Said then the youth (14), still *over* [now] (18), Of fit ([silver] *add. above*) sound for this soft ethereal frame (19) (*the whole line added in margin*); *for 23–5 C has*
[Seeing it must be]
Intreat many guests was
[So with] your [own] Then all was wist
She fell asleep, and Lycius to the Shade
[Of sleep sunk with her dreaming (when *above* dreaming) his fancy stray'd]
[Into a Dream]
[Of sleep went]
Of deep sleep in a moment was betray'd.

82 And all *B* 83 When [he should] to the bridal (he should *written above again, after* bridal) *B* 84 Whisping *B* 88 Hast *struck through in pencil:* Is *pencilled above B* 89 Fit [silver] appellation *B* 90 *After* Or *B has* hast thou *pencilled above* kinsfolks *B* [citied] *B*

'My parents' bones are in their dusty urns
'Sepulchred, where no kindled incense burns,
'Seeing all their luckless race are dead, save me,
'And I neglect the holy rite for thee.
'Even as you list invite your many guests;
'But if, as now it seems, your vision rests
'With any pleasure on me, do not bid
'Old Apollonius—from him keep me hid.'
Lycius, perplex'd at words so blind and blank,
Made close inquiry; from whose touch she shrank,
Feigning a sleep; and he to the dull shade
Of deep sleep in a moment was betray'd.

It was the custom then to bring away
The bride from home at blushing shut of day,
Veil'd, in a chariot, heralded along
By strewn flowers, torches, and a marriage song,
With other pageants: but this fair unknown
Had not a friend. So being left alone,
(Lycius was gone to summon all his kin)
And knowing surely she could never win
His foolish heart from its mad pompousness,
She set herself, high-thoughted, how to dress
The misery in fit magnificence.
She did so, but 'tis doubtful how and whence
Came, and who were her subtle servitors.
About the halls, and to and from the doors,
There was a noise of wings, till in short space
The glowing banquet-room shone with wide-arched grace.
A haunting music, sole perhaps and lone
Supportress of the faery-roof, made moan
Throughout, as fearful the whole charm might fade.
Fresh carved cedar, mimicking a glade
Of palm and plantain, met from either side,
High in the midst, in honour of the bride:

94 Parents *B* 95 Sepulcred *B* incense *made out of* insence *B* 96 she *pencilled over* me *B* 97 Who now *pencilled over* And I, *and* s *pencilled after* neglect *B* 97–8 *struck out in pencil B* 101 him *over* [his eye] *B* 103 enquiry *B* 112 was *pencilled, then inked in, over* [being] *B* 121 glowing *written over* [high-lamp'd] *B* *122–62 appear in draft in L 149. See note on 163–72* 122 lone perhaps and sole *C* 123 faiery roof[ing] *C* 124/5 Sweet (*over* [The]) [carved cedar] *C* 125 Fresh Carved Cedar [spread a] mimicking a glade *C* 127 In the high midst *C* honor *B C*

Two palms and then two plantains, and so on,
From either side their stems branch'd one to one
All down the aisled place; and beneath all
There ran a stream of lamps straight on from wall to wall.
So canopied, lay an untasted feast
Teeming with odours. Lamia, regal drest,
Silently paced about, and as she went,
In pale contented sort of discontent,
Mission'd her viewless servants to enrich
The fretted splendour of each nook and niche.
Between the tree-stems, marbled plain at first,
Came jasper pannels; then, anon, there burst
Forth creeping imagery of slighter trees,
And with the larger wove in small intricacies.
Approving all, she faded at self-will,
And shut the chamber up, close, hush'd and still.
Complete and ready for the revels rude,
When dreadful guests would come to spoil her solitude.

The day appear'd, and all the gossip rout.
O senseless Lycius! Madman! wherefore flout
The silent-blessing fate, warm cloister'd hours,
And show to common eyes these secret bowers?
The herd approach'd; each guest, with busy brain,
Arriving at the portal, gaz'd amain,

129 From *over* [On] *C* [a forest and they] *before* their *C* 130 and beneath all *beneath* [far as the eye could view] *C* 133 wing'd odours *written above* [a perfume] *B* (with odours *written in below*) · a perfume *C L* 134 Silently *1820*: Silverly *BCL* pac'd *BL* as *added above C* 135 *om. C* 137 fretted splendor *B*: splendid finish *C* splendid cornicing *L* each *om. L* nich *B* 138 marble'd plain *written over* wainscoated *B*: wainscoated *L* 139 [There] Came *C* 140 creeping [tenderer] *C* slighter *over* [smaller] *C* 141 in *added above C* [smallest their] *before* small *C* intriccacies *L*

141/142
And so till she was sated—then came down
Soft lighing on (*over* [oer]) her Brows (on her head *above*) a brilliant crown
Wreathed turban-like (wise *written above*) of tender wannish fire
And sprinkled o'er with stars like Ariadne's tiar. *C*

143 Hus'd (h *added in pencil B*) *BC* 144 revels rude *over* [woeful time] *C*: *above* time *is* [day] *and below it* [times day of woe] 146 appear'd *over* [came soon] *B*: came soon *C* 147 Lycius! Dolt! Fool! Madman! Lout! *CL* werefore (h *pencilled above*) *B* 148 Why would you murder happiness like yours? *L* 150 approach'd *1820*: arriv'd *written over* [came and] *B*: came and *L* buzzy *L*

And enter'd marveling: for they knew the street,
Remember'd it from childhood all complete
Without a gap, yet ne'er before had seen
That royal porch, that high-built fair demesne;
So in they hurried all, maz'd, curious and keen:
Save one, who look'd thereon with eye severe,
And with calm-planted steps walk'd in austere;
'Twas Apollonius: something too he laugh'd,
As though some knotty problem, that had daft
His patient thought, had now begun to thaw,
And solve and melt:—'twas just as he foresaw.

He met within the murmurous vestibule
His young disciple. ''Tis no common rule,

152 marveling *over* [wondering] *B*: wond'ring *L* 156 they hurried] went one and *L* 157 theron (e *added above*) *B* 159 Appolonius *L* to *L* laught *BL*

162 *is followed in L by these lines:*

Soft went the music, and the tables all
Sparkled beneath the viewless banneral
Of Magic; and dispos'd in double row
Seem'd edged Parterres of white bedded snow,
Adorne'd along the sides with living flowers
Conversing, laughing after sunny showers:
And, as the pleasant appetite entic'd,
Gush came the wine, and sheer the meats were slic'd.
Soft went the Music; the flat salver sang
Kiss'd by the emptied goblet,—and again it rang:
Swift bustled by the servants:—here's a health
Cries one—another—then, as if by stealth,
A Glutton drains a cup of Helicon,
Too fast down, down his throat the brief delight is gone.
'Where is that Music?' cries a Lady fair.
'Aye, where is it my dear? Up in the air?'
Another whispers. 'Poo!' saith Glutton 'Mum!'
Then makes his shiny mouth a napkin for his thumb.

163–72 appear twice in B, in their proper place and finished form, but on an inserted leaf, fol. 21 recto, and in draft on the verso of fol. 19, where they follow, with a blank space between, the last four lines of the passage cancelled after ii. 81 (where see note). H. Buxton Forman considered them to be an afterthought. L appears to pass immediately from 162 to (a first version of) 199. In B 173–4 appear thrice, first cancelled at the foot of fol. 20 after 162, then suo loco *cancelled on leaf 21, and finally uncancelled on the same leaf. On fol. 20 they are given in the form*

Of wealthy lustre was the Banquet room,
Fill'd with light, music, jewels, gold, perfume

and on fol. 21, in the cancelled version, uncompleted—

Of wealthy lustre was the Banquet room
Fill with light, music,

'Lycius,' said he, 'for uninvited guest
'To force himself upon you, and infest
'With an unbidden presence the bright throng
'Of younger friends; yet must I do this wrong,
'And you forgive me.' Lycius blush'd, and led
The old man through the inner doors broad-spread;
With reconciling words and courteous mien
Turning into sweet milk the sophist's spleen.

Of wealthy lustre was the banquet-room,
Fill'd with pervading brilliance and perfume:
Before each lucid pannel fuming stood
A censer fed with myrrh and spiced wood,
Each by a sacred tripod held aloft,
Whose slender feet wide-swerv'd upon the soft
Wool-woofed carpets: fifty wreaths of smoke
From fifty censers their light voyage took
To the high roof, still mimick'd as they rose
Along the mirror'd walls by twin-clouds odorous.
Twelve sphered tables, by silk seats insphered,
High as the level of a man's breast rear'd
On libbard's paws, upheld the heavy gold
Of cups and goblets, and the store thrice told
Of Ceres' horn, and, in huge vessels, wine
Come from the gloomy tun with merry shine.
Thus loaded with a feast the tables stood,
Each shrining in the midst the image of a God.

When in an antichamber every guest
Had felt the cold full sponge to pleasure press'd,
By minist'ring slaves, upon his hands and feet,
And fragrant oils with ceremony meet
Pour'd on his hair, they all mov'd to the feast
In white robes, and themselves in order placed

169 blush *B on fol. 19 v.* 170 broad spread, *B* 171 mein *B* 175 panel *B*
177 sacred *1820*: slender *B* 177/178 [Held aloft] *B* 178 slender *1820*: tripple *B* 182 mirrour'd *B* twin clouds *B* 185 Libbards *B*
191–2 [When in an antichamber every guest
With fragrant oil his
When in an antichamber every guest
Tended by ministering slaves his]
When in an antichamber every guest
Had [had] felt the cold full sponge to pleasure press'd *C*
193 ministring *B* 196 plac'd *B*
195–6 Pour'd on his hair [they all to banquett came
In white wrobes robes hymeneal here a] they all
to [banqe] mov'd to the feast *C*

Around the silken couches, wondering
Whence all this mighty cost and blaze of wealth could spring.

Soft went the music the soft air along,
While fluent Greek a vowel'd undersong
Kept up among the guests, discoursing low
At first, for scarcely was the wine at flow;
But when the happy vintage touch'd their brains,
Louder they talk, and louder come the strains
Of powerful instruments:—the gorgeous dyes,
The space, the splendour of the draperies,
The roof of awful richness, nectarous cheer,
Beautiful slaves, and Lamia's self, appear,
Now, when the wine has done its rosy deed,
And every soul from human trammels freed,
No more so strange; for merry wine, sweet wine,
Will make Elysian shades not too fair, too divine.
Soon was God Bacchus at meridian height;
Flush'd were their cheeks, and bright eyes double bright:
Garlands of every green, and every scent
From vales deflower'd, or forest-trees branch-rent,
In baskets of bright osier'd gold were brought
High as the handles heap'd, to suit the thought
Of every guest, that each, as he did please,
Might fancy-fit his brows, silk-pillow'd at his ease.

What wreath for Lamia? What for Lycius?
What for the sage, old Apollonius?
Upon her aching forehead be there hung
The leaves of willow and of adder's tongue;
And for the youth, quick, let us strip for him
The thyrsus, that his watching eyes may swim
Into forgetfulness; and, for the sage,
Let spear-grass and the spiteful thistle wage
War on his temples. Do not all charms fly
At the mere touch of cold philosophy?

200 *B has* its *pencilled over* a [voyel] (w *written over* y) vowel'd *B*
203 the happy *written over* [Sicilian] *B* 206 splendor *B* 212 too fair too divine *B* 216 branch rent *B* 217 ozier'd *B*

218–19 High as the handles heap'd, of every sort [of]
Of fragrant wreath, that each as he did please *B; not, as H. Buxton Forman says, cancelled;* fragrant *in 219 is added above* 226 Thyrsis *B*

There was an awful rainbow once in heaven:
We know her woof, her texture; she is given
In the dull catalogue of common things.
Philosophy will clip an Angel's wings,
Conquer all mysteries by rule and line,
Empty the haunted air, and gnomed mine—
Unweave a rainbow, as it erewhile made
The tender-person'd Lamia melt into a shade.

By her glad Lycius sitting, in chief place,
Scarce saw in all the room another face,
Till, checking his love trance, a cup he took
Full brimm'd, and opposite sent forth a look
'Cross the broad table, to beseech a glance
From his old teacher's wrinkled countenance,
And pledge him. The bald-head philosopher
Had fix'd his eye, without a twinkle or stir
Full on the alarmed beauty of the bride,
Brow-beating her fair form, and troubling her sweet pride.
Lycius then press'd her hand, with devout touch,
As pale it lay upon the rosy couch:
'Twas icy, and the cold ran through his veins;
Then sudden it grew hot, and all the pains
Of an unnatural heat shot to his heart.
'Lamia, what means this? Wherefore dost thou start?
'Know'st thou that man?' Poor Lamia answer'd not.
He gaz'd into her eyes, and not a jot
Own'd they the lovelorn piteous appeal:
More, more he gaz'd: his human senses reel:
Some hungry spell that loveliness absorbs;
There was no recognition in those orbs.
'Lamia!' he cried—and no soft-toned reply.
The many heard, and the loud revelry
Grew hush; the stately music no more breathes;
The myrtle sicken'd in a thousand wreaths.
By faint degrees, voice, lute, and pleasure ceased;
A deadly silence step by step increased,

236 haunted [hour] Air *B* 237 Unweave *written over* Destroy *B* as it [once u] erewhile *B* 238 melt *made out of* tu⟨rn⟩ *B* 239 her *1820*: whom *B* 243 to [ensure] besmeech (*sic*) *B* 244 Teachers *B* 246 fix'd *1820*: got *B* 247 Full *1820*: Fix'd *B* of his Bride *B* 254 thou *1820*: so *B* 255 Knows't thou *1820*: Dost know *B* 257 pitious *B* 260 was *written over* [is] *B* 263 breaths *B* 265 ceas'd *B* 266 increas'd *B*

Until it seem'd a horrid presence there,
And not a man but felt the terror in his hair.
'Lamia!' he shriek'd; and nothing but the shriek
With its sad echo did the silence break.
'Begone, foul dream!' he cried, gazing again
In the bride's face, where now no azure vein
Wander'd on fair-spaced temples; no soft bloom
Misted the cheek; no passion to illume
The deep-recessed vision:—all was blight;
Lamia, no longer fair, there sat a deadly white.
'Shut, shut those juggling eyes, thou ruthless man!
'Turn them aside, wretch! or the righteous ban
'Of all the Gods, whose dreadful images
'Here represent their shadowy presences,
'May pierce them on the sudden with the thorn
'Of painful blindness; leaving thee forlorn,
'In trembling dotage to the feeblest fright
'Of conscience, for their long offended might,
'For all thine impious proud-heart sophistries,
'Unlawful magic, and enticing lies.
'Corinthians! look upon that gray-beard wretch!
'Mark how, possess'd, his lashless eyelids stretch
'Around his demon eyes! Corinthians, see!
'My sweet bride withers at their potency.'
'Fool!' said the sophist, in an under-tone
Gruff with contempt; which a death-nighing moan
From Lycius answer'd, as heart-struck and lost,
He sank supine beside the aching ghost.
'Fool! Fool!' repeated he, while his eyes still
Relented not, nor mov'd; 'from every ill
'Of life have I preserv'd thee to this day,
'And shall I see thee made a serpent's prey?'

268 terror [hi] in *B* 269 shreik'd . . . shreik *B* 273 fair spac'd *B*
277 Shut! shut *B* eyes! *B* 281 [ban] thorn *B* 282 folorn *B*
284 Conscience *B* 285 proud heart *B* 287 grey *B* 293–4 *These two lines, with the variant* lay *for* sank *in 294, are found written in Keats' hand on the back of a letter of Clare to Taylor: see Intr., pp. xxxi–xxxii*
293 as he sunk supine *B* 294 Upon the Couch where Lamia's beauties pine. *B*
296–8 from every ill
That youth might suffer have I shielded thee
Up to this very hour, and shall I see
Thee married to a Serpent? Pray you Mark,
Corinthians! A Serpent, plain and stark!' *B*

Then Lamia breath'd death breath; the sophist's eye,
Like a sharp spear, went through her utterly,
Keen, cruel, perceant, stinging: she, as well
As her weak hand could any meaning tell,
Motion'd him to be silent; vainly so,
He look'd and look'd again a level—No!
'A Serpent!' echoed he; no sooner said,
Than with a frightful scream she vanished:
And Lycius' arms were empty of delight,
As were his limbs of life, from that same night.
On the high couch he lay!—his friends came round—
Supported him—no pulse, or breath they found,
And, in its marriage robe, the heavy body wound.*

301 percant *B* 302 meaning *written over* [motion] *B* 304 level, No! *B*

* 'Philostratus, in his fourth book *de Vita Apollonii*, hath a memorable instance in this kind, which I may not omit, of one Menippus Lycius, a young man twenty-five years of age, that going betwixt Cenchreas and Corinth, met such a phantasm in the habit of a fair gentlewoman, which taking him by the hand, carried him home to her house, in the suburbs of Corinth, and told him she was a Phœnician by birth, and if he would tarry with her, he should hear her sing and play, and drink such wine as never any drank, and no man should molest him; but she, being fair and lovely, would live and die with him, that was fair and lovely to behold. The young man, a philosopher, otherwise staid and discreet, able to moderate his passions, though not this of love, tarried with her a while to his great content, and at last married her, to whose wedding, amongst other guests, came Apollonius; who, by some probable conjectures, found her out to be a serpent, a lamia, and that all her furniture was, like Tantalus' gold, described by Homer, no substance but mere illusions. When she saw herself descried, she wept, and desired Apollonius to be silent, but he would not be moved, and thereupon she, plate, house, and all that was in it, vanished in an instant. many thousands took notice of this fact, for it was done in the midst of Greece.'

Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy.' *Part* 3. *Sect.* 2. *Memb.* 1. *Subs.* 1.

ISABELLA

OR,

THE POT OF BASIL

AUTOGRAPH (fair copy): *E*.

AUTOGRAPH (draft): *Penn.* (Hist. Soc. of Pennsylvania): stanzas viii, xi. *Welb.* (Welbeck Abbey): stanzas xxv, xxvii 8, xxviii. *Potts*: stanzas xxx–xxxi, xxxiii–xl (in possession of the Rosenbach Company). *Ed.* (Scottish National Portrait Gallery, Edinburgh): stanza xlix and stanza lii 3–8. *H* (Harvard): stanzas liii, lv–lx, lxiii 1–7. *Spenc.* (W. T. Spencer): stanzas xliii 4–5, xlvi 5–6. *Ken.* (fragments given by Severn to Miss Kennaway, sold at Hodgson's 16 Dec. 1937): stanza lxi [lxii (?) on the verso, not legible since the leaf is pasted into a book].

TRANSCRIPTS: W^1W^2; W^3 (shorthand); *L* (*63*): stanzas xii–xiii, xxx.

Dated: 1818 *E*: Written at Teignmouth in the Spring of 1818 at the suggestion of J. H. R. W^1W^2: finished about the latter end of 1818 or the beginning of 1819 W^3.

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.

Title: Isabella; or, The Pot of Basil *1820* W^1: The Pot of Basil EW^2W^3
6 the *1820* W^2: each EW^1 W^3 14 noise *over* [sigh] *E* (*in a different hand?*): noise W^3

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

20 Faulcon *E* 26 paler [than] by *E* 30 lips breathe *1820* W^2: lips breathe *over* [tongue] speak W^1: tongue speak EW^3 36 cool] *variants* soothe *and* calm *pencilled marg.* W^2 39 *On verso of leaf preceding* W^2 *has, pencilled,* If looks 'twill scare away her tears 40 least] worst EW^3

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,
'Lorenzo!'—here she ceas'd her timid quest,
But in her tone and look he read the rest.

45 *Against this line in* W^1 *Keats' hand has pencilled* Stop this as you please
54 so [whisper] lisped W^1
55–56 *So 1820.* $EW^1W^2W^3$ *have*·

Lorenzo, I would clip my ringlet hair
To make thee laugh again and debonnair!

(*the text of 1820 written in in* W^1 *in* W^2 *pencilled above 55 is* on thy brow doth weigh a care *and above 56* wh. Isabella w^d f. *On the back of the leaf preceding E has in a different hand, in pencil*)·

Lorenzo in the twilight Morn was wont
To rouse the clamorous Kennel to the hunt;

W^2 *has pencilled on the back of the leaf preceding the following variants:*

Lorenzo wd I could chace
The cloud of grief that weighs upon thy face
Lorenzo—some
Look on the brow wh. Isabel may share
Does not
Lorenzo some some grief in
Some grief Lorenzo labors in thy breast
Which I w^d fain—she c^d not say the rest.

W^1 *has on the back of the leaf preceding three attempts to re-write the couplet, pencilled and now illegible. Of the first attempt I could decipher*

Lorenzo but her . . . fell
And left her . . . the rest to tell,

and of the second

Lorenzo! then she ceas'd, but in her Breast
Her love (?) . . . spoke tenderly the rest

Between vii and viii $EW^1W^2W^3$ *have the following stanza, crossed through:*

'Then should I be' said he 'full deified;
  And yet I would not have it, clip it not;

[*continued overleaf*]

VIII

'O Isabella, I can half perceive
'That I may speak my grief into thine ear;
'If thou didst ever any thing 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 leadest 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.

55–56 (*cont.*)

For Lady I do love it where 'tis tied
About the Neck I dote on; and that spot
That anxious dimple it doth take a pride
To play about—Aye (Ay W^1) Lady I have got
Its shadow in my heart and ev'ry sweet
Its Mistress owns there summed all complete.

61 This moment's to my doom *Penn.* 62 Thine EW^3 pressing, [nor] would not fear (not *added above*) W^2W^3: W^2 *has a note to* fear—'i.e. alarm' 63 Those eyes EW^3: Thine *made from* Those *Penn.*
63–4 *Against these lines E has pencilled, in a different hand,*

Thine eyes by gazing, nor shd thy hand fear
Unwelcome pressing that it cannot bear.

But the pencilling has become faint with time, and H. Buxton Forman records in the second line pressing; but I cannot live 64 [Without thee] Another *Penn.* 67 must [take] taste W^3 blossom [which] that W^2 70 chime *pencilled over* rhyme, *not in Keats' hand* W^1 75 more *1820*: all $EW^1W^2W^3$

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,

'8 Sung *E* honey'd *1820*: honied $EW^1W^2W^3$ 83 eves *over* [evens] *E*: ueues *Penn.* *xii–xiii found in L (63), without variants* 86/87 [O that into the end it had been so] *Penn.* 99 undergrove *E* 101 indian *E* 02 this *1820*: this (e *pencilled above*) W^2: the EW^3: the *made out of* this W^1

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.

109 proud-quiver'd *1820*: proud quiver'd $EW^1W^2W^3$ 117 bore *pencilled over* did W^2 seethe *1820*: seath EW^3: [scathe] seeth W^1: scath W^2 120 peal *E*: peel *made out of* peal W^3 122 Wretches *E* 125 red lin'd EW^1W^2 126 grecian *E* 131 Hebrews, in *E* their *pencilled over* that W^2 132 beggar-spies *1820*: beggar spies. *E*: beggar spies— W^2: beggar-spies, W^1 133 The Hawks of Shipmast forests; the untired *E* 135 stray away *E*

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 lilies, 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:

Between xvii and xviii the following stanza appears in E and W^3 alone:

Two young Orlandos far away they seem'd,
  But on a near inspect their vapid Miens—
Very alike,—at once themselves redeem'd
  From all suspicion of Romantic spleens—
No fault of theirs, for their good Mother dream'd
  In the longing time of Units in their teens
Of proudly bas'd addition and of net—
  And both their backs were mark'd with tare and tret.

144 the] a EW^3 145 and famed Boccaccio! *1820 and in Keats' hand on back of leaf preceding* W^1: Boccace of green Arno! $EW^1W^2W^3$ 147 spicy *added above E* 150 guittern's EW^3 151–2 *So 1820*: $EW^1W^2W^3$ *have*

For venturing one word unseemly mean
In such a place on such a daring theme.

In E above mean *some word has been written no longer legible. In W^1 the text of 1820 is written in Keats' hand on the back of the leaf preceding*

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.

160 *crossed out in* W^1: *on back of leaf preceding is written in Keats' hand* Thy Muse's Vicar in the english tongue*; but the text of 1820 is written by Woodhouse (?) over the cancelled line and* stet *pencilled there.*
166 blithe *1820* W^1: blythe EW^2 168 olive *over* [forest] *E*
178 Ballustrade *E* 182 loath *E* 183 Speculation EW^1: speculation *1820* W^2

XXIV

'To-day we purpose, ay, 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.

186 apenine *E*: Appennine W^2 187 pry'thee *E and (corr. to* pray thee) W^2. pray thee (*corr. from something else*) W^2 189 courteously as *1820*: courteous, as $EW^1W^2W^3$ 196 footsteps EW^3

199–200 And looking up he saw her smiling (smiling *over* [laughing] *E*) through
A little indoor lattice *leaving 200 unfinished*. EW^3
And looking up he saw her smiling through
A little indoor lattice, morning new *Welb*.

W^1W^2 leave a blank for the two lines (W^2 has the first word And). *In W^1 the blank is filled, in Keats' hand, with the text of 1820 thus*·

When looking up he saw her features [fair] bright
Smile through an in-door Lattice, [debonair] all delight

On debonair W^1 *has a note in Keats' hand:* As I have used this word before in the poem you may use your judgement between your lines and mine. I think my last alteration will do.

On the back of the leaf preceding, a hand believed to be Taylor's has written:

When lo an indoor lattice met his view,
And her fair features smiling playful through.

and this version is entered in shorthand in W^2

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.

207 I'll] I *E*: I'll *made out of* Ile W^3 208 chaunted EW^1 211 straighten'd *E* 212 bullrush *E* 213 Sick *over* [Pale] *E* 218 Love *Welb.* 220 Loneliness *Welb.* is *over* [as] *Welb.* a peace *E* 221 the [dull] break-covert *Welb.* such *over* [the] *Welb.* 222 dipt *E* water] River *EWelb.* 223 Horeses *Welb.* homeward[s] W^1 convusld *Welb.* *See* Hyperion *ii. 27* 224 [happier] richer W^1

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,

Stanza xxx *is given in L 63* 233 wept *ELW*^{3} *Potts*: weeps *1820 W*^{1}*W*^{2} 234 untill *E* 237 What might have been too plainly did she see *L Potts*: *W*^{2} *has the text of 1820, but pencilled on the back of the leaf preceding is*

What might have been full plainly (*over* clearly) doth she see
she clearly seemed to see

242 [her native mind] *Potts* 243 [For joy escap'd she mourn'd] *Potts* 244–5 *Against these lines Keats has pencilled in W*^{1} Please point this as you like. 245 throng [*over* richer Zest] *E* 247 tragic. Passion *EW*^{3}: tragic; Passion W^1: tragic,—Passion *W*^{2}: tragic Passions *Potts* 248 [Exalting her to patient Fortitude] *Potts* And sorrow] A yearning *Potts* 249 eves, *EW*^{1}*W*^{2}: eves *1820* 254 He *W*^{1}

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:

259 dongeon *E* 260 keep *1820* W^1W^2: bind EW^3 *Potts* 261 Time after time *1820* W^1W^2: Month after month EW^3 *Potts* 262 Came [heavy] on *Potts* Himmon's EW^3: Hinnom's (noms *doctored*) W^2 267 drank EW^3 268 [the sick some moments from the Pall] *Potts* 269 gasping *added above* W^3 273 the heavy gloom *Potts* 274 Couches *E* 275 His *over* The *Potts* 276 hair *over* [locks] W^1 which] that EW^3 *Potts* 277 [and stamped his doom] *Potts* 278 taken the soft lute *over* [past his loamed ears] *E* [Upon his [soiled] lips and took the mellow lute] *Potts* 279 and [down] past *Potts* 281 [Strange was the sound] *Potts* pale *1820* W^1W^2 (*but over an erasure* W^1): poor EW^3 *Potts* 282–3 tongue To speak, as W^1

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,

285 Languor *1820* W^1W^2: Langour *E*: Passion *over* [And there was love] *Potts* 287 And *1820* W^1: And *made out of* But W^2: But EW^3 *Potts* (*but* and *in longhand* W^3) through *1820*: through *written in Keats' hand over* [though] W^1: through *made out of* though W^2: though EW^3. *Against the line* W^1 *has pencilled* q. is this word used in Chaucer's sense of *then*? undersong EW^2 288 bryars W^3 290 fears *Potts* 298 whortle-berries *1820*: wortle berries $EW^1W^2W^3$ (The red Bilberries W^2 *on back of preceding leaf*) 300 chestnuts *1820*: chesnuts $EW^1W^2W^3$ 301 sheep-fold *1820*: sheepfold EW^1W^2 302 river] A⟨r⟩no *Potts* 303 one] a EW^2 *Potts* hether EW^3 *Potts* 304 *So 1820*: And it shall turn a diamond in the (my *E*) tomb $EW^1W^2W^3$ *Potts* (I *for* it EW^3 *Potts*: q. it W^3 *marg.*) 306–7 dwelling Alone: *1820*: dwelling; Alone EW^3: dwelling Alone, W^2: dwelling Alone, [alone] W^1 307 [I moan alone] *Potts*
308/9 [Paining me through; those sounds grow strange to me] *E*

'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 art 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 pillowy 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.'

309 While glossy *EW*^{3} *Potts* 310 telling; *E* 311 [to me grow strange] *Potts* 312 [art far beyond them] *Potts* 313 was [and now] *Potts* 314 rage] rave *Potts*: Weep *over* [rage] *E* rage *W*^{3} spirits *over* [shadows] *Potts* 315 taste of earthly bliss *1820 and, in Keats' hand, over* [heaven of a kiss] *W*^{1}: heaven of a kiss *EW*^{2}*W*^{3} Though I forget what Pleasure was a kiss *Potts* 321 mourn'd adieu, dissolv'd *E* 323 of] on *over* [of] *W*^{1} 331 fate *E* 332 us happy *W*^{1} 334 hast *1820 W*^{1}*W*^{3}: has *EW*^{2} (*but* t *added in pencil and inked over in W*^{2})

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;

339 priz'd *E* 341 unsurmiz'd *E* 343 Resolv'd: she *E*
344 forest herse *E* 346 whisper *added above E, bracketed in* W^3
347 campaign EW^1 *and corr. to* champaign W^3 350 should'st *1820*
W^2: [dost] should'st W^1: dost EW^3 356 scull *1820*: skull $EW^1W^2W^3$
359 Ah, that is EW^3

Upon the murderous spot she seem'd to grow,
  Like to a native lily 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.

365 murderous] fatal *Spenc.* 371 kist *E* 373–4 *In* W^1 *the words* unto . . . cries *are struck out: over* unto the bone *is written, in Keats' hand,* Love's sighful throne. *But against the excised words is pencilled* stet, *and on the back of the preceding leaf the 1820 text is written out again (in Taylor's hand?)* 374 danties *E* 376 throw *corr. from* through *E* 382 Three hours they labour'd *1820*: Three hours [were] they labour'd W^1 (labour'd *added above in Keats' hand*): Three hoürs were they W^2 (*above is pencilled* labored *and there is a pencil-bracket round* were *EW*^{3} *have* Three hours were they *but against it is pencilled in E* Three hours beheld them travel *E* 384 weep or rave *pencilled in E* 388 a (*over* the) minstrel's *Ed.*

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 dews
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.

393–5 With duller sliver than the persean sword
They cut away no foul Medusa's head
But one's &c. EW^1W^2 (*but in* W^1 *the text of 1820 is written in in Keats' hand*)

398 If ever any piece of love was dead $EW^1W^2W^3$ *cancelled in* W^1, *where above is written* With fond caress as if it were not dead · *opposite is pencilled*

With fond caress as if it were not dead
The ghastly features of her lover dead.)

399 *Against this line is pencilled in* W^1 Pale Isabella kissd and lowly moand kist *E* 400 cold dead *E* dethron'd *E* 405 fringed] single EW^3 412 Through] Though EW^3 413 wrapt *Ed.* 414 wherein she laid it by *beneath* [that she might ever be] *Ed.* 414/415 [Close (*over* Cloes]) to it and to see it *Ed.* 415 o'er] over *Ed.* 416 basil EW^1W^2: Basil *1820 and so throughout*

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 [illegible]
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;

417 the Moon, the Sun *EH* 423 her] the *H* basil *EW*^{1}*W*^{2}: Basil *1820* 424 moistened *E* 430 mouldring *E* And from the mouldering *pencilled opposite E* 434 desponnidly *H* 435 sombre] lonely *H* 436 Unknow—lethean—sigh *E*: Unknown—Lethean—sigh *W*^{2}*W*^{3}: Ionian—unknown—[one] sigh *H* 437 in] of *H* 438 heads] eyes *H* 440 Tinting *over* [Endging] *H* 443 bronzed *over* [the large] *H*

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.

450 quick Winter chill] thot (*sic*) lightning sear *H* 451 Pelf *EH* 452 noted *over* [marking] *H* 453 From *1820* W^2: Of EHW^1W^2 455 thrown *over* [cast] W^1 457 Wonder'd] marvel'd *H* 458 basil-green *H* 460 [While no] Greatly *H* 461 They *over* [Perplex'd] *H* give *over* [have] *H* 462 Power *written in above H* 463 Her from own *H* gay *over* [rude] (*?*) *H* 464 Remembrance of her Love's delay *over* [Lorenzo's of Lorenzo's stay (*?*)] *H* 465 sift *over* [sea⟨r⟩ch] *H* 469 huried *H* 471 bird *over* [dove] (*?*) W^1 set W^1 her [down] [still] there *H* 472 the basil EW^2

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 you '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.

475 thing *over* [head] *H* 476 But they well knew *H*
478–9 And so left Florence in a moment's space—
Never to turn again away they went *E*: *in H there is no punctuation*: W^3 *marks a pause after* again 482 breathe despondingly] slumber silently *Ken.* 484 Lethean] hesperrian *Ken.* 485 you $EW^1W^2W^3$ (*opposite is pencilled* your (?) *in* W^2): your *Ken. 1820* 486 For Isabel [bereft of] sweet *Ken.* 489 on] at EW^3 492 often time W^3 *Before* 497 [And so she died folorn she was and so she pind] (she was *added above*) *H*

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!'

499 *All but the last three words struck through in H* Flolence *H* did mourn *over* [well mourned] *H* 500 In] At EW^3: for *corr. from* At *H* of] at *H* 501 borne *H* 502 County *H* past *EH* 503 Still is that Ditty sung—O cruelty *H* burthen] burden W^2W^3 504 *cut away in H*

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES

AUTOGRAPH: *H*

TRANSCRIPTS: *EW*^{1}*W*^{2} (*w* variants recorded in *W*^{2} from Keats' revised MS.)

Dated: 1819 *E*: Copied from J. K.'s rough MS. 20 April 1819 written about the latter end of 1818 or beginning of 1819 *W*^{2}

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;

Title: The Eve of St. Agnes *1820 W*^{2}: St. Agnes Eve *EW*^{1} 1 chill *1820 E w*: cold *W*^{1}*W*^{2}: *see L 217* 4 was *1820 EW*^{2}: were *W*^{1} woolly *1820 E w*: sheltered *W*^{2}: *in W*^{1} *a space is left, and* woolly *written in: opposite is pencilled* ? sheltered 7 pious *om. E* from *1820 E*: in *W*^{1}*W*^{2} 9 while *1820 W*^{1}*W*^{2}: as *E w* prayer *1820 E w*: prayers *W*^{1}*W*^{2} 10 prayer *1820 E w*: prayers *W*^{1}*W*^{2}

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 fairily
The brain, new stuff'd, in youth, with triumphs gay

25 went *1820 E w*: turn'd W^1W^2 26 Rough *1820 E w*: Black W^1W^2
27 sake *1820 E w*: souls W^1W^2

Between iii *and* iv W^1W^2 *have the following stanza, struck through in* W^2, *which has a note* This stanza is omitted in the corrected copy.

But there are ears may hear sweet melodies,
And there are eyes to brighten festivals,
And there are feet for nimble minstrelsies,
And many a lip that for the red wine calls.—
Follow, then follow to the illumined halls,
Follow me youth—and leave the eremite—
Give him a tear—then trophied banneral
And many a brilliant tasseling of light
Shall droop from arched ways this high baronial night.

See the letter of Woodhouse printed in Amy Lowell, John Keats, *ii. 317–18.*

30 Soon, up *1820 E w*: and now W^1W^2 32 The level *1820* W^1W^2: The high-lamp'd *w*: High-lamped *E* 33 Were glowing *1820 E w*: Seem'd anxious W^1W^2 37 burst *1820 E w*: step W^1W^2 revelry, *1820 E w*: revelers W^1W^2 38 plume, tiara, and all *1820* W^1W^2: tiara (tiard *E*) and plume and *E w* 39 fairyly *E*

39–42 *So 1820 E w:*

Ah what are they? the idle pulse scarce stirs
The Muse should never make the spirit gay;
Away, bright dulness, laughing fools away,—
And let me tell of one sweet lady there W^1W^2

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, lily 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 otherwhere:
She sigh'd for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the year.

48 from *1820 E w*: of W^1W^2 love *E* 49 honey'd *1820*: honied *all MSS.* 52 lilly *1820*: lily (l[l]y W^2) *all MSS.* 53 enquire *E*

Between vi *and* vii *E w have the following stanza*·

'Twas said her future lord would there appear
Offering as sacrifice—all in the dream—
Delicious food even to her lips brought near:
Viands and wine and fruit and sugar'd cream,
To touch her palate with the fine extreme
Of relish: then soft music heard; and then
More pleasures followed in a dizzy stream
Palpable almost: then to wake again
Warm in the virgin morn, no weeping Magdalen.

57 She scarcely heard *1820 E w*: Touch'd not her heart W^1W^2
57–60 *See L 217*

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 amort,
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,

64 regardless *1820*: uneager *all MSS.* eyes *over* [look] *H* 65 [Her anxious lips mouth full pulp'd with rosy thoughts] *H, the text of 1820 written above* 66 hallowed *added above H* at hand *over* [at hand and] *H* 67 ressort *H* 68 whispersers *H* or *1820 HW¹W²*: and *E w* 70 [She was] hoodwink'd *H* faerey *H added above* all amort *1820 W¹W²*: all a mort *H*: a la mort *E w* 71 Angnes *E* 74 She lingered [fearful who might el] *H, the text of 1820 written in* 75 Porphyro *1820 E w*: Lionel *over* [Porphyro] *H*: Lionel *W¹W²* on fire *1820 W¹W²*: afire *EH w* 76 For Madeline. [Most piteous he implores] *H beneath is written in* [Within] Beside the Portal Doors 76/77 [All Saints] *H* 77 he *added above H* 80 and worship all unseen *over* [or speak or knell] *H* 82 In ventures he (*transposition-marks added*) *H* buzz'd *1820 E w*: damn'd *HW¹W²*

82–4 [He ventures in cloak'd up in (*over?* wrapped in a) dark disguise
Let no Man see him—or a hundred swords
Will storm his heart for all his amorous sighs] *H, followed by the text of 1820* 83 muffel'd *H* hundered sowrds (*made out of* sords) *H* 84 fevrous Citadel *H* 85 hords *H*

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.'

86 and [bloo] hot blooded *H* 87 dogs *added above H* [bark] howl *H* 87/88 [A'Gainst his Name (Na *made out of* Ho) and Lineage] *H* 88 A-gainst his Lineage—not a soul affords *H* 89 foul *over* [dark] *H* 90 weak in body and in soul *beneath* [nigh to loose the] *H* 91 creature *1820 E w*: Beldam *HW*^{1}*W*^{2} 92 shuffling *over* [Tottering] *H* wand *over* [staff] *H* 93 torch's *1820*: torches *all MSS.* (*but corr. to* torch's *W*^{2}) 94 broad *over* [huge] *H* 98 Porphyro *1820*: Jesu *all MSS.* (*but W*^{1} *has* Porphyro *pencilled opposite*) 100 Hildebrand *over* [Ferdinand] *H* 101 the *over* [his] *H* 103 Then ther's that old Lord Maurice *1820 E w*: Then there is old Lord Maurice *W*^{1}*W*^{2}: There's old Francesco Mendez *H* (*over* Francesco Mendez *is* Lord Maurice [Lacey] *and in marg. before* There's *is* Then (*over* [And]) wit *H* 103/104 [Tamer for all his Palsy] *H* 106 in *made out of* on *H* 107 Saints *over* [Gods] *H* 108 Child, [hush hush] or *H*

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 [illegible] room,
Pale, latticed, 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,

109 through a lowly arched way *over* [her along a passage dark] *H* 111 utter'd *E* 113 latticed high *over* [casemented] *H* chill *1820 E w*: high HW^1W^2 the tomb *w* 115 Angela *1820*: Goody *all MSS.* 116 secret *1820*: holy *all MSS.* 117 are *over* [do] *H* weave(ing *added above*) [full] piously *H* 119 holidays *H* 120 seive *E* 122 it fills me with amaze *1820* W^1W^2: it fills me with (*over* in truth it doth) amaze *H*: about these thorny ways *E w* 123 To see thee, Porphyro *1820* W^2 (*over an erased* Lionel W^2): To see thee Lionel W^1: [Young Signor Porphyro] *H*: A-tempting (A tempting *E*) Be'lzebub *E w* 127 laugheth (s *written above*) *H* [in the bright] languid (bright *over* [the bright]) *H* 128 Porphyro *1820 EH w*: Lionel W^1W^2 129 Like *1820 E*: As HW^1W^2 puzzled *over* [doth an] *H*

As spectacled 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,

132 But soon *1820 HW¹W²*: Sudden *E w* 133–4 [and he scarce could brook Tears] *H* (*but nothing substituted*) 134 Tears *1820 W¹W²*: [Tears] *H*: Sighs *E w* though *H* 135 And *1820 W¹*: Sweet *EHW²* in lap of *over* [among those] *H* 136 came like a full-blown rose *1820*: came full blown like a rose *EW²*: *W¹ leaves a blank space and in W² the words are written in a different ink* Sudden a rosy (rosy *added above*) thought [more rosy than the rose] *H* 137 Flushing his brow *1820*: Heated his brow *EW¹W²*: Heated his Brow *over* [Flush'd his young Cheek] *H* his painfle head *H* painful (ed *above*) *W²* 138 Made purple riot *over* [Made riot fierce—and] *H* 139 A *over* [Thi] *H* 143 Go, go! *1820*: O Christ *all MSS.* (O *made out of* by *H*); *opposite is pencilled in W¹* Away 144 Thou canst (*over* [art]) not surely be the [Youth] same that (that *over* [as]) thou didst seem *H* (surely *added above*) 145 by all saints I swear *1820*: by the great St Paul *all MSS.* 146 Quoth *1820*: Swear'th *over* [Says] *H*: Swearth *w*: Swareth *E*: Swears *W¹W²* Porphyro *1820 EH w*: Lionel *W¹*: [Lionel] *W²* 147 whisper its last prayer *1820*: unto heaven call *all MSS.*

In W¹ pencilled opposite to 145–7 *is:*

by the Saints I swear
Quoth Porphyro
shall send to Heaven its prayer

148 displace *1820 E w*: misplace *HW¹W²*

'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 fairies 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.

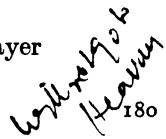
150 believe me by these trears (*sic*) *beneath* [thou hearest how I swear] *H*
152 foeman's *E* 154 How canst thou terrify a feeble soul? *E w* wilt thou *made out of* will you *H* 156 midnight *over* [morning] *H*
158 neer *H* planing *H* 159 Lionel *over* Porphyro *H* from burning *to* 162 woe *om. W*¹ (*the missing portion supplied in pencil in the margin, not I think in Keats' hand*): *in W*² *the words are written in a different ink*
160 woful *1820*: Woeful *EW*²: gentle *HW*¹ 161 That Angela gives promise she will do *1820 EW*²: That the old Beldam promises to do (Beldam . . . do *struck through in H*) *HW*¹ (Dame *over* [Beldam] *H*)
162 wish *1820 EW*²: say *HW*¹

163 [Which was, as all who ever lovd will guess]
Which was to [guide] (lead *above*) him in close secrecy *H*

164 Even *added in marg. H*: To Madeline's [Bed] Chamber *H* 165 Thim *H* of such privacy *1820 w*: if such one there be *HEW*¹*W*² 167 And *1820*: Or *all MSS.* 168 faries *H*: faeries *W*¹*W*² pace'd the Coverlet *over* [cl round her pillow flew] *H* 170 Never *over* [O when] *H* 171 paid *1820 W*¹*W*²: pay'd *HE* his Demon *over* [the demons] *H* his demon[s] *W*²

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.

173 danties *H*: *cf.* 269 *and Isab.* 374 176 For *over* [And] *H* 178 *So 1820 E w*: But wait an hour's passing—kneel in prayer HW^1W^2 (passing *over* [time] *H*) [as the] kneel in prayer ([and] *written in below, before* Kneel) *H* 179 Ah! *1820* HW^1W^2: sooth *E w* 181 off with *over* [out busily] *H* 182 The Lover's endless minutes quckly pass'd *over* [And we will pass the Lover's endless hour] *H* *Against* endless W^1 *has pencilled* anxious slowly *1820 and pencilled in marg.* W^1: quickly HEW^1W^2 183 whisper's *H* 184 agast *HE* 185 dim espial *over* [any noise] *H* 186 *So 1820 E w*: Through lonely (*made out of* loneliest *H*) oaken Galleries they reach HW^1 *and* (*om.* reach) W^2 ([arras] oaken Galleries *over* [passages and], *and* reach *over* [came gain] *H*). W^1 *omits the rest of the stanza, but some one has pencilled in line* 187 *as in 1820 followed by*

There he in panting covert will remain
From Purgatory sweet to view what (*marg.* q. all that) he may attain

186-9 [To The Maiden Chamber]
The Maiden's Chamber silken hush'd and chaste
[Whre closeted he]
[There in a panting covert to remain]
Where he in panting covert will (*over* [must]) remain
[Upon the frontier]
A [purgatory sweet] (A *over* [Love]: *over* Love *is also* [In]
[From (*over* [In]) purgatory sweet] *H*
I⟨n⟩ (*over* [From]) [purgatory sweet to view loves own domain] (or what may he attain *above*) *H* (EW^2 *have the text of 1820*)

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.

xxii *H shows the following cancelled opening:*

> [There secreted
> Scare had old Angela the Stair-case found
> Ere Madeline, like an affrighted Swan (*over* [Bird])
> Flew past her
> Scarce (*made out of* Old An) had]

190 Her *over* [with] *H* falt'ring *1820*: faltering W^1W^2: Fault'ring *E*: faulting *H* Ballustrad *H*: ballustrade *E* 193 mission'd spirit *1820* W^1W^2: mission'd (*added above*) spirit [to her] *H*: spirit to her *E w* 194 [And] with *H* silver *over* [her] *H* taper's *1820* HW^1W^2: taper *E w* pious] gentle *H*
194/195 [Guided her] 195 down the aged gossip led *over* [led the aged gossip down] *H* 196 a *over* [the] *H* save *H* 197 Porphyro *1820* *E w*: Lionel *over* [Porphyro] *H*: Lionel W^1W^2 for gazing *1820*: a-gazing *H*: a gazing EW^1W^2 198 again *added above H* 199 hurried *1820* HW^1W^2: floated *E w* 201 closed HW^1W^2 203 syllable or woe betide. HW^1W^2 205 Paining *made out of* Rending *H* 206 sweel *H* 207 Her [barren] throat [in vain] (in va⟨i⟩n *added again above*) and die heart stifled in her dell *H*

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,

xxiv *H shows two cancelled openings:*

A Casement [ach'd] tripple archd and diamonded
With many coloured glass fronted the moon
In midst [of which] (wereof *above*) a shilded scutcheon shed
High blushing gules; [upon she kneeled saintly down]
And inly prayed for grace and heavenly boon
The blood-red gules fell on her silver cross
And [her] whitest (st *squeezed in*) hands devout

and There was (*added above*) A Casement trpple archd and high
All garlanded with carven imageries
Of fruits and [trailing] flowers and sunny corn ears parchd

208 tripple *HE*: trip[p]le W^1W^2 209 gardneded *H* imageries *H* 210 fruit W^1W^2 knott *H* 212 dies *H* 213 As are *1820 E w*: As is HW^1W^2: As is the tiger moths [rich] deep [damasked] (sunset *over* [damasked]) wings *H*, *over* [As is the wing of evening tiger-moths] damask'd] sunset W^1W^2 214 [And] *H* [the] *H* whereft (*for* whereof?) *above*, *before* 'mong *H* thousand *over* [man⟨y⟩] *H* 215 And [dim twilight] twilight *H* emblasonings *H* 218 warm *1820 E w*: rich W^1W^2: [warm] rich *over* [red] *H* breast *over* [face] *H* 219 Kneeld *H* 220 [Tinging her pious] hands [together] prest *H: over this is written* [And] rose [with red] bloom fell (fell *added above*) on her hands togeth⟨er⟩ 221 on her *added above H*

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.

222 Saint[s] *H* 223 Shee seemd [like an immortal agel drest] *H* · *beneath is* silvery angel newly drest a splendid *1820 E w*: like silver W^1W^2 224 Save *made out of* In *H* Porphyro *1820 E w*: Lionel W^1: [Lionel] W^2: Lionel *over* [Porphyro] *H* 225 knelt] pray'd *E only* so . . . so *1820*: too . . . too *all MSS.* from [worldly] mortal W^1

xxvi *H shows two cancelled openings to this stanza:*

But soon his heart revives—her prayers said
She [lays aside her neel]
Strips her hair of all its pearled (pearled *added above*) wreathes [pearl]
[Unclasps her bosom jewels]
[And twist it in one knot upon her head]

and

But soon his heart revives—her prayers (*corr. to* praying) [soon] done
Of all her (*corr. to* its) wreathed pearl she strips her hair
Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one
Loosens [her] (her bursting *above*) [boddice from her]
[her Boddice lace] string
[her Boddice and her bosom bare]
her
Loosens her fragrant [boddice][and] doth [bare]

226 Anon *over* [But soon] *H* vespers *1820 E*: praying HW^1W^2 227 frees *over* [strips] *H* 229 by degrees *over* [to her knees], *and* [to her knees] *over* [and down slips] *H* 230 rich *1820 E w*: sweet HW^1W^2 creeps rustling to her knees *beneath* [falls light creeps down by] *H* 231 Mermaid in sea weed *over* [Syren of the Sea] *H* 231/232 [And more melodious] *H* 232 *The text printed is that of 1820 E w*: She stands awhile in dreaming thought; and sees (dreaming *added above H*) HW^1W^2 233 in *over* [on] *H* 234 charm is [fl] dead *H*

XXVII

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay,
Until the poppied 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.

235–6 [Then stepping forth she slips]
[The charm fled not—she did not look behind;]
Soon (*made out of* But) trembling in her soft and chilly nest
[She lay and had not seen her]
[She lay and sees (*?*) and till the poppied warmth of sleep]
2 1
She lay in sort of wakeful swoon perplext *H*

237 opprest *H*
238–9 fatigued, away
Flown like a thought until the morrow's day W^1W^2 (*but corr. in* W^2 *to text of 1820*)

241 Clapt *over* [Shut] *H: above, before* Missal *is* [shut claspd] 242 [Dead to] Blinded *H* 243 [close] shut *over* [shut] *H*

xxviii *H shows a cancelled opening to this stanza:*
Her slumbrous breathing
The listening Porphyro her breathing heard
And when
The entranced Porphyro stol'n to Paradise

244 Paradize *H* 245 Porphyro *1820 E*: Porphyro (*over* [Porphyro]) *H*: Porphyro *made out of* [Lionel] W^2: Lionel W^1 246 listen *H* 247 slumbrous *H* 248 that minute did he bless *beneath* [he breath'd himself] *H* 250 Noiseless *over* [Silent] *H* (*but* Silent *again over* Noiseless) [amid] in a wide (*corr. from* wild) *over* [and frozen not with] a *H* wildeness *H* 251 And over (*corr. from* o'er) the [silent] (hush'd *over* [silent]) carpet [hushin⟨g⟩] silent stept *H*. *No comma before or after* silent *in* HW^1 252 where *1820 E w*: and HW^1W^2

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 clarionet,
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 syrups, tinct with cinnamon;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd
From Fez; and spiced dainties, every one,
From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon.

253 Then [on] by *H* faded *1820 Ew*: fading HW^1W^2 254 a dim silver *1820 Ew*: an illumed HW^2: an illumin'd W^1 255 and, half anguish'd, threw] and with anguish spread *over* [light, and stilly] threw *H* and with care quick spread W^1W^2 257 drowy *H* morphean *HE* 258 midnight] braying *E*

258–60 The boisterous midnight festive (festive *added above*) Clarion[s] of the [feast] ([Ball] *over* [feast])
[Sounded though faint and far away]
[[Came] Sound in his ears]
And kettle drum[s] and far heard clarinet
[Reach'd his scar'd ears]
Affray'[d] his ears though but [with] (in *over* [with]) faintest (tone[s]) *H* 259 clarionet *1820*: clarinet HEW^1W^2 261 shut[s] *H* is *over* was *H* 261/262 [But] (*over* [And]) still she slept] *H* 264 from forth (frorth *H*) the closet brought *1820* HW^1W^2: brought from the cabinet *Ew* 265 apple Quince *beneath* [sweets sweets with] ([fruits] *above*) *H* plumb *H* 266 creamy *1820 Ew*: creamed *over* [dairy] *H*: creamed W^1W^2 267 syrup, tinct *E*: syrups tinct (tinct *over* [sooth(?)]) *H* ciannamon *H*

268 [And sugar'd dates from that o'er Euphrates far'd]
Manna and daites in [Brigantine transferrd] *over* [in Brigtine transferrd] (*marg.* argosy): *between the lines* and manna wild and dates *written in*)
[And Manna wild and Brigantine
sugard] dates transferrd
[In Brigantine from Fez] *H*

269 danties *H*: *cf. 173* 270 silken *beneath* [wealthy] (*over* [wealthy] *is* [glutted]) *H* Sa[i]marchand *H*

XXXI

These delicates 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.

271 he heap'd *added above H* hand [he] *H* 272 dishes *1820 E*: salvers HW^1W^2 273 Of [twisted] wreathed *H*

274–6 Amid the quiet of St Agenes' night
Filling the chilly room
[And now saith he my Seraph] with perfume light
Teeming]
And now [saith he] my Love my Seraph fair [may awake] (my Love *and* fair *above*) *H*

274 In the retired quiet of the *pencilled opposite in* W^2 277 thy W^1W^2: thine *1820 H E w*

280–2 [Thus whispering his warm unnerved arms
Sunk in her pillow. Shaded was her sleep
By the dusk curtains; [f] dreamless of alarms
And . . .]
Thus whispering his warm unnerved arm
Sunk in her pillow. Shaded was (*over* [were]) her dream[s]
By the dusk Curtains. 'Twas a midnight charm *H*

281 Sunk *HE* 285 [Broad golden fringe lies wealthy on the f] *H: over this the text of 1820* 286 seem'd *made out of* seems *and* could *out of* can *H* 288 So mus'd *1820 E w*: And [stood] mus'd HW^1W^2 Phantasies *HE*

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:

289 Awaking W^1W^2 292 merci *E* 293 touching [touch'd] *over* [he held] *H* 295 she panted quick *over* [her breathing ceasd] *H* 296 affrayed *1820 E w*: half frayed HW^1W^2 297 sunk EHW^1W^2 smooth *1820* HW^1W^2: fair *E w* 299 The vision of her sleep, now wide awake, *H* visions W^1 300 a *over* [some] *H* 302 which [she shighed] fair *H* 303 moan] mourn *E* witless *1820 E w and margin H*: little HW^1W^2 304 Porphyro *1820 E w*: Porphiro *H*: Lionel W^1W^2 305 *So 1820 E w* (eyes *E*): Who with an aching brow and piteous eye HW^1W^2 306 Feared to move *H*: Fear'd to remove W^1W^2

307 'Ah, Porphyro!' said she, 'but even now *1820 E w*:
[At length] she speaks, 'Ah Porpyro, but
[Ah Porphyro, saith she but] even now *H*:
She speaks—'Ah Lionel, but even now W^1W^2

308 was *added above H* [by] *before* in *H* 309 Made tuneable *1820* HW^1W^2: And tim'd, devout, *E w* with] by *H* sweetest *1820* HW^1W^2: softest *E w* 310 those sad *1820 E w*: thy kind HW^1W^2

'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.

311 How changed at thou, how (how *added above*) *H* art thou *w* chill *1820 HW¹W²*: cold *Ew* 312 Give me the voice again sweet Prospero (sweet Prospero *added in pencil*) *W¹*: Give me again that voice's warbling flow *margin, in pencil, W¹, the pencillings not by Keats*

313 [and that] *before* those *H* 314 etenal *H*
314–15 See while she speaks his arms encroaching slow
Have zon'd her, heart to heart—loud, loud the dark winds blow. *Ew*
315 For *1820*: Ah! *HW¹W²*

xxxvi *In place of* 316–22 *E w have :*

For on the midnight came a tempest fell.
More sooth for that his close (quick *w*) rejoinder flows
Into her burning ear;—and still the spell
Unbroken guards her in serene repose.
With her wild dream he mingled as a rose
Marryeth its odour to a violet.
Still, still she dreams—louder the frost wind blows

316 Impassioned far | beyond a mortal man, *H* (2 | 1) in passioned fear *W¹W²* (*but corrected in W²*) 317 As these *H* [words] *before* accents *H* 318/319 [Was either] *H* 320 [In] Into *over* [With] *H* [bright] dream *H* 321 its] her its *H* [odour] *over* [perfume] *H* 321/322 [An⟨d⟩ (?) as one] *H* 322/323 [Darkness] *H*

324 [Against the Casement gloom] St Agnes moon
Against the Casement dark had set *H* (*over* Casement *in both lines is written* windows)

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,—saved 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.'

325 quick *1820*: still *all MSS.* 329 Porphyro *1820 HE w*: Lionel W^1W^2 330 [Ah] cruel *H* higther *H* 332 [sholdst leave] forsaken *over* [forsakest] *H* 333 [To] A *H* Dove folorn and lost *over* [silent mateless dove] *H* 334 Sweet Dreamer! Lovely bride! *beneath* [Dark is this wintry night] *H* 336 vermil *H* 337 here will *over* [by thee will I] *H* my *added above H* 339–42 *So 1820 E w*

339 [With fearful] features pale and [mournful Pilgrim's weeds] *H: over* features *is written* Pale feautre (*for* Pale-featured) *and over* mournful *is* [in] in weeds of *The original intention was*

With fearful features pale and Pilgrim's weeds

changed, before the line was finished, to

With features pale and mournful Pilgrim's weeds

The final form was

Pale-featured and in weeds of Pilgrimage

and so the line stands in W^1W^2

340–2 I have found, but cannot rob thy downy nest;
Soft Nightingale, I'll keep thee in a cage
To sing to me. But hark! the blended tempest's (tempests W^2) rage W^1W^2
I have found [but will] not rob thy [downy] nest
Soft Nightingale, I'll (I'll *made out of* but) keep thee in a cage
To sing to me—but hark! the blended tempest's rage! *H* (Though

[*continued overleaf*]

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.

340–2 (*cont.*)

in 340 *is added before* I have: *over* [but will] *is* [I can] but can. *The original intention of* 340 *was*

I have found but will not rob thy downy nest

changed first to

I have found but cannot rob thy downy nest

and then to

Though I have found I cannot rob thy nest)

343 [the] *before* 'tis *H* 344 but a boon indeed (*corr. from* in truth) *beneath* [but, my love, to us] *H* 345 Arise Arise (*the second* Arise *over* [my Love]) *H* 347/348 [Over the moors] *H* 348 earrs *H* 349 the sleepy mead *over* [the drenching] (*made out of* drench of) mead *H*

350–1 *So 1820 E w*:
Put on warm clothing (cloathing, *H*) sweet, and fearless be
Over the Dartmoor black (dartmoor blak *H*, *above* [the black Dartmoor]) I have a home for thee *HW*^{1}*W*^{2}. *See the letter of Woodhouse in Amy Lowell, ii. 318*

353 around *over* [about] *H* 354 [Or,] perhaps, at glaring watch, *H*^{2} *H*^{1}
355 [Well] Down *H* 356 heard no *over* [not a] *H*: found no *E*

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.

356/357 [But
Though every
But noise of winds besieging the high doors
But the b
But the besieging Storm
The Lamps were flickering death shads on the wall]
Without, the Tempest kept a hollow roar
The Lamps were flickering
The Lamps were dying in
But here and there a Lamp was flickering out] *H*

357 chain-droop'd *over* [drooping] *H* by each door *over* [here and there] *H* 358 The Arras [flutter'd] rich *H* 359 Flutter'd [with cold] in *H*

361 [Like spirits into the wide-paven hall]
Like Phantoms to the
[They glide,—and to the] iron porch [in haste] they glide *H*, *with the reading of 1820 written, in Keats' hand, in the top margin*

363 lay *beneath* [lay] *and* [slept] *over* [lay] *H* 364 Whith *H* huge *1820 Ew*: large *HW*^{1}*W*^{2} flaggon *1820*: beaker *all MSS.* 365 wakeful *added above H* 366 *So 1820 E w*· But [with a calmed eye his Mistress] owns (his unanger'd eye *over* with a calmed eye *and* inmate *beneath* Mistress) *H*· But quick (quick *crowded in W*^{2}) his calmed eye its mistress owns *W*^{1}*W*^{2} (*the* with *of H might be read as* quick)

366/367 [And paced round Madeline all angerless
The Chains are loos'd the
The Chains are] *H*

367 By one and one the *HE w* the [easy bolts back] slide *H* (*above is* [easy bolts] [full eas], *and above that* full easey) 367/368 [Silent] *H*
368 [Unon the pavement he the heavvy chains]
The Chins lay silent on the footworn stones *H*

chain *W*^{1} lie *1820*: lay *HEW*^{1}*W*^{2} footworn *1820 HE w*: footway *W*^{1}*W*^{2}

XLII

And they are gone: ay, 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.

371 away *1820 Ew*: *om.* HW^1W^2 the [storm] *over* [a night of] Storm[s] *H*
372 Morn *over* [night] *H* 373 warrior Guests (Guests *over* [sons]) *H*
Shade[s] and form[s] *H* 374 Of Witche[s] and (and *added above*) Deamon[s] and large [cha⟨r⟩nal] coffin worm[s] (coffin worm[s] *added below*) *H* 375 long *1820 w*: all *over* [long] *H*: all EW^1W^2 benighmared *H* the old *beneath* [ne'er told] *H*
375–6 *So 1820* HW^1W^2:

Angela went off
Twitch'd with (by *w*) the Palsy; and with face deform
The beadsman stiffen'd, 'twixt a sigh and laugh
Ta'en sudden from his beads by one weak little cough *Ew*

Against these lines in W^2 *Woodhouse has written* Altered 1820.
378 *opposite* For aye W^1 *has pencilled* Long time

POEMS

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

AUTOGRAPH: Cambridge (*C*).
TRANSCRIPTS: *EW*[1]*W*[2] *End.*
Printed in *Annals of the Fine Arts*, July 1819 (*Ann.*).
Dated: May 1819 *W*[1]*End.*: 'C. B. May 1819' *W*[2]: 1819 *E*.

1

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.

2

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:

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.—*Title* wanting in *C*: Ode to a Nightingale *1820*: Ode to the (a *over* the *W*[2]) Nightingale *EW*[1]*W*[2]*End. Ann.* 1 drowsy *over* [painful] *C and marg. in shorthand W*[2] pains *over* [falls] *C and marg. in shorthand W*[2] 2 tho' *End.* 3 empted *C* 4 past *over* [hence] *C*: hence *marg. in shorthand W*[2] 5 thine *made out of* thy *W*[2] 7 light-winged Dryad] Small winged Dryad (*apparently jotted as a variant at the foot of the second page, upside-down*) *C* 11 hath *1820*: has *all MSS.* 12 Cooled *made out of* Cooling *C*: Coole[d] *W*[1] a[n] long (long *added above*) *C* 14 [And] Dance *C* povencal *C* 16 true, the *1820 W*[2]: the *over* and *W*[2]: true and *CEW*[1]*End. Ann.* blissful *E* 17 beaded] cluster'd *C and marg. in shorthand W*[2]: beeded *End.* 20 away *1820 C*: *om. EW*[1]*W*[2] *End. Ann.*

3

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.

4

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.

5

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

22 hast] have *End.* 23 feaver *C* 24 other *1820 C W*^{1} *Ann.*: other's *E End*: other'[s] *W*^{2} 26 spectre *added above C*: and dies *beneath* [and old] *C*: thin and old *marg. in shorthand W*^{2} 27 sorrow *over* [grief] *C* 30 new *added above C* 31 to *over* [with] *C*: to (*marg. in shorthand* with) *W*^{2} 34 Tho' *E End.* 35 thee tender *E* 37 [Clusted] (*nothing substituted for the erased word*) *C* 39 heaven *added above C* 40 [Sidelong] Through veduous *C*: Thro' verdrous *End.*: ʌThro' (Sidelong *marg. in shorthand*) *W*^{2} 41 see] tell *W*^{1} 42 what [blooms] soft *C*: what ʌ soft (*marg. in shorthand* bloom) *W*^{2} insence *C* 43/44 With with *C*

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.

6

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.

7

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.

49 dewy *1820*: dewy *over* [sweetest] W^2: sweetest *CEW*^{1} *End. Ann.* 50 hant *C* 51 and for, many a time, (*with note* i.e. because) W^2 52 been *added above C* 54 quiet] painless *C*: quiet (*shorthand note* 'painless' formerly) W^2 57 though art *C* forth *1820*: thus *all MSS. and Ann.* 58 Extacy *C* 59 would thou *C* [y]ears *C* 59/60 [But requiem'd] *C* 60 To *1820 and made out of* For *C*: For *EW*^{1}*W*^{2} *End. Ann.* requiem, become *CE Ann.* 64 Emperour *C* 65 song *over* [voice] *C*: song (*marg. in shorthand* voice) W^2 66 from home *End.* 69 Charm'd] Char'd *C* magic *over* [the wide] *C*: magic (*marg. in shorthand* the wide) W^2 70 Of [ruthless (?)] perilous *C*: perilous (*marg. in shorthand* ruthless) W^2 faery *1820*: fairy *all MSS. and Ann.* folorn *C*

8

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

TRANSCRIPTS: *ETT²W² End.* (*T* contains stanzas i–iv, *T²* stanza v, both being parts of the same transcript).
Printed in *Annals of the Fine Arts*, No. XV (Jan. 1820?) (*Ann.*).
Dated: 1819 *T*: May 1819 *End.*: '1819. From C. B.' *W²*.

1

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?

71 Folorn *C* world *C* 72 toll (*made out of told*) me back *over* [one me] *C* (*the* o *of* one *first written, apparently,* b) thee unto myself *CW¹* 73 Adieux! *C* 74 fam'd] *Above* fam'd *W² has* feigned J. H. R. ving *over* deceit[ful] *C*: deceitful *marg. in shorthand W²* 79 vision? *E End. Ann.* real or *C*: or a (*marg.* real or) *W²* 80 Music— *1820 C*: music! *W¹*: music? *EW² End. Ann.* (*W² has a note* J. H. R.'s copy has this note of interrogation. It is left out in the Printed Copy—(Why?))

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.—*Title:* Ode on a Grecian Urn *1820 ETW² End*: On a Grecian Urn *Ann.* 1 still, *Ann.* 8 Gods or Men *Ann.* 9 What mad pursuit? *1820*: What love? what dance *all MSS. and Ann.* 10 Extacy *End.*

2

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!

3

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.

4

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.

14 Spirit—ditties *T* 16 can those trees be bare] bid the spring adieu *Ann.* 18 yet *1820*: O *all MSS. and Ann.* 19 tho' *T End.* 22 never *Ann.* 28 All breathing, human W^2 33 at *made out of* to W^2 34 flanks *1820*: sides *all MSS. and Ann.* 37 this *1820 ET* W^1 *End. Ann.*: this *made out of* its (*?*) W^2: its *ed. Smith 1840* 40 ne'er *End.*

5

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

AUTOGRAPH: *L (123) M.*

TRANSCRIPTS: *TW*².

Dated: 'Given by J. K. to J. H. R. 4 May, 1819.' *W*²: 1819 *T*: *Letter date* 3 May 1819.

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,

42 maidens overwrought, *1820 Ann.*: maidens, overwrought *ET*²*W*² *End.*
47 shalt *1820*: wilt *ET*²*W*² *End. Ann.* 48 a *1820 End. Ann.*: as *EW*²*T*²
49 'Beauty . . . beauty' *1820*

ODE TO PSYCHE.—*Title:* Ode to Psyche *LTW*² 4 [to] into *L* soft-chonched ear! *LM* 5 dremt (a *added above*) *M* today; or *LM* 6 awaked *L* 10 roof *1820*: fan *LMTW*² (*in T* roof *is written over* [fan] *in Keats' hand*) 13 'Mid *1820 LT*: Mid *over* [In] *M*: Near *W*² 14 silver-white *1820 MT and pencilled in W*²: freckle-pink *L and, pencilled in Keats' hand, marg. M*: freckled pink (*marg.* freckle) *W*² Tyrian *1820*: Syrian *LMTW*²

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 aurorean 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 inspired.
So let me be thy choir, and make a moan
    Upon the midnight hours;

15 soft breathing *T* 17 bade *1820 T*: bid *LM W²* (bade *pencilled above W²*) 20 tender [dawning] eye-dawn *M*: aurorian *LM W²* (*corr. in pencil W²*) 23 true? *L* 24 lastest *L* 26 Fairer than Night's wide full, sapphire-region'd, star *M* (*over* Night's wide full *is written* [orbed] Phoebe's) 28 hadst *L* 30 delicious *1820 L*: melodious *MT W²* (delicious *pencilled above W²*) 32–4 No[r] (no[r]) *throughout M* 36 brightest *1820*: bloomiest *LMT W²* 42 among *over* [above] *M* 43 my *added above T* own *over* [clear] *M* 44 So *1820 MT*: O *LW²* (So *pencilled above W²*) 45/46 Thy altar heap'd with flowers *M marg.*

Thy voice, thy lute, thy pipe, thy incense sweet
From swinged 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!

FANCY

AUTOGRAPH: *L* (*98*).

TRANSCRIPTS: TT^2W^2 *End.* (T^2 preserves lines 94–5, belonging to the same transcript as *T*). At the end of the poem W^2 has a note: 'from J. H. R. 20 Mar. 1819.'

Dated: 1818 *End.*: 'From C. B. 1818' W^2.

EVER let the Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home:
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;

47 From LTW^2: Thy *M* 54 dark cluster'd *L* 55 wild ridged *M* 56 Zephyrs' streams *L* 57 [charmd] lull'd *L* asleep *corr. to* to sleep *T*: to sleep *corr. in pencil to* asleep W^2 58 wide-quietness *L* 62 gardener-Fancy *MT* [frame] feign *L* 63 [Who plucks (*corr. to* plucking) a thousand flowers and never] pluck[s] the same *M: over* plucking *is written* breeding flowers *and over* never *is* breed 63/64 [So bower'd Goddess will I worship thee] *M* 67 the *added above and* [glide] *before* in *M* To let Love in W^2 (the warm Love *pencilled above*)

FANCY.—*Title:* wanting in *L End.*: Ode to Fancy TW^2

Then let winged Fancy wander
Through the thought still spread beyond her:
Open wide the mind's cage-door,
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.
O sweet Fancy! let her loose;
Summer's joys are spoilt by use,
And the enjoying of the Spring
Fades as does its blossoming;
Autumn's red-lipp'd 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,
Spirit of a winter's night;
When the soundless earth is muffled,
And the caked snow is shuffled
From the ploughboy's heavy shoon;
When the Night doth meet the Noon
In a dark conspiracy
To banish Even from her sky.
Sit thee there, and send abroad,
With a mind self-overaw'd,
Fancy, high-commission'd:—send her!
She has vassals to attend her:
She will bring, in spite of frost,
Beauties that the earth hath lost;
She will bring thee, all together,
All delights of summer weather;
All the buds and bells of May,
From dewy sward or thorny spray
All the heaped Autumn's wealth,
With a still, mysterious stealth:
She will mix these pleasures up
Like three fit wines in a cup,
And thou shalt quaff it:—thou shalt hear
Distant harvest-carols clear;

6 Through the thought *1820*: Towards heaven *LTW*² *End.* 12 does *1820 End.*: doth *LTW*² 15 tasting *1820*: kissing *LTW*² *End.* 16 by the *1820*: in an *L TW*² *End.* 18 winter *L* 24 Even] vesper *L* her] the *L* 25 there] then *L* 28 She has *1820*: She'll have *LTW*² *End.* 29 bring, in *1820 TW*²: bring thee, *L End.* 30 hath] has *L* 33 buds and bells] faery buds *L* 34 From *1820*: On *TW*² *End.* On spring turf or scented spray *L*

Rustle of the reaped corn;
Sweet birds antheming the morn:
And, in the same moment—hark!
'Tis 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;
Shaded hyacinth, alway
Sapphire queen of the mid-May;
And every leaf, and every flower
Pearled with the self-same shower.
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,
When the hen-bird's wing doth rest
Quiet on her mossy nest;
Then the hurry and alarm
When the bee-hive casts its swarm;
Acorns ripe down-pattering,
While the autumn breezes sing.

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

44 'Tis *1820*: To *LTW*² *End.* 45 Or *1820*: And *LTW*² *End.*
50 Hedge-grown *1820 TW*²: Hedge-row *L End.* 54 self-same *1820* same soft *LTW*² *End.* 55 peep] creep *L*

57–8 And the snake, all winter-shrank,
Cast its skin on sunny bank *LTW*² *End.*

59 shalt thou *L* 62 her] its *L* 63 When the hurry *End.*

66/67 For the same sleek-throated mouse
To store up in its winter house *LTW*² *End.* (*in pencil W*²)

68 thing *1820*: sweet *LTW*² *End.*

68/69 Every pleasure, every joy,
Not a mistress but doth cloy *LTW*² *End.*

Whose lip mature is ever new?
Where's the eye, however blue,
Doth not weary? Where's the face
One would meet in every place?
Where's the voice, however soft,
One would hear so very oft?
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth.
Let, then, winged Fancy find
Thee a mistress to thy mind:
Dulcet-eyed as Ceres' daughter,
Ere the God of Torment taught her
How to frown and how to chide;
With a waist and with a side
White as Hebe's, when her zone
Slipt its golden clasp, and down
Fell her kirtle to her feet,
While she held the goblet sweet,
And Jove grew languid.—Break the mesh
Of the Fancy's silken leash;
Quickly break her prison-string
And such joys as these she'll bring.—
Let the winged Fancy roam
Pleasure never is at home.

76 so very *1820*: too oft and *LTW*^{2} *End.* 81 eye'd *End.*

89 *In place of this line LTW*^{2} *End. have*·

And Jove grew languid. Mistress fair!
Thou shalt have that tressed hair
Adonis tangled all for spite,
And the mouth he would not kiss,
And the treasure he would miss;
And the hand he would not press,
And the warmth he would distress.
O the Ravishment—the Bliss!
Fancy has her there she is—
Never fulsome, ever new,
There she steps! and tell me who
Has a Mistress so (to *L*) divine?
Be the palate ne'er so fine
She cannot sicken.
Break the Mesh (Mess *L*)

90/91 Where she's tether'd to the heart *LTW*^{2} *End.* 91 Quick *End.*

ODE

AUTOGRAPH: Hampstead Beaumont & Fletcher (*B-F*) *L* (*98*).
TRANSCRIPTS: W^1W^2 and for 11–end T^2.
Dated: 26 March 1819 W^1: 'from J. H. R. 26 Mar. 1819' W^2: 1818 T^2.

BARDS of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Have ye souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new?
Yes, and those of heaven commune
With the spheres of sun and moon;
With the noise of fountains wond'rous,
And the parle of voices thund'rous;
With the whisper of heaven's trees
And one another, in soft ease
Seated on Elysian lawns
Brows'd by none but Dian's fawns
Underneath large blue-bells tented,
Where the daisies are rose-scented,
And the rose herself has got
Perfume which on earth is not;
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.

Thus ye live on high, and then
On the earth ye live again;
And the souls ye left behind you
Teach us, here, the way to find you,
Where your other souls are joying,
Never slumber'd, never cloying.

ODE.—*Title: wanting in MSS.* 4/5 [With the earth ones I am talking] *B-F* 5 ose *over* th[at] *B-F* commune[s] *B-F* 6 sheres *L* Sun[s] and Moon[s] *B-F* 8 thunderous *B-F* 10 another's *B-F* 12 Broused *B-F* 13 [Where] underneath *B-F* 14 daises *B-F* 16 which] that *L*

19–20 But melodious truth divine
Philosophic numbers fine *B-F* $LT^2W^1W^2$. W^2 *has transposition-marks added against* melodious . . . divine; *and against* fine *is pencilled* sooth
20 In philosophic W^1 21 Tales *over* [Stories] *B-F* 24 high] Earth *L*

Here, your earth-born souls still speak
To mortals, of their little week;
Of their sorrows and delights;
Of their passions and their spites;
Of their glory and their shame;
What doth strengthen and what maim.
Thus ye teach us, every day,
Wisdom, though fled far away.

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

LINES ON THE MERMAID TAVERN

AUTOGRAPH: *C*.
TRANSCRIPTS: *ETW*^{1}*W*^{2} *End. l (41)*.
Dated: 1818 *ET End. and in pencil W*^{1}.

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.

29 souls *over* [loves] *B-F* 30 their] the *B-F LW*^{1}*W*^{2}*T*^{2} 30/31 They must sojourn with their cares *LW*^{2}*T*^{2} *and pencilled W*^{1}: They must sojourn *B-F, the rest cut away* *W*^{2} *has a line space left after this line and a note:* A line is omitted here in the Copy from which I took this. 32 Passion *L* spites *1820 T*^{2}: spights *B-F W*^{1}*W*^{2}

LINES ON THE MERMAID TAVERN.—*Title as above 1820 EW*^{1}*W*^{2} *End. and with* to *for* on *T* 4 Choicer *1820 EW*^{2} ('Choicer CB' *pencilled W*^{2}): Choicer *written in Keats' hand over* [Fairer] *T*: Fairer *W*^{1} *End. C l* 7 Are the *over* Or are *C* 8 Sweeter] Richer *E* 9 O generous *1820 TW*^{1}*W*^{2}*l*: Old generous *C End.*: delicious *E* 10 Drest *1820*: Dress'd *all MSS.* 12 bowse *1820*: bowze *C*: bouze *T End. l*: booze *W*^{1}*W*^{2} (u C. B. *pencilled above W*^{2}): bouse *E*

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?

ROBIN HOOD

AUTOGRAPH: S. R. Townshend Mayer (Leigh Hunt papers) (*L-H*) (I use the record of variants given by H. Buxton Forman).

TRANSCRIPTS: *ET W*^{1}*W*^{2} *End. l* (*44*).

Dated: 1818 *ET*: 3 Feb. 1818 *W*^{2}: 3 Feb. 1819 *W*^{1}.

TO A FRIEND

No! those days are gone away,
And their hours are old and gray,
And their minutes buried all
Under the down-trodden pall
Of the leaves of many years:
Many times have winter's shears,
Frozen North, and chilling East,
Sounded tempests to the feast

15 know wither *E* 18 Said *1820*: Says *all MSS.* 19 new-old sign *End. C*: new old-sign *1820*: new old sign *ET W*^{1}*W*^{2}*l* (*marg.* 'S' C. B.) *W*^{2} 20 Lipping

24–6 *The text as printed 1820 E*:

Are the winds a sweeter home,
Richer is uncellar'd cavern
Than the merry Mermaid Tavern *CT W*^{1}*W*^{2} *End. l*

ROBIN HOOD.—*Title:* Robin Hood | To a Friend *1820*: To John Reynolds in answer to his Robin Hood Sonnets *TW*^{2} *End.*: To John Reynolds in answer to his Sonnets on Robin Hood *E*: To J. H. R. In answer to his Robin Hood Sonnets *W*^{1} *l* 5 old] [have] *L-H* 6 [chilling] *L-H*

Of the forest's whispering fleeces,
Since men knew nor rent nor leases.

No, the bugle sounds no more,
And the twanging bow no more;
Silent is the ivory shrill
Past the heath and up the hill;
There is no mid-forest laugh,
Where lone Echo gives the half
To some wight, amaz'd to hear
Jesting, deep in forest drear.

On the fairest time of June
You may go, with sun or moon,
Or the seven stars to light you,
Or the polar ray to right you;
But you never may behold
Little John, or Robin bold;
Never one, of all the clan,
Thrumming on an empty can
Some old hunting ditty, while
He doth his green way beguile
To fair hostess Merriment,
Down beside the pasture Trent;
For he left the merry tale
Messenger for spicy ale.

Gone, the merry morris din;
Gone, the song of Gamelyn;
Gone, the tough-belted outlaw
Idling in the 'grenè shawe;'

10 knew nor *1820 ET End.* (new *End.*): knew nor *over* [paid no] W^2: paid no *L-H* W^1 *l* nor *1820 ET End.*: nor *over* [and] W^2: and *L-H l*: *om.* W^1 *but* on *add. in pencil*: nor *over* and W^2 12/13 [And the whistle shrill is] *L-H* 15/16 [No old hermit with his] *L-H* 18 Jests deep in (deep in *over* within) *L-H, originally*

18/19 [No more barbed arrows fly
Through one's own roof to the sky] *L-H*

19 In *over* On *L-H* time *over* day *L-H* 21 the [Planets seven] to *L-H* 22 ray] [beam] *L-H*

24–5 [Never meet one of all the clan
Rattling on an empty can
An old hunting ditty] *L-H*

25 one, of all] any of W^1W^2 29 Hostess' *l*: hostess' W^2: Mistress *L-H* 30 pasture-Trent *ET End.* 31 For *over* When *L-H* 32 for *1820*: to *over* for *L-H*: to *ET* W^1W^2 *l End.* 36 shaw *T End. E*

All are gone away and past!
And if Robin should be cast
Sudden from his turfed grave,
And if Marian should have
Once again her forest days,
She would weep, and he would craze:
He would swear, for all his oaks,
Fall'n beneath the dockyard strokes,
Have rotted on the briny seas;
She would weep that her wild bees
Sang not to her—strange! that honey
Can't be got without hard money!

So it is: yet let us sing,
Honour to the old bow-string!
Honour to the bugle-horn!
Honour to the woods unshorn!
Honour to the Lincoln green!
Honour to the archer keen!
Honour to tight little John,
And the horse he rode upon!
Honour to bold Robin Hood,
Sleeping in the underwood!
Honour to maid Marian,
And to all the Sherwood-clan!
Though their days have hurried by
Let us two a burden try.

38–42 [No those times are flown and past
What if Robin should be cast
Sudden from his turfed grave?
How would Marian behave
In the forest now a days?
She would weep and he would craze] *L-H. On the verso is written the text of 1820 with the variants and* all is *for* away and *in 37,* tufted *for* turfed *in 39* 44 dockyard] Woodma(n)'s *L-H* 45 rolled W^2 46 her] his *E* 47–8 'Strange . . . money' (*the inverted commas in* W^2 *initialled* C. B.) W^1W^2l 49 yet *in place of* [then] *L-H* 60/61 [Though their Pleasures] *L-H* 62 You and I a stave will try *L-H*

TO AUTUMN

AUTOGRAPH: *HL* (*153*).

TRANSCRIPTS: *HETT²W²Ch.* (*T* has stanza iii only, *T²* the rest, the two being parts of the same transcript) [*Ch.* is a Scrapbook belonging to Dr. R. W. Chapman. The watermark of the paper is 1818. Though the text agrees with *E* at i. 6 (fruits) I think it is probably derived from the printed text of 1820].

Dated: 1819 *ET²*: 'sent me at Bath by J. K. in a letter 22 Sept. 1819 from Winchester' *W²*.

1

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-eves 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.

2

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

TO AUTUMN.—*Title: wanting in HL*: To Autumn *ET²W²* 4 The Vines with fruit (fruits *E*) *HLE* eves *L* 6 fruits *ECh.*: fruuits *H* ripeness *1820 L*: sweetness (sweeness *H*) *HE*: sweetness *in red ink over* ripeness *W²* 7 hazle *all MSS.* 8 sweet *1820 ET²*: sweet *over* white *W²*: white *HL* 9 still *over* yet *W²* 11 o'er brim'd *E* ther *L* 12 not often seen thee mid *Ch. corr. to the text of 1820* amid thy store *over* [for thy haunts are many] *H* stores *L*: store[s] *W²* 13 abroad *over* [for thee] *H*

15/16 [While bright the Sun slants through the bushy barn (bushy *add. above*)
Or on a half reap'd furrow sound asleep
(*over* Or sound asleep in a half reaped field)
Dosed with red poppies; while thy reeping hook
Spares form some slumbrous
minutes while the warm slumbers creep] *H*

17 Drows'd *1820 Ch.*: Dos'd *H*: Dos'ed *E*: Dosed *T²*: Dos'd *over* Dazed *W²*: Dased *L* the] a *E*

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 oozings hours by hours.

3

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 shallows, 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

AUTOGRAPH: MS. of stanza iii sold at Sotheby's 25 July 1931 (facs. in Catalogue)—(*K*).

TRANSCRIPTS: *ET W*².

Dated: 1819 *ET*: '1819. From C. B.' *W*².

1

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;

18 *The text of 1820 over* [Spares for some slumbrous minutes the next swath] *H* Swath *in Keats' hand over* sheath (*?*) *T*² twined] honied *E*: twined *over* [honied] *T*² (*the correction in Keats' hand*): twined *made out of* twining *Ch.* 19 thou dost] thost dost *H* 20 leaden *E*: l[e]aden *T* a] the *EH*: the *over* a *T*²*W*² 21 palent *H* 22 oozing *T*²*HE* oozings *W*² 23 aye *EL* 25 barred *over* [a gold] *and* bloom *over* [gilds] *H* 26 And touch *corr. from* Touching the *H* with *added above H* 27 wailful] wilder *Ch.* quire *H* 28 sallows [on the] born *H*: born *E* afots *H* 29 and dies *HL*: or (*over* and) dies *W*²: or dies *T* 30 And *corr. from* Then *H* 31 with treble] again full *HET*: again full *over* with treble *W*² 33 [And now flock still] *over* And gathering (And *corr. from* Then) *H*: gathering *1820 HET*: gather'd *LW*² [*In W*² *the variants* sweetness (4), sweet (8), still (9), Dos'd (17), the brook (17), again full (31), gathering (33) *are all stated to be* 'from C. B.'s copy'.

ODE ON MELANCHOLY.—*Title:* Ode on Melancholy *E*: Ode on [to] Melancholy *T*: Ode On (*over* To) Melancholy *W*²

For the cancelled first stanza see page 501 3 kisse'd *E*

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.

2

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;
Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,
  Emprison her soft hand, and let her rave,
    And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

3

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.

14 hills *all MSS.* 21 She lives in beauty *all MSS.* 25 Aye *all MSS.* 27 Though *1820 K*: Tho' *ETW*^{2} him *over* [those] *K* 29 taste *added above K* sadness *1820 ETW*^{2}: anguish *K*

HYPERION

A FRAGMENT

AUTOGRAPH: *A*; for lines 116–27 of Book ii *M*.
TRANSCRIPTS: W^1W^2.
Dated: 1818–19 W^2.

BOOK I

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-hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his lair;
Forest on forest hung above his head
Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feather'd grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more

Title: Hyperion: A Fragment *1820*. W^2 preserves the following cancelled *Advertisement* to the poem:

ADVERTISEMENT

The Publishers [of this Volume] think it right to state that it was not the wish of the Author that the ensuing fragment should [be appear before] meet the public eye. He commenced the Poem just before the Publication of his Endymion; and he abandoned the intention of proceeding with it, in consequence of the reception that work experienced from some of the reviews.—The fragment remains therefore in the same state in which it was originally written; and the Author's health is not at present such as to enable him to make any corrections. The Publishers have however prevailed upon him to allow of its [being printed in] forming a part of this volume: and they are content to take upon themselves whatever blame may attach to its publication.

(wish of the Author *altered from* Author's [intention] wish
at present . . . make *altered from* in that state to allow of his making)

Book I. *Title:* Hyperion. Book I *1820*: Hyperion Book 1st *A* 3 and [evening] Eve's one star *A* 6 above *A* W^2: about *1820* W^1 (*from line 5*)
6/7 [Like Clouds that whose bosoms Thundrous bosoms] *A*
8–9 *1820*:

[Not so much Life as what an eagles (a young vulture's *above*) wing
Would spread upon a field of green car'd corn] *A and marg.* W^1
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not at all the dandelion's fleece W^1W^2 *and marg. A: in line 9* W^2 *has the reading of 1820 pencilled above, perhaps in Keats' hand* (*cf.* Hyperion: A Vision, *i. 313*)

By reason of his fallen divinity
Spreading a shade: the Naiad 'mid her reeds
Press'd her cold finger closer to her lips.

Along the margin-sand large foot-marks went,
No further than to where his feet had stray'd,
And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
Unsceptred; and his realmless eyes were closed;
While his bow'd head seem'd list'ning to the Earth,
His ancient mother, for some comfort yet.

It seem'd no force could wake him from his place;
But there came one, who with a kindred hand
Touch'd his wide shoulders, after bending low
With reverence, though to one who knew it not.
She was a Goddess of the infant world;
By her in stature the tall Amazon
Had stood a pigmy's height: she would have ta'en
Achilles by the hair and bent his neck;
Or with a finger stay'd Ixion's wheel.
Her face was large as that of Memphian sphinx,
Pedestal'd haply in a palace court,
When sages look'd to Egypt for their lore.
But oh! how unlike marble was that face:
How beautiful, if sorrow had not made
Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self.
There was a listening fear in her regard,
As if calamity had but begun;
As if the vanward clouds of evil days
Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
Was with its stored thunder labouring up.

12/13 [Shading across it] *A* 16 stay'd *AW*^{1}; *cf.* Fall of Hyperion, *i. 321* 17 there since upon the [on the] sodden (sodden *added above*) ground *over* [without a motion since that time] *A* 18 nerveless [on the ground] listless dead *A* (*over* [on the ground] *is* [dead supine]) 19 Unscepter'd *A* [ancient] realmless *over* [whitebrowd] *A*

21/22 Thus the old Eagle drowsy with [his grief] great [woes] grief
Sat moulting his weak Plumage never more
To be restored or soar against the Sun,
While his three Sons upon Olympus stood—*A*

and except for the words bracketed W^1W^2: W^2 *has a note* 'originally', *and has enclosed the lines in pencil brackets* 27 By her in stature the *over* Placed by her side the [tallest Amazon] *A* 28 Pigmy's height *over* [little child] *A* 30 eased Ixion's toil *AW*^{1}*W*^{2}: eased Ixion's [pain] toil W^2 33 When [Egypt] Sages *A* 37 list'ning *A*

One hand she press'd upon that aching spot
Where beats the human heart, as if just there,
Though an immortal, she felt cruel pain:
The other upon Saturn's bended neck
She laid, and to the level of his ear
Leaning with parted lips, some words she spake
In solemn tenour and deep organ tone:
Some mourning words, which in our feeble tongue
Would come in these like accents; O how frail
To that large utterance of the early Gods!
'Saturn, look up!—though wherefore, poor old King?
'I have no comfort for thee, no not one:
'I cannot say, "O wherefore sleepest thou?"
'For heaven is parted from thee, and the earth
'Knows thee not, thus afflicted, for a God;
'And ocean too, with all its solemn noise,
'Has from thy sceptre pass'd; and all the air
'Is emptied of thine hoary majesty.
'Thy thunder, conscious of the new command,
'Rumbles reluctant o'er our fallen house;
'And thy sharp lightning in unpractised hands
'Scorches and burns our once serene domain.
'O aching time! O moments big as years!
'All as ye pass swell out the monstrous truth,
'And press it so upon our weary griefs
'That unbelief has not a space to breathe.
'Saturn, sleep on:—O thoughtless, why did I
'Thus violate thy slumbrous solitude?
'Why should I ope thy melancholy eyes?
'Saturn, sleep on! while at thy feet I weep.'

As when, upon a tranced summer-night,
Those green-rob'd senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,

46 ear *1820*: hollow ear AW^2 (hollow *pencil-marked* W^2): [hollow] ear W^1 48 tone *1820* (*and a letter of Woodhouse cited by Amy Lowell*, John Keats, *ii. 301*): tune AW^1W^2 *and* Fall of Hyperion, *i. 350* 52 tho' *A* 62 unpractic'd *over* [a impetuous] *A* 65 All *1820*: Each AW^1W^2 pass [the] swell *A* monstrous *over* [rebel] *A* 67/68 [Or a brief dream to find its way to heaven] *A* 74 Tall *over* [The] *A* [dream by] branch- *over* [stand] charmed *A* 75 And [thus] all night [without a stir they rest remain] *A*: *before* And *the marg. has* Dream *and over* [thus] *is written* so dream: *over* rest remain *is* without a stir

Save from one gradual solitary gust
Which comes upon the silence, and dies off,
As if the ebbing air had but one wave;
So came these words and went; the while in tears
She touch'd her fair large forehead to the ground,
Just where her fallen hair might be outspread
A soft and silken mat for Saturn's feet.
One moon, with alteration slow, had shed
Her silver seasons four upon the night,
And still these two were postured motionless,
Like natural sculpture in cathedral cavern;
The frozen God still couchant on the earth,
And the sad Goddess weeping at his feet:
Until at length old Saturn lifted up
His faded eyes, and saw his kingdom gone,
And all the gloom and sorrow of the place,
And that fair kneeling Goddess; and then spake,
As with a palsied tongue, and while his beard
Shook horrid with such aspen-malady:
'O tender spouse of gold Hyperion,
'Thea, I feel thee ere I see thy face;
'Look up, and let me see our doom in it;
'Look up, and tell me if this feeble shape
'Is Saturn's; tell me, if thou hear'st the voice
'Of Saturn; tell me, if this wrinkling brow,
'Naked and bare of its great diadem,
'Peers like the front of Saturn. Who had power
'To make me desolate? whence came the strength?
'How was it nurtur'd to such bursting forth,
'While Fate seem'd strangled in my nervous grasp?
'But it is so; and I am smother'd up,
'And buried from all godlike exercise
'Of influence benign on planets pale,
'Of admonitions to the winds and seas,

76 gradual] sudden *A*: gradual *over* sudden W^1 solitary *over* [momentary] *A*
78 ebbing *over* [Sea of] *A* 81 fallen *A* W^1W^2 *and* Fall of Hyperion, *i. 380*: falling *1820* be out spread (be out *over* [make]) *A* 85 postur'd *A*
87 Earth *over* [sand] *A* 90 His [faint blue] eyes ([faint blue] *added above, marg.* faded) *A* his [royal] kingdom *A* 91 gloom [of] and *A*
92 and [he said] then spake *A* 96 Thia A 98 and [see if thou] tell *A*
100 this [f] wrinkling *A*
102 Saturn. Who] Saturn! What dost think?
Am I that same—O Chaos who *A* W^1W^2 (*deleted in* W^1)
106 [And yet] But *A* it is so *over* [so it is] *A* 108 [on Sun] on Planets *A*

'Of peaceful sway above man's harvesting,
'And all those acts which Deity supreme
'Doth ease its heart of love in.—I am gone
'Away from my own bosom: I have left
'My strong identity, my real self,
'Somewhere between the throne, and where I sit
'Here on this spot of earth. 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! and tell me, if thou seest
'A certain shape or shadow, making way
'With wings or chariot fierce to repossess
'A heaven he lost erewhile: it must—it must
'Be of ripe progress—Saturn must be King.
'Yes, there must be a golden victory;
'There must be Gods thrown down, and trumpets blown
'Of triumph calm, and hymns of festival
'Upon the gold 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; I will give command:
'Thea! Thea! Thea! where is Saturn?'

This passion lifted him upon his feet,
And made his hands to struggle in the air,
His Druid locks to shake and ooze with sweat,
His eyes to fever out, his voice to cease.
He stood, and heard not Thea's sobbing deep;
A little time, and then again he snatch'd
Utterance thus.—'But cannot I create?
'Cannot I form? Cannot I fashion forth

112 [Must do to ease itself, lest two hot grown]
Doth ease its heart of love in [just as tears
Leave a calm pleasure in the human breast.—
O Thea I must burn—my Spirit gasps] I am gone *A*

115 the *over* [my] *A* 116 spot *1820*: bit AW^1W^2 Thaea *A* 118 lorn *made out of* lone *A* 119 life; Air and (Air *added above A*) AW^2 125 of ripe progress *over* [going on] *A* must [Vic still] be *A* 126 Yes *made out of, or into,* Aye *A*: Aye *over* [Yes] W^2 128 [Blown] Of Triumph *A* 134 Thaea (*for the second* Thea) *A* Where is *over* [am I] *A* 139 and heard not *over* [not hearing] *A*

'Another world, another universe,
'To overbear and crumble this to nought?
'Where is another Chaos? Where?'—That word
Found way unto Olympus, and made quake
The rebel three.—Thea was startled up,
And in her bearing was a sort of hope,
As thus she quick-voic'd spake, yet full of awe.

'This cheers our fallen house: come to our friends,
'O Saturn! come away, and give them heart;
'I know the covert, for thence came I hither.'
Thus brief; then with beseeching eyes she went
With backward footing through the shade a space:
He follow'd, and she turn'd to lead the way
Through aged boughs, that yielded like the mist
Which eagles cleave upmounting from their nest.

Meanwhile in other realms big tears were shed,
More sorrow like to this, and such like woe,
Too huge for mortal tongue or pen of scribe:
The Titans fierce, self-hid, or prison-bound,
Groan'd for the old allegiance once more,
And listen'd in sharp pain for Saturn's voice.
But one of the whole mammoth-brood still kept
His sov'reignty, and rule, and majesty;—
Blazing Hyperion on his orbed fire
Still sat, still snuff'd the incense, teeming up
From Man to the sun's God; yet unsecure:
For as among us mortals omens drear
Fright and perplex, so also shuddered he—
Not at dog's howl, or gloom-bird's hated screech,
Or the familiar visiting of one
Upon the first toll of his passing-bell,
Or prophesyings of the midnight lamp;
But horrors, portion'd to a giant nerve,

144 naught *A* 145 Chaos *A*: chaos *1820* that word [that sound] *A* 147 startled *1820 W*^{2}: started *AW*^{1} 154 backford *A* shade *over* [gloom] *A* 156 that yielded like the mist *1820*: that gave to them (*over* [which to them gave]) like [Air] Mist *A*: that gave to them like Mist *W*^{1}*W*^{2} ('formerly—which to them gave like mist—i.e. yielded' *W*^{1}) 157 cleave] cleave [to] *A* 158 [were] *before* in *A* 159 suchlike *A* 167 insence *A*: *cf. i. 187* 168 Man *A*: man *1820* Sun's *A* 170 shudder'd *AW*^{2} 173 *1820 over* [Just at the tolling of his passing bell] *A* 175 horrors *over* [warnings] *A* portioned *A* a *over* [his] *A* nerve *over* [sense] *A*

Oft made Hyperion ache. His palace bright
Bastion'd with pyramids of glowing gold,
And touch'd with shade of bronzed obelisks,
Glar'd a blood-red through all its thousand courts,
Arches, and domes, and fiery galleries;
And all its curtains of Aurorian clouds
Flush'd angerly: while sometimes eagle's wings,
Unseen before by Gods or wondering men,
Darken'd the place; and neighing steeds were heard,
Not heard before by Gods or wondering men.
Also, when he would taste the spicy wreaths
Of incense, breath'd aloft from sacred hills,
Instead of sweets, his ample palate took
Savour of poisonous brass and metal sick:
And so, when harbour'd in the sleepy west,
After the full completion of fair day,—
For rest divine upon exalted couch
And slumber in the arms of melody,
He pac'd away the pleasant hours of ease
With stride colossal, on from hall to hall;
While far within each aisle and deep recess,
His winged minions in close clusters stood,
Amaz'd and full of fear; like anxious men
Who on wide plains gather in panting troops,
When earthquakes jar their battlements and towers.

176 Oft [made his Chin pressed his curly chin upon his Breast] made Hyperion ache. His palace bright *A* 177 Bastioned *A* 178 and (*marg.*) Touched with [the] shade of *over* [And With chequer black of] bronsed Obelisks *A* (*above* chequer *is written* shading) 181 all its *over* [through] *A* 182 Eagles' W^2 [wings] *A* (*but added again above*) 183 Unseen before *over* [Darkened the place] *A* 185 by [either] Gods *A* wondring *added above A* 186 Also *over* [Sometimes] *A* taste *over* [take] (*but* take *made out of* taste) *A* 187 insence *A*. *cf. i. 167* breathed *A* 189 *So 1820*: [Savor of] savour of poisonous *written, perhaps in Keats' hand, over* A poison feel of W^2: A poison feel of AW^1W^2 (poison *over* [nauseous nauseous] *A* [feel] feel *A*) · *cf.* Fall of Hyperion, *ii. 33* 190 And so *over* [So that] *A* when [he had] harbour'd *A* sleepy *added above A* 191 the [gradual] full *A* 192 For *over* [Instead of] *A* divine *added above A* 193 And slumber[ing to bl] *A* (*over* slumber *is* ble—*the beginnings of* blest *?*) 196 each *over* [deep] *and* [deep] *over* [wide] *A* 198 Amazed and full of fear *over* [In fear and sad amaze] (*over* amaze *is* [surprise]) *A* anxious *added above: over* anxious *is* [trooped] *A* men [at gaze] *A* 199 on wide plains *1820*: on [a] wide plain *A*: on wide plain W^1W^2 panting *over* [mad] *and* [mad] *over* [sad] *A* 200 *So 1820: cf.* Fall of Hyperion, *ii. 42:* When an (an *squeezed in*) Earthquake hath shook their city (the City's W^2) towers AW^1W^2; *but in* W^1W^2 *the text of 1820 is added above* (*in* W^2 *perhaps in Keats' hand*)

Even now, while Saturn, rous'd from icy trance,
Went step for step with Thea through the woods,
Hyperion, leaving twilight in the rear,
Came slope upon the threshold of the west;
Then, as was wont, his palace-door flew ope
In smoothest silence, save what solemn tubes,
Blown by the serious Zephyrs, gave of sweet
And wandering sounds, slow-breathed melodies;
And like a rose in vermeil tint and shape,
In fragrance soft, and coolness to the eye,
That inlet to severe magnificence
Stood full blown, for the God to enter in.

He enter'd, but he enter'd full of wrath;
His flaming robes stream'd out beyond his heels,
And gave a roar, as if of earthly fire,
That scar'd away the meek ethereal Hours
And made their dove-wings tremble. On he flared,
From stately nave to nave, from vault to vault,
Through bowers of fragrant and enwreathed light,
And diamond-paved lustrous long arcades,
Until he reach'd the great main cupola;
There standing fierce beneath, he stampt his foot,
And from the basements deep to the high towers
Jarr'd his own golden region; and before
The quavering thunder thereupon had ceas'd,
His voice leapt out, despite of godlike curb,
To this result: 'O dreams of day and night!
'O monstrous forms! O effigies of pain!
'O spectres busy in a cold, cold gloom!

202 Thiea *A* 202/203 [He of the Sun just lighted from the Air] *A* 205 Then as *over* [As it] *A* door[s] *A W²* 205/206 As opes a Rosebud[s] to a fairie's Lute (opes *corr. to* open, a *before* Rosebud[s] *deleted*) *A: over* As *is* Most like *and over* opes *is* doth a: Most like a rose bud to a faery's Lute *W¹W²* 209 And] Yes *A W¹W²* in vermeil tint and shape *beneath* [in tint and in vermeil] *A* 211 That *made out of* The *A* [Sun's] *before* inlet *A* 214 flaming *over* [fiery] *A* streamed *A* 217 dove-wing *A* he [went] flar'd *A*

217/218 [From gorgeous vault to vault, from space to space
Untill he reached the great main Copula:
And there he stood beneath, he stampt his foot] (Standing fierce *over* [And] there [he stood]) *A* 219 fragrant and enwreathed light *beneath* [wreathed fragrant light u.] *A* 223 [The] And *A* basements *added above A* deep [foundations to] to the *A* 226 lept *A* 227 night? *A*

'O lank-eared Phantoms of black-weeded pools!
'Why do I know ye? why have I seen ye? why
'Is my eternal essence thus distraught
'To see and to behold these horrors new?
'Saturn is fallen, am I too to fall?
'Am I to leave this haven of my rest,
'This cradle of my glory, this soft clime,
'This calm luxuriance of blissful light,
'These crystalline pavilions, and pure fanes,
'Of all my lucent empire? It is left
'Deserted, void, nor any haunt of mine.
'The blaze, the splendor, and the symmetry
'I cannot see—but darkness, death and darkness.
'Even here, into my centre of repose,
'The shady visions come to domineer,
'Insult, and blind, and stifle up my pomp.—
'Fall!—No, by Tellus and her briny robes!
'Over the fiery frontier of my realms
'I will advance a terrible right arm
'Shall scare that infant Thunderer, rebel Jove,
'And bid old Saturn take his throne again.'—
He spake, and ceas'd, the while a heavier threat
Held struggle with his throat but came not forth;
For as in theatres of crowded men
Hubbub increases more they call out 'Hush!'
So at Hyperion's words the Phantoms pale
Bestirr'd themselves, thrice horrible and cold;
And from the mirror'd level where he stood
A mist arose, as from a scummy marsh.
At this, through all his bulk an agony
Crept gradual, from the feet unto the crown,
Like a lithe serpent vast and muscular
Making slow way, with head and neck convuls'd

230 Lank-eard *A W*[1]: Lank-eared *1820 W*[2] 232 distrau't *A* 233 see *over* [mark] *A* *236* This soft clime ... *to 239* ... empire *om. A, added on back of preceding leaf* 236 The (*made out of* This) soft *A* 236/237 Unknow⟨n⟩ elsewhere but] *A* 238 This crystalline Pavillions *A* 243 into *altered to* in *but restored A* centre *over* [old sanctuary] *A* 247 Over *over* Upon] *A* 248 I *made out of* I'll *A* advance [and my an] a terrible *A* 249 Thunderer *A*: thunderer *1820* 250 take *over* [seize] *A* 251 a [d] heavier *A* 255 So *over* [So (*made out of* Or) as wind] *A* 256 Bestir'd *A* horrible *made out of* horibly *A* 257 mirrour'd *over* [glossy] *A* [of] *before* where *A* 258 scummy *over* [stagnant] *A* 259 through all *added above A* 260 Crept [slowly] gradual *over* [From the] from [the] *A* 261 lithe *over* [vast] *A*

From over-strained might. Releas'd, he fled
To the eastern gates, and full six dewy hours
Before the dawn in season due should blush,
He breath'd fierce breath against the sleepy portals,
Clear'd them of heavy vapours, burst them wide
Suddenly on the ocean's chilly streams.
The planet orb of fire, whereon he rode
Each day from east to west the heavens through,
Spun round in sable curtaining of clouds;
Not therefore veiled quite, blindfold, and hid,
But ever and anon the glancing spheres,
Circles, and arcs, and broad-belting colure,
Glow'd through, and wrought upon the muffling dark
Sweet-shaped lightnings from the nadir deep
Up to the zenith,—hieroglyphics old,
Which sages and keen-eyed astrologers
Then living on the earth, with labouring thought
Won from the gaze of many centuries:
Now lost, save what we find on remnants huge
Of stone, or marble swart; their import gone,
Their wisdom long since fled.—Two wings this orb
Possess'd for glory, two fair argent wings,
Ever exalted at the God's approach
And now, from forth the gloom their plumes immense

263 [With spite] *before* From *A* [gripe] *before* might *A* reles'd *A*
264 Six *over* [three] *A* 265 shoud *A* 267 vapours *over* [clouds, and] *A* 267–8 wide Suddenly *1820*: wide And sudden *A*: wide: And, sudden W^1 268 streams. *1820 A*: streams, W^1

271–83 Spun at his round in darkest (*over* blackest) curtaining of clouds
Not therefore hidden up and muffled quite
But (*over* For) ever and anon the glancing spheres
[Shot through] Glow'd through and still [within] about the sable shroud ([within] about the *over* [upon the])
Made sweet-shap'd light[ning]: Wings this [splendent] orb *A*

crossed out; on the back of the leaf preceding is the text of 1820 with the variants following:

272 [dusk dim veild] *before* hid *A* 274 [zones] *before* broad-belting *A*
275 wrought upon *over* [shot struck throughout] *A* dark *over* [blind] *and* [blind] *over something indecipherable A*

281 [Now lost with all]
Now lost [with all their Wisdom and import]
save what we find on remnants huge *A*

283 Their *over* [And all their] *A* Two *1820*: *om. A* 285 Ever *over* [Always] *A* came near *over* approach *A*

Rose, one by one, till all outspreaded were;
While still the dazzling globe maintain'd eclipse,
Awaiting for Hyperion's command.
Fain would he have commanded, fain took throne
And bid the day begin, if but for change.
He might not:—No, though a primeval God:
The sacred seasons might not be disturb'd.
Therefore the operations of the dawn
Stay'd in their birth, even as here 'tis told.
Those silver wings expanded sisterly,
Eager to sail their orb; the porches wide
Open'd upon the dusk demesnes of night
And the bright Titan, phrenzied with new woes,
Unus'd to bend, by hard compulsion bent
His spirit to the sorrow of the time;
And all along a dismal rack of clouds,
Upon the boundaries of day and night,
He stretch'd himself in grief and radiance faint.
There as he lay, the Heaven with its stars
Look'd down on him with pity, and the voice
Of Cœlus, from the universal space,
Thus whisper'd low and solemn in his ear.
'O brightest of my children dear, earth-born
'And sky-engendered, Son of Mysteries
'All unrevealed even to the powers
'Which met at thy creating; at whose joys
'And palpitations sweet, and pleasures soft,
'I, Cœlus, wonder, how they came and whence;
'And at the fruits thereof what shapes they be,
'Distinct, and visible; symbols divine,
'Manifestations of that beauteous life

287 Rose *over* [Came] *A* outspredded *A* 288 [kept] *before* maintain'd *A* 292 [not even] *before* though *A* 293 [Break through] before The ([Disturb] *over* [Break through]) *A* might *over* [could] *A* 295 Stayed *A* [it is writ] *before* here *A* 296 wings expanded sisterly *over* [wings of the Sun were full outsp⟨r⟩ead] *A* 297 Eager *over* [Ready] *A* 298 [Were] opened *A* upon *made out of* on *A* demesnes *made out of* domain *A* 299 bright *over* [enraged] *A* phrensied *A* 300 Unused *A* hard *over* [stern] *A* 304 stretchd *over* [laid] *A* in grief and *over* [supine, and in] *A* 306 Look *A* 307 [born of] *before* from *A* 309 O (*without inverted commas*) *A* 310 sky-engendred *A* 312 [at whose joys] at whose joys *A* 314 [could] *before* came (came *made out of* come) *A* 316 [in form] *after* Distinct *A* 317 [Life and Beauty] *before* beauteous *A*

'Diffus'd unseen throughout eternal space:
'Of these new-form'd art thou, oh brightest child!
'Of these, thy brethren and the Goddesses!
'There is sad feud among ye, and rebellion
'Of son against his sire. I saw him fall,
'I saw my first-born tumbled from his throne!
'To me his arms were spread, to me his voice
'Found way from forth the thunders round his head!
'Pale wox I, and in vapours hid my face.
'Art thou, too, near such doom? vague fear there is:
'For I have seen my sons most unlike Gods.
'Divine ye were created, and divine
'In sad demeanour, solemn, undisturb'd,
'Unruffled, like high Gods, ye liv'd and ruled:
'Now I behold in you fear, hope, and wrath;
'Actions of rage and passion; even as
'I see them, on the mortal world beneath,
'In men who die.—This is the grief, O Son!
'Sad sign of ruin, sudden dismay, and fall!
'Yet do thou strive; as thou art capable,
'As thou canst move about, an evident God;
'And canst oppose to each malignant hour
'Ethereal presence:—I am but a voice;
'My life is but the life of w[illegible]
'No more than winds and [illegible]:—
'But thou canst.—Be thou therefore in the van
'Of Circumstance; yea, seize the arrow's barb
'Before the tense string murmur.—To the earth!
'For there thou wilt find Saturn, and his woes.
'Meantime I will keep watch on thy bright sun,
'And of thy seasons be a careful nurse.'—
Ere half this region-whisper had come down,
Hyperion arose, and on the stars
Lifted his curved lids, and kept them wide
Until it ceas'd; and still he kept them wide:

318 Diffused *A* 319 at thou O *A* 323 tumbled *over* [tumled] *A* 331 [Passionless] *before* Unruffled *A* 332 [On aw] *before* Now *A* you *made out of* ye *A*: ye W^1 333/334 [In widest speculation I do see] *A* 334 [upon] *before* them *A* 337 [wert] *before* art *A* 342 avial *A* 343 [Yet] *before* But *A* 344 Circumstance *A*: circumstance *1820* 345 murmurs *A* W^1 347–8 *added on back of leaf preceding A* 349 had *made out of* has *A* come *over* [gone by] *A* 351 Lifted *over* [Opened] *A*

And still they were the same bright, pa[illegible] stars.
Then with a slow incline of his broad breast,
Like to a diver in the pearly seas,
Forward he stoop'd over the airy shore,
And plung'd all noiseless into the deep night.

HYPERION. BOOK II

JUST at the self-same beat of Time's wide wings
Hyperion slid into the rustled air,
And Saturn gain'd with Thea that sad place
Where Cybele and the bruised Titans mourn'd.
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
Ever as if just rising from a sleep,
Forehead to forehead held their monstrous horns;
And thus in thousand hugest phantasies
Made a fit roofing to this nest of woe.
Instead of thrones, hard flint they sat upon,
Couches of rugged stone, and slaty ridge
Stubborn'd with iron. All were not assembled:
Some chain'd in torture, and some wandering.
Cœus, and Gyges, and Briarëüs,

353 And still [they all were the] same patient stars *A*. *over* [they all were the] *is written* they were the *and* bright *is added above before* patient; *before* they were the *is* [he saw] 356 [into] *before* over *A*

Book II. *Title:* Hyperion. Book II *1820*: Canto 2nd *A*

Before 1 *A has*

[Upon the (*made out of* that) very point of winged time
That saw Hyperion
Hyperion slid]

1 beat *1820* W^1: beat *over* move W^2: move *over* [beat] *A* 4 the *made out of* her *A* Titans *over* [Children] *A* 5 Den *over* place *A* 8 [pouring] *after* Waterfalls *A* 9 Pauring *A* 16 [Rough stones] *before* Couches *A* [edge of] *before* slaty ridge (slaty *made out of* slate) *A*: *above is* sharpedgd ridge 17 [All were not here (*?*) hidden here] *A*: *above is* All [were not here]: *on the back of the leaf preceding is* All were not assembled 18 chained *A*

Typhon, and Dolor, and Porphyrion,
With many more, the brawniest in assault,
Were pent in regions of laborious breath;
Dungeon'd in opaque element, to keep
Their clenched teeth still clench'd, and all their limbs
Lock'd up like veins of metal, crampt and screw'd;
Without a motion, save of their big hearts
Heaving in pain, and horribly convuls'd
With sanguine feverous boiling gurge of pulse.
Mnemosyne was straying in the world;
Far from her moon had Phœbe wandered;
And many else were free to roam abroad,
But for the main, here found they covert drear.
Scarce images of life, one here, one there,
Lay vast and edgeways; 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.
Each one kept shroud, nor to his neighbour gave
Or word, or look, or action of despair.
Creüs was one; his ponderous iron mace
Lay by him, and a shatter'd rib of rock
Told of his rage, ere he thus sank and pined.
Iapetus another; in his grasp,
A serpent's plashy neck; its barbed tongue
Squeez'd from the gorge, and all its uncurl'd length
Dead; and because the creature could not spit
Its poison in the eyes of conquering Jove.
Next Coüus: prone he lay, chin uppermost,
As though in pain; for still upon the flint

20–1, 23–8, 31 *Added in A on back of leaf preceding* 21 brawniest *over* [hugest] *A* in] of *A* 23 Dongeon'd *A* [that kept] *before* to keep *A* 24 and *over* [achd] *A* 25 veins of *over* [veins of] *A* [veins, with] *before* crampt *A* scew'd (r *added above*) *A* 27 Heaving *over* [Labouring] *A* convusl'd A: *cf. Isabella 223* 28 [whelming] boiling *over* feverous gurge *A* 30 Far *over* [And] *A* 31/32 [But for the rest] *A* 32 The [others rest] here found [grief and respite sad] *A: before* The *is added* But for *and* main *is written over* rest *while over the last words is* they covert drear 35 [stones temple] stones *A* folorn *A* 38 [the] throughout *over* [through long] *A* 43 erre *A* sunk AW^1 pin'd *A* 45 tonge *A* 46 Squeezed *A* the *made out of* its *A* 47 [Dead] Dead *A* 48 poison] venom *Woodhouse's copy of Endymion* 50 As though in pain *over* [Pained he seemd] *A* flint] floor *Woodhouse's copy of Endymion*

He ground severe his skull, with open mouth
And eyes at horrid working. Nearest him
Asia, born of most enormous Caf,
Who cost her mother Tellus keener pangs,
Though feminine, than any of her sons:
More thought than woe was in her dusky face,
For she was prophesying of her glory;
And in her wide imagination stood
Palm-shaded temples, and high rival fanes,
By Oxus or in Ganges' sacred isles.
Even as Hope upon her anchor leans,
So leant she, not so fair, upon a tusk
Shed from the broadest of her elephants.
Above her, on a crag's uneasy shelve,
Upon his elbow rais'd, all prostrate else,
Shadow'd Enceladus; once tame and mild
As grazing ox unworried in the meads;
Now tiger-passion'd, lion-thoughted, wroth,
He meditated, plotted, and even now
Was hurling mountains in that second war,
Not long delay'd, that scar'd the younger Gods
To hide themselves in forms of beast and bird.
Not far hence Atlas; and beside him prone
Phorcus, the sire of Gorgons. Neighbour'd close
Oceanus, and Tethys, in whose lap
Sobb'd Clymene among her tangled hair.
In midst of all lay Themis, at the feet
Of Ops the queen; all clouded round from sight,
No shape distinguishable, more than when
Thick night confounds the pine-tops with the clouds:
And many else whose names may not be told.
For when the Muse's wings are air-ward spread,
Who shall delay her flight? And she must chaunt
Of Saturn, and his guide, who now had climb'd

51 severe *added above A*

60 [From Tigris unto Ganges, and far north]
By Oxus (*over* [Tigris]) or in Ganges' shaded isles *A* sacred *1820*: shaded *A W*^{1}*W*^{2} 61 her [her] *A* 62 a *over* [the] *A* 68 lion-thoughted, [secret (*?*)] wrath *A* 72 themselves *made out of* themself *A* 74 [Next] *before* Neighbour'd *A* 78 *I have placed a semicolon after* queen *and a comma after* sight. *A W*^{1}*W*^{2} *have no stops at all save a dash after* sight*: 1820 has no stop after* queen *and a semicolon after* sight 81 else *over* [more] *A* 83 must [trill] chaunt *A* 84 clim'd *A*

With damp and slippery footing from a depth
More horrid still. Above a sombre cliff
Their heads appear'd, and up their stature grew
Till on the level height their steps found ease:
Then Thea spread abroad her trembling arms
Upon the precincts of this nest of pain,
And sidelong fix'd her eye on Saturn's face:
There saw she direst strife; the supreme God
At war with all the frailty of grief,
Of rage, of fear, anxiety, revenge,
Remorse, spleen, hope, but most of all despair.
Against these plagues he strove in vain; for Fate
Had pour'd a mortal oil upon his head,
A disanointing poison: so that Thea,
Affrighted, kept her still, and let him pass
First onwards in, among the fallen tribe.

As with us mortal men, the laden heart
Is persecuted more, and fever'd more,
When it is nighing to the mournful house
Where other hearts are sick of the same bruise;
So Saturn, as he walk'd into the midst,
Felt faint, and would have sunk among the rest,
But that he met Enceladus's eye,
Whose mightiness, and awe of him, at once
Came like an inspiration; and he shouted,
'Titans, behold your God!' at which some groan'd;
Some started on their feet; some also shouted;
Some wept, some wail'd, all bow'd with reverence;
And Ops, uplifting her black folded veil,
Show'd her pale cheeks, and all her forehead wan,
Her eye-brows thin and jet, and hollow eyes.

86 More horrid still. [and now was slowly come]
Above a sombre cliff (sombre *over* [clifted gnarled]) *A*
87 appard *A* 88 [Till their feet] Till *A* 90 *Added in A on back of preceding leaf* Precints *A* 91 eyes *A* 95 of all *added above A* 98 disannointing *A* 100 in, *1820*: in *A* 101 with us *over* [among] *A* 102 fevered *A* 103 mournful [spot] House *A*
105 So, Saturn as *A* 108 mighttiness *A* him at once, *A*
112 Some wept, [some sat up,]
some wail'd, all bow'd with reverance *A*
2 1
114 Shewed *A* 115 Her hollow eyes and eyebrows thin and jet—*A*

After 115 the rest of the leaf has been cut away from A, which thus omits 116–27 (128 is written on the back of the leaf preceding). The missing

There is a roaring in the bleak-grown pines
When Winter lifts his voice; there is a noise
Among immortals when a God gives sign,
With hushing finger, how he means to load
His tongue with the full weight of utterless thought,
With thunder, and with music, and with pomp:
Such noise is like the roar of bleak-grown pines;
Which, when it ceases in this mountain'd world,
No other sound succeeds; but ceasing here,
Among these fallen, Saturn's voice therefrom
Grew up like organ, that begins anew
Its strain, when other harmonies, stopt short,
Leave the dinn'd air vibrating silverly.
Thus grew it up—'Not in my own sad breast,
'Which is its own great judge and searcher out,
'Can I find reason why ye should be thus:
'Not in the legends of the first of days,
'Studied from that old spirit-leaved book
'Which starry Uranus with finger bright
'Sav'd from the shores of darkness, when the waves
'Low-ebb'd still hid it up in shallow gloom;—
'And the which book ye know I ever kept
'For my firm-based footstool:—Ah, infirm!
'Not there, nor in sign, symbol, or portent
'Of element, earth, water, air, and fire,—

portion is preserved in the Morgan Library, New York, with this note in the margin: A piece of the original Manuscript of Hyperion, | in Keats' own handwriting, cut from it (the only extract | so made) for dear Samuel Adams Lee by | Leigh Hunt. March 7th 1856. *The variants of this fragment are cited here under the symbol M* 116 Pines *M* 117 When [When] Winter *M* voice: *M* 118 sign (*no comma*) *M* 121 [or] and *over* [and] *M* Music *M* Pomp *M* 122 Pines; *M* 123 Which when it ceacest *M* world (*no comma*) *M* 124 succeeds; but] [there] is heard, but *M* here (*no comma*) *M* 126 Organ that *M*

127 *is followed in M by*

[And thus it grew:]
[Leaving and leave the air vibrations silver in the roof]

127 strain when *M* [other] other *M* stopt short— *over* [stop short] *M* 128 [And] leave *A* din'd *added above A* vibrated *AW*[1] (*but* vibrating *pencilled in A*) 129 [Not in my own] not (not *made out of* nor) *A* 132 Nor (*made out of* Not) *A* 133 footstool *marg. A: cf. 138* 134 starry *1820*: starr'd *AW*[1] with his finger *AW* 136 hid it up in *over* [scantly touch'd] *A* 136/137 [Nor in that Book, nor in the] *A* 139 in [the] sign *A*

'At war, at peace, or inter-quarreling
'One against one, or two, or three, or all
'Each several one against the other three,
'As fire with air loud warring when rain-floods
'Drown both, and press them both against earth's face.
'Where, finding sulphur, a quadruple wrath
'Unhinges the poor world;—not in that strife,
'Wherefrom I take strange lore, and read it deep,
'Can I find reason why ye should be thus:
'No, no-where can unriddle, though I search,
'And pore on Nature's universal scroll
'Even to swooning, why ye, Divinities,
'The first-born of all shap'd and palpable Gods,
'Should cower beneath what, in comparison,
'Is untremendous might. Yet ye are here,
'O'erwhelm'd, and spurn'd, and batter'd, ye are here!
'O Titans, shall I say "Arise!"—Ye groan:
'Shall I say "Crouch!"—Ye groan. What can I then?
'O Heaven wide! O unseen parent dear!
'What can I? Tell me, all ye brethren Gods,
'How we can war, how engine our great wrath!
'O speak your counsel now, for Saturn's ear
'Is all a-hunger'd. Thou, Oceanus,
'Ponderest high and deep; and in thy face
'I see, astonied, that severe content
'Which comes of thought and musing: give us help!'

So ended Saturn; and the God of the Sea,
Sophist and sage, from no Athenian grove,
But cogitation in his watery shades,
Arose, with locks not oozy, and began,
In murmurs, which his first-endeavouring tongue
Caught infant-like from the far-foamed sands.
'O ye, whom wrath consumes! who, passion-stung,

141 At (*made out of* In) War *A* or *made out of* at *A* inter quarrelling *A*
142 or two or three; or all, *A* 144 loud warring *over* [engaging] *A*
146 Where [these then] finding *A* 150 No, no where [where] can [I find it] ([discover] unriddle *above*) *A* seach *A* 151 [wide] universal *A*
153 first born [and] of *A* 156 spur'd *A* 157 groan—[Alas!] *A*
161 we (*added above*) can [we] war *A* 163 a hungered *A*
165 astonied *made out of* astonishd *A* 167 of *1820*: o' AW^1W^2
169 in his *over* [beneath] *A* [watry] watery *A* shades *over* [gloom] *A*
173 who] who[m] *A* [stings] stung *A* 173/174 [Shut up your senses] *A*

'Writhe at defeat, and nurse your agonies!
'Shut up your senses, stifle up your ears,
'My voice is not a bellows unto ire.
'Yet listen, ye who will, whilst I bring proof
'How ye, perforce, must be content to stoop:
'And in the proof much comfort will I give,
'If ye will take that comfort in its truth.
'We fall by course of Nature's law, not force
Of thunder, or of Jove. Great Saturn, thou
'Hast sifted well the atom-universe;
'But for this reason, that thou art the King,
'And only blind from sheer supremacy,
'One avenue was shaded from thine eyes,
'Through which I wandered to eternal truth.
'And first, as thou wast not the first of powers,
'So art thou not the last; it cannot be:
'Thou art not the beginning nor the end.
'From Chaos and parental Darkness came
'Light, the first fruits of that intestine broil,
'That sullen ferment, which for wondrous ends
'Was ripening in itself. The ripe hour came,
'And with it Light, and Light, engendering
'Upon its own producer, forthwith touch'd
'The whole enormous matter into Life.
'Upon that very hour, our parentage,
'The Heavens and the Earth, were manifest:
'Then thou first born, and we the giant race,
'Found ourselves ruling new and beauteous realms.
'Now comes the pain of truth, to whom 'tis pain;
'O folly! for to bear all naked truths,
'And to envisage circumstance, all calm,
'That is the top of sovereignty. Mark well!

177 whist *A* 178 perfore *A* 178/179 [Healthy content] *A* 179 will I give *over* [may be felt] *A* 180 take [take] that *A* 185 *Added in A between the lines* only *over* [being] *A* 187 Though *A* 188 was *A*

190/191 [Darkness was first and then a light there was;
From Chaos came the Heavens and the Earth
The first grand Parent] *A*

191 Chaos . . . Darkness *A*: chaos . . . darkness *1820: cf. ii. 207* 192 Light ['twas the first of all at] the first *A* 193 which for wondrous *over* [grown unto its height] *A* 194 Was [at strange boil] ripening *A* 195 Light *A*: light *1820* 197 Life *A*: life *1820* 200 first-born . . . giant-race *1820* (*no hyphens in* AW^1W^2)

'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: nor are we
'Thereby more conquer'd, than by us the rule
'Of shapeless Chaos. Say, doth the dull soil
'Quarrel with the proud forests it hath fed,
'And feedeth still, more comely than itself?
'Can it deny the chiefdom of green groves?
'Or shall the tree be envious of the dove
'Because it cooeth, and hath snowy wings
'To wander wherewithal and find its joys?
'We are such forest-trees, and our fair boughs
'Have bred forth, not pale solitary doves,
'But eagles golden-feather'd, who do tower
'Above us in their beauty, and must reign
'In right thereof; for 'tis the eternal law
'That first in beauty should be first in might:
'Yea, by that law, another race may drive
'Our conquerors to mourn as we do now.
'Have ye beheld the young God of the Seas,
'My dispossessor? Have ye seen his face?
'Have ye beheld his chariot, foam'd along
'By noble winged creatures he hath made?
'I saw him on the calmed waters scud,
'With such a glow of beauty in his eyes,
'That it enforc'd me to bid sad farewell
'To all my empire: farewell sad I took,

207 [Kings] Chiefs *A* 209 In [eye]form *A* 210 free, *over* [,voice] *A*
214 we [do] pass *A* 216 conquered *A* than *made out of* that *A*
217 Of shapeless Chaos—[Strife indeed there was]
Say [shall] the [lifel senseless soil] *A*
(*over* [shall] *is* doth, *and* dull soil *is written in beneath* [senseless soil])
223 wherewithall *A* 226 feathered *A* 227 reig[h]n *A* 231 Conquerers *A* ye do *A* 232 of *1820*: o' *A W*^{1}*W*^{2} 237 glow bleauty *A*
238 enforct *A* 239 farewel *A* took *over* [gave] *A*

'And hither came, to see how dolorous fate
'Had wrought upon ye; and how I might best
'Give consolation in this woe extreme.
'Receive the truth, and let it be your balm.'

Whether through poz'd conviction, or disdain,
They guarded silence, when Oceanus
Left murmuring, what deepest thought can tell?
But so it was, none answer'd for a space,
Save one whom none regarded, Clymene;
And yet she answer'd not, only complain'd,
With hectic lips, and eyes up-looking mild,
Thus wording timidly among the fierce:
'O Father, I am here the simplest voice,
'And all my knowledge is that joy is gone,
'And this thing woe crept in among our hearts,
'There to remain for ever, as I fear:
'I would not bode of evil, if I thought
'So weak a creature could turn off the help
'Which by just right should come of mighty Gods;
'Yet let me tell my sorrow, let me tell
'Of what I heard, and how it made me weep,
'And know that we had parted from all hope.
'I stood upon a shore, a pleasant shore,
'Where a sweet clime was breathed from a land
'Of [illegible] quietness, and trees, and flowers.
'Full of calm joy it was, as I of grief;
'Too full of joy and soft delicious warmth;
'So that I felt a movement in my heart
'To chide, and to reproach that solitude
'With songs of misery, music of our woes;
'And sat me down, and took a mouthed shell
'And murmur'd into it, and made melody—
'O melody no more! for while I sang,
'And with poor skill let pass into the breeze
'The dull shell's echo, from a bowery strand
'Just opposite, an island of the sea,

244 pos'd *A* 246 deepest (est *squeezed in*) *A* 247, 249 answered *A* 253 knowlege *A* 257 tun *A: cf. iii. 20* 260 O what *A* 263 was breathed from a Land *beneath* [came breathing from inland] *A* 265 [Full of calm joy] *A* (*but nothing substituted*) 266 deligh[t]cious *A* 268 repoach *A* 270 doown *A* 271 murmured *A* and made Melody *beneath* [and made what till then] *A* 272 fror *A* 273 into *over* [unto] *A*

'There came enchantment with the shifting wind,
'That did both drown and keep alive my ears.
'I threw my shell away upon the sand,
'And a wave fill'd it, as my sense was fill'd
'With that new blissful golden melody.
'A living death was in each gush of sounds,
'Each family of rapturous hurried notes,
'That fell, one after one, yet all at once,
'Like pearl beads dropping sudden from their string:
'And then another, then another strain,
'Each like a dove leaving its olive perch,
'With music wing'd instead of silent plumes,
'To hover round my head, and make me sick
'Of joy and grief at once. Grief overcame,
'And I was stopping up my frantic ears,
'When, past all hindrance of my trembling hands,
'A voice came sweeter, sweeter than all tune,
'And still it cried, "Apollo! young Apollo!
'"The morning-bright Apollo! young Apollo!"
'I fled, it follow'd me, and cried "Apollo!"
'O Father, and O Brethren, had ye felt
'Those pains of mine; O Saturn, hadst thou felt,
'Ye would not call this too indulged tongue
'Presumptuous, in thus venturing to be heard.'

So far her voice flow'd on, like timorous brook
That, lingering along a pebbled coast,
Doth fear to meet the sea: but sea it met,
And shudder'd; for the overwhelming voice
Of huge Enceladus swallow'd it in wrath:
The ponderous syllables, like sullen waves
In the half-glutted hollows of reef-rocks,
Came booming thus, while still upon his arm
He lean'd; not rising, from supreme contempt.
'Or shall we listen to the over-wise,
'Or to the over-foolish, Giant-Gods?
'Not thunderbolt on thunderbolt, till all

281 [pour] gush *A* 282 raptuous *A* 292–3 *Cut away (from the bottom of the page) in A* 294 The [bright Apollo] morning-bright *A* 298 too-indulged *A* tongue *made out of* tonge *A* 299 Presuptuous *A* 300 on [like in] like *A* timuorous *A* 301 pebled *A* 306 hollows [of a] of *A* 308 suprem⟨e⟩ *added above A* contempt [of that mild speech] *A* 308/309 [Of that mild speech] *A* 310 to[o] *A* Giant-Gods *AW*²: giant,-Gods *W*¹: giant, Gods *1820*

'That rebel Jove's whole armoury were spent,
'Not world on world upon these shoulders piled,
'Could agonize me more than baby-words
'In midst of this dethronement horrible.
'Speak! roar! shout! yell! ye sleepy Titans all.
'Do ye forget the blows, the buffets vile?
'Are ye not smitten by a youngling arm?
'Dost thou forget, sham Monarch of the Waves,
'Thy scalding in the seas? What, have I rous'd
'Your spleens with so few simple words as these?
'O joy! for now I see ye are not lost:
'O joy! for now I see a thousand eyes
'Wide-glaring for revenge!'—As this he said,
He lifted up his stature vast, and stood,
Still without intermission speaking thus:
'Now ye are flames, I'll tell you how to burn,
'And purge the ether of our enemies;
'How to feed fierce the crooked stings of fire,
'And singe away the swollen clouds of Jove,
'Stifling that puny essence in its tent.
'O let him feel the evil he hath done;
'For though I scorn Oceanus's lore,
'Much pain have I for more than loss of realms:
'The days of peace and slumberous calm are fled;
'Those days, all innocent of scathing war,
'When all the fair Existences of heaven
'Came open-eyed to guess what we would speak:—
'That was before our brows were taught to frown,
'Before our lips knew else but solemn sounds;
'That was before we knew the winged thing,
'Victory, might be lost, or might be won.
'And be ye mindful that Hyperion,
'Our brightest brother, still is undisgraced—
'Hyperion, lo! his radiance is here!'

312 amoury *A* were *1820*: was *AW*^{1}*W*^{2} 313 sholders *A* piled *1820*: [lain] poure'd *A*: pour'd *W*^{1}*W*^{2} 314 baby words *A* 316 yell *and* sleepy *added above A* 320 the *added above A* 323 thousand *over* [hundred] *A* 324 Wide-glaring *AW*^{1}*W*^{2}: Wide glaring *1820* 325 He [arose] lifted *A* Sature *A* 325/326 [And standing stood continuing thus] *A* 327 ye how *W*^{1} 330 And [lick] singe *A* swollen *added above A* clouds *made out of* cloudy *A* [tent] *after* clouds *A* 333 Oceanus's *1820*: Oceanus' *AW*^{1}*W*^{2} 335 slumberous *1820*: slumbrous *AW*^{1}*W*^{2} 340 lips *added above A*

All eyes were on Enceladus's face,
And they beheld, while still Hyperion's name
Flew from his lips up to the vaulted rocks,
A pallid gleam across his features stern:
Not savage, for he saw full many a God
Wroth as himself. He look'd upon them all,
And in each face he saw a gleam of light,
But splendider in Saturn's, whose hoar locks
Shone like the bubbling foam about a keel
When the prow sweeps into a midnight cove.
In pale and silver silence they remain'd,
Till suddenly a splendour, like the morn,
Pervaded all the beetling gloomy steeps,
All the sad spaces of oblivion,
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.
It was Hyperion:—a granite peak
His bright feet touch'd, and there he stay'd to view
The misery his brilliance had betray'd
To the most hateful seeing of itself.

347/348 [Flew through] *A* 351 Wrath *A* 355 sweeps *over* [turns] *A* 356 [Then] In *A*

356/357 [Till suddenly a full-blown Splendour fill'd
Those native spaces of oblivion
And every [*every*] glulph *was seen* and every chasm old
And every height and *every* sullen depth
Voiceless or filled with hoarse tormented Streams;
And all the everlasting Cataracts
And all the *headlong* Torrents far and near,
And all the Caverns soft with moss and weed
Or blazon'd (*over* dazzling) with bright (*above is* clear spar) and barren gems;
And all the [giant]-Gods. It was Hyperion:
He stood upon a granite peak aloof
With golden hair of short numidian curl,
Rich as the colchian fleece,] *A* (*the italicized words added above the line*) 360 gulph *A* 361 sulle *A* 365 [Hid] *over* Mantled *A* fefore *A* 366 Now [showed] saw *A* (q. caught *pencilled in marg.*) 386 view *made out of* see *A* 369 Brilliant (ce *pencilled marg.*) *A* 370 heateful (*marg.* q hateful *pencilled*) *A*

Golden his hair of short Numidian curl,
Regal his shape majestic, a vast shade
In midst of his own brightness, like the bulk
Of Memnon's image at the set of sun
To one who travels from the dusking East:
Sighs, too, as mournful as that Memnon's harp
He utter'd, while his hands contemplative
He press'd together, and in silence stood.
Despondence seiz'd again the fallen Gods
At sight of the dejected King of Day,
And many hid their faces from the light:
But fierce Enceladus sent forth his eyes
Among the brotherhood; and, at their glare,
Uprose Iäpetus, and Creüs too,
And Phorcus, sea-born, and together strode
To where he towered on his eminence.
There those four shouted forth old Saturn's name;
Hyperion from the peak loud answered, 'Saturn!'
Saturn sat near the Mother of the Gods,
In whose face was no joy, though all the Gods
Gave from their hollow throats the name of 'Saturn!'

HYPERION. BOOK III

Thus in alternate uproar and sad peace,
Amazed were those Titans utterly.
O leave them, Muse! O leave them to their woes;
For thou art weak to sing such tumults dire:
A solitary sorrow best befits
Thy lips, and antheming a lonely grief.
Leave them, O Muse! for thou anon wilt find
Many a fallen old Divinity
Wandering in vain about bewildered shores.

373 bulk *over* [shade] *A* 376 as mournful as that *over* [melodious as] *A* 377 uttered *A* hands, contemplitive, *A* 378 pressed *A* 385 stode *A* 386 tower'd *A* Emince *A* 386/387 [Their whispered they bewildered, while despise⟨d⟩] *A* 387 Their *A* 389 sat *over* [put for stood] *A*

Book III. *Title:* Hyperion. Book III *1820*: Canto 3—*A* 2 Amazed *over* [Perplexed] *A* 3 O leave them to their woes *beneath* [for they have succour none] *A* 4 thou [canst] art *A* 5/6 [Thy Thine anthem'd lips] *A* 6 grif *A* 7 Leave them O [for many] Muse *A* 8 [mateless] fallen *over* [lonely] *A*

Meantime touch piously the Delphic harp,
And not a wind of heaven but will breathe
In aid soft warble from the Dorian flute;
For lo! 'tis for the Father of all verse.
Flush every thing that hath a vermeil hue,
Let the rose glow intense and warm the air,
And let the clouds of even and of morn
Float in voluptuous fleeces o'er the hills;
Let the red wine within the goblet boil,
Cold as a bubbling well; let faint-lipp'd shells,
On sands, or in great deeps, vermilion turn
Through all their labyrinths; and let the maid
Blush keenly, as with some warm kiss surpris'd.
Chief isle of the embowered Cyclades,
Rejoice, O Delos, with thine olives green,
And poplars, and lawn-shading palms, and beech,
In which the Zephyr breathes the loudest song,
And hazels thick, dark-stemm'd beneath the shade:
Apollo is once more the golden theme!
Where was he, when the Giant of the Sun
Stood bright, amid the sorrow of his peers?
Together had he left his mother fair
And his twin-sister sleeping in their bower,
And in the morning twilight wandered forth
Beside the osiers of a rivulet,
Full ankle-deep in lilies of the vale.
The nightingale had ceas'd, and a few stars
Were lingering in the heavens, while the thrush
Began calm-throated. Throughout all the isle
There was no covert, no retired cave
Unhaunted by the murmurous noise of waves,
Though scarcely heard in many a green recess.
He listen'd, and he wept, and his bright tears

10 [deftly] piously *A* — 13 For lo! [thou sing'st th] 'tis for *A* 13/14 [Let a warm rosy hue distain] *A* 14 vermil *over* [rosy] *A* 15/16 [And the corn-haunting poppy] *A* 19 faint *over* [red] *A* 20 vermillion *A* tun *A: cf. ii. 257* 21 Though *A* 22 keenly *added above A* as [she did] with *A* 27 hazels *1820*: Hzle's *A*: Hyle's W^1W^2 shade [!] *A* 28 Appollo is [the] once *A* 33 [was] *over* [roamed]) *before* wanderd *A* 35 lillies *A* 37 lingring *A* Trush *A* 38 Throught *A* [all the] *A* (*but nothing substituted*) 39 covert, [which] no *A* retird *A* 40 Unhaunted (Unh *made out of* Which (*?*)) *A* the [Sea's] *A*

Went trickling down the golden bow he held.
Thus with half-shut suffused eyes he stood,
While from beneath some cumbrous boughs hard by
With solemn step an awful Goddess came,
And there was purport in her looks for him,
Which he with eager guess began to read
Perplex'd, the while melodiously he said:
'How cam'st thou over the unfooted sea?
'Or hath that antique mien and robed form
'Mov'd in these vales invisible till now?
'Sure I have heard those vestments sweeping o'er
'The fallen leaves, when I have sat alone
'In cool mid-forest. Surely I have traced
'The rustle of those ample skirts about
'These grassy solitudes, and seen the flowers
'Lift up their heads, as still the whisper pass'd.
'Goddess! I have beheld those eyes before,
'And their eternal calm, and all that face,
'Or I have dream'd.'—'Yes,' said the supreme shape,
'Thou hast dream'd of me; and awaking up
'Didst find a lyre all golden by thy side,
'Whose strings touch'd by thy fingers, all the vast
'Unwearied ear of the whole universe
'Listen'd in pain and pleasure at the birth
'Of such new tuneful wonder. Is't not strange
'That thou shouldst weep, so gifted? Tell me, youth,
'What sorrow thou canst feel; for I am sad
'When thou dost shed a tear: explain thy griefs
'To one who in this lonely isle hath been
'The watcher of thy sleep and hours of life,
'From the young day when first thy infant hand
'Pluck'd witless the weak flowers, till thine arm

43/44 [So kept his with his eyes suffus'd half shut] *A* (suffus'd *added above*) 44 [While from] Thus *A* 45 [oaks] boughs *over* [shade] *A* 47 [And] there was *A* 49 the *1820*: and *AW*^{1}*W*^{2} 50 came'st *A* unfooted *over* [pathless] *A* 51 Mien [and those] and *A* ro[a]bed *A* 52 Moved *over* [Walked] *A* 53 sweeping [by] o'er *A* 55 In [the an] cool *A* 56 rustel *A* those [skirts] ample skirts [along] about *A* 57 grassy *added above A* and seen the flowers *over* [and seeng the grass and flowers] *A* 58 the heads *A* the wisper [went] pass'd *A* 61 dream'd *made out of* dreampt *A* 62 dream'd *over* [dreamedst] *A* 63 a [golden] Lyre all golden *A* 64 [The whi] Whose *A* touchd *over* [swept] *A* 69 canst thou (*transposition-marks added*) *A* 74 weak *over* [mead] *A*

'Could bend that bow heroic to all times.
'Show thy heart's secret to an ancient Power
'Who hath forsaken old and sacred thrones
'For prophecies of thee, and for the sake
'Of loveliness new born.'—Apollo then,
With sudden scrutiny and gloomless eyes,
Thus answer'd, while his white melodious throat
Throbb'd with the syllables.—'Mnemosyne!
'Thy name is on my tongue, I know not how;
'Why should I tell thee what thou so well seest?
'Why should I strive to show what from thy lips
'Would come no mystery? For me, dark, dark,
'And painful vile oblivion seals my eyes:
'I strive to search wherefore I am so sad,
'Until a melancholy numbs my limbs:
'And then upon the grass I sit, and moan,
'Like one who once had wings.—O why should I
'Feel curs'd and thwarted, when the liegeless air
'Yields to my step aspirant? why should I
'Spurn the green turf as hateful to my feet?
'Goddess benign, point forth some unknown thing:
'Are there not other regions than this isle?
'What are the stars? There is the sun, the sun!
'And the most patient brilliance of the moon!
'And stars by thousands! Point me out the way
'To any one particular beauteous star,
'And I will flit into it with my lyre,
'And make its silvery splendour pant with bliss.
'I have heard the cloudy thunder: Where is power?
'Whose hand, whose essence, what divinity
'Makes this alarum in the elements,
'While I here idle listen on the shores
'In fearless yet in aching ignorance?
'O tell me, lonely Goddess, by thy harp,

75/76 [Devellop] *A* 76 Shew *A* 79 Appollo then *over* [To whom the God] *A* 81 This W^1 This (*in marg.*) Answer'd, [while] while his *A* 82 Throbbed *A* 82/83 [That sound] *A* 83/84 [Thou knowst knowest better] *A* 84 thee *added above A* seest *over* [knowest] *A* 87 [Are] And *A* 89 Untill *A* 90 the grass *added above A* 92 leigeless *A* 94 Spun *A* 100 any any *A* 102 silverly *over* [pant] *A* 103 head *A* 106 here *over* [am] *A* 107 yet *over* [but] *A* 108 thy *made out of* my *A*: W^2 *has a note:* i.e. the harp which thou gavest me. See line 63 of this book

'That waileth every morn and eventide,
'Tell me why thus I rave, about these groves!
'Mute thou remainest—Mute! yet I can read
A wondrous lesson in thy silent face:
'Knowledge enormous makes a God of me.
'Names, deeds, gray legends, dire events, rebellions,
'Majesties, sovran voices, agonies,
'Creations and destroyings, all at once
'Pour into the wide hollows of my brain,
'And deify me, as if some blithe wine
'Or bright elixir peerless I had drunk,
'And so become immortal.'—Thus the God,
While his enkindled eyes, with level glance
Beneath his white soft temples, stedfast kept
Trembling with light upon Mnemosyne.
Soon wild commotions shook him, and made flush
All the immortal fairness of his limbs;
Most like the struggle at the gate of death;
Or liker still to one who should take leave
Of pale immortal death, and with a pang
As hot as death's is chill, with fierce convulse
Die into life: so young Apollo anguish'd:
His very hair, his golden tresses famed
Kept undulation round his eager neck.

112 [Matte⟨r⟩] A wondrous *A* 113 Knowlege *A* 114 grey *A* [far] dire *A* rebellions *over* [loud voices] *A* 116 Creations, [visages of] and destroyings, [and calm peace] *A: over* and calm peace *is* all at once 117 wide [wide] 118 And [like some] deify (*made out of* deifies) *A* blythe *A* 119 drank *A*

120/121 [While his level glanced beneath his temples soft
His eyes were stedfast on Mnemosyne] *A*

123 Trembling with ligh⟨t⟩ *added marg. A* Upon Mnemosyne [and] *A*

123/124 [And while a through all his frame (frame *over* [limbs])
and wild commotion throughout] *A*

124 Soon wild *over* [And his while] *A* 125 All [his white] the *A*

125/126 [Roseate and pained as a ravish'd nymph] (a *over* [any])
Into a hue more roseate than sweet pain
Gives to a ravish'd Nymph [new r] when her warm tears (ravish'd *and* warm *added above*)
Gush luscious with no sob. [Or 'twas] Or more severe,—*A*

126 Most *1820*: More *A*: And W^1 131 [Even] his very hair (very *added above*) *A* fam'd *A* 132 Kept *1820*: Keep *A* W^1 [graceful] *over* undulation *A*

During the pain Mnemosyne upheld
Her arms as one who prophesied.—At length
Apollo shriek'd;—and lo! from all his limbs
Celestial * * * * * * Glory dawn'd
* * * * * * * *

THE END

134 Prohesied (d *made out of* s) *A* lenght *A* 134/135 [Phoebus] *A*

135–6 Apollo shreikd and lo [he was the God!
And godlike] (*the text of 1820 written in*) *A* W^2
Apollo shriek'd—and lo from all his limbs
Celestial W^1 (*after* Celestial *is pencilled* Glory dawn'd: he was a god! (dawn'd *beneath* [broke]))

After 136 W^2 *has the following:* Copied 20 Ap^l 1819 from J. K.'s Manuscript written in 1818–19.

Thus the MS. copy ends.—The copy from which I took the above was the original / and only copy. The alterations are noted in the margin—/ With the exception of these it was composed / and written down at once as it now stands

POEMS FROM LITERARY REMAINS

1848

OTHO THE GREAT

A TRAGEDY

IN FIVE ACTS

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

OTHO THE GREAT, *Emperor of Germany.*
LUDOLPH, *his Son.*
CONRAD, *Duke of Franconia.*
ALBERT, *a Knight, favoured by Otho.*
SIGIFRED, *an Officer, friend of Ludolph.*
THEODORE, GONFRED, } *Officers.*
ETHELBERT, *an Abbot.*
GERSA, *Prince of Hungary.*
An Hungarian Captain.
Physician.
Page.
Nobles, Knights, Attendants, and Soldiers.

ERMINIA, *Niece of Otho.*
AURANTHE, *Conrad's Sister.*
Ladies and Attendants.

SCENE.—*The Castle of Friedburg, its vicinity, and the Hungarian Camp.*

TIME.—*One Day.*

OTHO THE GREAT

AUTOGRAPH: *S* (I. i. 1–IV. i. 184). *s* (IV. ii. 1–117, IV. iii. 1–V. v. 141, V. v. 163–end). *H* (I. i. 32–42, IV. ii. 128–40, V. i. 18–32). *Spenc.* (I. i. 7, followed by 12 lines not identified; I. i. 138, followed by 5 lines not identified; 4 other unidentified lines). *La.* (I. i. 137–42; Lampson fragment). Ma. (I. i. 54–6 + 1½ cancelled lines, I. i. 141–3; fragment sold by Messrs. Maggs Bros., 1923).
TRANSCRIPT: T^2 (I. i. 1–18 wanting). *t* corrections in T^2 made in Keats' hand.
Undated.

ACT I

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Castle. Enter* CONRAD.

Conrad. So, I am safe emerged from these broils!
Amid the wreck of thousands I am whole;
For every crime I have a laurel-wreath,
For every lie a lordship. Nor yet has
My ship of fortune furl'd her silken sails,—
Let her glide on! This danger'd neck is saved,
By dexterous policy, from the rebel's axe;
And of my ducal palace not one stone
Is bruised by the Hungarian petards.
Toil hard, ye slaves, and from the miser-earth
Bring forth once more my bullion, treasured deep,
With all my jewell'd salvers, silver and gold,
And precious goblets that make rich the wine.
But why do I stand babbling to myself?
Where is Auranthe? I have news for her
Shall—

Title: wanting in MSS.: Otho the Great. / A Tragedy. / In five Acts *1848* I. 1: *headed in S*· Act 1st Scene 1st— / An Apartment in the Castle of Fridborg *Stage-direction*· [Conrad and Auranthe meeting] Enter Conrad bustling *S* 1–18 *wanting in* T^2, *which begins on a page numbered* 2 1 save [from] emerged (*made out of* immerged) *S* 4 Nor [has yet] yet has *S* 5 furl'd *1848*: struck *S* 6 glide *1848*: sail *S* safe *S* 7 *So 1848 Spenc.*: *wanting in S*: *followed in Spenc. by 12 lines ending* My liege Lady, favour me 8 of *over* [all] *S* 10 Toil *made out of* Wor *S* 12 jewel'd *S* 13 rich *1848*: sweet *S* 14 *written in between the lines S* 14/15 [But where's Auranthe] *S* 15 [But] where's *S*

16–121 *In place of these lines S has the following:*
Ha! Brother Conrad welcome from the War: (Brother *added above*)
I thought I heard
[Am I so welcome] your Trumpet at the Gates. [*continued overleaf*]

Enter AURANTHE.

Auranthe. Conrad! what tidings? Good, if I may guess
From your alert eyes and high-lifted brows.
What tidings of the battle? Albert? Ludolph? Otho?

16–121 [*cont.*]

Am I so welcome Sister—sister no more
But my liege Lady—
Liege Lady are you mad?
My sovran Lady what would you give now
If I would clear the puzzle from your brows?
Good Brother speak—
Good Brother—will I not
Speak out since a fair sister and an almost Queen
Commands. The Emperor—
What? Pray speak
Hath given consent that you should marry Ludolph (Ludolph *over* [Conrad])
Auranthe What sudden change is here—how was it Conrad? (here *add. above*)
Conrad Never mind how—but let your royal blood
[Go scar (*?*)] Mount in your c⟨h⟩eeks
Auranthe I feel it mounting warm
But is it so—Kind Brother tell me how? (Brother *add. above*)
Conrad Thank me for this:—in yesterday's hard fight
I did the Emperor service, and so help'd (the Emperor *over* [him such good])
His bloodstain'd Ensign to the victory
That it hath tur⟨n'⟩d the edge of his sharp wrath
To overflowing kindness—now he's mine
And we must take him sister in the mood.
Auranthe Aye this sounds well and reasonable too
Conrad He will be heare this morning (heare *added above*).
Auranthe That I heard
Among the midnight tidings from the Camp. (midnight *added above*)
going Conrad That is all well Good bye my gracious Queen
Within an hour—
Auranthe Conrad one word more
Conrad speak (*over* [What]) Empress!
Auranthe That Letter!
Conrad What Letter?
Auranthe Do give it me that I may mince it up
Then (*over* [For In That]) there will be no shadow of a chance (will *over* [may])
Against my coming greatness.
Conrad What dost mean—
Auranthe You sure received that Letter touching Albert?
Conrad No yes—
Auranthe Give it me
Conrad I have it not
Auranthe Alas!
Conrad At one pernicious charge of the Enemy [*continued opposite*]

Conrad. You guess aright. And, sister, slurring o'er
Our by-gone quarrels, I confess my heart
Is beating with a child's anxiety,
To make our golden fortune known to you.

16–121 [*cont.*]

I for a moment whiles was Prisoner ta'en
And rifled—stuff! the horses hoofs have minc'd it
Auranthe Still I have half a fear:
Conrad Perhaps For Albert
Auranthe Surely you spar'd him at my earnest prayer
Conrad Spar'd him! O would to Heaven I had not—
Auranthe If you do ever touch a hair of his head
I swear in your despite, I will refuse
Even his Highness Ludolph's sceptry hand
Conrad Impossible! refuse a Prince—a Prince!
No woman no—you dare not for yourself
You could not though it were to save your teeth
Complete for kissing, your eyes and your cheeks colour
Be but a Queen and at at word you make
Pearl mouths fade out of fashion. ha ha ha,
Refuse the Prince! forgive me. I must laugh
Auranthe Sir, you may laugh but by my Life I swear—
Conrad Yes, yes I know you'll swear—do any thing
To gain so poor a point as Albert's life.
Why I have known a Lady do as much (Lady *over* [woman])
And more, fall hectic sp⟨r⟩awling on the floor
To frighten her poor lord to unstring his purse
For a new silver service.
Auranthe You may find
Yourself not quite so learned cunning Sir!
Conrad Would you be then unqueen'd for such a dog
Auranthe Aye for that word I could to torture you—
Conrad And this is then the fruit of all my pains
And all my risques, and all my weary plots
To make thee mighty. Plot who will again (mighty *over* [great])
For others benefit, I'll no more of it—
The very sister of our ducal house
Will weigh a Brother['s friendship] and a royal Crown (royal *added above*)
Against a—
Auranthe Keep the word within your lips
And let it choak you! But I will be calm
To our better understanding one another—
You know some secret coverts of my heart
[But perh]
I know perhaps yours better than you mine.
Why so pathetic [Brother] my kind Benefactor
On all the many bounties of your hand—
Sure, you forgot [not self] Duke Conrad all this while?
Conrad By heavens I could almost stop this match—
Auranthe No, Brother, no you dare not for yourself—
Ha! ha! forgive me for I too must laught— [*continued overleaf*]

Auranthe. So serious?
Conrad. Yes, so serious, that before
I utter even the shadow of a hint
Concerning what will make that sin-worn cheek
Blush joyous blood through every lineament,
You must make here a solemn vow to me.
Auranthe. I pr'ythee, Conrad, do not overact
The hypocrite. What vow would you impose?
Conrad. Trust me for once. That you may be assured
'Tis not confiding in a broken reed,
A poor court-bankrupt, outwitted and lost,
Revolve these facts in your acutest mood,
In such a mood as now you listen to me:
A few days since, I was an open rebel,—
Against the Emperor had suborn'd his son,—
Drawn off his nobles to revolt,—and shown
Contented fools causes for discontent,
Fresh hatch'd in my ambition's eagle-nest;
So thrived I as a rebel,—and, behold
How I am Otho's favourite, his dear friend,
His right hand, his brave Conrad!
Auranthe. I confess
You have intrigued with these unsteady times
To admiration. But to be a favourite!
Conrad. I saw my moment. The Hungarians,
Collected silently in holes and corners,

16–121 [*cont.*]

Do you not count, when I am queen, to take
Advantage of your mean discoveries
Of my poor secrets, and so hold a rod
Over my life for your sly purposes? (*add. on opp. page*)

Conrad Now could I hear that villain—see he comes (see *over* [he])
Look, woman Look your Albert is quite safe (*add. on opp. page*)
In haste it seems—Now shall I be in the way
And wish'd with silent curses in my grave
Or side by side with whelmed Mariners

Enter Albert

Whisper a [little] Curse Auranthe in my ear
'Twill be sweet musick—Curse me far away!
For there can be no 'gentle Alberts' now
No 'sweet Auranthes'
Auranthe Peace thou devil Peace (thou *add. above*)

32/33 [Let me impress this] *H* 33 Revovolve *H* you *H* 35 reble *H* 38 discontentents *H* 39 Lush-hatch'd *H* 40 thriv'd *H* 41 How *H*: Now *1848*

Appear'd, a sudden host, in the open day.
I should have perish'd in our empire's wreck,
But, calling interest loyalty, swore faith
To most believing Otho; and so help'd
His blood-stain'd ensigns to the victory
In yesterday's hard fight, that it has turn'd
The edge of his sharp wrath to eager kindness.
Auranthe. So far yourself. But what is this to me
More than that I am glad? I gratulate you.
Conrad. Yes, sister, but it does regard you greatly,
Nearly, momentously,—aye, painfully!
Make me this vow—
Auranthe. Concerning whom or what?
Conrad. Albert!
Auranthe. I would inquire somewhat of him:
You had a letter from me touching him?
No treason 'gainst his head in deed or word!
Surely you spared him at my earnest prayer?
Give me the letter—it should not exist!
Conrad. At one pernicious charge of the enemy,
I, for a moment-whiles, was prisoner ta'en
And rifled,—stuff! the horses' hoofs have minced it!
Auranthe. He is alive?
Conrad. He is! but here make oath
To alienate him from your scheming brain,
Divorce him from your solitary thoughts,
And cloud him in such utter banishment,
That when his person meets again your eye,
Your vision shall quite lose its memory,
And wander past him as through vacancy.
Auranthe. I'll not be perjured.
Conrad. No, nor great, nor mighty;
You would not wear a crown, or rule a kingdom.
To you it is indifferent.
Auranthe. What means this?
Conrad. You'll not be perjured! Go to Albert then,
That camp-mushroom—dishonour of our house.
Go, page his dusty heels upon a march,
Furbish his jingling baldric while he sleeps,

49 swore faith *over* [turn'd back] T^2
58 Make me this vow and you shall hear how much
It is a matter of life and death with you *Ma.*

And share his mouldy ratio in a siege.
Yet stay,—perhaps a charm may call you back,
And make the widening circlets of your eyes
Sparkle with healthy fevers.—The Emperor
Hath given consent that you should marry Ludolph!
Auranthe. Can it be, brother? For a golden crown
With a queen's awful lips I doubly thank you!
This is to wake in Paradise! Farewell
Thou clod of yesterday—'twas not myself!
Not till this moment did I ever feel
My spirit's faculties! I'll flatter you
For this, and be you ever proud of it;
Thou, Jove-like, struck'dst thy forehead,
And from the teeming marrow of thy brain
I spring complete Minerva! But the prince—
His highness Ludolph—where is he?
Conrad. I know not:
When, lackeying my counsel at a beck,
The rebel lords, on bended knees, received
The Emperor's pardon, Ludolph kept aloof,
Sole, in a stiff, fool-hardy, sulky pride;
Yet, for all this, I never saw a father
In such a sickly longing for his son.
We shall soon see him, for the Emperor
He will be here this morning.
Auranthe. That I heard
Among the midnight rumours from the camp.
Conrad. You give up Albert to me?
Auranthe. Harm him not!
E'en for his highness Ludolph's sceptry hand,
I would not Albert suffer any wrong.
Conrad. Have I not laboured, plotted—?
Auranthe. See you spare him:
Nor be pathetic, my kind benefactor!
On all the many bounties of your hand,—
'Twas for yourself you laboured—not for me!
Do you not count, when I am queen, to take
Advantage of your chance discoveries
Of my poor secrets, and so hold a rod
Over my life?

81 ratio T^2: ration *1848* 105 rumours *over* [tidings] T^2 109 See you spare him *over* [Touch him not] T^2

Conrad. Let not this slave—this villain—
Be cause of feud between us. See! he comes!
Look, woman, look, your Albert is quite safe!
In haste it seems. Now shall I be in the way,
And wish'd with silent curses in my grave,
Or side by side with 'whelmed mariners.

Enter ALBERT.

Albert. Fair on your graces fall this early morrow!
So it is like to do, without my prayers,
For your right noble names, like favourite tunes,
Have fallen full frequent from our Emperor's lips,
High commented with smiles.
Auranthe. Noble Albert!
Conrad (aside). Noble!
Auranthe. Such salutation argues a glad heart
In our prosperity. We thank you, sir.
Albert. Lady!
O, would to Heaven your poor servant
Could do you better service than mere words!
But I have other greeting than mine own,
From no less man than Otho, who has sent
This ring as pledge of dearest amity;
'Tis chosen I hear from Hymen's jewel'ry,
And you will prize it, lady, I doubt not,
Beyond all pleasures past, and all to come.
To you great duke—

122 *Stage-direction* Albert approaching *S* 124 like favourite tunes *beneath* [high commented] *S* 124/125 [Have leap'd] *S* 125 fall'n *over* [dwelt] *S* 128 sir *om. S* 131 my *made out of* mine *S*

133 This ring [as pledge of dearest amity
With every gratulation that can pass
From friend to friend upon a happy day—] *S*

134–6 *added in S on verso of leaf preceding* 136 Beyond *1848 T*²: Before *S*

137–55 *In place of these lines S has the following:*

The Emperor is no further from you (*add. on verso of leaf preceding*)
He is no further distant from your gates
Than what my Charger in three minutes clear'd (clear'd *over* [while])
[Out] galloping [his slow full pomp] his Pomp ([slow] [full] *added above*)
To you great Duke
He
Conrad What of me ha?
Albert What pleas'd your grace to say?
Conrad What matters that? [*continued overleaf*]

Conrad. To me! What of me, ha?
Albert. What pleased your grace to say?
Conrad. Your message, sir!
Albert. You mean not this to me?
Conrad. Sister, this way;
For there shall be no 'gentle Alberts' now, [*Aside.*
No 'sweet Auranthes!' [*Exeunt* CONRAD *and* AURANTHE.
Albert (*solus*). The duke is out of temper; if he knows
More than a brother of a sister ought,
I should not quarrel with his peevishness.
Auranthe—Heaven preserve her always fair!—
Is in the heady, proud, ambitious vein;
I bicker not with her,—bid her farewell!
She has taken flight from me, then let her soar,—
He is a fool who stands at pining gaze!
But for poor Ludolph, he is food for sorrow:
No levelling bluster of my licensed thoughts,
No military swagger of my mind,

137–55 [*cont.*]
Albert You mean not this to me (this *over* [*that*])
Auranthe My noble Brother you have grieved enough:
(*To Albert*) Lord Albert now you must not heed his words
The Duke has ever since the battle sorrow'd
For one of his brave Captains slain—his friend
He was—and a most valliant—[Hear⟨s⟩t thou!
The Emperor's flourish!]
Conrad Sister! would you you thrust me on—
Auranthe H⟨e⟩arst thou!
Albert The Emperor's Flourish! Germany is here!
I'm sorry for his grace
(Germany is here *over* [Lady he is here] *and* [Caesar himself is])

138–41 *are extant in La. Spenc. In La. they have the following form:*

Albert What pleas'd your Grace to say?
Conrad Your message, Sir? (message *over* [errand] [message])
Albert [I understand you not,—but this my errand,—
The Emperor's prosperous wisher—nothing more]
Conrad 'Tis well.
Auranthe [Dear brother, let us ease & hence
Hence brother! Farewell!
Most sweetest Albert!]
Conrad Sister, this way (this way *over* [come with me])
For there must be no 'gentle Alberts' now,
No 'Sweet Auranthes'

149 who *over* [that] T^2

Can smother from myself the wrong I've done him,—
Without design, indeed,—yet it is so,—
And opiate for the conscience have I none! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Court-yard of the Castle.*

Martial Music. Enter, from the outer gate, OTHO, *Nobles, Knights, and Attendants. The Soldiers halt at the gate, with Banners in sight.*

Otho. Where is my noble Herald?

[*Enter* CONRAD, *from the Castle, attended by two Knights and Servants.* ALBERT *following.*

Well, hast told
Auranthe our intent imperial?
Lest our rent banners, too o' the sudden shown,
Should fright her silken casements, and dismay
Her household to our lack of entertainment.
A victory!

Conrad. God save illustrious Otho!

Otho. Aye, Conrad, it will pluck out all grey hairs;
It is the best physician for the spleen;
The courtliest inviter to a feast;
The subtelest excuser of small faults;
And a nice judge in the age and smack of wine.

[*Enter, from the Castle,* AURANTHE, *followed by Pages holding up her robes, and a train of Women. She kneels.*

Hail my sweet hostess! I do thank the stars,
Or my good soldiers, or their ladies' eyes,
That, after such a merry battle fought,
I can, all safe in body and in soul,
Kiss your fair hand and lady fortune's too.
My ring! now, on my life, it doth rejoice
These lips to feel 't on this soft ivory!
Keep it, my brightest daughter; it may prove

155 conscience [I] have T^2

Scene ii *1848* T^2: Act 1st. Scene 2nd *S*

Stage-direction: of the Castle *1848* T^2: of the Castle of Friborg *S* Otho, Nobles (*over* with officials T^2), Knights, and Attendants *1848* T^2: Otho & several officers *S* hault *S* 1 *Stage-direction:* following *om. S* 6 illustrious *1848*: illustrious *over* [the power of] T^2: imperial *S* 10 subtelest *S*T^2: subtlest *1848* 15 in Body in and soul *S* 19 [O ma] keep *S* may *over* [will] *S*

The little prologue to a line of kings.
I strove against thee and my hot-blood son,
Dull blockhead that I was to be so blind,
But now my sight is clear; forgive me, lady.
Auranthe. My lord, I was a vassal to your frown,
And now your favour makes me but more humble;
In wintry winds the simple snow is safe,
But fadeth at the greeting of the sun:
Unto thine anger I might well have spoken,
Taking on me a woman's privilege,
But this so sudden kindness makes me dumb.
Otho. What need of this? Enough, if you will be
A potent tutoress to my wayward boy,
And teach him, what it seems his nurse could not,
To say, for once, I thank you. Sigifred!
Albert. He has not yet return'd, my gracious liege.
Otho. What then! No tidings of my friendly Arab?
Conrad. None, mighty Otho.
[*To one of his Knights, who goes out.*
Send forth instantly
An hundred horsemen from my honoured gates,
To scour the plains and search the cottages.
Cry a reward, to him who shall first bring
News of that vanished Arabian,
A full-heap'd helmet of the purest gold.
Otho. More thanks, good Conrad; for, except my son's,
There is no face I rather would behold
Than that same quick-eyed pagan's. By the saints,
This coming night of banquets must not light
Her dazzling torches; nor the music breathe
Smooth, without clashing cymbal, tones of peace
And in-door melodies; nor the ruddy wine
Ebb spouting to the lees; if I pledge not,
In my first cup, that Arab!

21 thee *added above S* 25 favor *S* 31 be *over* [teach] *S* 33 him *and* nurse *and* not *added above S* 38 A *S* honored *S* 39 the *made out of* all *S* 40 who shall *added above S* bring *beneath* [brings news] *S* 40/41 [Of that Arabian] *S* 42 [Of] a *S* heaped *S* the purest *over* [brightest] *S* 45 quick *over* [swift] *S* [By my Crown] [By all the Saints this] By the Saints *S* 46 This [day of Banquets] coming *S*

47 Her dazzling torches; [nor the music sound
Softer than clashing] nor the music breathe (breathe *beneath* [smooth]) *S*
47/48 [The indoor] *S* 48 without the clashing (the *added above*) *S*
50 I [cannot] pledge not *S* (not *added above*)

Albert. Mighty Caesar,
I wonder not this stranger's victor-deeds
So hang upon your spirit. Twice in the fight
It was my chance to meet his olive brow,
Triumphant in the enemy's shatter'd rhomb;
And, to say truth, in any Christian arm
I never saw such prowess.
Otho. Did you ever?
O, 'tis a noble boy!—tut!—what do I say?
I mean a triple Saladin, whose eyes,
When in the glorious scuffle they met mine,
Seem'd to say—'Sleep, old man, in safety sleep;
I am the victory!'
Conrad. Pity he's not here.
Otho. And my son too, pity he is not here.
Lady Auranthe I would not make you blush,
But can you give a guess where Ludolph is?
Know you not of him?
Auranthe. Indeed, my liege, no secret—
Otho. Nay, nay, without more words, dost know of him?
Auranthe. I would I were so over-fortunate,
Both for his sake and mine, and to make glad
A father's ears with tidings of his son.
Otho. I see 'tis like to be a tedious day.
Were Theodore and Gonfred and the rest
Sent forth with my commands?
Albert. Aye, my lord.
Otho. And no news! No news! 'Faith! 'tis very strange
He thus avoids us. Lady, is't not strange?
Will he be truant to you too? It is a shame.
Conrad. Will't please your highness enter, and accept
The unworthy welcome of your servant's house?
Leaving your cares to one whose diligence
May in few hours make pleasures of them all.
Otho. Not so tedious, Conrad. No, no, no, no,—
I must see Ludolph or the—What's that shout?

51 Caesar *S*: Monarch *1848* T^2 52 this *over* [these] *S* 55 Enemies *S* 56 [His hair] And to *S* cristian *S* 59 tripple ST^2 tripple-Saladin *S* 60 glorious *added above S* 61 safety sleep *over* [surety] *S* 62 [This] I am *S* 66 Ligo *S* 73 commands. [No news! No news] *S* Aye *made out of* Yes *S* 76 It is a shame *beneath* [What's that shout?] *S* 77 Wil't *1848*: Wilt T^2 81 No *four times* ST^2: *thrice 1848*

Voices without. Huzza! huzza! Long live the Emperor!
Other Voices. Fall back! Away there!
Otho. Say what noise is that?

[ALBERT *advancing from the back of the Stage, whither he had hastened on hearing the cheers of the soldiery.*

Albert. It is young Gersa, the Hungarian prince,
Pick'd like a red stag from the fallow herd
Of prisoners. Poor prince, forlorn he steps,
Slow in the demure proudness of despair.
If I may judge by his so tragic bearing,
His eye not downcast, and his folded arm,
He doth this moment wish himself asleep
Among his fallen captains on yon plains.

Enter GERSA, *in chains, and guarded.*

Otho. Well said, Sir Albert.
Gersa. Not a word of greeting,
No welcome to a princely visitor,
Most mighty Otho? Will not my great host
Vouchsafe a syllable, before he bids
His gentlemen conduct me with all care
To some securest lodging—cold perhaps!
Otho. What mood is this? Hath fortune touch'd thy brain?
Gersa. O kings and princes of this fev'rous world,
What abject things, what mockeries must ye be,
What nerveless minions of safe palaces!
When here, a monarch, whose proud foot is used
To fallen princes' necks, as to his stirrup,
Must needs exclaim that I am mad forsooth,
Because I cannot flatter with bent knees
My conqueror!
Otho. Gersa, I think you wrong me:
I think I have a better fame abroad.
Gersa. I pr'ythee mock me not with gentle speech,
But, as a favour, bid me from thy presence;

83 *Stage-direction:* Voices without [albert] *S* 85 Gerza *S* (*throughout*) *but see* II. ii. 9 87 folorn he [walk] steps *S* 88 Slow and demure and proud in his despair *1848* T^2 (Slow in *over* [With all] *S*) 93 Sir *1848*: Sir *over* [Lord] *S*: Sir *over* [my] T^2 [No] Not a word of greeting *beneath* [Wilt thou not greet me, Otho] *S* 95 great *over* [illustrious] *S* 98 securest *over* [convenient] *S* 101 must ye [be] *S* (*over* [be] *stands* [are]) 102 Pallaces ST^2 104 fall'n *S* 110 favor *S*

Let me no longer be the wondering food
Of all these eyes; pr'ythee command me hence!
Otho. Do not mistake me, Gersa. That you may not,
Come, fair Auranthe, try if your soft hands
Can manage those hard rivets to set free
So brave a prince and soldier.
Auranthe (sets him free). Welcome task!
Gersa. I am wound up in deep astonishment!
Thank you, fair lady. Otho! emperor!
You rob me of myself; my dignity
Is now your infant; I am a weak child.
Otho. Give me your hand, and let this kindly grasp
Live in our memories.
Gersa. In mine it will.
I blush to think of my unchasten'd tongue;
But I was haunted by the monstrous ghost
Of all our slain battalions. Sire, reflect,
And pardon you will grant, that, at this hour,
The bruised remnants of our stricken camp
Are huddling undistinguished, my dear friends,
With common thousands, into shallow graves.
Otho. Enough, most noble Gersa. You are free
To cheer the brave remainder of your host
By your own healing presence, and that too,
Not as their leader merely, but their king;
For, as I hear, your wily enemy,
Who eased the crownet from your infant brows,
Bloody Taraxa, is among the dead.
Gersa. Then I retire, so generous Caesar please,
Bearing with me a weight of benefits
Too heavy to be borne.
Otho. It is not so;
Still understand me, King of Hungary,

114 *Stage-direction in S:* To Auranthe Try *over* [Thy] *S* 119 of *om. S* 125 our (*over* [my]) slain Batallions *written in beneath* [my splendent Army] [the hungarian] *S* 127 [That] The [poor] brused *S* our stricken *over* [my] *S* 128 *ST*^{2} *have originally* Are huddling unknown (unknow *S*) my dearest friends *In T*^{2} *Keats with his own hand has first mended the metre by writing* now *over* huddling *and has subsequently changed* unknown *to* undistinguish'd *and* dearest *to* dear 132 By [their] your *S* healing *added above S* and that too *beneath* [nor merely as their] *S* 133 their (*over* [a] [General]) Leader *S* 134 your wily *S*: the wily *1848 T*^{2} 135 eas'd *over* [took] *S* 137 so [me] generous Caesar please *S*: Otho *for* Caesar *1848 T*^{2} 139 [Still understand My] *before* It is not so *S*

Nor judge my open purposes awry.
Though I did hold you high in my esteem
For your self's sake, I do not personate
The stage-play emperor to entrap applause,
To set the silly sort o' the world agape,
And make the politic smile; no, I have heard
How in the Council you condemn'd this war,
Urging the perfidy of broken faith,—
For that I am your friend.

Gersa. If ever, sire,
You are my enemy, I dare here swear
'Twill not be Gersa's fault. Otho, farewell!

Otho. Will you return, Prince, to our banqueting?

Gersa. As to my father's board I will return.

Otho. Conrad, with all due ceremony, give
The prince a regal escort to his camp;
Albert, go thou and bear him company.
Gersa, farewell!

Gersa. All happiness attend you!

Otho. Return with what good speed you may; for soon
We must consult upon our terms of peace.

[*Exeunt* GERSA *and* ALBERT *with others.*

And thus a marble column do I build
To prop my empire's dome. Conrad, in thee
I have another stedfast one, to uphold
The portals of my state; and, for my own
Pre-eminence and safety, I will strive
To keep thy strength upon its pedestal.
For, without thee, this day I might have been
A show-monster about the streets of Prague,
In chains, as just now stood that noble prince:
And then to me no mercy had been shown,
For when the conquer'd lion is once dungeon'd,
Who lets him forth again? or dares to give

142 did *over* [must] *S* 145 To [see f] set *S* sort *over* [store] *S* 150 my *ST*^{2}: mine *1848* sware *S* 152 our *over* [my] *S* 154 [Farewell] Conrad *S* give *added marg. S* 157/158 [Soon may I see you] *S* 159 term *S* 160 marble *over* [golden] *S* 161 in thee *over* [thou] *S* 162 stedfast *over* [noble] *S* 164 Premminence *T*^{2} [I will use a] and safety I will strive *over* [and safety it shall be my care] *S* 168 chains [and now as not] as just now *S* 169 And *over* [But] *S* 170 [A] For *S* when *added above S* dungeon'd *over* caged *S* 171 or *made out of* an *S* [th] *before* dares *S*

An old lion sugar-cates of mild reprieve?
Not to thine ear alone I make confession,
But to all here, as, by experience,
I know how the great basement of all power
Is frankness, and a true tongue to the world;
And how intriguing secrecy is proof
Of fear and weakness, and a hollow state.
Conrad, I owe thee much.

Conrad. To [kneel and] kiss that hand,
My emperor, is ample recompense,
For a mere act of duty.

Otho. Thou art wrong;
For what can any man on earth do more?
We will make trial of your house's welcome,
My bright Auranthe!

Conrad. How is Friedburg honoured!

Enter ETHELBERT *and six Monks.*

Ethelbert. The benison of heaven on your head,
Imperial Otho!

Otho. Who stays me? Speak! Quick!

Ethelbert. Pause but one moment, mighty conqueror!
Upon the threshold of this house of joy.

Otho. Pray, do not prose, good Ethelbert, but speak
What is your purpose.

Ethelbert. The restoration of some captive maids,
Devoted to Heaven's pious ministries,
Who, [being] driven forth from their religious cells,
And kept in thraldom by our enemy,
When late this province was a lawless spoil,
Still weep amid the wild Hungarian camp,
Though hemm'd around by thy victorious arms.

Otho. Demand the holy sisterhood in our name
From Gersa's tents. Farewell, old Ethelbert.

Ethelbert. The saints will bless you for this pious care.

Otho. Daughter, your hand; Ludolph's would fit it best.

Conrad. Ho! let the music sound!

[*Music.* ETHELBERT *raises his hands, as in benediction of* OTHO. *Exeunt severally. The scene closes on them.*

172 cates *over* [plums] *S*: cakes *1848* reprieve *over* forgiveness *S* 179 To kiss *1848* T^2: To kneel and kiss *S* 180/181 [For my mere duty done] *S* 184 honor'd *S* 185 benizon *1848* T^2 193 driven forth from *1848* T^2: being driven forth from (from *added above*) *S*

SCENE III.—*The Country, with the Castle in the distance.*

Enter LUDOLPH *and* SIGIFRED.

Ludolph. You have my secret; let it not be breath'd.
Sigifred. Still give me leave to wonder that my Prince
Ludolph, and the swift Arab are the same;
Still to rejoice that 'twas a German arm
Death doing in a turban'd masquerade.
Ludolph. The Emperor must not know it, Sigifred.
Sigifred. I prythee, why? What happier hour of time
Could thy pleased star point down upon from heaven
With silver index, bidding thee make peace?
Ludolph. Still it must not be known, good Sigifred;
The star may point oblique.
Sigifred. If Otho knew
His son to be that unknown Mussulman
After whose spurring heels he sent me forth,
With one of his well-pleased Olympian oaths,
The charters of man's greatness, at this hour
He would be watching round the castle walls,
And, like an anxious warder, strain his sight
For the first glimpse of such a son return'd—
Ludolph, that blast of the Hungarians,
That Saracenic meteor of the fight,
That silent fury, whose fell scymitar
Kept danger all aloof from Otho's head,
And left him space for wonder.
Ludolph. Say no more.
Not as a swordsman would I pardon claim,
But as a son. The bronzed centurion,

1. iii. *Heading and stage-direction as printed, 1848 T*^{2}: *S has merely* Act 1st Scene 2nd (*the* 2 *altered to* 3) *followed by* Otho, *in minute letters. Immediately after the heading come lines* 64–123*; then* 1–63*; then* 123 (I doubt not to you)–124 1. iii. *Before* 1 *S has* [My Lord friend you have the] 2 my *S*: the *1848 T*^{2}

2/3 [And that a cristian arm
And still let me rejoice] *S*

5 Death [giving] doing *S* 6 Emperour *S* 7 hour *over* [point] *S* 8 point [out] down *S* 11 The [planet] star *S* 12 Mussleman *ST*^{2} 16 [He'd act the] He would *S* wathing *S* round *over* [on] *S* 18 of [thee] such *S* 22/23 [Like his good Angel] *S* 23/24 [I would not buy my Pardon] *S* 24–29 *Letters 156* (*L*) 24 claim *over* [crave] *S*: crave *L*

Long toil'd in foreign wars, and whose high deeds
Are shaded in a forest of tall spears,
Known only to his troop, hath greater plea
Of favour with my sire than I can have.
Sigifred. My lord, forgive me that I cannot see
How this proud temper with clear reason squares.
What made you then, with such an anxious love,
Hover around that life, whose bitter days
You vext with bad revolt? Was 't opium,
Or the mad-fumed wine? Nay, do not frown,
I rather would grieve with you than upbraid.
Ludolph. I do believe you. No, 'twas not to make
A father his son's debtor, or to heal
His deep heart-sickness for a rebel child.
'Twas done in memory of my boyish days,
Poor cancel for his kindness to my youth,
For all his calming of my childish griefs,
And all his smiles upon my merriment.
No, not a thousand foughten fields could sponge
Those days paternal from my memory,
Though now upon my head he heaps disgrace.
Sigifred. My Prince, you think too harshly—
Ludolph. Can I so?
Hath he not gall'd my spirit to the quick?
And with a sullen rigour obstinate
Pour'd out a phial of wrath upon my faults?
Hunted me as a Tartar does the boar,
Driven me to the very edge of the world,
And almost put a price upon my head?
Sigifred. Remember how he spared the rebel lords.
Ludolph. Yes, yes, I know he hath a noble nature

31/32 [What then could]
[Why then did you them so hover] *S*
32 [What] What *S* such *added above S* 33 bitter *over* [painful] *S*
35 mad [wine] fumed wine *S* 37 you *made out of* thee *S* 39 His [bleeding] *over* [The recent wounds] *S* 40 [No!] 'Twas *S* 42 his [sorrow] calming *S* 43 upon] up upon *S* my *over* [young] *S*
43/44 [Ever will those bright days live in my heart
Though he still] *S*
46 Thought *S* 47 you [judge] think too [sadly] harshly *S*
49/50 [Hunted Hunted me as the Tartar] *S* 50 my [head] faults *S*
51 a Tartar *S*: the Tartar *1848* T^2 52 of the *S*: o' the *1848* T^2
55 Yes, Yes I know *over* [I know he] *S* nature [well I know] *S*

That cannot trample on the fall'n. But his
Is not the only proud heart in his realm.
He hath wrong'd me, and I have done him wrong;
He hath lov'd me, and I have shown him kindness;
We should be almost equal.
Sigifred. Yet, for all this,
I would you had appear'd among those lords,
And ta'en his favour.
Ludolph. Ha! till now I thought
My friend had held poor Ludolph's honour dear.
What! would you have me sue before his throne
And kiss the courtier's missal, its silk steps?
Or hug the golden housings of his steed,
Amid a camp, whose steeled swarms I dared
But yesterday? And, at the trumpet sound,
Bow like some unknown mercenary's flag,
And lick the soiled grass? No, no, my friend,
I would not, I, be pardon'd in the heap,
And bless indemnity with all that scum,—
Those men I mean, who on my shoulders propp'd
Their weak rebellion, winning me with lies,
And pitying forsooth my many wrongs;
Poor self-deceived wretches, who must think
Each one himself a king in embryo,
Because some dozen vassals cry'd—my lord!
Cowards, who never knew their little hearts,
Till flurried Danger held the mirror up,
And then they own'd themselves without a blush,
Curling, like spaniels, round my father's feet.
Such things deserted me and are forgiven,
While I, least guilty, am an outcast still,
And will be, for I love such fair disgrace.
Sigifred. I know the clear truth; so would Otho see,
For he is just and noble. Fain would I

56 [And] That *S* fall'n *S*: fallen *1848 T*^{2} his *over* [why] *S* *After* 63 *a line is drawn in S, and the MS. passes to* I. III. 123 (I doubt not to you) 65 Missal *over* bible *S* 66 [steeled] golden *added above S* his [Horse] Steed *S* 66/67 [When through the camp he passes] *S* 67 a *over* [the] *S* 72 bless *over* [be] *S* indemnity *made out of* indemnified *S* 75 [my] forsooth my *S* 76 must *over* [would] *S* 78/79 [Cowards who] *S* 80 flurried *added above S* Danger *S*: danger *1848 T*^{2} mirrour *S* 82 [And] curling (*made out of* curld (?)) *S* 86 know *over* [see] *S* [and] so *S* 87 feign *S* *Beneath* feign would I *Keats has written, in a minute hand,* even though the sacred [na] (*?*) sense

Be pleader for you—
Ludolph. He'll hear none of it;
You know his temper, hot, proud, obstinate;
Endanger not yourself so uselessly.
I will encounter his thwart spleen myself,
To-day, at the Duke Conrad's, where he keeps
His crowded state after the victory,
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 not
From interchanged love through many years.
Ay, and those turreted Franconian walls,
Like to a jealous casket, hold my pearl—
My fair Auranthe! Yes, I will be there.
Sigifred. Be not so rash; wait till his wrath shall pass,
Until his royal spirit softly ebbs
Self-influenced; then, in his morning dreams
He will forgive thee, and awake in grief
To have not thy good morrow.
Ludolph. Yes, to-day
I must be there, while her young pulses beat
Among the new-plum'd minions of the war.
Have you seen her of late? No? Auranthe,
Franconia's fair sister, 'tis I mean.
She should be paler for my troublous days—
And there it is—my father's iron lips
Have sworn divorcement 'twixt me and my right.
Sigifred (*aside*). Auranthe! I had hoped this whim had pass'd.
Ludolph. And, Sigifred, with all his love of justice,
When will he take that grand child in his arms,

90 yourself [and . . . thin] so *S* 90/91 [I will break the matter to him myself] *S* 93 His [state] crowded state *S* 96 loaths *S* 99 that a *S* 100 grown *S* 100/101 [Not from mutual benefits] *S* 101 From [mutual benefits] interchanged *S* 102 Aye *S* Walls *beneath* [Walls] [Gates] *S* 107 then [he] in *S* 109 [Sigifred! Have you seen her of late—] *before* Yes to day *S* 111 plumed *1848* 112/113 ['Tis I mean, the Duke's fair sister] *S* 114 [Ha!] she *S* 115 it is *over* [oppression again] *S* lips *over* [arm] *S* 116 [Weighs] Have *S* 117 hop'd *S* 118 his *added above* *S* 119 Granchild *S*

That, by my love I swear, ⟨shall⟩ soon be his? 120
This reconcilement is impossible,
For see—but who are these?
Sigifred. They are messengers
From our great emperor; to you I doubt not,
For couriers are abroad to seek you out.

Enter THEODORE *and* GONFRED.

Theodore. Seeing so many vigilant eyes explore
The province to invite your highness back
To your high dignities, we are too happy.
Gonfred. We have no eloquence to colour justly
The emperor's anxious wishes.
Ludolph. Go. I follow you.

[*Exeunt* THEODORE *and* GONFRED.

120 shall *1848* T^2: *om.* *S* 120/121 [Auranthe these harsh times] *S*
123 Emperour. I doubt not to you (*transposition-marks pencilled*) *S*
After 123 *a line is drawn in S and the MS. passes to* I. iii. 1
124 are abroad to seek (*beneath* [seeke search]) you out *written in under* [to that purpose are abroad] *S*
125–32 *So 1848 t; in place of which* ST^2 *have the following lines, crossed through in* T^2*; the words enclosed in square brackets are erased in S and omitted by* T^2

Sigifred Pray What would you with us?
(*To Ludolph*) *Theodore* My Lord I come
To bring you to the presence [at the Castle] all in haste
No doubt you will obey the Emperor's summons
(*To Sigifred*) *Ludolph* D'ye hear this fellow how he braves his Prince?
I've a shrewd guess [that] the court atmosphere
Is to fine (*over* [thick]) for my Breathing, Sigifred
When (*made out of* While) such an ugly vermin dares so much
Theodore Yeeld up your sword My Lord and come away
Ludolph Give him some answer Sigifred—or blows
Theodore The Emperor's Commands!
Sigifred Insolent slave!
Gonfred Nay my good Prince we are not warranted
Beyond a civil Message to request
Your Hineheſs would obey (obey *over* [but meet]) great Otho's call
Ludolph This is another tune. (*To Theodore*) fellow avaunt!
Theodore I trust your Highness anger will not fall
On one whose fault, if such is was arose
From ignorance
Ludolph Thou art right—thy place is good
Thou hast forgot the nature of an insult
By constant suffrance for a small preferment—
Let me not see thee more—come Sigifred
[I will examine all the Dragon's paws]
I (*over* [We]) will to Friedburg Castle (*over* [Conrad's Castle]) on the spur
And feel the Dragon's paws.

I play the prude: it is but venturing—
Why should he be so earnest? Come, my friend,
Let us to Friedburg castle.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Ante-chamber in the Castle.*

Enter LUDOLPH *and* SIGIFRED.

Ludolph. No more advices, no more cautioning;
I leave it all to fate—to any thing!
I cannot square my conduct to time, place,
Or circumstance; to me 'tis all a mist!
Sigifred. I say no more.
Ludolph. It seems I am to wait
Here in the ante-room;—that may be a trifle.
You see now how I dance attendance here,
Without that tyrant temper, you so blame,
Snapping the rein. You have medicin'd me
With good advices; and I here remain,
In this most honourable ante-room,
Your patient scholar.
Sigifred. Do not wrong me, Prince.
By Heavens, I'd rather kiss Duke Conrad's slipper,
When in the morning he doth yawn with pride,
Than see you humbled but a half-degree!
Truth is, the Emperor would fain dismiss
The Nobles ere he sees you.

Enter GONFRED, *from the Council-room.*

Ludolph. Well, sir! what!
Gonfred. Great honour to the Prince! The Emperor,
Hearing that his brave son had re-appeared,

132 Let us *over* [I will] T^2 (*both readings in Keats' hand*)

II. i. *Heading* Act II, Scene I *om. S*

1 *The name of the speaker is given in S as Conrad*
No more advices no, more cautions Sigifred (*so punctuated*) *S*:
No more advices, no more cautioning [Sigifred] T^2 (*the last three letters of* cautioning *in Keats' hand*) 4/5 [The happy] *S* (*given to Ludolph*)
5 I say no more *1848 t*: I have done Sir ST^2 6, 11 antiroom ST^2
6 [But] *before* that *S* 9 [Certes] *before* You *S* 15 humbled *beneath* [so degraded] *S* 18 Emperour *S* 19 reappear'd *S*

Instant dismiss'd the Council from his sight,
As Jove fans off the clouds. Even now they pass. [*Exit.*

Enter the Nobles from the Council-room. They cross the stage, bowing with respect to LUDOLPH, *he frowning on them.* CONRAD *follows. Exeunt Nobles.*

Ludolph. Not the discoloured poisons of a fen,
Which he, who breathes, feels warning of his death,
Could taste so nauseous in the bodily sense,
As these prodigious sycophants disgust
The soul's fine palate.

Conrad. Princely Ludolph, hail!
Welcome, thou younger sceptre to the realm!
Strength to thy virgin crownet's golden buds,
That they, against the winter of thy sire,
May burst, and swell, and flourish round thy brows,
Maturing to a weighty diadem!
Yet be that hour far off; and may he live,
Who waits for thee, as the chapp'd earth for rain.
Set my life's star! I have lived long enough,
Since under my glad roof, propitiously,
Father and son each other re-possess.

Ludolph. Fine wording, Duke! but words could never yet
Forestall the fates; have you not learnt that yet?
Let me look well: your features are the same;
Your gait the same; your hair of the same shade;
As one I knew some passed weeks ago,
Who sung far different notes into mine ears.
I have mine own particular comments on 't;
You have your own perhaps.

Conrad. My gracious Prince,
All men may err. In truth I was deceived
In your great father's nature, as you were.
Had I known that of him I have since known,

20 dismissed *S* 21 clouds *made out of* coulds *S* *After* Exit *S has for stage-direction merely* Enter the Nobles who cross &c. 22 discouloured *S* 23/24 Not the death watch tickling a Beldam's ear *S* 24 taste so nauseous *over* [nauseate me] *S* in *S*: to *made out of* in T^2: to *1848* [my] the *over* [the] *S* 25/26 [The relish of my souls invisible] [invisible tongue] *S* 26 [That] The *over* [My] *S* 27 scepter ST^2 28 virgin *over* [rounded] *S* 29 against winter (against *over* [in the last]) *S* 31 [And] maturing *S* 33 chap'd *S* 34 liv'd *S* 36 [Meet] Father *S* repossess ST^2 37 words *added above S* 38 Forstall *S* 47 I [since] have since T^2

And what you soon will learn, I would have turn'd
My sword to my own throat, rather than held
Its threatening edge against a good King's quiet:
Or with one word fever'd you, gentle Prince,
Who seem'd to me, as rugged times then went,
Indeed too much oppress'd. May I be bold
To tell the Emperor you will haste to him?

Ludolph. Your Dukedom's privilege will grant so much.

[*Exit* CONRAD.

He's very close to Otho, Sigifred
Your hand—I go. Ha! here the thunder comes
Sullen against the wind! If in two angry brows
My safety lies, then Sigifred, I'm safe.

Enter OTHO *and* CONRAD.

Otho. Will you make Titan play the lackey-page
To chattering pigmies? I would have you know
That such neglect of our high Majesty
Annuls all feel of kindred. What is son,—
Or friend,—or brother,—or all ties of blood,—
When the whole kingdom, centred in ourself,
Is rudely slighted? Who am I to wait?
By Peter's chair! I have upon my tongue
A word to fright the proudest spirit here!—
Death!—and slow tortures to the hardy fool,
Who dares take such large charter from our smiles!
Conrad, we would be private. Sigifred!
Off! And none pass this way on pain of death!

[*Exeunt* CONRAD *and* SIGIFRED.

Ludolph. This was but half expected, my good sire,
Yet I am griev'd at it, to the full height,
As though my hopes of favour had been whole.

Otho. How you indulge yourself! What can you hope for?

51 feaver'd you gentle Prince *beneath* [put fever in your heart] *S* 53 to *S* be bold *beneath* [express] *S* 55 Dukedom's privilege *made out of* Dukedom privileges *S* will grant *beneath* [you to] *S* *Before* 56 *S has* [Aside] 56 Otho, a tight leech *1848*: Otho Sigifred *S*: Otho [Sigifred] a tight leach T^2 58 in *over* [by] *S* brows *over* [eyes] *S* 60 *Stage-direction* and Conrad *om. S* lackey page *beneath* lackey boy *S* 63 all] of *S* 68 A] I *S* the proudest spirit here *1848 t*: the Devil—Banishment! ST^2 69 and slow *made out of* slowest *S* hardy *added above S* 70 our *over* [my] *S* 72 and [let] none *S* 76 Hopes! what in [all] your conscience can you hope for ([all] *and* can *add. above*) *S* *In T^2 a blank has been left, and this is filled by the reading of 1848, in Keats' hand*

Ludolph. Nothing, my liege, I have to hope for nothing.
I come to greet you as a loving son,
And then depart, if I may be so free,
Seeing that blood of yours in my warm veins
Has not yet mitigated into milk.
Otho. What would you, sir?
Ludolph. A lenient banishment;
So please you let me unmolested pass
This Conrad's gates, to the wide air again.
I want no more. A rebel wants no more.
Otho. And shall I let a rebel loose again
To muster kites and eagles 'gainst my head?
No, obstinate boy, you shall be kept caged up,
Served with harsh food, with scum for Sunday-drink.
Ludolph. Indeed!
Otho. And chains too heavy for your life:
I'll choose a jailor, whose swart monstrous face
Shall be a hell to look upon, and she—
Ludolph. Ha!
Otho. Shall be your fair Auranthe.
Ludolph. Amaze! Amaze!
Otho. To-day you marry her.
Ludolph. This is a sharp jest!
Otho. No. None at all. When have I said a lie?
Ludolph. If I sleep not, I am a waking wretch.
Otho. Not one word more. Let me embrace my child.
Ludolph. I dare not. 'Twould pollute so good a father!
O heavy crime! that your son's blinded eyes
Could not see all his parent's love aright,
As now I see it. Be not kind to me—
Punish me not with favour.
Otho. Are you sure,
Ludolph, you have no saving plea in store?

77 Leege *made out of* Lord *S* 89 scum *over* [puddle] *S* for [your] Sunday drink (Sunday *crowded in*) *S* 90 [You shall] and chains *S* 91 whose] who *S* 92 look on—the—(upon *made out of* on) *S* 93 *After* Auranthe *ST*^{2} *have*

Oh! my Boy
What will you say to that?

(*crossed out in T*^{2}: *in S the first letter of* Shall is *made out of* I) 94 To day you *over* [You shall] *S* 95 have I said *over* [did I tell] *S* 97 No⟨t⟩ on⟨e⟩ [more words] word more *S*: Not a word more *1848 T*^{2} 98 polute *S* 100 his Parent's love aright *beneath* [the love your open nature clear] *S*

Ludolph. My father, none!
Otho. Then you astonish me.
Ludolph. No, I have no plea. Disobedience,
Rebellion, obstinacy, blasphemy,
Are all my counsellors. If they can make
My crooked deed show good and plausible,
Then grant me loving pardon, but not else,
Good Gods! not else, in any way, my liege!
Otho. You are a most perplexing, noble boy.
Ludolph. You not less a perplexing noble father.
Otho. Well, you shall have free passport through the gates.
Farewell!
Ludolph. Farewell! and by these tears believe,
And still remember, I repent in pain
All my misdeeds!
Otho. Ludolph, I will! I will!
But, Ludolph, ere you go, I would enquire
If you, in all your wandering, ever met
A certain Arab haunting in these parts.
Ludolph. No, my good lord, I cannot say I did.
Otho. Make not your father blind before his time;
Nor let these arms paternal hunger more
For an embrace, to dull the appetite
Of my great love for thee, my supreme child!
Come near, and let me breathe into thine ear.
I knew you through disguise. You are the Arab!
You can't deny it. [*Embracing him.*
Ludolph. Happiest of days!
Otho. We'll make it so.
Ludolph. 'Stead of one fatted calf
Ten hecatombs shall bellow out their last,
Smote 'twixt the horns by the death-stunning mace
Of Mars, and all the soldiery shall feast
Nobly as Nimrod's masons, when the towers
Of Nineveh new kiss'd the parted clouds!
Otho. Large as a God speak out, where all is thine.

106 Blasphemy *beneath* [Insult, Pride] *S* 107 Are [my] all my *S* 108 deed *S*: deeds *1848* T^2 109 loving *and* but *added above S* 110 in any way *added above S* 113 free[est] *S* 118 wandring ever meet *S* 122 these [hun] ams *S* (*i.e.* these hungry arms) 123 apetite *S* 125 near *S*: close *1848*: close *over* [near] T^2 breath *S* 127 Embracing him *om. S* 128 'Stead . . . calf *beneath* [Ten Hecatombs shall fall] *S* 132 [More] nobly *S*

Ludolph. Aye, father, but the fire in my sad breast
Is quench'd with inward tears! I must rejoice
For you, whose wings so shadow over me
In tender victory, but for myself
I still must mourn. The fair Auranthe mine!
Too great a boon! I pr'ythee let me ask
What more than I know of could so have changed
Your purpose touching her.
Otho. At a word, this:
In no deed did you give me more offence
Than your rejection of Erminia.
To my appalling, I saw too good proof
Of your keen-eyed suspicion,—she is naught!
Ludolph. You are convinc'd?
Otho. Ay, spite of her sweet looks.
O, that my brother's daughter should so fall!
Her fame has pass'd into the grosser lips
Of soldiers in their cups.
Ludolph. 'Tis very sad.
Otho. No more of her. Auranthe—Ludolph, come!
This marriage be the bond of endless peace! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Entrance of* GERSA'S *Tent in the Hungarian Camp.*

Enter ERMINIA.

Erminia. Where! where! where shall I find a messenger?
A trusty soul? A good man in the camp?
Shall I go myself? Monstrous wickedness!
O cursed Conrad! devilish Auranthe!
Here is proof palpable as the bright sun!
O for a voice to reach the Emperor's ears!
[*Shouts in the Camp.*

Enter an HUNGARIAN CAPTAIN.

Captain. Fair prisoner, hear you those joyous shouts?
The king—aye, now our king,—but still your slave,

135 sad *added above S* 140 To *S* 142/143 [First I must] *S* 150 the cups *S*

II. ii. *Heading:* Act 2nd—Scene 2nd. The Hungarian Camp—the entrance of Gerza's Tent—Erminia comes out with a Letter in her hand *S* 1–21 *The speaker's name om. S* 4/5 [An Emperor is no God] *S* 5 Sun *over* [Stars] *S* 5/6 [Married to day! Oh O O] *S* 7 [you] hear you (*the second* you *added above*) *S*: you hear *1848 T*²

Young Gersa, from a short captivity
Has just return'd. He bids me say, bright Dame,
That even the homage of his ranged chiefs
Cures not his hot impatience to behold
Such beauty once again. What ails you, lady?
Erminia. Say, is not that a German, yonder? There!
Captain. Methinks by his stout bearing he should be—
Yes—'tis one Albert; a brave German knight,
And much in the emperor's favour.
Erminia. I would fain
Enquire of friends and kinsfolk; how they fared
In these rough times. Brave soldier, as you pass
To royal Gersa with my humble thanks,
Will you send yonder knight to me?
Captain. I will. [*Exit.*
Erminia. Yes, he was ever known to be a man
Frank, open, generous; Albert I may trust.
O proof! proof! proof! Albert 's an honest man;
Not Ethelbert the monk, if he were here,
Would I hold more trustworthy. Now!

Enter ALBERT.

Albert. Good Gods!
Lady Erminia! are you prisoner
In this beleaguer'd camp? Or are you here
Of your own will? You pleas'd to send for me.
By Venus, 'tis a pity I knew not
Your plight before, and, by her Son, I swear
To do you every service you can ask.
What would the fairest—?
Erminia. Albert, will you swear?
Albert. I have. Well!

9, 20 Gersa *S*, *in place of the usual* Gerza 10 Dame *over* [Lady] *S* 11 hommage ST^2 12 hot *S*: keen *1848*: keen *over* [hot] T^2 16 Yes—'tis one Albert *S*: Yes—it is Albert *1848* T^2 18 friends and *over* [my] *S* 21 knight *added above S* 21/22 (*Erminia*) [Albert! he was ever known a Man] *S* 23 hopen *over* [honest] [open] *S*

27–8 are you prisoner
In this beleaguer'd camp? *1848 t*: is your Nunnery [is the] emptied into this camp? ST^2. *In* 27 *S has* [wast] *and* [has] *as variants for* is, *and has* [Been emptied into this unruly] [The old Monk cursed about] *as tentative openings of* 28. *The first intention seems to have been* was't your Nunnery The old Monk cursed about? (*For* cursed *it would be possible to read* wind, *i.e.* whined) 34 Well! [Well] *S*: Well? *Buxton Forman*

Erminia. Albert, you have fame to lose.
If men, in court and camp, lie not outright,
You should be, from a thousand, chosen forth
To do an honest deed. Shall I confide— ?
Albert. Aye, anything to me, fair creature. Do,
Dictate my task. Sweet woman,—
Erminia. Truce with that.
You understand me not; and, in your speech,
I see how far the slander is abroad.
Without proof could you think me innocent ?
Albert. Lady, I should rejoice to know you so.
Erminia. If you have any pity for a maid,
Suffering a daily death from evil tongues;
Any compassion for that Emperor's niece,
Who, for your bright sword and clear honesty,
Lifted you from the crowd of common men
Into the lap of honour;—save me, knight!
Albert. How ? Make it clear; if it be possible,
I by the banner of Saint Maurice swear
To right you.
Erminia. Possible!—Easy. O my heart!
This letter's not so soil'd but you may read it;—
Possible! There—that letter! Read—read it.

[*Gives him a letter.*

Albert (*reading*). 'To the Duke Conrad.—Forget the threat you made at parting, and I will forget to send the Emperor letters and papers of your's I have become possessed of. His life is no trifle to me; his death you shall find none to yourself.' (*Speaks to himself.*) 'Tis me—my life that's pleaded for! (*Reads.*) 'He, for his own sake, will be dumb as the grave. Erminia has my shame fix'd upon her, sure as a wen. We are safe.

AURANTHE.'

34 have fame to lose *over* [have a good] *S* 36 forth *over* [out] *S* 47 Your bright sword *beneath* [brave conduct] *S* 51 swer *S* *After 54*, Gives him a letter *om. S* (reading) *1848*: (reads it) T^2: coming a little forward reads the letter *S* 55–62 *A first draft of* 55–62 *is written in S on p. 27a* (*the variants of this first draft are noted below under the symbol d*) 55 To the Duke Conrad *1848* ST^2: [Remember Conrad] *d* 56–7 made *over* [gave] *d* forget [letters and papers] to send to the Emperor [the] Letters *d* (to the Emperor *added above*) 58 (Speaks . . . –59 . . . for) *1848*: *om.* ST^2d, *but in* T^2 *added in Keats' hand, except that Keats has written* (aside) *instead of* Speaks to himself 59 (Reads) *1848*: *om.* ST^2d 60 my shame *over* [the Burden of my disgrace] *d*

A she-devil! A dragon! and I her imp!
Fire of Hell! Auranthe—lewd demon!
Where got you this? Where? When?
Erminia. I found it here in the tent, among some spoils
Which, being noble, fell to Gersa's lot.
Come in, and see. [*They go in and return.*
Albert. Villainy! Villainy!
Conrad's sword, his corslet, and his helm,
And his letter. Caitiff, he shall feel—
Erminia. I see you are thunderstruck. Haste, haste away!
Albert. O I am tortured by this villainy.
Erminia. You needs must be. Carry it swift to Otho;
Tell him, moreover, I am prisoner
Here in this camp, where all the sisterhood,
Forc'd from their quiet cells, are parcell'd out
For slaves among these Huns. Away! Away!
Albert. I am gone.
Erminia. Swift be your steed! Within this hour
The Emperor will see it.
Albert. Ere I sleep:
That I can swear. [*Hurries out.*
Gersa (*without*). Brave captains! thanks. Enough
Of loyal homage now!

Enter GERSA.

Erminia. Hail, royal Hun!
Gersa. What ails you, fair one? Why in such alarm?
Who was it hurried by me so distract?
It seem'd you were in deep discourse together;
Your doctrine has not been so harsh to him

63 A *add. marg. S* She *over* [D] *S* and *S*: *om. 1848* 64 Lew'd *S* 65–70 *added on verso of leaf preceding S* 66 it here] it *1848* T^2: here *S* 68 Come (*over* [Go]) in and see—[there] *S* *Stage-direction* [Albert goes in and] They *S* [Conrads] *before* Villany *S* 71 [What] I *S* are *1848 t*: *om. ST*^{2} 72 tortur'd *S* 74 Prisonner *S* 75 the Sisterhood *1848* T^2 76 parcel'd *S* 78 your *added above S* this *over* [two] *S* hour[s] *S* 80 Gersa's voice without *S*: Gersa (without) *1848* T^2

80–1 *So 1848 and on another page* T^2:
I would be private in my tent awhile
Let me not be disturb'd *S and in the text, erased,* T^2

In T^2 *Keats himself for* 80 *has written in* Brave Captains, thanks! [Now I would rest a while] 82 ails you *S*: means this *over* [ails you] T^2: means this *1848* 83 so distract *beneath* [in such] *S* 85 hast *S*

As to my poor deserts. Come, come, be plain.
I am no jealous fool to kill you both,
Or, for such trifles, rob the adorned world
Of such a beauteous vestal.
Erminia. I grieve, my Lord,
To hear you condescend to ribald phrase.
Gersa. This is too much! Hearken, my lady pure!
Erminia. Silence! and hear the magic of a name—
Erminia! I am she,—the Emperor's niece!
Prais'd be the Heavens, I now dare own myself!
Gersa. Erminia! Indeed! I've heard of her.
Pr'ythee, fair lady, what chance brought you here?
Erminia. Ask your own soldiers.
Gersa. And you dare own your name.
For loveliness you may—and for the rest
My vein is not censorious.
Erminia. Alas! poor me!
'Tis false indeed.
Gersa. Indeed you are too fair:
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. Erminia!
To-day, for the first day, I am a king,
Yet would I give my unworn crown away
To know you spotless.
Erminia. Trust me one day more,
Generously, without more certain guarantee,
Than this poor face you deign to praise so much;
After that, say and do whate'er you please.

86 to my poor deserts *over* [it has been to me] *S* 88 the *S*: th' *1848 T*^{2}
90 To [see] hear *S* ribbald *S* 93 neice *S* 94 Praised *1848*
95–99 *So 1848 t*:

Then you dare do no more than women dare
Who dare the devil on his 'vantage ground
Yet if some strange report I heard hold good
You are in truth no coward. Ha! Erminia *ST*^{2}

(*the two last words, crossed out in S, are wanting in T*^{2}) 100 *Erminia.*
'Tis [all] fasle (*sic*) *S* 100/101 [The swan leaning] *S* 101 leaning *beneath* [sai walking] *S* 102 to (*over* [on]) the stream she *over* [from the bank she] *S* 107 would [I be a subject] I give *S* 108 know *over* [see] *S* 109 more [proof] certain *S* 110 deign *over* [please] *S*
111 [And] after *S* do *over* [think] *S* whateer *made out of* what *S*

If I have any knowledge of you, sir,
I think, nay I am sure you will grieve much
To hear my story. O be gentle to me,
For I am sick and faint with many wrongs,
Tired out, and weary-worn with contumelies.

Gersa. Poor lady!

Enter ETHELBERT.

Erminia. Gentle Prince, 'tis false indeed.
Good morrow, holy father! I have had
Your prayers, though I look'd for you in vain.

Ethelbert. Blessings upon you, daughter! Sure you look
Too cheerful for these foul pernicious days.
Young man, you heard this virgin say 'twas false,—
'Tis false I say. What! can you not employ
Your temper elsewhere, 'mong these burly tents,
But you must taunt this dove, for she hath lost
The Eagle Otho to beat off assault.
Fie! fie! But I will be her guard myself;
In the Emperor's name, I here demand of you
Herself, and all her sisterhood. She false!

Gersa. Peace! peace, old man! I cannot think she is.

Ethelbert. 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,
Which, lifting sweet abroad its timid green,
Is blighted by the touch of calumny;
You cannot credit such a monstrous tale.

Gersa. I cannot. Take her. Fair Erminia,
I follow you to Friedburg,—is't not so?

Erminia. Aye, so we purpose.

Ethelbert. Daughter, do you so?
How's this? I marvel! Yet you look not mad.

112 Sir *over* [Prince] *S* 121 cheerful [if the time] for *S* 124 You *S* 'mong *over* [in this] *S* 125 she hast *S* 128 I' the *1848* name (*no stop*) *S*: name, T^2: name. *1848* of you *om. 1848, in* T^2 *crossed out in pencil* 129 her *over* [the] T^2 130 cannot *beneath* [do not] *S* 131 from] for *S* 133 Watcher her *S* axious *S* 134 [un]till *S* unripe *over* [green] *S* 136 lifting [light] sweet *S* 137 Is blighted *over* [Was blasted] *S* calumny *over* [infamy] *S* 139 [*Gerza* Take her] You *S* 140 Friedburgh *S* 140/141 [*Ethelbert.* Aye thither do we tend] *S* 140–3 *added on verso of leaf preceding S*

Erminia. I have good news to tell you, Ethelbert.
Gersa. Ho! ho, there! Guards!
Your blessing, father! Sweet Erminia,
Believe me, I am well nigh sure—
Erminia. Farewell!
Short time will show. [*Enter Chiefs.*
Yes, father Ethelbert,
I have news precious as we pass along.
Ethelbert. Dear daughter, you shall guide me.
Erminia. To no ill.
Gersa. Command an escort to the Friedburg lines.
[*Exeunt Chiefs.*
Pray let me lead. Fair lady, forget not
Gersa, how he believed you innocent.
I follow you to Friedburg with all speed. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Country.*

Enter ALBERT.

Albert. O that the earth were empty, as when Cain
Had no perplexity to hide his head!
Or that the sword of some brave enemy
Had put a sudden stop to my hot breath,
And hurl'd me down the illimitable gulph
Of times past, unremember'd! Better so
Than thus fast-limed in a cursed snare,
The limbo of a wanton. This the end
Of an aspiring life! My boyhood past
In feud with wolves and bears, when no eye saw
The solitary warfare, fought for love
Of honour 'mid the growling wilderness—
My sturdier youth, maturing to the sword,

147 *Stage-direction:* Enter [Guards] Chiefs T^2 148 I have [good new] news *S* precious as we pass along *over* [to make our pa] [to tell you as we pass] *S* 148/149 *Gersa* [Command an escort to the] *S* 150 Friedborg *S* 153 I follow you with to Friedborg with all speed *S* (*above is* [with all the speed a Man])

III. i. 1 empty *over* [desert] *S* 5 hurl'd *over* [left me] [thrown] *S* 8 limbo ST^2: white limbs *1848* 9 Boy *over* [Child]hood *S* 10/11 [My restless warfare] *S* 12 Honor *S* wilderness. *1848*

Won by the syren-trumpets, and the ring
Of shields upon the pavement, when bright mail'd
Henry the Fowler pass'd the streets of Prague.
Was't to this end I louted and became
The menial of Mars, and held a spear
Sway'd by command, as corn is by the wind?
Is it for this, I now am lifted up
By a well-judging Emperor, to see
My honour be my executioner,—
My love of fame, my prided honesty
Put to the torture for confessional?
Then the damn'd crime of blurting to the world
A woman's secret though a fiend she be,
Too tender of my ignominious life;
But then to wrong the generous Emperor
In such a searching point, were to give up
My soul for foot-ball at Hell's holiday!
I must confess,—and cut my throat,—to-day?
To-morrow? Ho! some wine!

Enter SIGIFRED.

Sigifred. A fine humour—
Albert. Who goes there? Count Sigifred? Ha! Ha! Ha!
Sigifred. What, man, do you mistake the hollow sky
For a throng'd tavern,—and these stubbed trees
For old serge hangings,—me, your humble friend,
For a poor waiter? Why, man, how you stare!
What gipsies have you been carousing with?
No, no more wine; methinks you've had enough.
Albert. You well may laugh and banter. What a fool
An injury may make of a staid man!
You shall know all anon.

15 upon *over* [unp . .] *S* 20 Is it for this *pencilled* (*not in Keats' hand*) *against* [Ist to this end] [Is it for this] [Was it for this] *S* 21 a well judging ST^2: Europe's throned *1848*: *in* T^2 *the reading of 1848 is added above, not in Keats' hand* 22 honor *S* 26 secret—though *S*: secret Though (*corr. to* though) T^2: secret!—Though *1848* 30 [to] *before* at *S* 32 *Stage-direction* Sigibert *S*, *and so, but corrected, the speaker's name* 32 A fine humour— *1848*: Sir (*over* [Here!]) Coming Sir! *S*: T^2 *has a blank space which Keats himself has filled with the reading of 1848* 33 *S has* ha *thrice*, *1848* T^2 *twice* (*but a third* ha *crossed out in pencil in* T^2) 36 me *1848*: me *over* [I] T^2. I *S* 40 may well *1848* T^2 What a fool *over* [O what a fool]) *S* (*the correction not in Keats' hand?*)

Sigifred. Albert! a tavern brawl?
Albert. 'Twas with some people of high consequence;
Revenge is difficult.
Sigifred. I am your friend;
We meet again to-day, and can confer
Upon it. For the present I'm in haste.
Albert. Whither?
Sigifred. To fetch King Gersa to the feast.
The Emperor on this marriage is so hot,
Pray Heaven it end not in apoplexy!
The very porters, as I pass'd the doors,
Heard his loud laugh, and answer'd in full choir.
I marvel, Albert, you delay so long
From those bright revelries; go, show yourself,
You may be made a duke.
Albert. Ay, very like:
Pray, what day has his Highness fix'd upon?
Sigifred. For what?
Albert. The marriage. What else can I mean?
Sigifred. To-day! O, I forgot, you could not know;
The news is scarce a minute old with me.
Albert. Married to-day! To-day! You did not say so?
Sigifred. Now, while I speak to you, their comely heads
Are bow'd before the mitre.
Albert. O! monstrous!
Sigifred. What is this?
Albert. Nothing, Sigifred. Farewell!
We'll meet upon our subject. Farewell, count! [*Exit.*
Sigifred. Is this clear-headed Albert? He brain-turn'd!
'Tis as portentous as a meteor. [*Exit.*

42 Albert! a *S*: Some (*over* [Albert a] T^2) *1848* T^2 43 of high consequence *S*: out of common reach *1848 and over* [of high consequence] T^2 43/44 [With whom revenge is difficult] *S* 49 *Perhaps* in an *S* 50 Porters *over* [Warders] *S* Doors *over* [Gates] *S* 51 Hear'd *S* 53 these *1848* bright *over* [ripe] *S* 54 be made *over* [be outstrip] *S* Aye *S* 58 I heard it but an hour ago myself ST^2 (*the reading of 1848 added above* T^2) 62/63 [I long to greet the happy happy pair] *S* 63 *Stage-direction:* Exit Albert *S*

64–5 *So 1848 t*:
Farewell and nothing—but this nothing is
Something I'll ('ll *added above S*) take my oath on—He is mad ST^2

64 Is] To *1848* 65 *Stage-direction:* Exit Sigifred *S*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Castle.*

Enter as from the Marriage, OTHO, LUDOLPH, AURANTHE, CONRAD, *Nobles, Knights, Ladies, &c. &c. &c. Music.*

Otho. Now, Ludolph! Now, Auranthe! Daughter fair!
What can I find to grace your nuptial day
More than my love, and these wide realms in fee?
Ludolph. I have too much.
Auranthe. And I, my liege, by far.
Ludolph. Auranthe! I have! O, my bride, my love!
Not all the gaze upon us can restrain
My eyes, too long poor exiles from thy face,
From adoration, and my foolish tongue
From uttering soft responses to the love
I see in thy mute beauty beaming forth!
Fair creature, bless me with a single word!
All mine!
Auranthe. Spare, spare me, my Lord; I swoon else.
Ludolph. Soft beauty! by to-morrow I should die,
Wert thou not mine. [*They talk apart.*
First Lady. How deep she has bewitch'd him!
First Knight. Ask you for her receipt for her love philtres.
Second Lady. They hold the Emperor in admiration.
Otho. If ever king was happy, that am I!
Devoted, made a slave to this day's joy
What are the cities 'yond the Alps to me,
The provinces about the Danube's mouth,
The promise of fair soil beyond the Rhone;

III. II. *Heading*. Act 2rd Scene 2nd Enter as from a marriage ceremony—Otho, Ludolph, Conrad, Auranthe and her train, Nobles, Knights, Ladies &c. &c. &c —Music playing—and cease *S* 1 Auranthe *over* [sweet] *S* 3 these wide *1848 T*²: these [wild] *S* ([wild] *added above*) 4 I *over* [We] *S* 7 eyes [from adoration] too *S* poor exiles *over* [far dongeond] *S* 9 the love *beneath* [thy mute] *S* 9/10 But eloquent Beauty] *S* 12 [my lord] my Lord *S*

12–13 *Stage-directions:* talk aside { Auranthe / Ludolph *S* (They talk apart *om.*)

14 bewich'd *S* 14–15 *Stage-directions:* A Lady *and* A Knight *S* 15 receipt *T*²: recept *S*: recipe *1848* her love *Buxton Forman*: Love *made out of* her *S*: love *1848 T*² 17*a So ST*² *crossed out in T*²: *om. 1848* (*before* made *S has* [to yo⟨u⟩]) 19 [What] the provinces *S* 20 sail *1848 ST*²: soil *Buxton Forman* rhone *made out of* rhine *S* 20/21 [Or mem] (?) *S*

Or routing out of Hyperborean hordes,
To these fair children, stars of a new age?
Unless perchance I might rejoice to win
This little ball of earth, and chuck it them
To play with!
Auranthe. Nay, my Lord, I do not know.
Ludolph. Let me not famish.
Otho (to Conrad). Good Franconia,
You heard what oath I sware, as the sun rose,
That unless Heaven would send me back my son,
My Arab,—no soft music should enrich
The cool wine, kiss'd off with a soldier's smack;
Now all my empire, barter'd for one feast,
Seems poverty.
Conrad. Upon the neighbour-plain
The heralds have prepar'd a royal lists;
Your knights, found war-proof in the bloody field,
Speed to the game.
Otho. Well, Ludolph, what say you?
Ludolph. My lord!
Otho. A tourney?
Conrad. Or, if't please you best—
Ludolph. I want no more!
First Lady. He soars!
Second Lady. Past all reason.
Ludolph. Though heaven's choir
Should in a vast circumference descend,
And sing for my delight, I'd stop my ears!
Though bright Apollo's car stood burning here,
And he put out an arm to bid me mount,
His touch an immortality, not I!
This earth, this palace, this room, Auranthe!
Otho. This is a little painful; just too much.
Conrad, if he flames longer in this wise,
I shall believe in wizard-woven loves

22 [stars] Stars of a new Age *beneath* [Unless perchance] *S* 24 little *added above S* 25 I do not know *over* [at your good will] *S* 26 talk aside *before Ludolph's name S* [Conrad] *before* good Franconia *S* 29 enrich *beneath* [be heard] *S* 33 Herals *S* 35 the game *over* [this lighter game the Trumpets] [*Otho.* It is m] *S* 37 2nd Lady *and* another Lady *S* 42 bid me mount *written, not in Keats' hand, over* help me in *S* (help me in *not crossed out*) 44 *Stage-direction:* goes to Auranthe *S*

And old romances; but I'll break the spell.
Ludolph!
Conrad. He will be calm, anon.
Ludolph. You call'd!
Otho. Come, come, a little sober reason, Ludolph. 49*a*
Ludolph. Yes, yes, yes, I offend. You must forgive me; 50
Not being quite recover'd from the stun
Of your large bounties. A tourney, is it not?
[*A senet heard faintly.*
Conrad. The trumpets reach us.
Ethelbert (*without*). On your peril, sirs,
Detain us!
First Voice (*without*). Let not the abbot pass.
Second Voice (*without*). No,
On your lives!
First Voice (*without*). Holy father, you must not.
Ethelbert (*without*). Otho!
Otho. Who calls on Otho?
Ethelbert (*without*). Ethelbert!
Otho. Let him come in.
[*Enter* ETHELBERT *leading in* ERMINIA.
Thou cursed abbot, why
Hast brought pollution to our holy rites?
Hast thou no fear of hangman, or the faggot?
Mad Churchman, would'st thou be impal'd alive? 59*a*
Ludolph. What portent—what strange prodigy is this? 60
Conrad. Away!
Ethelbert. You, Duke?
Erminia. Albert has surely fail'd me!
Look at the Emperor's brow upon me bent!
Ethelbert. A sad delay!
Conrad. Away, thou guilty thing!
Ethelbert. You again, Duke? Justice, most mighty Otho!
You—go to your sister there and plot again,

49 He will *S*: he'll *1848* T^2 49*a* *So S*: *om. 1848* T^2 [son] *before* Ludolph *S*

50 Yes, yes, yes, I offend: [I delay people you
Cause an unseemly (*?*) delay] you must forgive me *S*

52 A senet heard faintly *1848* T^2: faint senet *S* 53 Ethelbert's voice without *S* 54 Detain us [not] *S* 54, 55 other voices *before* No *and* Holy *S* 56 Ethelbert (without)] Ethelbert's voice *S* 57 *leading*] forcing *S* 59 no[t] *S* hangmen ST^2: hangman *1848* 59*a* *So S*: *om. 1848* T^2 61 [Sure] Albert has surely failed me ST^2 (surely *added above*) 63 sad *over* [slight] *S* delay [no harm] *S* 64 mighty *S*: noble *1848* T^2

A quick plot, swift as thought to save your heads;
For lo! the toils are spread around your den,
The world is all agape to see dragg'd forth
Two ugly monsters.
Ludolph. What means he, my lord?
Conrad. I cannot guess.
Ethelbert. Best ask your lady sister,
Whether the riddle puzzles her beyond
The power of utterance.
Conrad. Foul barbarian, cease;
The Princess faints!
Ludolph. Stab him! O, sweetest wife!
[*Attendants bear off* AURANTHE.
Erminia. Alas!
Ethelbert. Your wife!
Ludolph. Aye, Satan! does that yerk ye?
Ethelbert. Wife! so soon!
Ludolph. Aye, wife! Oh, impudence!
Thou bitter mischief! Venomous mad priest!
How durst thou lift those beetle brows at me?
Me—the prince Ludolph, in this presence here,
Upon my marriage-day, and scandalize
My joys with such opprobrious surprise?
Wife! Why dost linger on that syllable,
As if it were some demon's name pronounc'd
To summon harmful lightning, and make roar
The sleepy thunder? Hast no sense of fear?
No ounce of man in thy mortality?
Tremble! for, at my nod, the sharpen'd axe
Will make thy bold tongue quiver to the roots,
Those grey lids wink, and thou not know it, Monk!
Ethelbert. O, poor deceived Prince! I pity thee!
Great Otho! I claim justice—
Ludolph. Thou shalt have 't!

68 see dragg'd forth *beneath* [see you drag'd] *S* 69 ugly *added above S* What *to* 72 utterance *added on verso of preceding leaf S* 73 *Stage-direction om. S* 75 Aye *over* [Yes] *S* Oh] [aye] Oh *S* 76 mad *S*: bad *1848 T*^{2} 77 durst *S*: dar'st *1848 T*^{2} beetle] betle *S*

82/83 [To rouse the sleepy Thunder
Which Thunder] *S*

83 To [rouse the] summon *S* roar] yawn *1848 T*^{2} (*in S the word looks more like* roar) 87 to *over* [at] *S* 88 Monk! *1848 ST*^{2} 89 pitty *S*

Thine arms from forth a pulpit of hot fire
Shall sprawl distracted! O that that dull cowl
Were some most sensitive portion of thy life,
That I might give it to my hounds to tear!
Thy girdle some fine zealous-pained nerve
To girth my saddle! And those devil's beads
Each one a life, that I might, every day,
Crush one with Vulcan's hammer!
Otho. Peace, my son;
You far outstrip my spleen in this affair.
Let us be calm, and hear the abbot's plea
For this intrusion.
Ludolph. I am silent, sire.
Otho. Conrad, see all depart not wanted here.
[*Exeunt Knights, Ladies, &c.*
Ludolph, be calm. Ethelbert, peace awhile.
This mystery demands an audience
Of a just judge, and that will Otho be.
Ludolph. Why has he time to breathe another word?
Otho. Ludolph, old Ethelbert, be sure, comes not
To beard us for no cause; he's not the man
To cry himself up an ambassador
Without credentials.
Ludolph. I'll chain up myself.
Otho. Old Abbot, stand here forth. Lady Erminia,
Sit. And now, Abbot! what have you to say?
Our ear is open. First we here denounce
Hard penalties against thee, if't be found
The cause for which you have disturb'd us here,
Making our bright hours muddy, be a thing
Of little moment.
Ethelbert. See this innocent!
Otho! thou father of the people call'd,
Is her life nothing? Her fair honour nothing?
Her tears from matins until even-song

92 spawl *S* 96 To [lace] girth *S* 97 that *over* [and] *S* [crush] *before* every *S* 98 one *over* [one in v] *S* 99 sleen *S* 100 hear] hera *S* 102 *Stage-direction om. S* [Nobles] Knights T^2 105 Of a just Just Judge *S* 106 breath *S* 110 I'll *made out of* I will *S* chain up myself *over* [for Patience strive] *S* 111 Old [abbot] *over* [Now Ethelbert] *S* here *added above S* 112 Abbot *over* [Abbot] *S* 116 hous *S* 118 the *over* [his] *S* 119 life *over* [peace] *S* 120 from *made out of* at *S* until *over* [and at] *S*

Nothing? Her burst heart nothing? Emperor!
Is this your gentle niece—the simplest flower
Of the world's herbal—this fair lily blanch'd
Still with the dews of piety, this meek lady
Here sitting like an angel newly-shent,
Who veils its snowy wings and grows all pale,—
Is she nothing?

Otho. What more to the purpose, abbot?

Ludolph. Whither is he winding?

Conrad. No clue yet!

Ethelbert. You have heard, my Liege, and so, no doubt, all here,
Foul, poisonous, malignant whisperings; 130
Nay open speech, rude mockery grown common,
Against the spotless nature and clear fame
Of the princess Erminia, your niece.
I have intruded here thus suddenly,
Because I hold those base weeds with tight hand
Which now disfigure her fair growing stem,
Waiting but for your sign to pull them up
By the dark roots, and leave her palpable,
To all men's sight, a Lady innocent.
The ignominy of that whisper'd tale 140
About a midnight gallant, seen to climb
A window to her chamber neighbour'd near,
I will from her turn off, and put the load
On the right shoulders; on that wretch's head,
Who, by close stratagems, did save herself,

122 Is this *over* [This] *made out of* She *S* gentle [guiltless] *over* [sweet N most innocent] *S* 123 Lilly *S* 124/125 [Whou sits now sits here folorn and] *S* 128 Whither whither ST^2 (*the second* whither *struck through in pencil* T^2) 132 [na] *before* spotless *S* 134 [But] I *S* 136 fair *over* [clear] *S* growen *S* 137 [And] waiting (ing *added*) *S* 139 a Lady, innocent—*beneath* [an innocent Lady] *S*

139/140 [*Otho.* I have wrong'd this man muc⟨h⟩
Ludolph. Have I not wrong'd this man?
Conrad. Curs'd Priest
Ludolph. How!] *S*

140–7 *added on verso of leaf preceding S* 141 midnight *added above S* seen to climb *beneath* [climbing up] [seen to] *S* 141/142 [Her chamber window] *S* 143 tur *S* 144 wretches *S* 145 by *over* [with] *S* *Between* stratagems *and* did save *S has*

[especially
By shifting a Rope ladder from her room
To this much injured Lady's has escap'd]

Chiefly by shifting to this lady's room
A rope-ladder for false witness.
Ludolph. Most atrocious!
Otho. Ethelbert, proceed.
Ethelbert. With sad lips I shall:
For, in the healing of one wound, I fear
To make a greater. His young highness here
To-day was married.
Ludolph. Good.
Ethelbert. Would it were good!
Yet why do I delay to spread abroad
The names of those two vipers, from whose jaws
A deadly breath went forth to taint and blast
This guileless lady?
Otho. Abbot, speak their names.
Ethelbert. A minute first. It cannot be—but may
I ask, great judge, if you to-day have put
A letter by unread?
Otho. Does't end in this?
Conrad. Out with their names!
Ethelbert. Bold sinner, say you so?
Ludolph. Out, tedious monk!
Otho. Confess, or by the wheel—
Ethelbert. My evidence cannot be far away;
And, though it never come, be on my head
The crime of passing an attaint upon
The slanderers of this virgin.
Ludolph. Speak aloud!
Ethelbert. Auranthe, and her brother there.
Conrad. Amaze!
Ludolph. Throw them from the windows!
Otho. Do what you will!
Ludolph. What shall I do with them?
Something of quick dispatch, for should she hear,
My soft Auranthe, her sweet mercy would
Prevail against my fury. Damned priest!

146 [from her] *before* to this *S* 147 attrocious *S* 149 For [though I heal one wound] in the healing *S* 150 young *over* [great] *S* 153 jaws *S* (*seemingly*): jaw *1848* T^2 154 A [po] deadly *S* to [blast and t] taint *S* 158/159 [Away! or out with the names] *S* 159 sinner *over* [serpent] *S* 160 Out *added marg. S* Tedious ST^2 (*in* T^2 *it could be read* hideous): hideous *1848* 161 My *made out of* The *S* 164 Slanderer *S* 165 and her brother there *1848 t*: *om.* ST^2 Conrad *beneath* [Otho] *S*

What swift death wilt thou die? As to the lady
I touch her not.
Ethelbert. Illustrious Otho, stay!
An ample store of misery thou hast,
Choak not the granary of thy noble mind
With more bad bitter grain, too difficult
A cud for the repentance of a man
Grey-growing. To thee only I appeal,
Not to thy noble son, whose yeasting youth
Will clear itself, and crystal turn again.
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, and stuff'd with many memories,
Which, being pleasant, ease the heavy pulse—
Painful, clog up and stagnate. Weigh this matter
Even as a miser balances his coin;
And, in the name of mercy, give command
That your knight Albert be brought here before you.
He will expound this riddle; he will show
A noon-day proof of bad Auranthe's guilt.
Otho. Let Albert straight be summon'd.
[*Exit one of the Nobles.*
Ludolph. Impossible!
I cannot doubt—I will not—no—to doubt
Is to be ashes!—wither'd up to death!
Otho. My gentle Ludolph, harbour not a fear;
You do yourself much wrong.
Ludolph. O, wretched dolt!
Now, when my foot is almost on thy neck,
Wilt thou infuriate me? Proof! Thou fool!
Why wilt thou teaze impossibility
With such a thick-skull'd persevering suit?

171 [qui] swift *added above S* 173 ample *added above S* 174 [Suff] Choak *S* 178 thy made *out of* thine *S* noble son *over* [hapless] *S* [every] *before* yeasting *S* 180 bessing *S* 183 tenantless *beneath* [stagnated] *S* 185 With (*marg.* which) being *S* 186 Weight *S* 187 ballances *S* 189 your *over* the *S* 190 He will expound this riddle he will *marg. S, in place of* [If he be not a Caitiff] 192 *Stage-direction om. S* 192 Impossible *to* 196 O wretched *added on leaf preceding S* 194 ashes *added above S* to [death ashy] death *S*

Fanatic obstinacy! Prodigy!
Monster of folly! Ghost of a turn'd brain!
You puzzle me,—you haunt me,—when I dream
Of you my brain will split! Bald sorcerer!
Juggler! May I come near you? On my soul
I know not whether to pity, curse, or laugh.

Enter ALBERT, *and the Nobleman.*

Here, Albert, this old phantom wants a proof!
Give him his proof! A camel's load of proofs!
Otho. Albert, I speak to you as to a man
Whose words once utter'd pass like current gold;
And therefore fit to calmly put a close
To this brief tempest. Do you stand possess'd
Of any proof against the honourableness
Of Lady Auranthe, our new-spoused daughter?
Albert. You chill me with astonishment. How 's this?
My Liege, what proof should I have 'gainst a fame
Impossible of slur? [OTHO *rises.*
Erminia. O wickedness!
Ethelbert. Deluded monarch, 'tis a cruel lie.
Otho. Peace, rebel-priest!
Conrad. Insult beyond credence!
Erminia. Almost a dream!
Ludolph. We have awaken'd from!
A foolish dream that from my brow has wrung
A wrathful dew. O folly! why did I
So act the lion with this silly gnat?
Let them depart. Lady Erminia!
I ever griev'd for you, as who did not?
But now you have, with such a brazen front,

201 obstinacy? *S* Prodidy! *S* 204 Bald ST^2: Bold *1848* 205 Jugler *S* near[er] *S* 206 not *added above S* 207 *Stage-direction* and the Nobleman *om. S* w[h]ants *S* 210 Whose words once utter'd pass like current gold *1848 t*: Whose word is ever counted trustworthy ST^2 ([to be taken] *before* ever *S*) 211 to [put a] calmly *S* 212 brief *1848 t*. day's ST^2 [Storm] Tempest *S* 216 gainst a fame *above* [of a thing] *S* 217 Otho rises *om. S* 218–19 *added in S on verso of leaf preceding* 219 credence *over* [measure] T^2 220 [That] We have awaken'd (*made out of* waken'd) from *above* [Then we are quite awakend from this dream] *S* We have awak'd from! T^2: We have awaked from! *1848* 221 A *over* [This] *S* has *S*: hath *1848* T^2 222 [Moist] a wrathful *S* 224 Lady Erminia *beneath* [Poor lost Erminia] *S* 226 now [that] you *S* have *added above S* brazen *over* [shameless] *S*

So most maliciously, most madly striven
To dazzle the soft moon, when tenderest clouds
Should be unloop'd around to curtain her;
I leave you to the desert of the world
Almost with pleasure. Let them be set free
For me! I take no personal revenge
More than against a nightmare, which a man
Forgets in the new dawn. [*Exit* LUDOLPH.

Otho. Still in extremes! No, they must not be loose.

Ethelbert. Albert, I must suspect thee of a crime
So fiendish—

Otho. Fear'st thou not my fury, monk?
Conrad, be they in your sure custody
Till we determine some fit punishment.
It is so mad a deed, I must reflect
And question them in private; for perhaps,
By patient scrutiny, we may discover
Whether they merit death, or should be placed
In care of the physicians.

[*Exeunt* OTHO *and Nobles*, ALBERT *following*.

Conrad. My guards, ho!

Erminia. Albert, will you follow there?
Will you creep dastardly behind his back,
And slink away from a weak woman's eye?
Turn, thou court-Janus! thou forget'st thyself;
Here is the duke, waiting with open arms, [*Enter Guards.*
To thank thee; here congratulate each other;
Wring hands; embrace; and swear how lucky 'twas
That I, by happy chance, hit the right man
Of all the world to trust in.

Albert. Trust! to me!

Conrad (*aside*). He is the sole one in this mystery.

Erminia. Well, I give up, and save my prayers for Heaven!
You, who could do this deed, would ne'er relent,

227 So *over* [Have] *S* most madly *S*: so madly *1848* T^2 232 [feel] take *over* [have] *S* 234/235 [Conrad we leave them] *S* 236–7 *added in S on verso of leaf preceding* 238 sure ST^2: safe *1848* 243 plac'd *made out of* put *S* 244 *Stage-direction* Nobles] Train *S* 245–6 will you *S*: wilt thou *1848 and corr. from* will you T^2 247 slink *S*: shrink *1848* T^2 248 forgett'st *S*

251 Wring hands: embrace: [the gale is over blown
And you are safe: swear] and swear &c. *S*

252 That [I confided] I by *S* 253 in *made out of* to *S* Trust! to me! T^2 *1848*: Trust to me? *S* 254 *added on verso of leaf preceding S*

Though, at my words, the hollow prison-vaults
Would groan for pity.
Conrad. Manacle them both!
Ethelbert. I know it—it must be—I see it all!
Albert, thou art the minion!
Erminia. Ah! too plain—
Conrad. Silence! Gag up their mouths! I cannot bear
More of this brawling. That the Emperor
Had plac'd you in some other custody!
Bring them away. [*Exeunt all but* ALBERT.
Albert. Though my name perish from the book of honour,
Almost before the recent ink is dry,
And be no more remember'd after death,
Than any drummer's in the muster-roll;
Yet shall I season high my sudden fall
With triumph o'er that evil-witted duke!
He shall feel what it is to have the hand
Of a man drowning, on his hateful throat.
Erminia! dream to night of better days
Tomorrow makes them real—once more good morrow.

Enter GERSA *and* SIGIFRED.

Sigifred. What discord is at ferment in this house?
Gersa. We are without conjecture; not a soul
We met could answer any certainty.
Sigifred. Young Ludolph, like a fiery arrow, shot
By us.
Gersa. The Emperor, with cross'd arms, in thought.
Sigifred. In one room music, in another sadness,
Perplexity every where!
Albert. A trifle mere!
Follow; your presences will much avail
To tune our jarred spirits. I'll explain. [*Exeunt.*

259 [Daughter] I *S* know *over* [see] *S* I see it all *over* [yes, 'tis all out] *S* 260 Minion, [come] *S* too plain *over* [I see] *S* 261 gag [them] up *S* 265 *Albert*] [Albert] Act 3. Scene 3rd—Manet Albert *S* 265 honor *S* 266 is *over* [be] *S* 269 Season *over* sweeten *S* sudden fall *beneath* [evil hour] *S* 270 o'er *over* [over] *S* evil-witted *underscored S* 272*a*–272*b So S*: *om. 1848 T*^{2} 272*a* [yet] *before* dream *S* 273–278 *Gersa* for *Sigifred* and *Sigifred* for *Gersa 1848 T*^{2} 273 What [ferment has] discord *S* 279 mere *ST*^{2}: more *1848*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—AURANTHE'S *Apartment.*

AURANTHE *and* CONRAD *discovered.*

Conrad. Well, well, I know what ugly jeopardy
We are caged in; you need not pester that
Into my ears. Prythee, let me be spared
A foolish tongue, that I may bethink me
Of remedies with some deliberation.
You cannot doubt but 'tis in Albert's power
To crush or save us?
Auranthe. No, I cannot doubt.
He has, assure yourself, by some strange means,
My secret; which I ever hid from him,
Knowing his mawkish honesty.
Conrad. Cursed slave!
Auranthe. Ay, I could almost curse him now myself.
Wretched impediment! Evil genius!
A glue upon my wings, that cannot spread,
When they should span the provinces! A snake,
A scorpion, sprawling on the first gold step,
Conducting to the throne high canopied.
Conrad. You would not hear my counsel, when his life
Might have been trodden out, all sure and hush'd;
Now the dull animal forsooth must be
Intreated, managed! When can you contrive
The interview he demands?
Auranthe. As speedily
It must be done as my bribed woman can
Unseen conduct him to me; but I fear
'Twill be impossible, while the broad day
Comes through the panes with persecuting glare.
Methinks, if 't now were night I could intrigue
With darkness, bring the stars to second me,
And settle all this trouble.
Conrad. Nonsense! Child!
See him immediately; why not now?

iv. i. 2 cag'd *S* 11 Aye *S* 11/12 [O wretched woman! My evil genius] *S*
12 empediment *S* 13 spead *S* 15 spawling *over* [threating on] *S*
18 sure and *added above S* hush'[d] *S* 22 woman *over* [minion] *S*
24 day [light] *S*

Auranthe. Do you forget that even the senseless door-posts
Are on the watch and gape through all the house;
How many whisperers there are about,
Hungry for evidence to ruin me:
Men I have spurn'd, and women I have taunted?
Besides, the foolish prince sends, minute whiles,
His pages—so they tell me—to inquire
After my health, entreating, if I please,
To see me.

Conrad. Well, suppose this Albert here;
What is your power with him?

Auranthe. He should be
My echo, my taught parrot! but I fear
He will be cur enough to bark at me;
Have his own say; read me some silly creed
'Bout shame and pity.

Conrad. What will you do then?

Auranthe. What I shall do, I know not; what I would
Cannot be done; for see, this chamber-floor
Will not yield to the pick-axe and the spade,—
Here is no quiet depth of hollow ground.

Conrad. Sister, you have grown sensible and wise,
Seconding, ere I speak it, what is now,
I hope, resolv'd between us.

Auranthe. Say, what is 't?

Conrad. You need not be his sexton too. a man
May carry that with him shall make him die
Elsewhere,—give that to him; pretend the while
You will to-morrow succumb to his wishes,
Be what they may, and send him from the Castle
On some fool's errand; let his latest groan
Frighten the wolves!

Auranthe. Alas! he must not die!

Conrad. Would you were both hearsed up in stifling lead!
Detested—

Auranthe. Conrad, hold! I would not bear

38 this [mongull] Albert *S* (*but* mongrell *is possible*) 40 eccho *S* taught *added above S* 43 What will you do then *beneath* [You are a Cypher then] *S* 45 done, [here] *S* 48 Sister *add. marg. S* sensible and wise *beneath* [wise and sensible] *S* 49 [You] second (ing *added*) *S* 52–3 make him / Die elsewhere *S* 54 whishes *S* 58 hears'd *S* 59 Detested [clogs] *S* Conrad hold. I would not bear *over* [Hold, hold Conrad I'll not bear] *S*

The little thunder of your fretful tongue,
Tho' I alone were taken in these toils,
And you could free me; but remember, sir,
You live alone in my security:
So keep your wits at work, for your own sake,
Not mine, and be more mannerly.
Conrad. Thou wasp!
If my domains were emptied of these folk,
And I had thee to starve—
Auranthe. O, marvellous!
But Conrad, now be gone; the Host is look'd for;
Cringe to the Emperor, entertain the nobles,
And, do ye mind, above all things, proclaim
My sickness, with a brother's sadden'd eye,
Condoling with Prince Ludolph. In fit time
Return to me.
Conrad. I leave you to your thoughts. [*Exit.*
Auranthe (*sola*). Down, down, proud temper! down, Auranthe's pride!
Why do I anger him when I should kneel?
Conrad! Albert! help! help! What can I do?
O wretched woman! lost, wreck'd, swallow'd up,
Accursed, blasted! O, thou golden Crown,
Orbing along the serene firmament
Of a wide empire, like a glowing moon;
And thou, bright sceptre! lustrous in my eyes,—
There—as the fabled fair Hesperian tree,
Bearing a fruit more precious! graceful thing,
Delicate, godlike, magic! must I leave
Thee to melt in the visionary air,
Ere, by one grasp, this common hand is made
Imperial? I do not know the time
When I have wept for sorrow; but methinks

60 [Your] The *S* 61 Thou T^2 were [trammel] taken *S* 63 You [fall with me] live *S* alone] only *pencilled above* T^2, *and* live *marked for transposition* 65 manerly *S*

65/66 [Who knocks?
Auranthe
It may be Albert—hide yourself
You] *S*

67 stave *S* 69 nobles *S*: Lords *1848* T^2 70 proclaim *beneath* [observe] *S* 71–90 *wanting in S* 73–4 I leave you to your thoughts *1848 t*: A sudden death light on you | *Auranthe* ['Twere well perhaps] T^2

I could now sit upon the ground, and shed
Tears, tears of misery. O, the heavy day!
How shall I bear my life till Albert comes?
Ludolph! Erminia! Proofs! O heavy day!
Bring me some mourning weeds, that I may 'tire
Myself, as fits one wailing her own death:
Cut off these curls, and brand this lily hand,
And throw these jewels from my loathing sight,—
Fetch me a missal, and a string of beads,—
A cup of bitter'd water, and a crust,—
I will confess, O holy father!—How!
What is this? Auranthe! thou fool, dolt,
Whimpering idiot! up! up! act and quell!
I'm safe! Coward! why am I in fear?
Albert! he cannot stickle, chew the cud
In such a fine extreme,—impossible!
Who knocks? [*Goes to the door, listens, and opens it.*

Enter ALBERT.

Albert, I have been waiting for you here
With such an aching heart, such swooning throbs
On my poor brain, such cruel—cruel sorrow,
That I should claim your pity! Art not well?

Albert. Yes, lady, well.

Auranthe. You look not so, alas!
But pale, as if you brought some heavy news.

Albert. You know full well what makes me look so pale.

Auranthe. No! Do I? Surely I am still to learn
Some horror; all I know, this present, is
I am near hustled to a dangerous gulph,
Which you can save me from,—and therefore safe,
So trusting in thy love; that should not make
Thee pale, my Albert.

94 wailing [for] her[self] own death *S* 95 lilly *S* 98 bitter'd *added above S* 99 father ST^2 (*but* Abbot *added above in* T^2): Abbot *1848* 101 ideot *S* act *S*: *om. 1848* T^2 102 Im (*over* [Thou art]) *S*: I am *1848* T^2 103 stickle [hem and] chew *S* 104 In *made out of* For *S* such [extremes] a fine *S* 105 *Stage-direction:* She goes *S* and lets in Albert (Enter *om.*) *S* 106 have [expected you] been *S* 107 swooning throbs *over* [throbbing pains] *S* 108 cruel cruel *over* [an expe] [a deep] *S* 114 this *made out of* at *S*

115 [That] I am [am in the midst]
near hustled to *&c. S*

Albert. It does make me freeze.
Auranthe. Why should it, love?
Albert. You should not ask me that,
But make your own heart monitor, and save
Me the great pain of telling. You must know.
Auranthe. Something has vext you, Albert. There are times
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; small rivulets
Then seem impassable.
Albert. Do not cheat yourself
With hope that gloss of words, or suppliant action,
Or tears, or ravings, or self-threaten'd death,
Can alter my resolve.
Auranthe. You make me tremble;
Not so much at your threats, as at your voice,
Untun'd, and harsh, and barren of all love.
Albert. You suffocate me! Stop this devil's parley,
And listen to me; know me once for all.
Auranthe. I thought I did. Alas! I am deceived.
Albert. No, you are not deceived. You took me for
A man detesting all inhuman crime;
And therefore kept from me your demon's plot
Against Erminia. Silent? Be so still;
For ever! Speak no more; but hear my words,
Thy fate. To-day you are safe
I have told a lie for you which in the dawn
I'll expiate with truth.
Auranthe. O cruel traitor!

118 does *S*: doth *1848* T^2 120 make your *over* [look'd into your own] own *S* 125 [And] Untill *S* most *over* [the] *and* easy *made out of* easiest *S* 126 unatchievable *S* 131 at [the tone] your voice *S* 132 all *added above S*

132/133 [Can Ludolph's wife hold such a devil's parley!
Auranthe, listen! know me once for all:] *S*

134/135 [Sooner would I have] *S* 136 [You] No, you *S*

141 To-day–143 truth *t*:
Tomorrow ([I discover] *om.* T^2) to the public ear
I blazon out the truth ST^2:
Your safety I have bought to-day
By blazoning a lie, which in the dawn
I'll expiate with truth *1848* (*and written in by Brown in* T^2)

Albert. For I would not set eyes upon thy shame;
I would not see thee dragg'd to death by the hair,
Penanced, and taunted on a - .:[illegible]
To-night, upon the skirts of the blind wood
That blackens northward of these horrid towers,
I wait for you with horses. Choose your fate.
Farewell!

Auranthe. Albert, you jest; I'm sure you must.
You, an ambitious Soldier! I, a Queen,
One who could say,—Here, rule these Provinces!
Take tribute from those cities for thyself!
Empty these armouries, these treasuries,
Muster thy warlike thousands at a nod!
Go! conquer Italy!

Albert. Auranthe, you have made
The whole world chaff to me. Your doom is fix'd.

Auranthe. Out, villain! dastard!

Albert. Look there to the door!
Who is it?

Auranthe. Conrad, traitor!

Albert. Let him in. [*Enter* CONRAD.
Do not affect amazement, hypocrite,
At seeing me in this chamber.

Conrad. Auranthe?

Albert. Talk not with eyes, but speak your curses out
Against me, who would sooner crush and grind
A brace of toads, than league with them to oppress
An innocent lady, gull an Emperor,
More generous to me than autumn's sun
To ripening harvests.

Auranthe. No more insult, sir!

Albert. Ay, clutch your scabbard; but, for prudence' sake,
Draw not the sword; 'twould make an uproar, Duke,
You would not hear the end of. At nightfall
Your lady sister, if I guess aright,
Will leave this busy castle. You had best

144 For *1848*: For *over* [Yet] T^2: Yet *S* 145 drag'd *S* 149 you fate *S* 153/4 [We want no] *S* 154 trosuries *S* 159 Enter Conrad *om. S* 161 Chamber; [hang thyself] *S* 163 'Gainst me who rather would grind down and crush *S*, *corr. to text of 1848* 164 league with them *over* [wrong] [join them] *S* to *S*: t' *1848* T^2 166 autum's *S*: autumn *1848* T^2 168 Aye *S* prudence' ST^2: prudence *1848* 169 Draws *S* 170 At [the shut] nightfall *S* 171 [Of eve] your *S*

Take farewell too of worldly vanities.
Conrad. Vassal!
Albert. To-morrow, when the Emperor sends
For loving Conrad, see you fawn on him.
Good even!
Auranthe. You'll be seen!
Albert. See the coast clear then.
Auranthe (as he goes). Remorseless Albert! Cruel, cruel wretch!
[*She lets him out.*
Conrad. So, we must lick the dust?
Auranthe. I follow him.
Conrad. How? Where? The plan of your escape?
Auranthe. He waits
For me with horses by the forest-side,
Northward.
Conrad. Good, good; he dies. You go, say you?
Auranthe. Perforce.
Conrad. Be speedy darkness! Till that comes,
Fiends keep you company! [*Exit.*
Auranthe. And you! And you!
And all men! Vanish! Oh! Oh! Oh!
[*Retires to an inner apartment.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Castle.*

Enter LUDOLPH *and Page.*

Page. Still very sick, my lord; but now I went,
Knowing my duty to so good a Prince;
And there her women, in a mournful throng,
Stood in the passage whispering; if any
Moved, 'twas with careful steps, and hush'd as death:
They bade me stop.
Ludolph. Good fellow, once again
Make soft inquiry; prythee, be not stay'd
By any hindrance, but with gentlest force

173 too *added above S* [all] *after* of *S* 174 Tommorrow *S* 175 For [loving fo] loving *S* 177 *Auranthe (lets him out).* Remorseless *S (the direction following om.)* 178 dust! *S*: dust? *1848 T*^{2} 179 Where *over* [When] *S* 181 Good, good he dies *over* [You go? Perforce] *S* 182 Be speedy darkness *S*: Be speedy, darkness! *1848 T*^{2} 184 Oh! Oh! Oh! *om. 1848 T*^{2} *After* apartment *S has* scene draws

iv. ii. *Stage-direction* and [his] Page *s* 2 *crossed out in T*^{2}: *om. 1848* 3–45 *om. T*^{2}, *two leaves having been torn away* 5 careful *over* [hush'd] *s* 6 They bid [bi] me [me] *s* 7 prythee *over* [for me] *s*

Break through her weeping servants, till thou com'st
E'en to her chamber door, and there, fair boy,—
If with thy mother's milk thou hast suck'd in
Any diviner eloquence,—woo her ears
With plaints for me, more tender than the voice
Of dying Echo, echoed.
Page. Kindest master!
To know thee sad thus, will unloose my tongue
In mournful syllables. Let but my words reach
Her ears, and she shall take them coupled with
Moans from my heart, and sighs not counterfeit.
May I speed better! [*Exit Page.*
Ludolph (*solus*). Auranthe! My life!
Long have I lov'd thee, yet till now not lov'd:
Remembering, as I do, hard-hearted times
When I had heard e'en of thy death perhaps,
And thoughtless!—suffered thee to pass alone
Into Elysium!—now I follow thee,
A substance or a shadow, wheresoe'er
Thou leadest me,—whether thy white feet press,
With pleasant weight, the amorous-aching earth,
Or thro' the air thou pioneerest me,
A shade! Yet sadly I predestinate!
O, unbenignest Love, why wilt thou let
Darkness steal out upon the sleepy world
So wearily, as if night's chariot-wheels
Were clog'd in some thick cloud? O, changeful Love,
Let not her steeds with drowsy-footed pace
Pass the high stars, before sweet embassage
Comes from the pillow'd beauty of that fair

9 thou *over* [you] *s* comest *made out of* come *s* 11 with *made out of* whith *s* thou[gh] hast *s* 13 tender *over* [than] *s* 14 Ec[c]ho, echoed [at her death] *s* 15 know *over* [see] *s* sad [touches] thus *s* unlose *s* 17 couple'd *s* 20 lov'd thee *over* [her] *and* [thee] *s* 21 h[e]ard-hearted *s* 22 heard [perhaps] even *s* thy *over* [her] *and* [thy] *s* 23 thee *over* [her] *and* [thee] *s*

24 Into Elysium. [Now I go with thee her
When heaven pleases: should it be to night] *s*

24 Now I . . . *to end of* 29 *added on verso of leaf preceding s* 27 With [aching] pleasant *s* amourous aching *s* 28 Air *s* 30 unbenignest *over* [unpropitious Love] *s* 32 wearily *over* [heavily] *s* 34 *Text as printed written over* [Let her not take her drowsy-eyed watch] *s* 35 Pass the high *over* [Among the] *s*

Completion of all delicate nature's wit!
Pout her faint lips anew with rubious health;
And, with thine infant fingers, lift the fringe
Of her sick eye-lids; that those eyes may glow
With wooing light upon me, ere the morn
Peers with disrelish, grey, barren, and cold!

Enter GERSA *and Courtiers.*

Otho calls me his Lion,—should I blush
To be so tam'd? so——
Gersa. Do me the courtesy,
Gentlemen, to pass on.
Courtier. We are your servants. [*Exeunt Courtiers.*
Ludolph. It seems then, sir, you have found out the man
You would confer with;—me?
Gersa. If I break not
Too much upon your thoughtful mood, I will
Claim a brief while your patience.
Ludolph. For what cause
Soe'er, I shall be honour'd.
Gersa. I not less.
Ludolph. What may it be? No trifle can take place
Of such deliberate prologue, serious 'haviour.
But, be it what it may, I cannot fail
To listen with no common interest;
For though so new your presence is to me,
I have a soldier's friendship for your fame.
Please you explain.
Gersa. As thus:—for, pardon me,
I cannot, in plain terms, grossly assault
A noble nature; and would faintly sketch
What your quick apprehension will fill up;
So finely I esteem you.

37 delicate nature's wit *over* [fairness and all form] *s* 39 lift *squeezed in S* 40 that [her] those *s*

41/42 [Like ardent pensive planent (ardent *over* [lively])
ardent planets through] (arching (*?*) *over* [ardent]) *s*

42 Peers *over* [Comes] *s* 43 call's *s* 45 Courtier *s*: 1st Knight *1848*

47 [I sought you not
But as I chance to meet you here alone]
If I break not *s*

57 [I wait] Please *s* 58 grosly *s*

Ludolph. I attend.

Gersa. Your generous father, most illustrious Otho,
Sits in the banquet-room among his chiefs;
His wine is bitter, for you are not there;
His eyes are fix'd still on the open doors,
And every passer in he frowns upon,
Seeing no Ludolph comes.

Ludolph. I do neglect.

Gersa. And for your absence, may I guess the cause?

Ludolph. Stay there! no—guess? More princely you must be
Than to make guesses at me. 'Tis enough.
I'm sorry I can hear no more.

Gersa. And I
As griev'd to force it on you so abrupt;
Yet, one day, you must know a grief, whose sting
Will sharpen more the longer 'tis conceal'd.

Ludolph. Say it at once, sir! dead—dead—is she dead?

Gersa. Mine is a cruel task: she is not dead,
And would, for your sake, she were innocent.

Ludolph. Hungarian! thou amazest me beyond
All scope of thought, convulsest my heart's blood
To deadly churning! Gersa, you are young,
As I am; let me observe you, face to face:
Not grey-brow'd like the poisonous Ethelbert,
No rheumed eyes, no furrowing of age,
No wrinkles, where all vices nestle in
Like crannied vermin,—no! but fresh, and young,
And hopeful featur'd. Ha! by heaven you weep!
Tears, human tears! Do you repent you then
Of a curs'd torturer's office? Why shouldst join,—
Tell me,—the league of devils? Confess—confess—
The lie!

Gersa. Lie!—but begone all ceremonious points
Of honour battailous! I could not turn
My wrath against thee for the orbed world.

Ludolph. Your wrath, weak boy? Tremble at mine, unless
Retraction follow close upon the heels

64 His *over* [The] *s* 65 fix'd, still *s*: fix'd still T^2 *1848* 69 guess? [this is] more *s* 72 abrubt *s* 73 gref *s* sting *over* [bulk] *s* 77 your *over* [thy] *s* 78 Hungarian! *1848 t*: Thou liest! T^2: Thou liest! [and such a lie] *s* 82 grey brow'd *s* 84 No *add. marg. s* 86 [Ah] Ha! *s* 91 battaillous ST^2 93 weak *added above s*

Of that late 'stounding insult! Why has my sword
Not done already a sheer judgment on thee?
Despair, or eat thy words! Why, thou wast nigh
Whimpering away my reason! Hark ye, Sir,
It is no secret, that Erminia,
Erminia, Sir, was hidden in your tent,—
O bless'd asylum! Comfortable home!
Begone! I pity thee; thou art a gull,
Erminia's last new puppet!
Gersa. Furious fire!
Thou mak'st me boil as hot as thou canst flame!
And in thy teeth I give thee back the lie!
Thou liest! Thou, Auranthe's fool! A wittol!
Ludolph. Look! look at this bright sword;
There is no part of it, to the very hilt,
But shall indulge itself about thine heart!
Draw! but remember thou must cower thy plumes,
As yesterday the Arab made thee stoop.
Gersa. Patience! not here; I would not spill thy blood
Here, underneath this roof where Otho breathes,—
Thy father,—almost mine.
Ludolph. O faltering coward!

Re-enter Page.

Stay, stay; here is one I have half a word with.
Well? What ails thee, child?
Page. My lord!
Ludolph. What wouldst say?
Page. They are fled!
Ludolph. They! Who?
Page. When anxiously
I hasten'd back, your grieving messenger,
I found the stairs all dark, the lamps extinct,
And not a foot or whisper to be heard.
I thought her dead, and on the lowest step
Sat listening; when presently came by
Two muffled up,—one sighing heavily,
The other cursing low, whose voice I knew

95 that *over* [your] *s* astounding *1848* 96 already a sheer *over* [its] *s* 99 It is *1848 t* To *s* T^2 103 fresh *s*: last new (*over* fresh T^2) *1848* T^2 *in pencil* 110 thy *made out of* those *s* 116 What would'st say *1848 t*: Good fellow *s*: My good fellow T^2 118–127 *wanting in s*

For the Duke Conrad's. Close I follow'd them
Thro' the dark ways they chose to the open air;
And, as I follow'd, heard my lady speak.
Ludolph. Thy life answer the truth!
Page. The chamber's empty!
Ludolph. As I will be of mercy! So, at last,
This nail is in my temples!
Gersa. Be calm in this.
Ludolph. I am.
Gersa. And Albert too has disappear'd;
Ere I met you, I sought him everywhere;
You would not hearken.
Ludolph. Which way went they, boy?
Gersa. I'll hunt with you.
Ludolph. No, no, no. My senses are
Still whole. I have surviv'd. My arm is strong,
My appetite sharp—for revenge! I'll no sharer
In my feast; my injury is all my own,
And so is my revenge, my lawful chattels!
Jackall, lead on: the lion preys to-night.
Terrier, ferret them out! Burn—burn the witch!
Trace me their footsteps! Away!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A part of the Forest.*

Enter CONRAD *and* AURANTHE.

Auranthe. Go no further; not a step more. Thou art
A master-plague in the midst of miseries.
Go,—I fear thee! I tremble every limb,
Who never shook before. There's moody death
In thy resolved looks! Yes, I could kneel
To pray thee far away! Conrad, go! go!—
There! yonder underneath the boughs I see
Our horses!

127/128 [*Ludolph.* Alas!] *H* 128 answer HT^2: answers *1848* 129 mercy—[must I have] so *H* 131 disappeared HT^2 137 My injury is all my own *written in beneath* [Jackall lead on] [My revenge is my own goods right] *H* 138*a* *So s*: *crossed out in* T^2: *om. 1848* 140 Trace *made out of* Lead *H*

v. i. 1 thou art *over* [you are] *s* 2 master *added above s* plague [spot] *s* 3 thee *over* [you] *s* 5 knell *s* 6 far *added above s*

Conrad. Ay, and a man.
Auranthe. Yes, he is there!
Go, go,—no blood! no blood!—go, gentle Conrad!
Conrad. Farewell!
Auranthe. Farewell! For this Heaven pardon you! [*Exit* AURANTHE.

Conrad. If he escape me, may I die a death
Of unimagined tortures, or breathe through
A long life in the foulest sink of the world!
He dies! 'Tis well she do not advertise
The caitiff of the cold steel at his back. [*Exit* CONRAD.

Enter LUDOLPH *and Page.*

Ludolph. Miss'd the way, boy? Say not that on your peril!
Page. Indeed, indeed I cannot trace them further.
Ludolph. Must I stop here? Here solitary die?

8 Aye *s* a *s*: the *1848* 10 Farewell [then]! *s* *Stage-direction* Auranthe *om. s* 11 a *over* [the] *s*: a T^2: the *1848 and above the line* T^2 If he survive one hour then may I die *1848 and, written over the reading of s,* T^2 12 In (*over* [Of] T^2) *1848* T^2: Of *s* breath *s* 14 'tis *made out of* its *s* well] we *s* 15 stele *s* *Stage-direction* Conrad *om. s*

For 18–32 *s offers a cancelled first draft as follows:*

[*Ludolph.* What here! here [alone] solitary must I die
Without revenge, here stifled in the shade
Of these dull Boughs? Pshaw bitter bitter end—
A bitter (bitter *over* [suffocating]) death! a suffocating death!
A gnawing, silent deadly quiet (quiet *over* [silent]) death!
Must she escape me? Can I not clutch her fast?
She's gone—, away, away, away—and now
Each moment brings its poison—I must die
As near a[s] Hermit's death as patience—Oh!
War! War! War! where is that illustrious noise
To gasp away my life
To smother up this sound of labouring breath
This death song of the trees. Blow Trumpeters!
sinks] O curs'd Auranthe! (*Enter Albert wounded*)
Albert! here is hope!
starts up] Of Glorious [illuminate] clamour yet; Thrice villainous
Tell me where that detested woman is
Or this is through thee (thee *over* [you])
Albert My good Prince with me
The sword as done its worst— (*Auranthe shrieks*)
Page My Lord—a noise
This way—Hark!
Ludolph. Yes a glorious clamour yet—(clamour *over* [skuff]) *exeunt.*

Scene changes to another part of the wood
Enter Albert wounded and [*Con*] *Ludolph*]

18 [Am] Must *H*

Stifled beneath the thick oppressive shade
Of these dull boughs,—this oven of dark thickets,—
Silent,—without revenge?—pshaw!—bitter end,—
A bitter death,—a suffocating death,—
A gnawing—silent—deadly-quiet death!
Escap'd—fled—vanish'd—melted into air—
She's gone—I cannot catch her! no revenge!
A muffled death, ensnared in horrid silence!
Suck'd to my grave amid a dreary calm!
O, where is that illustrious noise of war,
To smother up this sound of labouring breath,
This rustle of the trees! [AURANTHE *shrieks at a distance.*

Page. My lord, a noise!
This way—hark!

Ludolph. Yes, yes! A hope! A music!
A glorious clamour! Now I live again! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter ALBERT (*wounded*).

Albert. O! for enough life to support me on
To Otho's feet!

Enter LUDOLPH.

Ludolph. Thrice villainous, stay there!
Tell me where that detested woman is,
Or this is through you!

Albert. My good Prince, with me
The sword has done its worst; not without worst
Done to another,—Conrad has it home!
I see you know it all!

Ludolph. Where is his sister?

21 revenge—Pshaw! *H* 23 deadly-quiet *H*: deadly, quiet *1848* T^2 24 *So H*: Escaped?—fled?—vanish'd?—melted into Air? *1848* T^2 25 gone—*H*: gone! *1848* T^2 catch *H*: clutch *1848*: clutch *over* [catch] T^2 27 dreary *H*: dreamy *1848* T^2 28 where is *over* [for] *H* 30 trees *to* v. ii. 27 night *om.* T^2 (*pp. 90–1 being lost*) 32 Now *H*: How *1848* T^2

v. ii. 4 you *s*: thee *1848* T^2

6–7 Done to another—Conrad has it home—
[*Ludolph.* Where is his Sister?]
I see you know it all—
[Albert!]
Ludolph. Where is his Sister? *s*

AURANTHE *rushes in.*

Auranthe. Albert!

Ludolph. Ha! There! there!—He is the paramour!—
There—hug him—dying! O, thou innocence,
Shrine him and comfort him at his last gasp,
Kiss down his eyelids! Was he not thy love?
Wilt thou forsake him at his latest hour?
Keep fearful and aloof from his last gaze,
His most uneasy moments, when cold death
Stands with the door ajar to let him in?

Albert. O that that door with hollow slam would close
Upon me sudden! for I cannot meet,
In all the unknown chambers of the dead,
Such horrors!

Ludolph. Auranthe! what can he mean?
What horrors? Is it not a joyous time?
Am I not married to a paragon
'Of personal beauty and untainted soul'?
A blushing fair-eyed purity! A sylph,
Whose snowy timid hand has never sin'd
Beyond a flower pluck'd, mild as itself?
Albert, you do insult my bride—your mistress—
To talk of horrors on our wedding-night!

Albert. Alas! poor Prince, I would you knew my heart!
'Tis not so guilty—

Ludolph. Hear you, he pleads not guilty!
You are not? or, if so, what matters it?
You have escap'd me, free as the dusk air,
Hid in the forest, safe from my revenge;
I cannot catch you! You should laugh at me,
Poor cheated Ludolph! Make the forest hiss
With jeers at me! You tremble—faint at once,
You will come to again. O cockatrice,
I have you! Whither wander those fair eyes
To entice the devil to your help, that he

8 *Stage-direction:* Auranthe rushes in *over* [Enter Auranthe] *s*: Enter Auranthe *1848 T*^{2} 8 Ha!–15 *om. s*
Before 16 *s has*
[*Albert.* O that that (*the second* that *over* [the]) noisel⟨ess⟩ the door]
17 cannot [find] meet *s* 21 Paragon *s* 22 *no inverted commas s*
24 never [grasp'd] sin'd *s* 25 pluck'd mild *over* [dainty] *s*: pluck'd, white *1848* 29 you *om. 1848* 32 safe] save *s* 36 too *s*
37 Wither *s*

May change you to a spider, so to crawl
Into some cranny to escape my wrath?
Albert. Sometimes the counsel of a dying man
Doth operate quietly when his breath is gone:
Disjoin those hands—part—part—do not destroy
Each other—forget her!—Our miseries
Are [almost] equal shar'd, and mercy is—
Ludolph. A boon
When one can compass it. Auranthe, try
Your oratory; your breath is not so hitch'd.
Aye, stare for help! [ALBERT *groans and dies.*
There goes a spotted soul
Howling in vain along the hollow night!
Hear him! He calls you—Sweet Auranthe, come!
Auranthe. Kill me!
Ludolph. No! What? upon our marriage-night?
The earth would shudder at so foul a deed!
A fair bride! A sweet bride! An innocent bride!
No! we must revel it, as 'tis in use
In times of delicate brilliant ceremony:
Come, let me lead you to our halls again!
Nay, linger not; make no resistance, sweet;—
Will you? Ah, wretch, thou canst not, for I have
The strength of twenty lions 'gainst a lamb!
Now—one adieu for Albert!—Come away!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An inner Court of the Castle.*

Enter SIGIFRED, GONFRED, *and* THEODORE, *meeting.*

Theodore. Was ever such a night?
Sigifred. What horrors more?
Things unbelieved one hour, so strange they are,

41–7 *follow* 27 *in s, but with transposition-marks added* 42 quitly *s* breathe *s* 43 [If] Disjoin *s* 45 almost *s*: *om. 1848* T^2 47 hitch'd *over* [short] *s* 48 groans and *s*: *om. 1848* T^2 49 along [about] *s* 51 What upon *s* 55 [On day] In times *s* (On *made out of* Of)

v. iii. *Stage-direction:*
Scene 2nd. A court yard before one of the castle doors enter three gentlemen meeting *s*: An inner [The] Court [yard] of the Castle T^2
Throughout the scene s has 1st Gent. *for* Theodore, 2nd Gent. *for* Sigifred, 3rd Gent. *for* Gonfred: *1848 has* 1st Knight *for* Theodore *except in stage-direction*
2 Things unbelieved [for strangeness—the nex one hour] *s* (*above is* one hour, so strange [in] they are)

The next hour stamps with credit.
Theodore. Your last news?
Gonfred. After the page's story of the death
Of Albert and Duke Conrad?
Sigifred. And the return
Of Ludolph with the Princess.
Gonfred. No more, save
Prince Gersa's freeing Abbot Ethelbert,
And the sweet lady, fair Erminia,
From prison.
Theodore. Where are they now? Hast yet heard?
Gonfred. With the sad Emperor they are closeted;
I saw the three pass slowly up the stairs,
The lady weeping, the old abbot cowl'd.
Sigifred. What next?
Theodore. I ache to think on 't.
Gonfred. 'Tis with fate.
Theodore. One while these proud towers are hush'd as death.
Gonfred. The next our poor Prince fills the arched rooms
With ghastly ravings.
Sigifred. I do fear his brain.
Gonfred. I will see more. Bear you so stout a heart?
[*Exeunt into the Castle.*

SCENE IV.—*A Cabinet, opening towards a Terrace.*

OTHO, ERMINIA, ETHELBERT, *and a Physician, discovered.*

Otho. O, my poor boy! my son! my son! my Ludolph!
Have ye no comfort for me, ye physicians
Of the weak body and soul?
Ethelbert. 'Tis not the medicine,
Either of heaven or earth, can cure, unless
Fit time be chosen to administer.
Otho. A kind forbearance, holy Abbot. Come,
Erminia; here, sit by me, gentle Girl;
Give me thy hand; hast thou forgiven me?

9 [Ah!] Where *s* 11 slowly *added above s* 14 while *over* [minute] *s* proud *added above s* hus'd *s* 15 fills *added above s* ached *s* 16 gastly *s* 17 heart *s* *Stage-direction:* they go in *s*

Scene IV] Scene 3rd *s* *Stage-direction:* opening towards a Terrace *om. s* 3 weak *over* [poor] *s* not the *s*: not in *1848 T*^{2} 4 can *s*: to *1848 T*^{2}

Erminia. Would I were with the saints to pray for you!
Otho. Why will ye keep me from my darling child?
Physician. Forgive me, but he must not see thy face.
Otho. Is then a father's countenance a Gorgon?
Hath it not comfort in it? Would it not
Console my poor boy, cheer him, heal his spirits?
Let me embrace him; let me speak to him;
I will! Who hinders me? Who's Emperor?
Physician. You may not, Sire; 'twould overwhelm him quite,
He is so full of grief and passionate wrath;
Too heavy a sigh would kill him, or do worse.
He must be sav'd by fine contrivances;
And, most especially, we must keep clear
Out of his sight a father whom he loves;
His heart is full, it can contain no more,
And do its ruddy office.
Ethelbert. Sage advice;
We must endeavour how to ease and slacken
The tight-wound energies of his despair,
Not make them tenser.
Otho. Enough! I hear, I hear.
Yet you were about to advise more,—I listen.
Ethelbert. This learned doctor will agree with me,
That not in the smallest point should he be thwarted,
Or gainsaid by one word; his very motions,
Nods, becks, and hints, should be obey'd with care,
Even on the moment; so his troubled mind
May cure itself.
Physician. There is no other means.
Otho. Open the door; let's hear if all is quiet.
Physician. Beseech you, Sire, forbear.
Erminia. Do, do.
Otho. I command!
Open it straight;—Sh!—quiet!—my lost boy!
My miserable Child!
Ludolph (*indistinctly without*). Fill full
My goblet—here, a health!

17 overwhem *s* 25 endeavour] enouvour (*apparently*) *s* (*?* manœuvre) 26 despair *over* [hot soul] *s* 34 is *s*: are *1848* T^2 37 it straight *over* [the Door] *s* St *s*: hush *1848* T^2
38 *Ludolph distant raving* fill full *s*
39 here *s*: here's *1848* T^2

Erminia. O, close the door!
Otho. Let, let me hear his voice; this cannot last;
And fain would I catch up his dying words,
Though my own knell they be! This cannot last!
O let me catch his voice—for lo! I hear
This silence whisper me that he is dead!
It is so! Gersa?

Enter GERSA.

Physician. Say, how fares the prince?
Gersa. More calm; his features are less wild and flush'd;
Once he complain'd of weariness.
Physician. Indeed!
'Tis good,—'tis good; let him but fall asleep,
That saves him.
Otho. Gersa, watch him like a child;
Ward him from harm,—and bring me better news!
Physician. Humour him to the height. I fear to go;
For should he catch a glimpse of my dull garb,
It might affright him, fill him with suspicion
That we believe him sick, which must not be.
Gersa. I will invent what soothing means I can.
[*Exit* GERSA.
Physician. This should cheer up your Highness; weariness
Is a good symptom, and most favourable;
It gives me pleasant hopes. Please you, walk forth
Onto the terrace; the refreshing air
Will blow one half of your sad doubts away.
[*Exeunt.*

43 catch *over* [hear] *s*
44 *So 1848 T*^{2} *and over* [A whisper in this silence that he's dead] *s*
51–60
Physician. Humour him to the height.
[*Gerza.* It shall be done—
But for myself I keep me from his sight.
exit. scene changes] *s*
On the verso of the leaf preceding is written: close of this scene. *Then lines* 56–60*; then*
Physician. I fear to go (51)–55.
55 I will [not be remiss] [obey your wishes] *s* (*the text as printed written above*) 56 the weariness (the *made out-of* this) *s* 57 good *over* [most gentle] *s* and most favourable *beneath* [of the best] *s* 59 Onto *s*: Upon *1848 T*^{2}

SCENE V.—*A Banqueting Hall, brilliantly illuminated, and set forth with all costly magnificence, with Supper-tables, laden with services of Gold and Silver. A door in the back scene, guarded by two Soldiers. Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, &c., whispering sadly, and ranging themselves; part entering and part discovered.*

First Knight. Grievously are we tantaliz'd, one and all;
Sway'd here and there, commanded to and fro,
As though we were the shadows of a dream,
And link'd to a sleeping fancy. What do we here?

Gonfred. I am no seer; you know we must obey
The prince from A to Z, though it should be
To set the place in flames. I pray, hast heard
Where the most wicked Princess is?

First Knight. There, sir,
In the next room; have you remark'd those two
Stout soldiers posted at the door?

Gonfred. For what? [*They whisper.*

First Lady. How ghast a train!

Second Lady. Sure this should be some splendid burial.

First Lady. What fearful whispering! See, see,—Gersa there!

Enter GERSA.

Gersa. Put on your brightest looks; smile if you can;
Behave as all were happy; keep your eyes
From the least watch upon him; if he speaks
To any one, answer, collectedly,
Without surprise, his questions, howe'er strange.
Do this to the utmost,—though, alas! with me
The remedy grows hopeless! Here he comes,—
Observe what I have said,—show no surprise.

Enter LUDOLPH, *followed by* SIGIFRED *and Page.*

Ludolph. A splendid company! rare beauties here!
I should have Orphean lips, and Plato's fancy,
Amphion's utterance, toned with his lyre,
Or the deep key of Jove's sonorous mouth,
To give fit salutation. Methought I heard,

v. v. *s wants the long stage-direction at the beginning of the Scene. Throughout it has* 1st Lord *for* First Knight *and* 2nd Lord *for* Gonfred 1 Grievously *over* [How] *s* [he⟨re⟩] *before* one *s* 3 dream *s*: sleep *1848* T^2 4 sleeping *s*: dreaming *1848* T^2 10 posted *beneath* [pacing some te] [standing] *s* 11 *First Lady*—58 *wanting in s, which, however, has the stage-directions* enter Gerza (13), Enter Ludolph (22) 16 upon *over* [of] T^2

As I came in, some whispers,—what of that?
'Tis natural men should whisper; at the kiss
Of Psyche given by Love, there was a buzz
Among the gods!—and silence is as natural.
These draperies are fine, and, being a mortal,
I should desire no better; yet, in truth,
There must be some superior costliness,
Some wider-domed high magnificence!
I would have, as a mortal I may not,
Hanging of heaven's clouds, purple and gold,
Slung from the spheres; gauzes of silver mist,
Loop'd up with cords of twisted wreathed light,
And tassell'd round with weeping meteors!
These pendent lamps and chandeliers are bright
As earthly fires from dull dross can be cleansed;
Yet could my eyes drink up intenser beams
Undazzled,—this is darkness,—when I close
These lids, I see far fiercer brilliances,—
Skies full of splendid moons, and shooting stars,
And spouting exhalations, diamond fires,
And panting fountains quivering with deep glows!
Yes—this is dark—is it not dark?
Sigifred. My Lord,
'Tis late; the lights of festival are ever
Quench'd in the morn.
Ludolph. 'Tis not to-morrow then?
Sigifred. 'Tis early dawn.
Gersa. Indeed full time we slept;
Say you so, Prince?
Ludolph. I say I quarrell'd with you;
We did not tilt each other,—that's a blessing,—
Good gods! no innocent blood upon my head!
Sigifred. Retire, Gersa!
Ludolph. There should be three more here:
For two of them, they stay away perhaps,
Being gloomy-minded, haters of fair revels,—
They know their own thoughts best.
As for the third,

58 They know their own thoughts best [Tis true indeed
They fail in their allegiance to their Prince,
But if they have more urgent business,
I shall forgive them heartily] T^2, *followed by a note to insert lines* 58–70 *from the leaf preceding* 59–60 *follow* 72 *in* 1848 T^2: *in s* 69–70 *are apparently marked to follow* 59–60

We'll have her presently; ay, you shall see her,
And wonder at her, friends, she is so fair;
Deep blue eyes, semi-shaded in white lids,
Finish'd with lashes fine for more soft shade,
Completed by her twin-arch'd ebon brows;
White temples, of exactest elegance,
Of even mould, felicitous and smooth;
Cheeks fashion'd tenderly on either side,
So perfect, so divine, that our poor eyes
Are dazzled with the sweet proportioning,
And wonder that 'tis so,—the magic chance!
Her nostrils, small, fragrant, faery-delicate;
Her lips—I swear no human bones e'er wore
So taking a disguise;—you shall behold her!
She is the world's chief jewel, and, by heaven
She 's mine by right of marriage!—she is mine!
Patience, good people. In fit time I send
A summoner,—she will obey my call,
Being a wife most mild and dutiful.
First I would hear what music is prepared
To herald and receive her; let me hear!

Sigifred. Bid the musicians soothe him tenderly.

[*A soft strain of Music.*

Ludolph. Ye have none better? No, I am content;
'Tis a rich sobbing melody, with reliefs
Full and majestic; it is well enough,
And will be sweeter, when ye see her pace
Sweeping into this presence, glisten'd o'er
With emptied caskets, and her train upheld
By ladies, habited in robes of lawn,
Sprinkled with golden crescents, others bright
In silks, with spangles shower'd, and bow'd to
By Duchesses and pearled Margravines!

61 in *over* [with] *s* 64 of exactest elegance *written in beneath* [moulded uoven] *s* 70 nostrills *s* 75 people. In *s*: people, in *1848* T^2 80 sooth him [with] tenderly *s* *Stage-direction wanting in s* 82 with] whith *made out of* which *s* 85 glisten'd] 'd *added over* [ing] *s* 87–90 *The first two words in* 87 *and* 88 *and the first three words in* 89 *and* 90 *have perished in s* 88 golden *over* [little] *s*

After 90, *s has*

⟨se⟩e you, he bursts in tears
[you he doth he not weep?]

But 91–108 (. . wait!) *are wanting*

Sad, that the fairest creature of the earth—
I pray you mind me not—'tis sad, I say,
That the extremest beauty of the world
Should so entrench herself away from me,
Behind a barrier of engender'd guilt!
Second Lady. Ah! what a moan!
First Knight. Most piteous indeed!
Ludolph. She shall be brought before this company,
And then—then—
First Lady. He muses.
Gersa. O, Fortune, where will this end?
Sigifred. I guess his purpose! Indeed he must not have
That pestilence brought in,—that cannot be,
There we must stop him.
Gersa. I am lost! Hush, hush!
He is about to rave again.
Ludolph. A barrier of guilt! I was the fool,
She was the cheater! Who's the cheater now,
And who the fool? The entrapp'd, the caged fool,
The bird-limed raven? She shall croak to death
Secure! Methinks I have her in my fist,
To crush her with my heel! Wait, wait! I marvel
My father keeps away. Good friend—ah! Sigifred!
Do bring him to me,—and Erminia
I fain would see before I sleep—and [holy] Ethelbert
That he may bless me, as I know he will,
Though I have curs'd him.
Sigifred. Rather suffer me
To lead you to them.
Ludolph. No, excuse me,—no!
The day is not quite done. Go, bring them hither.
[*Exit* SIGIFRED.
Certes, a father's smile should, like sun light,
Slant on my sheafed harvest of ripe bliss.
Besides, I thirst to pledge my lovely bride
In a deep goblet: let me see—what wine?
The strong Iberian juice, or mellow Greek?

95 engendur'd T^2 111 feign *s* holy *s*: *om. 1848* T^2 117 sheefed *over* [gatherd] *s*: sheaved *1848*: sheeved T^2 120 Hyberian *s*: Iberian *made out of* Hyberian T^2

Or pale Calabrian? Or the Tuscan grape?
Or of old Ætna's pulpy wine-presses,
Black stain'd with the fat vintage, as it were
The purple slaughter-house, where Bacchus' self
Prick'd his own swollen veins! Where is my page?
Page. Here, here!
Ludolph. Be ready to obey me; anon thou shalt
Bear a soft message for me; for the hour
Draws near when I must make a winding up
Of bridal mysteries. A fine-spun vengeance!
Carve it on my tomb, that, when I rest beneath,
Men shall confess, this Prince was gull'd and cheated,
But from the ashes of disgrace he rose
More than a fiery dragon, and did burn
His ignominy up in purging fires!
Did I not send, sir, but a moment past,
For my father?
Gersa. You did.
Ludolph. Perhaps 'twould be
Much better he came not.
Gersa. He enters now!

Enter OTHO, ERMINIA, ETHELBERT, SIGIFRED, *and Physician.*

Ludolph. O! thou good man, against whose sacred head
I was a mad conspirator, chiefly too
For the sake of my fair newly wedded wife,
Now to be punish'd!—do not look so sad!
Those charitable eyes will thaw my heart,

120–5 *On the verso of the leaf preceding s offers:*
Mellow Greeks Sir
[Purple Sicilian]
Or pale calabrian, or the tuscan grape
[Or of old Œtna's purple stained presses?]
Ofr of old Œtna's pulpy Wine presses
[Black]
Black stained [with and] with the fat vintage as 'tis were
The purple slaughter house (purple *added above*)
[of Bacchus] where Bacchus self
Prick'd his own swollen veins

122 Œtna's *s* 128 a [righteous] winding up *s* 130 i't *s* 133 dragon *1848 t*: Phoenix *sT*^{2} 135 send, [for my] Sir *s* 136 *Gersa*] 1st Lord *s* 137 Much *added in marg. s* *Gersa*] Lord *s* 138 *Stage-direction om. s* 138–41 *So 1848 t and, on the verso of the leaf containing* I. i. 32–44, *H*: 138–62 *are wanting in s* O thou good man [nay, do not look so sad] *T*^{2}

Those tears will wash away a just resolve,
A verdict ten times sworn! Awake—awake—
Put on a judge's brow, and use a tongue
Made iron-stern by habit! Thou shalt see
A deed to be applauded, 'scribed in gold!
Join a loud voice to mine, and so denounce
What I alone will execute!
Otho. Dear son,
What is it? By your father's love, I sue
That it be nothing merciless!
Ludolph. To that demon?
Not so! No! She is in temple-stall
Being garnish'd for the sacrifice, and I,
The Priest of Justice, will immolate her
Upon the altar of wrath! She stings me through!—
Even as the worm doth feed upon the nut,
So she, a scorpion, preys upon my brain!
I feel her gnawing here! Let her but vanish,
Then, father, I will lead your legions forth,
Compact in steeled squares, and speared files,
And bid our trumpets speak a fell rebuke
To nations drowsed in peace!
Otho. To-morrow, son,
Be your word law; forget to-day—
Ludolph. I will
When I have finish'd it! Now,—now, I'm pight,
Tight-footed for the deed!
Erminia. Alas! Alas!
Ludolph. What angel's voice is that? Erminia!
Ah! gentlest creature, whose sweet innocence
Was almost murder'd; I am penitent,
Wilt thou forgive me? And thou, holy man,
Good Ethelbert, shall I die in peace with you?
Erminia. Die, my lord!
Ludolph. I feel it possible.
Otho. Physician?
Physician. I fear me he is past my skill.
Otho. Not so!
Ludolph. I see it—I see it—I have been wandering!

157 brain[s] T^2 171 (*Otho*)–172 (so!) *om. s. But a cross seems to indicate that the missing lines were to be found on some other leaf* 172 Not so! *over* [Eh no] T^2 (*the correction in Keats' hand*)

Half-mad—not right here—I forget my purpose.
Bestir—bestir—Auranthe! Ha! ha! ha!
Youngster! Page! go bid them drag her to me!
Obey! This shall finish it! [*Draws a dagger.*
Otho. O, my son! my son!
Sigifred. This must not be—stop there!
Ludolph. Am I obey'd?
A little talk with her—no harm—haste! haste! [*Exit Page.*
Set her before me—never fear I can strike.
Several Voices. My Lord! My Lord!
Gersa. Good Prince!
Ludolph. Why do ye trouble me? out—out—out away!
There she is! take that! and that! no no,
That's not well done.—Where is she?
[*The doors open. Enter Page. Several women are seen grouped about Auranthe in the inner room.*
Page. Alas! My Lord, my Lord! they cannot move her!
Her arms are stiff,—her fingers clench'd and cold!
Ludolph. She's dead! [*Staggers and falls into their arms.*
Ethelbert. Take away the dagger.
Gersa. Softly; so!
Otho. Thank God for that!
Sigifred. I fear it could not harm him.
Gersa. No!—brief be his anguish!
Ludolph. She's gone! I am content—Nobles, good night!
We are all weary—faint—set ope the doors—
I will to bed!—To-morrow— [*Dies.*
Where is your hand—father, what sultry air!

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

176 bid them *over* [fetch her] *s* too *s* 177 *Stage-direction om. s* 178–80 *om. s. But a mark* (=) *seems to indicate, again, that the missing lines were to be found on some other leaf* 182 out *thrice s, twice 1848* 184/185 *Stage-direction om. s* 185 *Page.*] *Page return*⟨*ing*⟩ *with one of Auranthe's women s* they *over* [we] *s* 186 clench *s*

187 She's dead! [I am content. Nobles good night.
I will to bed—tomorrow— *falls and dies s*
Staggers . . . arms om. s

188 *Between Otho's half-line and Sigifred's s has* [*Ethelb.* I fear the dagger.] I fear *s*: [I fear] T^2: *om. 1848* him *s*: hım now *1848* T^2

189 *om. s, but at the foot of the page, after* Curtain Falls *is written*
He [goes] No—brief be his anguish—

191 set ope *over* [open] *s* 193 Where is (*over* [Give me]) your hand—father what sultry air *added in Keats' hand* T^2 (what . . . air *over* how . . . 'tis): *om. s 1848* *Stage-direction* The *om. s*

KING STEPHEN

A FRAGMENT OF A TRAGEDY

WRITTEN IN NOVEMBER 1819

KING STEPHEN

A FRAGMENT OF A TRAGEDY

AUTOGRAPH: *C* (I. ii. 19–end).
TRANSCRIPT: *T* (I. i. 1–ii. 19).
Dated: Nov. 1819 *T*.

ACT I

SCENE I.—*Field of Battle.*

Alarum. Enter King STEPHEN, *Knights, and Soldiers.*

Stephen. If shame can on a soldier's vein-swoll'n front
Spread deeper crimson than the battle's toil,
Blush in your casing helmets! for see, see!
Yonder my chivalry, my pride of war,
Wrench'd with an iron hand from firm array,
Are routed loose about the plashy meads,
Of honour forfeit. O that my known voice
Could reach your dastard ears, and fright you more!
Fly, cowards, fly! Gloucester is at your backs!
Throw your slack bridles o'er the flurried manes,
Ply well the rowel with faint trembling heels,
Scampering to death at last!
First Knight. The enemy
Bears his flaunt standard close upon their rear.
Second Knight. Sure of a bloody prey, seeing the fens
Will swamp them girth-deep.
Stephen. Over head and ears,
No matter! 'Tis a gallant enemy;
How like a comet he goes streaming on.
But we must plague him in the flank,—hey, friends?
We are well breath'd,—follow!

Enter Earl BALDWIN *and Soldiers, as defeated.*

Stephen. De Redvers!
What is the monstrous bugbear that can fright
Baldwin?
Baldwin. No scare-crow, but the fortunate star

Title: King Stephen | A Fragment of a Tragedy by John Keats *T*: King Stephen. | A Dramatic Fragment *1848* I. i. 9 Gloucester *T*: Glocester *1848*

Of boisterous Chester, whose fell truncheon now
Points level to the goal of victory.
This way he comes, and if you would maintain
Your person unaffronted by vile odds,
Take horse, my Lord.
Stephen. And which way spur for life?
Now I thank Heaven I am in the toils,
That soldiers may bear witness how my arm
Can burst the meshes. Not the eagle more
Loves to beat up against a tyrannous blast,
Than I to meet the torrent of my foes.
This is a brag,—be't so,—but if I fall,
Carve it upon my 'scutcheon'd sepulchre.
On, fellow soldiers! Earl of Redvers, back!
Not twenty Earls of Chester shall brow-beat
The diadem. [*Exeunt. Alarum.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Field.*

Trumpets sounding a Victory. Enter GLOCESTER, *Knights, and Forces.*

Glocester. Now may we lift our bruised visors up,
And take the flattering freshness of the air,
While the wide din of battle dies away
Into times past, yet to be echoed sure
In the silent pages of our chroniclers.
First Knight. Will Stephen's death be mark'd there, my good Lord,
Or that we gave him lodging in yon towers?
Glocester. Fain would I know the great usurper's fate.

Enter two Captains severally.

First Captain. My Lord!
Second Captain. Most noble Earl!
First Captain. The King—
Second Captain. The Empress greets—
Glocester. What of the King?
First Captain. He sole and lone maintains
A hopeless bustle mid our swarming arms,
And with a nimble savageness attacks,
Escapes, makes fiercer onset, then anew

35 Earl of Chesters *T* (*corr. in pencil*)

Eludes death, giving death to most that dare
Trespass within the circuit of his sword!
He must by this have fallen. Baldwin is taken;
And for the Duke of Bretagne, like a stag
He flies, for the Welsh beagles to hunt down.
God save the Empress!

Glocester. Now our dreaded Queen:
What message from her Highness?

Second Captain. Royal Maud
From the throng'd towers of Lincoln hath look'd down,
Like Pallas from the walls of Ilion,
And seen her enemies havock'd at her feet.
She greets most noble Gloster from her heart,
Intreating him, his captains, and brave knights,
To grace a banquet. The high city gates
Are envious which shall see your triumph pass;
The streets are full of music.

Enter Second Knight.

Glocester. Whence come you?

Second Knight. From Stephen, my good Prince,—Stephen! Stephen!

Glocester. Why do you make such echoing of his name?

Second Knight. Because I think, my lord, he is no man,
But a fierce demon, 'nointed safe from wounds,
And misbaptized with a Christian name.

Glocester. A mighty soldier!—Does he still hold out?

Second Knight. He shames our victory. His valour still
Keeps elbow-room amid our eager swords,
And holds our bladed falchions all aloof—

19 *T ends with the words* dreaded Queen. *C begins thus:*
[*enter another captain.*]
Glocester [what new]
[what ist you would say] (say *over* [speak])
Now our dreaded Queen—
What message from her Highness?
Second Captain. [This to thee
Most noble Gloster]
Royal Maud

23 havack'd *C* 24 Gloster *C*: Glocester *1848* 25 him [and] his *C*
28 (*Stage-direction*) [enter another Captain] (a knight *written above*) *C*
29 *Second om. M here and at* 31, 35, 45 my good *added above C*
32 deamon *C* 33 misbaptised *C* 36 [Maintains] keeps *C*

His gleaming battle-axe being slaughter-sick,
Smote on the morion of a Flemish knight,
Broke short in his hand; upon the which he flung
The heft away with such a vengeful force,
It paunch'd the Earl of Chester's horse, who then
Spleen-hearted came in full career at him.

Glocester. Did no one take him at a vantage then?

Second Knight. Three then with tiger leap upon him flew,
Whom, with his sword swift-drawn and nimbly held,
He stung away again, and stood to breathe,
Smiling. Anon upon him rush'd once more
A throng of foes, and in this renew'd strife,
My sword met his and snapp'd off at the hilts.

Glocester. Come, lead me to this Mars—and let us move
In silence, not insulting his sad doom
With clamorous trumpets. To the Empress bear
My salutation as befits the time.

[*Exeunt* GLOCESTER *and Forces.*

SCENE III.—*The Field of Battle. Enter* STEPHEN *unarmed.*

Stephen. Another sword! And what if I could seize
One from Bellona's gleaming armoury,
Or choose the fairest of her sheaved spears!
Where are my enemies? Here, close at hand,
Here comes the testy brood. O, for a sword!
I'm faint—a biting sword! A noble sword!
A hedge-stake—or a ponderous stone to hurl

40 shot *C* 50 snap'd *C* hilt *1848* 51 mars *C*: man *1848* 53 clamourous *C*

Scene iii has the following cancelled opening in C·

Scene 3rd

The Field of Battle—enter Stephen unarm'd

Stephen. Another Sword! for one short minute longer
That I may papper that De Kaimes and then
[valliant] Stephen say
Yield to [this army] some twenty squadrons—[This is glory!]
Wouldst thou exchange this helmeted renown
To rule in qu⟨i⟩et Pylos Nestor-like?
No!—

Enter De Kaims Knights and Soldiers dropping in

I. iii. 1 could seize *over* [took one] *C* 2 One From [forth] Bellona's gleaming a⟨r⟩moury *C* 4 are *over* [is my] *C* enemies *made out of* enemy *C* Here *over* [Aye] *C* 5 comes *C*: come *1848*

With brawny vengeance, like the labourer Cain.
Come on! Farewell my kingdom, and all hail
Thou superb, plum'd, and helmeted renown,
All hail—I would not truck this brilliant day
To rule in Pylos with a Nestor's beard—
Come on!

Enter DE KAIMS *and Knights, &c.*

De Kaims. Is't madness or a hunger after death
That makes thee thus unarm'd throw taunts at us?
Yield, Stephen, or my sword's point dip in
The gloomy current of a traitor's heart.
Stephen. Do it, De Kaims, I will not budge an inch.
De Kaims. Yes, of thy madness thou shalt take the meed.
Stephen. Darest thou?
De Kaims. How dare, against a man disarm'd?
Stephen. What weapons has the lion but himself?
Come not near me, De Kaims, for by the price
Of all the glory I have won this day,
Being a king, I will not yield alive
To any but the second man of the realm,
Robert of Glocester.
De Kaims. Thou shalt vail to me.
Stephen. Shall I, when I have sworn against it, sir?
Thou think'st it brave to take a breathing king,
That, on a court-day bow'd to haughty Maud,
The awed presence-chamber may be bold
To whisper, there's the man who took alive
Stephen—me—prisoner. Certes, De Kaims,
The ambition is a noble one.
De Kaims. 'Tis true,
And, Stephen, I must compass it.
Stephen. No, no,
Do not tempt me to throttle you on the gorge,
Or with my gauntlet crush your hollow breast,
Just when your knighthood is grown ripe and full
For lordship.
A Soldier. Is an honest yeoman's spear

9 kindom *C* 16 point [explore] dip in *C* dips *1848* 28 breathing *added above C* king [alive] *C* 31 the man who *over* [is he] *C* 31/32 [King The Stubborn Reb] *C*

Of no use at a need? Take that.
Stephen. Ah, dastard!
De Kaims. What, you are vulnerable! my prisoner!
Stephen. No, not yet. I disclaim it, and demand
Death as a sovereign right unto a king
Who 'sdains to yield to any but his peer,
If not in title, yet in noble deeds,
The Earl of Glocester. Stab to the hilts, De Kaims,
For I will never by mean hands be led
From this so famous field. Do ye hear! Be quick!
[*Trumpets. Enter the Earl of* CHESTER *and Knights.*

SCENE IV.—*A Presence Chamber. Queen* MAUD *in a Chair of State, the Earls of* GLOCESTER *and* CHESTER, *Lords, Attendants.*

Maud. Glocester, no more: I will behold that Boulogne:
Set him before me. Not for the poor sake
Of regal pomp and a vain-glorious hour,
As thou with wary speech, yet near enough,
Hast hinted.
Glocester. Faithful counsel have I given;
If wary, for your Highness' benefit.
Maud. The Heavens forbid that I should not think so,
For by thy valour have I won this realm,
Which by thy wisdom will I ever keep.
To sage advisers let me ever bend
A meek attentive ear, so that they treat
Of the wide kingdom's rule and government,
Not trenching on our actions personal.
Advis'd, not school'd, I would be; and henceforth
Spoken to in clear, plain, and open terms,
Not side-ways sermon'd at.
Glocester. Then, in plain terms,
Once more for the fallen king—
Maud. Your pardon, Brother,
I would no more of that; for, as I said,
'Tis not for worldly pomp I wish to see

43 'sdains *1848*: 'seigns *C* yeld *C* 46–*end of Scene om., add. on last leaf C*

1. iv. 1 Boulougne *C* 2 the *added above C* 9 will I *C*: I will *1848*
10 let me *added above C* ever [will I] bend *C* 13 [And] not trenching (ing *squeezed in C*) actions *added above C* 14 hencefoth *C*
15 [I would] spoken [with] to *C* Be clear *added above C* 19 wordly *C*

The rebel, but as a dooming judge to give
A sentence something worthy of his guilt.
Glocester. If't must be so, I'll bring him to your presence.
[*Exit* GLOCESTER.
Maud. A meaner summoner might do as well—
My Lord of Chester, is't true what I hear
Of Stephen of Boulogne, our prisoner,
That he, as a fit penance for his crimes,
Eats wholesome, sweet, and palatable food
Off Glocester's golden dishes—drinks pure wine,
Lodges soft?
Chester. More than that, my gracious Queen,
Has anger'd me. The noble Earl, methinks,
Full soldier as he is, and without peer
In counsel, dreams too much among his books.
It may read well, but sure 'tis out of date
To play the Alexander with Darius.
Maud. Truth! I think so. By Heavens it shall not last!
Chester. It would amaze your Highness now to mark
How Glocester overstrains his courtesy
To that crime-loving rebel, that Boulogne—
Maud. That ingrate!
Chester. For whose vast ingratitude
To our late sovereign lord, your noble sire,
The generous Earl condoles in his mishaps,
And with a sort of lackeying friendliness,
Talks off the mighty frowning from his brow,
Woos him to hold a duet in a smile,
Or, if it please him, play an hour at chess—
Maud. A perjured slave!
Chester. And for his perjury,
Glocester has fit rewards—nay, I believe,
He sets his bustling household's wits at work
For flatteries to ease this Stephen's hours,
And make a heaven of his purgatory;
Adorning bondage with the pleasant gloss
Of feasts and music, and all idle shows
Of indoor pageantry; while syren whispers,
Predestin'd for his ear, 'scape as half-check'd

20 a *C*: *om. 1848* 25 Boulougne *C* 29 my *made out of* most *C*
32 dreams [sometimes] too *C* 33 out of date *over* [weak enough] *C*
37/38 [And finds for every one of all his] *C* 43 mighty *added above C*

From lips the courtliest and the rubiest
Of all the realm, admiring of his deeds.
Maud. A frost upon his summer!
Chester. A queen's nod
Can make his June December. Here he comes.

58 his June December *written in beneath* [cold Christmas] *C*

THE CAP AND BELLS

OR THE JEALOUSIES

A FAERY TALE—UNFINISHED

THE CAP AND BELLS

OR, THE JEALOUSIES

A FAERY TALE—UNFINISHED

AUTOGRAPH: *M* (stanzas I–VIII, XVII–XLIV, LII–LXXXI). *H* (stanzas XIII–XVI, XLV–LI). *Hunt.* (Henry E. Huntington Library) stanzas IX–XII.
TRANSCRIPT: W^2.
Undated.

I.

In midmost Ind, beside Hydaspes cool,
There stood, or hover'd, tremulous in the air,
A faery city, 'neath the potent rule
Of Emperor Elfinan; fam'd ev'rywhere
For love of mortal women, maidens fair,
Whose lips were solid, whose soft hands were made
Of a fit mould and beauty, ripe and rare,
To pamper his slight wooing, warm yet staid:
He lov'd girls smooth as shades, but hated a mere shade.

II.

This was a crime forbidden by the law;
And all the priesthood of his city wept,
For ruin and dismay they well foresaw,
If impious prince no bound or limit kept,
And faery Zendervester overstept;
They wept, he sin'd, and still he would sin on,
They dreamt of sin, and he sinn'd while they slept;

Title · The Cap and Bells; / Or, the Jealousies. / A Faery Tale. Unfinished. *1848*: The jealousies / A faery Tale / by / Lucy Vaughan Lloyd / of / China Walk, Lambeth W^2: Cap and Bells *M* (*in pencil in a different hand*). *1848 appends to the Title this Note:* 'This Poem was written subject to future amendments and omissions: it was begun without a plan, and without any prescribed laws for the supernatural machinery.—CHARLES BROWN'.

I. 1 Inde beside *M* 3 Faery city *M* 4 Elphinan *M* W^2 8 sleight woing *M* 9 smoth (*sic*) *over* [soft] *M* II. 4 If impious *over* [Where] *M* no bound or limit kept *written over* [religious limits overstept] *M* 6 woud *M*

7/8 [Until the faery City no more shone
As it was wont, heaven's vengenc rubb'd its bloom
As it was wont
Untill the faery City no more shone
As it was wont] *M*

In vain the pulpit thunder'd at the throne,
Caricature was vain, and vain the tart lampoon.

III.

Which seeing, his high court of parliament
Laid a remonstrance at his Highness' feet,
Praying his royal senses to content
Themselves with what in faery land was sweet,
Befitting best that shade with shade should meet:
Whereat, to calm their fears, he promised soon
From mortal tempters all to make retreat,—
Aye, even on the first of the new moon,
An immaterial wife to espouse as heaven's boon.

IV.

Meantime he sent a fluttering embassy
To Pigmio, of Imaus sovereign,
To half beg, and half demand, respectfully,
The hand of his fair daughter Bellanaine;
An audience had, and [illegible] done, they gain
Their point, and bring the weeping bride away;
Whom, with but one attendant, safely lain
Upon their wings, they bore in bright array,
While little harps were touch'd by many a lyric fay.

V.

As in old pictures tender cherubim
A child's soul thro' the sapphired canvas bear,
So, thro' a real heaven, on they swim
With the sweet princess on her plumag'd lair,
Speed giving to the winds her lustrous hair;
And so she journey'd, sleeping or awake,
Save when, for healthful exercise and air,
She chose to *promener à l'aile*, or take
A pigeon's somerset, for sport or change's sake.

8 Pulpit MW^2 9 tart *over* [bold] M III. 2 Laiy'd *made out of* By M 5 Befeeling M meet. M 6 promiss'd M IV. 1 Embass[a]y M: *cf.* LXII. 2 2 Imaus [Emperor] Sovereign M 5 And W^2: An *made out of* The M 6 Thir M 7 Who, M 7/8 [Borne upon] M 9 Lyric Fay M

V. *Before* 1 M *has*

[As in old Pictures Cherubs bear aloft
The Souls of Children]

2 canvass M 3 throu M: through W^2 8 aisle W^2

VI.

'Dear princess, do not whisper me so loud,'
Quoth Corallina, nurse and confidant,
'Do not you see there, lurking in a cloud,
Close at your back, that sly old Crafticant?
He hears a whisper plainer than a rant:
Dry up your tears, and do not look so blue;
He's Elfinan's great state-spy militant,
His running, lying, flying foot-man too,—
Dear mistress, let him have no handle against you!

VII.

'Show him a mouse's tail, and he will guess,
With metaphysic swiftness, at the mouse;
Show him a garden, and with speed no less,
He'll surmise sagely of a dwelling house,
And plot, in the same minute, how to chouse
The owner out of it; show him a—' 'Peace!
Peace! nor contrive thy mistress' ire to rouse;'
Return'd the princess, 'my tongue shall not cease
Till from this hated match I get a free release.

VIII.

'Ah, beauteous mortal!' 'Hush!' quoth Coralline,
'Really you must not talk of him, indeed.'
'You hush!' replied the mistress, with a shine
Of anger in her eyes, enough to breed
In stouter hearts than Nurse's fear and dread:

VI. 2/3 [Do not you see there coming through] *M* 3 a *written over* [that] *M* 4 Crafticant *written over* [Crafty (*originally* crafty) Cant] *M*

5/6 [He's Elfinan's state train and tale-bearer
His running and his flying footman] *M*

7 He *M* Elphinan's MW^2 8 His [flyin] running [and his] lying flying *M* VII. 7 thy *1848 M*: your W^2 VIII. 1 quothe *M* 3 repplied *M* the *over* [her] *M* 5 Nurse's MW^2: nurse's *1848*

5/6 [the glance itse
Not for themselves perhaps
not for fiery
Not for the glance itself perhaps
Nor at the glance itsef *M*

'Twas not the glance itself made Nursey flinch,
But of its threat she took the utmost heed;
Not liking in her heart an hour-long pinch,
Or a sharp needle run into her back an inch.

IX.

So she was silenced, and fair Bellanaine,
Writhing her little body with ennui,
Continued to lament and to complain,
That Fate, cross-purposing, should let her be
Ravish'd away far from her dear countree;
That all her feelings should be set at naught,
In trumping up this match so hastily,
With lowland blood; and lowland blood she thought
Poison, as every staunch true-born Imaian ought.

X.

Sorely she grieved, and wetted three or four
White Provense rose-leaves with her faery tears,
But not for this cause;—alas! she had more
Bad reasons for her sorrow, as appears
In the fam'd memoirs of a thousand years,
Written by Crafticant, and published
By Parpaglion and Co., (those sly compeers
Who raked up ev'ry fact against the dead,)
In Scarab Street, Panthea, at the Jubal's Head.

XI.

Where, after a long hypercritic howl
Against the vicious manners of the age
He goes on to expose, with heart and soul,
What vice in this or that year was the rage,
Backbiting all the world in ev'ry page;
With special strictures on the horrid crime,
(Section'd and subsection'd with learning sage,)
Of faeries stooping on their wings sublime
To kiss a mortal's lips, when such were in their prime.

6 [that made Nurse] (made Nursey *added above*) *M* Nursey W^2: nursey *1848* 7 its *over* [the] *M* IX. 1 silenc'd *Hunt.* 5 countree *1848*: Countrey *Hunt.*: country W^2 5/6 [That she a highland Princess] *Hunt.* X. 1 griev'd *Hunt.* 2 provence *Hunt.* 3 cause. Alas *Hunt.* 4 reasons *over* [cause of sorrow] *Hunt.* 5 memories *Hunt.* 6/7 [In Scarab Street Panthea] *Hunt.* 8 rak'd *Hunt.* 8 *and* XI. 5 every *Hunt.* XI. 1 hypercritic *1848 Hunt.*: hypocritic W^2

XII.

Turn to the copious index, you will find
Somewhere in the column, headed letter B.,
The name of Bellanaine, if you're not blind;
Then pray refer to the text, and you will see
An article made up of calumny
Against this highland princess, rating her
For giving way, so over fashionably,
To this new-fangled vice, which seems a burr
Stuck in his moral throat, no coughing e'er could stir.

XIII.

There he says plainly that she loved a man!
That she around him flutter'd, flirted, toy'd,
Before her marriage with great Elfinan;
That after marriage too, she never joy'd
In husband's company, but still employ'd
Her wits to 'scape away to Angle-land;
Where liv'd the youth, who worried and annoy'd
Her tender heart, and its warm ardours fann'd
To such a dreadful blaze, her side would scorch her hand.

XIV.

But let us leave this idle tittle tattle
To waiting maids, and bed-room coteries,
Nor till fit time against her fame wage battle.
Poor Elfinan is very ill at ease,
Let us resume his subject if you please:
For it may comfort and console him much,
To rhyme and syllable his miseries;
Poor Elfinan! whose cruel fate was such,
He sat and cursed a bride he knew he could not touch.

XII. 2 in *squeezed in Hunt.* 5 made *made out of* make *Hunt.* 8 seems *1848*: seem *Hunt.*: seem'd W^2 bur W^2

XIII. 1 lov'd *H* 1/2 [And before
Before her marriage and with him to flirt] *H*
2 around *over* [with] *H* flutterd flirted toy'd *over* [would (did *above* would) flutter flirt and toy *H* 4 marriage *1848* W^2: married *H* (*but added above*)
7 worrid and *over* over more *H* 8 ardors (*over* [fires]) *H* XIV. 6 it my *H* 8 cruel *added above H* 9 cur'd *H*

XV.

Soon as (according to his promises)
The bridal embassy had taken wing,
And vanish'd, bird-like, o'er the suburb trees,
The Emperor, empierc'd with the sharp sting
Of love, retired, vex'd and murmuring
Like any drone shut from the fair bee-queen,
Into his cabinet, and there did fling
His limbs upon a sofa, full of spleen,
And damn'd his House of Commons, in complete chagrin.

XVI.

'I'll trounce some of the members,' cried the prince,
'I'll put a mark against some rebel names,
I'll make the opposition-benches wince,
I'll show them very soon, to all their shames,
What 'tis to smother up a prince's flames;
That ministers should join in it, I own,
Surprises me!—they too at these high games!
Am I an Emperor? Do I wear a crown?
Imperial Elfinan, go hang thyself or drown!

XVII.

'I'll trounce 'em!—there's the square-cut chancellor,
His son shall never touch that bishopric;
And for the nephew of old Palfior,
I'll show him that his speeches made me sick,
And give the colonelcy to Phalaric;
The tiptoe marquis, moral and gallant,

xv. 1 as] as, [the] *H* 4 empiec'd *written over* transfix'd *H* shap *M* 5 murming *H* 9 damn'd] cur'd (*for* curs'd) *H* xvi. 1 crid *H* 5 smopher *H* 7 Surprizes W^2 xvii. *Of this stanza M has a draft (m) and a fair copy (M)* *Before* 1 ['Monstrous affair! Pshaw! Pshaw! what ugly minx] *m* 1 Chancellor MmW^3 2 Bishoprick MmW^4

3 [And for that tip-toe Marquis Belfior
By heavens his Nephew]
And for the Nephew of old Pal[color] (fior *added above*) *m*

4 him *added above m* speeches made *1848* W^2: speech has *Mm*

6 [The tiptoe Marquis moral too by Dis
He still shall be]
moral yet gallant
[and gallant]
The tiptoe Marquis [moral too—good good
God grant
good he still] *m*

Shall lodge in shabby taverns upon tick;
And for the Speaker's second cousin's aunt,
She sha'n't be maid of honour,—by heaven that she sha'n't!

XVIII.

'I'll shirk the Duke of A.; I'll cut his brother;
I'll give no garter to his eldest son;
I won't speak to his sister or his mother!
The Viscount B. shall live at cut-and-run;
But how in the world can I contrive to stun
That fellow's voice, which plagues me worse than any,
That stubborn fool, that impudent state-dun,
Who sets down ev'ry sovereign as a zany,—
That vulgar commoner, Esquire Biancopany?

XIX.

'Monstrous affair! Pshaw! pah! what ugly minx
Will they fetch from Imaus for my bride?
Alas! my wearied heart within me sinks,
To think that I must be so near allied
To a cold dullard fay,—ah, woe betide!
Ah, fairest of all human loveliness!
Sweet Bertha! what crime can it be to glide
About the fragrant plaitings of thy dress,
Or kiss thine eyes, or count thy locks, tress after tress?'

XX.

So said, one minute's while his eyes remain'd
Half lidded, piteous, languid, innocent;
But, in a wink, their splendour they regain'd,
Sparkling revenge with amorous fury blent.
Love thwarted in bad temper oft has vent:
He rose, he stampt his foot, he rang the bell,
And order'd some death-warrants to be sent
For signature:—somewhere the tempest fell,
As many a poor felon does not live to tell.

8 second *over* [Brothers] *M* 9 by heaven *added above m* XVIII. 4 Vicount *over* [Baron] *M* 6 which] who *over* [that] *M* 8 set down every sovereign for *over* always thinks a sovereign *M* XIX 5 Fay *M W*^{2} 8 plaitings *1848 W*^{2}: pleatings *M* XX. 1 So sayd[ing his] ([eyes] [eyes] *added above*) one minute's while [were soft] *M* (*over* [were soft] *is written first* [he] *and then* his eyes remaind) 2 lided *M* 3 splendor *M* 6 arose *M* 7 And *added in marg. M* some *over* [a few] *M* 9 fellow *1848*

XXI.

'At the same time Eban,'—(this was his page,
A fay of colour, slave from top to toe,
Sent as a present, while yet under age,
From the Viceroy of Zanguebar,—wise, slow,
His speech, his only words were 'yes' and 'no,'
But swift of look, and foot, and wing was he,)—
'At the same time, Eban, this instant go
To Hum the soothsayer, whose name I see
Among the fresh arrivals in our empery.

XXII.

'Bring Hum to me! But stay—here take my ring,
The pledge of favour, that he not suspect
Any foul play, or awkward murdering,
Tho' I have bowstrung many of his sect;
Throw in a hint, that if he should neglect
One hour, the next shall see him in my grasp,
And the next after that shall see him neck'd,
Or swallow'd by my hunger-starved asp,—
And mention ('tis as well) the torture of the wasp.'

XXIII.

These orders given, the Prince, in half a pet,
Let o'er the silk his propping elbow slide,
Caught up his little legs, and, in a fret,
Fell on the sofa on his royal side.

XXI. *M has a cancelled opening*

'[And] At the same time Luscinnial' (Amorio *written above*) said he
(This was his favourite Page, a negro Fay
At the same time, Amorio' said he
At the same time Eban' (this was his Page,
A Fay of Colour, sent from Zanquebar
A Present from the Viceroy)]

2 slave from top to toe *over* [lusty secret close] ([sure] *added above* close) *M* 5 only *added above M* 7/8 [To that old Fortunetellers whom I see] 8 who name *M* 9 in *written over* [to] *M* XXII. 1–3 Bring . . . play *written twice in M, the first time crossed out* 3 murdering *1848 W*^{2}: handling *M* 4 Though *M* 4/5 [At the same] *M* 6/7 [The next shall see] *M* 7 that *added above M* 9 And mention, 'tis as well, the *written beneath* [Or at the least put to the] *M* XXIII. 2 proping *M* 3 Caugh *M* 4 Fel *written over* [Lay] *M*

The slave retreated backwards, humble-eyed,
And with a slave-like silence closed the door,
And to old Hum thro' street and alley hied;
He 'knew the city,' as we say, of yore,
And for short cuts and turns, was nobody knew more.

XXIV.

It was the time when wholesale houses close
Their shutters with a moody sense of wealth,
But retail dealers, diligent, let loose
The gas (objected to on score of health),
Convey'd in little solder'd pipes by stealth,
And make it flare in many a brilliant form,
That all the powers of darkness it repell'th,
Which to the oil-trade doth great scaith and harm,
And supersedeth quite the use of the glow-worm.

XXV.

Eban, untempted by the pastry-cooks,
(Of pastry he got store within the palace,)
With hasty steps, wrapp'd cloak, and solemn looks,
Incognito upon his errand sallies,
His smelling-bottle ready for the allies;
He pass'd the hurdy-gurdies with disdain,
Vowing he'd have them sent aboard the gallies;
Just as he made his vow, it 'gan to rain,
Therefore he call'd a coach, and bade it drive amain.

XXVI.

'I'll pull the string,' said he, and further said,
'Polluted jarvey! Ah, thou filthy hack!
Whose springs of life are all dried up and dead,
Whose linsey-wolsey lining hangs all slack,

6 clos'd *M* 7 heid *M* 9 [And] for shortest (*made out of* short) *M* XXIV. 1 houses *M*: dealers *1848* W^2 4 on] on the *M* sore *M* 5 Conveuy *M* sorder'd *M* 6 [set it flaring] *written over* [make it flare] (make it flare *written in again*) *M* 7 power *M* W^2 it quite quell'th *M* 8 doth *1848* W^2: did *M* scath *M*: 'scaith W^2 9 superseded *M*: supersedeth W^2 XXV. 2 Pallace *M*: Palace W^2 3 hasty *written over* [measured] *M* 5 alleys W^2 7 abord *M*: on board W^2 9 And so he *M* bid *M*

XXVI. 1–2 [Polluted Jarvey! Ah thou filthy hack!]
In his heart Vile Jarvie! Ah thou filty hack!
I'll pull the string said he and further said
Ah filthy Hack! Polluted Vehicle! *M*
2 1

4 Whose [lining] linsey-wolsey lining *M* slak *M*

Whose rug is straw, whose wholeness is a crack;
And evermore thy steps go clatter-clitter;
Whose glass once up can never be got back,
Who prov'st, with jolting arguments and bitter,
That 'tis of modern use to travel in a litter.

XXVII.

'Thou inconvenience! thou hungry crop
For all corn! thou snail-creeper to and fro,
Who while thou goest ever seem'st to stop,
And fiddle-faddle standest while you go;
I' the morning, freighted with a weight of woe,
Unto some lazar-house thou journeyest,
And in the evening tak'st a double row
Of dowdies, for some dance or party drest,
Besides the goods meanwhile thou movest east and west.

XXVIII.

'By thy ungallant bearing and sad mien,
An inch appears the utmost thou couldst budge;
Yet at the slightest nod, or hint, or sign,
Round to the curb-stone patient dost thou trudge,
School'd in a beckon, learned in a nudge,
A dull-eyed Argus watching for a fare;
Quiet and plodding thou dost bear no grudge
To whisking tilburies, or phaetons rare,
Curricles, or mail-coaches, swift beyond compare.'

6 steps *written over* teeth *M* go clatter-clitter] are clattering *M*

8–9 Whose number stuck above my head a thing
[Gives coldness to my heart and] trembling to my wing *M* (*above the first words of* 9 *is written* The number of the beast gives). *In the bottom margin of the leaf containing stanza* LIV *and* XLV 1–2 *is written in Keats' hand*

[go clitter clatter]
clatter clitter
Who prou[e]st with jolting argument and bitter
That 'tis of modern use to travel in a Litter

XXVII. 2 snail- *added above M* 6 journiest W^2 7 Even takest in a glow *M* 8 Dowdies W^2: Beauties *M* for] frour *M* XXVIII. 2 coulds (*sic*) bugde (*sic*) *M* 3 And at the least nod *M* 4 Round *written over* [Up] *M*

4/5 [As courteous to a Cobler as a Judge] *M*

5 [Ever on] a Beacon, learned in a nudge *M* (*above the first words is written* [Up] School'd in 8 rare *1848*: care *M*

XXIX.

Philosophising thus, he pull'd the check,
And bade the coachman wheel to such a street,
Who, turning much his body, more his neck,
Louted full low, and hoarsely did him greet:
'Certes, Monsieur were best take to his feet,
Seeing his servant can no further drive
For press of coaches, that to-night here meet,
Many as bees about a straw-capp'd hive,
When first for April honey into faint flowers they dive.'

XXX.

Eban then paid his fare, and tiptoe went
To Hum's hotel; and, as he on did pass
With head inclin'd, each dusky lineament
Show'd in the pearl-paved street, as in a glass;

Before XXIX *M has*

29
[Philosophising thus he pull'd the String]
check' the d]
[Philosophising thus he pull'd] the check
[The Coachman]
[And pointed]
Philosophising thus he puld the Check
The Coachman turn'd and lowting down full low

XXIX. 1 puld *M* 2 bad *M* wheel *over* [turn] *M*

7/8 [I doubt the u]
[Meet] *M*

8 capd 9 faint *added above M*

Between XXIX *and* XXX *M has a cancelled stanza:*

'Ho! Ho [said] (thought *above*) Eban so this Signor Hum
A Conversazione holds tonight
Whenecr he beats his literary drum
The learned muster round all light and tight
Drest in best black to talk by candle light.'
[Im at your Elbow Signor like a rocket]
E'en while he thought, for eighteen penny fare
He paid a half penny by cuning sleight
Made argent; then with self-contented Air
Broke through the crowd to Hums, and all the world was there.

XXX.

1–2 [So Eban paid his fare and up the Street]
[So] Eban then (then *added above*) paid his fare and tiptoe went
[Towards Hum's]
To[wards] Hum's Hotel and as he on did pass *M*

3 inclined each *over* [his] *M* 4 the *om. M* pav'd *M*

His purple vest, that ever peeping was
Rich from the fluttering crimson of his cloak,
His silvery trowsers, and his silken sash
Tied in a burnish'd knot, their semblance took
Upon the mirror'd walls, wherever he might look.

XXXI.

He smiled at self, and, smiling, show'd his teeth,
And seeing his white teeth, he smiled the more;
Lifted his eye-brows, spurn'd the path beneath,
Show'd teeth again, and smiled as heretofore,
Until he knock'd at the magician's door;
Where, till the porter answer'd, might be seen,
In the clear panel more he could adore,—
His turban wreath'd of gold, and white, and green,
Mustachios, ear-ring, nose-ring, and his sabre keen.

XXXII.

'Does not your master give a rout to-night?'
Quoth the dark page; 'Oh, no!' return'd the Swiss,
'Next door but one to us, upon the right,
The *Magazin des Modes* now open is
Against the Emperor's wedding;—and sir, this

8 ther *M*

Before XXXI *M has two cancelled openings:*

Past either Ear half shown, his plenteous hair
Went in a jetty wreath, and on his back
Met in curl clusters, ever shining there
Went jetty, and in large curl clusters met
Between his shoulders ever shining there

and

Past either ear, half shown, his plenteous hair
Went jetty, and in large curl-clusters fell
Between his shoulders

Before 1 [He smiled thereat and] *M* 2 teeth *added above M* 5 knock (*sic*) at *written over* [came to] *M* magician's *over* [Sooth-say] *M* 6 [he] might see (*but* n *added to* see *and* be *written above*) *M* 7 pannel W^2M could *written over* [might] *M* 8/9 [His ear ring, nose ring, sabre in] *M* (ear *made out of* hear: *cf.* '*I stood tiptoe*' *64*)

XXXII. *Before* 1

['Does not your Master give a rout to night
Quoth Eban 'every Coach in all the Town
Is here, Methinks is here] *M*

2 'O no!' *M*

4/5 [And who of all the gay world now would miss
To suit each shape] *M*

My master finds a monstrous horrid bore;
As he retired, an hour ago I wis,
With his best beard and brimstone, to explore
And cast a quiet figure in his second floor.

XXXIII.

'Gad! he's obliged to stick to business!
For chalk, I hear, stands at a pretty price;
And as for aqua vitæ—there's a mess!
The *dentes sapientiæ* of mice,
Our barber tells me too, are on the rise,—
Tinder 's a lighter article,—nitre pure
Goes off like lightning,—grains of Paradise
At an enormous figure!—stars not sure!—
Zodiac will not move without a sly douceur!

XXXIV.

'Venus won't stir a peg without a fee,
And master is too partial *entre nous*
To'— 'Hush—hush!' cried Eban, 'sure that is he
Coming down stairs,—by St. Bartholomew!
As backwards as he can,—is 't something new?
Or is 't his custom, in the name of fun?'
'He always comes down backward, with one shoe'—
Return'd the porter—'off, and one shoe on,
Like, saving shoe for sock or stocking, my man John!'

7 ago *1848 M*: or more W^2 XXXIII. 5 me *1848 M*: us W^2 9 sly *M* W^2. slight *1848*

XXXIV. *M has a tentative opening thus.*

Venus won't stir (stir *over* [move]) an inch without a fee—
And entre nous
['Twixt you and me] my master is to fond
Of—Hush hush cried (*made out of* said) Eban—sure this is (is *made out of* was) he
[Coming down stairs, and by the Holyland,]
[Backwards]
Coming down stairs
[A ruddy fan]
[A bloodred fan of fire]
A fan shap'd burst of [fire] bloodred fire
2 Master *M* 3 cried *made out of* said *M* that *made out of* this *M*
6 fun *written over* [wonder] *M*
7 hes always come down backward with *over*
[He always comes down with] one shoe

Between the lines are written five words of which only the word descend *is legible* 8 Porter *over* [Swiss] *M* 9 Like [only], saving *M* sock or *added above M*

XXXV.

It was indeed the great Magician.
Feeling, with careful toe, for every stair,
And retrograding careful as he can,
Backwards and downwards from his own two pair:
'Salpietro!' exclaim'd Hum, 'is the dog there?
He's always in my way upon the mat!'
'He's in the kitchen, or the Lord knows where,'—
Replied the Swiss,—'the nasty, yelping brat!'
'Don't beat him!' return'd Hum, and on the floor came pat.

XXXVI.

Then facing right about, he saw the Page,
And said: 'Don't tell me what you want, Eban;
The Emperor is now in a huge rage,—
'Tis nine to one he'll give you the rattan!
Let us away!' Away together ran
The plain-dress'd sage and spangled blackamoor,
Nor rested till they stood to cool, and fan,
And breathe themselves at the Emperor's chamber door,
When Eban thought he heard a soft imperial snore.

XXXVII.

'I thought you guess'd, foretold, or prophesied,
That's Majesty was in a raving fit?'
'He dreams,' said Hum, 'or I have ever lied,
That he is tearing you, sir, bit by bit.'
'He's not asleep, and you have little wit,'

xxxv. 1 It *1848 M*: He W^2 great [Astrologer] Magician *M* 3 careful as he can *written beneath* [like a careful Man] *M*

3/4 [From the last landing of his own two Pair
And travelling backwards] *M*

8 whelping *1848 M* W^2 9 and on the floor came pat *written beneath* [or I will kill your Cat] *M* xxxvi. 2 what you want, Eban *written beneath* [Eban what you want] *M* 6 Blackeymoor *M* 8 th' *1848* xxxvii. 1 guess'd *written over* [said] *M* propesied *M* 3 dream *M* 5 your *M*

Replied the Page, 'that little buzzing noise,
Whate'er your palmistry may make of it,
Comes from a play-thing of the Emperor's choice,
From a Man-Tiger-Organ, prettiest of his toys.'

XXXVIII.

Eban then usher'd in the learned Seer:
Elfinan's back was turn'd, but, ne'ertheless,
Both, prostrate on the carpet, ear by ear,
Crept silently, and waited in distress,
Knowing the Emperor's moody bitterness;
Eban especially, who on the floor 'gan
Tremble and quake to death,—he feared less
A dose of senna-tea or nightmare Gorgon,
Than the Emperor when he play'd on his Man-Tiger-Organ.

XXXIX.

They kiss'd nine times the carpet's velvet face
Of glossy silk, soft, smooth, and meadow-green,
Where the close eye in deep rich fur might trace
A silver tissue, scantly to be seen,
As daisies lurk'd in June-grass, buds in treen;

6 little buzzing noise *written over* [buzzing] noise [you hear,] *M* 8 a [little] plaything *M*

9 Man-tiger Organ, [king of royal toys]
prettiest of his toys *M*: man-tiger-organ W^2

After XXXVII *M has, upside down:*

His arms and wings rapt in a crimson (*over* purple) cloak
In cognito he makes important way
Through the Court yard whose golden Portals look (*the last four words written beneath* and golden gates)
Full on a pearl-built Minster

The lines would seem to have been intended to follow the cancelled stanza between XXIX *and* XXX

XXXVIII. 1 ushered *M* 2 ne'er the less *over* [for all that] *M* 3 on *made out of* to *M* 8 of [Phisic] senna tea *M* 9 man-tiger-organ *M* W^2 XXXIX. 1 face *written over* [furr] *M*

1/2 [Of green silk meadow
soft silk meadow green] *M*

3 migh *M* 5 dasies *M* green *1848*

Sudden the music ceased, sudden the hand
Of majesty, by dint of passion keen,
Doubled into a common fist, went grand,
And knock'd down three cut glasses, and his best ink-stand.

XL.

Then turning round, he saw those trembling two:
'Eban,' said he, 'as slaves should taste the fruits
Of diligence, I shall remember you
To-morrow, or the next day, as time suits,
In a finger conversation with my mutes,—
Begone!—for you, Chaldean! here remain;
Fear not, quake not, and as good wine recruits
A conjurer's spirits, what cup will you drain?
Sherry in silver, hock in gold, or glass'd champagne?'

XLI.

'Commander of the faithful!' answer'd Hum,
'In preference to these, I'll merely taste
A thimble-full of old Jamaica rum.'
'A simple boon!' said Elfinan, 'thou may'st
Have Nantz, with which my morning-coffee's lac'd.'
'I'll have a glass of Nantz, then,'—said the Seer,—
'Made racy—(sure my boldness is misplaced!)—
With the third part—(yet that is drinking dear!)—
Of the least drop of *crème de citron* crystal clear.'

XLII.

'I pledge you, Hum! and pledge my dearest love,
My Bertha!' 'Bertha! Bertha!' cried the sage,
'I know a many Berthas!' 'Mine's above
All Berthas!' sigh'd the Emperor. 'I engage,'

6 ceas'd *MW*[1] 6/7 [Of Majesty struck on the sofa Table] *A* 8 Doubled into a *written beneath* [made to a] *M* 9 and his best ink stand *written over three erased words of which the first is* from, *the second perhaps* his *M* XL. 2 as slaves shoud *written over* [that you may] *A* 2 the *om. M* XLI. 5 Have Nantes as clear as water and as chaste *M* *Attached to this line is a footnote in 1848 W*[2]*:* Mr. Nisby is of opinion that laced coffee is bad for the head. Spectator. 6 Nantes *M* See *written over* [sage] *M* 9 crystal clear *written below* [bright and] *A* XLII. 4 sigh'd *M*: sighed *1848*

Said Hum, 'in duty, and in vassalage,
To mention all the Berthas in the Earth;—
There's Bertha Watson,—and Miss Bertha Page,—
This fam'd for languid eyes, and that for mirth,—
There's Bertha Blount of York,—and Bertha Knox of Perth.'

XLIII.

'You seem to know'—'I do know,' answer'd Hum,
'Your Majesty's in love with some fine girl
Named Bertha; but her surname will not come,
Without a little conjuring.' ''Tis Pearl,
'Tis Bertha Pearl what makes my brains so whirl;
And she is softer, fairer than her name!'
'Where does she live?' ask'd Hum. 'Her fair locks curl
So brightly, they put all our fays to shame!—
Live?—O! at Canterbury, with her old grand-dame.'

XLIV.

'Good! good!' cried Hum, 'I've known her from a child!
She is a changeling of my management;
She was born at midnight in an Indian wild;
Her mother's screams with the striped tiger's blent,
While the torch-bearing slaves a halloo sent
Into the jungles; and her palanquin,
Rested amid the desert's dreariment,
Shook with her agony, till fair were seen
The little Bertha's eyes oped on the stars serene.'

9 Yourk *M* XLIII. 5 what *made out of* that *M*: what *1848 W*^{2} whirl? *1848 W*^{2} 8 brighty (g *added*) *M* they *made out of* that *M* 8/9 [She lives at Canterbury] *M* 9 Live! O she lives at *M* XLIV. 4 stip'd *M*: strip'd *W*^{2} 5 holloo *written over* [screaming] *M* 6 Dingles *M*

7 [Rested amid the deserts drearıment]
[Shook with her Agony, till fair was seen]
[The little Bertha's face till fair was seen]
[The little Bertha's face till from the screne]
[Of silken]
Rested amid the desert's drearıment *M*

9 oped (*made out of* open) *M*: ope *1848*

XLV.

'I can't say,' said the monarch; 'that may be
Just as it happen'd, true or else a bam!
Drink up your brandy, and sit down by me,
Feel, feel my pulse, how much in love I am;
And if your science is not all a sham,
Tell me some means to get the lady here.'
'Upon my honour!' said the son of Cham,
'She is my dainty changeling, near and dear,
Although her story sounds at first a little queer.'

XLVI.

'Convey her to me, Hum, or by my crown,
My sceptre, and my cross-surmounted globe,
I'll knock you'—'Does your majesty mean—*down?*
No, no, you never could my feelings probe
To such a depth!' The Emperor took his robe,
And wept upon its purple palatine,
While Hum continued, shamming half a sob,—
'In Canterbury doth your lady shine?
But let me cool your brandy with a little wine.'

XLVII.

Whereat a narrow Flemish glass he took,
That once belong'd to Admiral De Witt,
Admired it with a connoisseuring look,
And with the ripest claret crowned it,

XLV. 1–2 *appear first in M and then again in H* 3 Bandy *H* 4 [Here] feel *above* [And] feel *H* 7 honor *H* *To this line 1848* W^2 *append a footnote:* Cham is said to have been the inventor of Magic. Lucy learn'd this from Bayle's Dictionary, and had copied a long Latin note from that work. XLVI. 1 too *H* 2 *the second* my *om. H* 3 I'll] I *H* Does] dowes *H* *No interrogation-mark in H* 4 you] I *H* my] your *H* 7 shaming *H* a half a sob (*the second* a *added above*) *H* 8 doth your lady shine? *beneath* [you today sh] *H* 9 me [tie] cool *H*

XLVII *begins in H with*

[Whereat he took a narrow flanders glass
That once belong'd to the Pensioner De Wit
That once belong'd to Admiral de Wit]

1 Flemish *1848*: flanders *H* 2 once] since *Trelawny*, Adventures of a Younger Son, *ch. 48* Wit *H* 3 admir'd *H*

And, ere one lively bead could burst and flit,
He turn'd it quickly, nimbly upside down,
His mouth being held conveniently fit
To save 'the creature': 'Best in all the town!'
He said, smack'd his moist lips, and gave a pleasant frown.

XLVIII.

'Ah! good my Prince, weep not!' And then again
He fill'd a bumper. 'Great sire, do not weep!
Your pulse is shocking, but I'll ease your pain.'
'Fetch me that Ottoman, and prithee keep
Your voice low,' said the Emperor; 'and steep
Some lady's-fingers nice in Candy wine;
And prithee, Hum, behind the screen do peep
For the rose-water vase, magician mine!
And sponge my forehead,—so my love doth make me pine.

XLIX.

'Ah, cursed Bellanaine!' 'Don't think of her,'
Rejoin'd the Mago, 'but on Bertha muse;
For, by my choicest best barometer,
You shall not throttled be in marriage noose;
I've said it, Sire; you only have to choose
Bertha or Bellanaine.' So saying, he drew
From the left pocket of his threadbare hose,
A sampler hoarded slyly, good as new,
Holding it by his thumb and finger full in view.

L.

'Sire, this is Bertha Pearl's neat handy-work,
Her *name*, see here, *Midsummer, ninety-one.*'
Elfinan snatch'd it with a sudden jerk,
And wept as if he never would have done,

5 one *over* [the] *H*: the *1848* 6 turned *H* 8 To save 'the creature' W^2: To save the creature *H*: To catch the treasure *1848* 9 said [and] smack'd *H* moist *added above H* XLVIII. 3 You pulse *H* 4 me] my H prythee *H* 7 pry thee *H*: pr'ythee W^2 9 sponge] spone *H* XLIX. 3 Baromater *H* 4 throttled *over* be [confin'd] *H* 5 Sir, W^2 8 slyly *written over* [clean and] *H*

9 And [And cried] [held] Holding it
[And held it] by his thumb and finger finger full in view *H* (*sic*)

L. 1 is *om. H* 2 Midsummer *written over* [May 1392] *H*

Honouring with royal tears the poor homespun;
Whereon were broider'd tigers with black eyes,
And long-tail'd pheasants, and a rising sun,
Plenty of posies, great stags, butterflies
Bigger than stags,—a moon,—with other mysteries.

LI.

The monarch handled o'er and o'er again
These day-school hieroglyphics with a sigh;
Somewhat in sadness, but pleas'd in the main,
Till this oracular couplet met his eye
Astounded,—*Cupid I, do thee defy!*
It was too much. He shrunk back in his chair,
Grew pale as death, and fainted—very nigh!
'Pho! nonsense!' exclaim'd Hum, 'now don't despair;
She does not mean it really. Cheer up, hearty—there!

LII.

'And listen to my words. You say you won't,
On any terms, marry Miss Bellanaine;
It goes against your conscience—good! Well, don't.
You say, you love a mortal. I would fain
Persuade your honour's highness to refrain
From peccadilloes. But, sire, as I say,
What good would that do? And, to be more plain,
You would do me a mischief some odd day,
Cut off my ears and hands, or head too, by my fay!

LIII.

'Besides, manners forbid that I should pass any
Vile strictures on the conduct of a prince
Who should indulge his genius, if he has any,
Not, like a subject, foolish matters mince.

5 Honoring *H* 6 broidered *H* 8 great stags *beneath* [a great stag] *H* LI. 2/3 [With tenderes] *H* 5 Cupid I, do *H*: Cupid, I—do W^2: Cupid, I do *1848* 6 He shrunk back in his Chair *over* [he fell back on the couch] *H* 8 Hum *added above H* 9 Cheer up—hearty there! (hearty *added above*) *H*: cheer up, hearty, there W^2 LII. 2 Marry Miss Bellanaine on any terms! *M* (*but transposition-marks added*) 4 feign *M* 5 higness *M* 6 peccadillos *M* 8 woud *M* 9 and hands] and *made out of* or *M* or head *1848 M*: and head W^2 LIII. 4 subject foolish, matters W^2 (*pencilled in marg. is a note to delete the comma*): subject foolish matters *M*

Now I think on't, perhaps I could convince
Your majesty there is no crime at all
In loving pretty little Bertha, since
She's very delicate,—not over tall,—
A fairy's hand, and in the waist why—very small.'

LIV.

'Ring the repeater, gentle Hum!' ''Tis five,'
Said gentle Hum; 'the nights draw in apace;
The little birds I hear are all alive;
I see the dawning touch'd upon your face;
Shall I put out the candles, please your Grace?'
'Do put them out, and, without more ado,
Tell me how I may that sweet girl embrace,—
How you can bring her to me.' 'That's for you,
Great Emperor! to adventure, like a lover true.'

LV.

'I fetch her!'—'Yes, an't like your majesty;
And as she would be frighten'd wide awake,
To travel such a distance through the sky,
Use of some soft manœuvre you must make,
For your convenience, and her dear nerves' sake;
Nice way would be to bring her in a swoon,
Anon, I'll tell what course were best to take;
You must away this morning.' 'Hum! so soon?'
'Sire, you must be in Kent by twelve o'clock at noon.'

LVI.

At this great Cæsar started on his feet,
Lifted his wings, and stood attentive-wise.
'Those wings to Canterbury you must beat,
If you hold Bertha as a worthy prize.

5 covince *M* 9 faery hand W^2 LIV. 1 Ring *over* [Touch] *M* 2 gentle *added above M* 3 heard *M* 9 adventure *over* [fineagle] *M* fineagle *has puzzled commentators:* finesse *conj. Buxton Forman. But* fineagle *is still in use in the U.S.A.; see* Out of Order, *by P. A. Taylor, p. 231,* Baseball Hattie, *by D. Runyon, in* Evening Standard, *28 Sept. 1937, p. 23* LV. 4 manœvre *M* 5 your own convenience *M* 5/6 [This very morning Sire] *M* 6 Nice *over* [Best] *M* 'twould W^2 to [cast her] bring her *M* LVI. 1 this [Augus] great *M* 3 Those] Tohse *M*

Look in the Almanack—*Moore* never lies—
April the twenty-fourth,—this coming day,
Now breathing its new bloom upon the skies,
Will end in St. Mark's eve;—you must away,
For on that eve alone can you the maid convey.'

LVII.

Then the magician solemnly 'gan frown,
So that his frost-white eyebrows, beetling low,
Shaded his deep-green eyes, and wrinkles brown
Plaited upon his furnace-scorched brow:
Forth from the hood that hung his neck below,
He lifted a bright casket of pure gold,
Touch'd a spring-lock, and there in wool or snow,
Charm'd into ever-freezing, lay an old
And legend-leaved book, mysterious to behold.

LVIII.

'Take this same book,—it will not bite you, sire;
There, put it underneath your royal arm;
Though it's a pretty weight, it will not tire,
But rather on your journey keep you warm:
This is the magic, this the potent charm,
That shall drive Bertha to a fainting fit!
When the time comes, don't feel the least alarm,
Uplift her from the ground, and swiftly flit
Back to your palace, where I wait for guerdon fit.'

5 Almanac *M* Moor *M*

5/6 [April the twenty fifth this very morn
Is sacred to S^{t} Mark] *M*

6/7 [Ends quiet in S^{t} Agnes E] *M*

6 forth *M* 7 breathing *over* [spreading] *and* new *over* [yong] *M* 8 Will end *over* [Ends] *M* LVII. 1 'gan *M W*^{2}: 'gan to *1848* 2 frost *over* [snow] *M* 4 Pleated *M* furnace-scorched *over* [weather beaten] *M* 5 the *M*: his *1848 W*^{2} 5/6 [His lifted a bright book] *M* 7 Touch *M* LVIII. 3 Though (*in marg.*) It [i]s a pretty [higth] (*?*) weight [but] 't will not tire *M* 3/4 [A Lover] *M* 5/6 [That shall make swoon at once] *M* 6/7 [Do not] *M* 8 Up lift (Up *over* [But]) *M*: But lift *1848 W*^{2} 9 where I wait for guerdon fit *M*: *om. 1848 W*^{2}

LIX.

'What shall I do with this same book?' 'Why merely
Lay it on Bertha's table, close beside
Her work-box, and 'twill help your purpose dearly;
I say no more.' 'Or good or ill betide,
Through the wide air to Kent this morn I glide!'
Exclaim'd the Emperor, 'When I return,
Ask what you will,—I'll give you my new bride!
And take some more wine, Hum;—O Heavens! I burn
To be upon the wing! Now, now, that minx I spurn!'

LX.

'Leave her to me,' rejoin'd the magian:
'But how shall I account, illustrious fay!
For thine imperial absence? Pho! I can
Say you are very sick, and bar the way
To your so loving courtiers for one day;
If either of their two Archbishops' graces
Should talk of extreme unction, I shall say
You do not like cold pig with Latin phrases,
Which never should be used but in alarming cases.'

LXI.

'Open the window, Hum; I'm ready now!'
'Zooks!' exclaim'd Hum, as up the sash he drew,
'Behold, your majesty, upon the brow
Of yonder hill, what crowds of people!' 'Whew!
The monster's always after something new,'
Return'd his Highness, 'they are piping hot
To see my pigsney Bellanaine. Hum! do
Tighten my belt a little,—so, so,—not
Too tight,—the book!—my wand!—so, nothing is forgot.'

LIX. 1 this] that *1848* W^2: that *made out of* this *M* 4 I say *1848*: Ask me *M* 5 Though *M* I'll W^2 9 that minx *1848* W^2: my Bride *M* LX. 4 very *added above M* 9 alarming *1848* W^2: extremest *M* LXI. 4 Whew *M* W^2 *and conj. Buxton Forman*: Where *1848* (*in M* Whew *might easily be read as* Where) 7 pigsny *M*: pigsney *1848* W^2 (*opposite in* W^2 *is pencilled* q. my) Ballanaine W^2 9 so *1848*: no *M*

LXII.

'Wounds! how they shout!' said Hum, 'and there,—see, see!
Th' Ambassador's return'd from Pigmio!
The morning's very fine,—uncommonly!
See, past the skirts of yon white cloud they go,
Tinging it with soft crimsons! Now below
The sable-pointed heads of firs and pines
They dip, move on, and with them moves a glow
Along the forest side! Now amber lines
Reach the hill top, and now throughout the valley shines.'

LXIII.

'Why, Hum, you're getting quite poetical!
Those *nows* you managed in a special style.'
'If ever you have leisure, sire, you shall
See scraps of mine will make it worth your while,
Tit-bits for Phœbus!—yes, you well may smile.
Hark! Hah! the bells!' 'A little further yet,
Good Hum, and let me view this mighty coil.'
Then the great Emperor full graceful set
His elbow for a prop, and snuff'd his mignonnette.

LXIV.

The morn is full of holiday; loud bells
With rival clamours ring from every spire;
Cunningly-station'd music dies and swells
In echoing places; when the winds respire,

LXII. 1 said *written over* [cried] *M* 2 The Ambassadors *over* [Youi Embassay] *M*: The Embassador's W^2 4 yon *over* [that] *M* 5 crimsons, now below *beneath* [purples crimsons and a glow] *M* 6 The sable pointed (pointed *added above*) heads of [pointed] firs *M*: Sable pointed W^2 6/7 [They dip and fill the fill the forest with a glow] *M* 7 them *added above M* [moves] *M* 9 throughout] throught *M*
LXIII. 2 you managed *written over* [are brought] *M* in [with] a *M* stile W^2 4 will *1848* W^2: shall *M* 6 Hark! Hah *M*: Hark hark! *1848* W^2 6/7 [Good Hum I wish] *M* 7 view *1848 M*: see W^1 9 snuff *M*

LXIV *begins in M:*

[And sneering (*written over* [smiling]) [lo] look'd upon the busy scene]
[The People]
[The merry bells with rival]
The merry Bells with rival clamours rang
[The flags talk with their]
(gauzy tongues of fire *was, no doubt, meant to complete the last line*)

1 was MW^2 2 ring *1848*: rang MW^2 3 sweels *M*

Light flags stream out like gauzy tongues of fire;
A metropolitan murmur, lifeful, warm,
Comes from the northern suburbs; rich attire
Freckles with red and gold the moving swarm;
While here and there clear trumpets blow a keen alarm.

LXV.

And now the fairy escort was seen clear,
Like the old pageant of Aurora's train,
Above a pearl-built minster, hovering near;
First wily Crafticant, the chamberlain,
Balanced upon his grey-grown pinions twain,
His slender wand officially reveal'd;
Then black gnomes scattering sixpences like rain;
Then pages three and three; and next, slave-held,
The Imaian 'scutcheon bright,—one mouse in argent field.

LXVI.

Gentlemen pensioners next; and after them,
A troop of winged Janizaries flew;
Then slaves, as presents bearing many a gem;
Then twelve physicians fluttering two and two;

5 Light flags stream out *written over* [Stream go the flags] *M* flags *added above* W^2 gausy *M*

8 [Freckled the moving populace an alarm
Of (*added in marg.*) Trumpets here and there
Of gold and purple]
Freckled with red and gold the moving swarm *M*

9 belw a keen (keen *written beneath* [lou]) *M* (*for* bellow loud?) LXV. 1 faery W^2 was seen clear *over* [on splendid] *M*, *which offers also* [coming] *and* [floating (*corr. to* floated) near] 2 old *over* [full] *M* 3 a *over* [the] *M* 4 First wily *over* [Sagacious] *M*

5/6 [His slender wand official sland wise held (*over* [held aslant])
Then Pages fluttering two and two
Then black gnomes slacctering sixpences like rain
Upon the Populace, and next slave (slave *added above*) [up held]
By (*marg.*) The Imaian 'scutcheon Bright. Six mice in silver feld] *M*

6 officiously W^2 8 Then *over* [Nex] *M* three . . . three *over* [two . . . two] *M* 9 Imain *M* argent [silver] *over* [golden] *M* LXVI. 2 *Above* troop *M has* [swarm] winged *over* [flying] *M* Janisaries W^2

3 Then Slaves ([pages] *written in above*) [shoulder-worn]
as presents bearing many a gem *M*

And next a chaplain in a cassock new;
Then Lords in waiting; then (what head not reels
For pleasure?)—the fair Princess in full view,
Borne upon wings,—and very pleased she feels
To have such splendour dance attendance at her heels.

LXVII.

For there was more magnificence behind:
She wav'd her handkerchief. 'Ah, very grand!'
Cried Elfinan, and closed the window-blind;
'And, Hum, we must not shilly-shally stand,—
Adieu! adieu! I'm off for Angle-land!
I say, old Hocus, have you such a thing
About you,—feel your pockets, I command,—
I want, this instant, an invisible ring,—
Thank you, old mummy!—now securely I take wing.'

LXVIII.

Then Elfinan swift vaulted from the floor,
And lighted graceful on the window-sill;
Under one arm the magic book he bore,
The other he could wave about at will;

8 pleas'd *M* 9 splendor *M* LXVII. 2 She *added above M* handkercif *M* 3 clos'd *1848*: shut *M* 5 *The first* Adieu *beneath* [Goodbye] *M*

6/7 [About you
In you old jewish pocket] *M*

9 Mummy *MW*^{2} securely] *It is difficult to get* securely *out of the ductus litterarum of M; the letters look like* menuly *or* meuuly

LXVIII. *Cancelled first draft in M:*
Then Elfinan swift vauted from the floor
[So saying he vaulted to the window sill
And standing like a little Mercury]
[So saying he vauted lightly (nimbly *written above*) from the floor]
And lighted graceful on the window cill
Under one arm the magic book he bore
[The other]
[Hum you must laugh with me, I know you will
More wine, old Boy! well mind it does'nt spill]

2 window cill *M*

Pale was his face, he still look'd very ill:
He bow'd at Bellanaine, and said—'Poor Bell!
Farewell! farewell! and if for ever! still
For ever fare thee well!'—and then he fell
A laughing'—snapp'd his fingers!—shame it is to tell!

LXIX.

'By'r Lady! he is gone!' cries Hum, 'and I—
(I own it)—have made too free with his wine;
Old Crafticant will smoke me, by the bye!
This room is full of jewels as a mine,—
Dear valuable creatures, how ye shine!
Sometime to-day I must contrive a minute,
If Mercury propitiously incline,
To examine his scrutoire, and see what's in it,
For of superfluous diamonds I as well may thin it.

LXX.

'The Emperor's horrid bad; yes, that's my cue!'
Some histories say that this was Hum's last speech;
That, being fuddled, he went reeling through
The corridor, and scarce upright could reach
The stair-head; that being glutted as a leech,
And used, as we ourselves have just now said,
To manage stairs reversely, like a peach
Too ripe, he fell, being puzzled in his head
With liquor and the staircase: verdict—*found stone dead.*

6 at *over* [to] *M* 7 Farewel[l]! farewel! W^2 8 fare the-weell *M* feele *M* LXIX. 1 By'r Lady *1848* W^2: By la[ı]'kin *M* (*for* Ladykin *?*) 3 Clafticant *M* me bye the bye— *M*: me by the bye! (by! W^2) *1848* W^2 6 a[n] *M* minute *over* a[n] [hour] *M* 8 'Scrutoire *M* W^2

LXX. *Before this stanza M has a cancelled draft·*

['The Emperor's horrid bad—yes, that's my cue'
Some Histories say that these were Hum's last words (these *altered to* this *and* was Hum's last speech *written in above*)
That being fuddled he went reeling through
The Corridor, and scarce up right could reach
The Star head; that being juice ripe as a peach
He gain'd the Landing, and (as we have said,
Being usd to descend Backwards)]

(*In the sixth line:* He gain'd *over* [Gaining] *and* [Rea⟨ching⟩], Landing *over* [Stair head]
5 as *written over* [like] *M* leach *1848* 7 manage *over* [descend] *M*
9 verdict found stone dead *written in beneath*
[and reach the bottom dead]
[found at the bottom dead] *M*

LXXI.

This, as a falsehood, Crafticanto treats;
And as his style is of strange elegance,
Gentle and tender, full of soft conceits,
(Much like our Boswell's), we will take a glance
At his sweet prose, and, if we can, make dance
His woven periods into careless rhyme;
O, little faery Pegasus! rear—prance—
Trot round the quarto—ordinary time!
March, little Pegasus, with pawing hoof sublime!

LXXII.

Well, let us see,—*tenth book and chapter nine*,—
Thus Crafticant pursues his diary:—
'"Twas twelve o'clock at night, the weather fine,
Latitude thirty-six; our scouts descry
A flight of starlings making rapidly
Towards Thibet. Mem.:—birds fly in the night;
From twelve to half-past—wings not fit to fly
For a thick fog—the Princess sulky quite
Call'd for an extra shawl, and gave her nurse a bite.

LXXIII.

'Five minutes before one—brought down a moth
With my new double-barrel—stew'd the thighs
And made a very tolerable broth—
Princess turn'd dainty, to our great surprise,
Alter'd her mind, and thought it very nice:
Seeing her pleasant, tried her with a pun,
She frown'd; a monstrous owl across us flies
About this time,—a sad old figure of fun;
Bad omen—this new match can't be a happy one.

LXXI. 1 [But Crafticant entirely denies]
[denies this out and out]
[And as he has an elegance of style,]
[Gentle, imaginative]
This as a falsehood Crafticanto treats
[as a blunder] treats [refutes]
[This Crafticanto out and out denies] *M*
2 of strange elegance *over* [pure and elegant] *M* 3 and tender *beneath* [imaginative] *M* 4 Boswell's *1848* W^2: Cowley's *M* 7 rear *over* [pran] *M* LXXII. 2 diary *1848* W^2: History *M* 6 Tow'rds *1848* 8 quite: *1848* LXXIII. 2 thighs [ribs] *over* [legs] *and* [loin] *M* 4 surprize W^2 7 a monstrous owl across us flies *beneath* [and tried to beat my face and eyes] *M*

LXXIV.

'From two till half-past, dusky way we made,
Above the plains of Gobi,—desert, bleak;
Beheld afar off, in the hooded shade
Of darkness, a great mountain (strange to speak),
Spitting, from forth its sulphur-baken peak,
A fan-shaped burst of blood-red, arrowy fire,
Turban'd with smoke, which still away did reek,
Solid and black from that eternal pyre,
Upon the laden winds that scantly could respire.

LXXV.

'Just upon three o'clock a falling star
Created an alarm among our troop,
Kill'd a man-cook, a page, and broke a jar,
A tureen, and three dishes, at one swoop,
Then passing by the Princess, singed her hoop:
Could not conceive what Coralline was at,
She clapp'd her hands three times, and cried out "Whoop!"
Some strange Imaian custom. A large bat
Came sudden 'fore my face, and brush'd against my hat.

Before LXXIV *M has a first draft, not deleted except as indicated by* [ ]*:*

[At two o'Clock we pass]
From two till half past, darkling way we made (*written over* [made our darkling way])
Above the plains of Gobi desolate—
Behold afar off in the hooded Shade
Of Darkness a [peak'd mountain]
Volcano vast and great
[Sending]
Spitting from forth its nitrous peak elate
A fan-shap'd burst of bloodred arrowy fire
Turban'd with monstrous clouds

1 till *1848 M*: to W^2 dusky *over* [darkling] *M* 2 *In the top margin of the leaf containing stanza* LXXII *Keats has written* Desert of Gobi (*Buxton Forman's note on* LXXII *seems to be an error*) 4 [fiery] great mountain, strange to speak *over* [Volcano's smoke and reek] *M* 6 shap'd *M* fire *over* [flame] *M* 7 with [swarthy] smoke *M* away *added above M* 7/8 [Upon the laden heavy-laden wind] *M* 9 winds *1848* W^2: wind *M* LXXV. 3/4 [Three Pl] *M* 6 Coraline *M* 7 hands] and (h *added*) *M* 8 A large bat *beneath* [Saw a bat] *M* 8/9 [He shee⟨r⟩d off to the right] *M* 9 fore *over* on *M*

LXXVI.

'Five minutes thirteen seconds after three,
Far in the west a mighty fire broke out,
Conjectur'd, on the instant, it might be
The city of Balk—'twas Balk beyond all doubt:
A griffin, wheeling here and there about,
Kept reconnoitring us—doubled our guard—
Lighted our torches, and kept up a shout,
Till he sheer'd off—the Princess very scared—
And many on their marrow-bones for death prepared.

LXXVII.

'At half-past three arose the cheerful moon—
Bivouac'd for four minutes on a cloud—
Where from the earth we heard a lively tune
Of tambourines and pipes, serene and loud,
While on a flowery lawn a brilliant crowd
Cinque-parted danced, some half asleep reposed
Beneath the green-fan'd cedars, some did shroud
In silken tents, and 'mid light fragrance dozed,
Or on the open turf their soothed eyelids closed.

LXXVIII.

'Dropp'd my gold watch, and kill'd a kettle-drum—
It went for apoplexy—foolish folks!—
Left it to pay the piper—a good sum—
(I've got a conscience, maugre people's jokes,)
To scrape a little favour 'gan to coax
Her Highness' pug-dog—got a sharp rebuff—
She wish'd a game at whist—made three revokes—
Turn'd from myself, her partner, in a huff;
His Majesty will know her temper time enough.

LXXVI. 3 on the *over* [at the time] *M* 4 beyond *over* [without] *M* 5 A [Drag] Griffin *M* 6 reconoitring *M* Gaurd *M* LXXVII. 2 Bivouac'd *1848 MW*^{2} 3 we heard a lively *over* [a most melodious] *M* 6 danc'd *M* 8 dos'd *1848 MW*^{2} 9 turf *over* [green] *M* LXXVIII. 1 Drop'd *M* 7 Wist *M* 7/8 [When at poor Corraline she 'gan to huff] *M*

LXXIX

'She cried for chess—I play'd a game with her—
Castled her king with such a vixen look,
It bodes ill to his Majesty—(refer
To the second chapter of my fortieth book,
And see what hoity-toity airs she took:)
At half-past four the morn essay'd to beam—
Saluted, as we pass'd, an early rook—
The Princess fell asleep, and, in her dream,
Talk'd of one Master Hubert, deep in her esteem.

LXXX.

'About this time,—making delightful way,—
Shed a quill-feather from my larboard wing—
Wish'd, trusted, hop'd 'twas no sign of decay—
Thank Heaven, I'm hearty yet!—'twas no such thing:—
At five the golden light began to spring,
With fiery shudder through the bloomed east;
At six we heard Panthea's churches ring—
The city all her unhiv'd swarms had cast,
To watch our grand approach, and hail us as we pass'd.

LXXXI.

'As flowers turn their faces to the sun,
So on our flight with hungry eyes they gaze,
And, as we shaped our course, this, that way run,
With mad-cap pleasure, or hand-clasp'd amaze;
Sweet in the air a mild-toned music plays,
And progresses through its own labyrinth;
Buds gather'd from the green spring's middle-days,
They scatter'd,—daisy, primrose, hyacinth,—
Or round white columns wreath'd from capital to plinth.

LXXIX. 3 bods *M* 5 hoity-toity airs *1848 W²*: whim and vagaries *M* 6 essay'd *1848 W²*: began *M* beam *written over* [break] *M* 9 deep in her esteem *written over* [now what can this mean] *M* LXXX. 2 [I] shed *M* quill *added above M* larbord *M* 6 [Into the] *over* With *M* fiery *over* [tremulous] *which is written over* [gleaming] *M* thought (*sic*) the bloomed east *over* [upward through the dark] *M* 8 her *M*: his *1848* LXXXI. 3 shap'd *M* 4 clasp'd *over* [joind] *M* 5 in *over* [through] *M* a *added above M* ton'd *M* 7 middle days *W²* 9 Colums *M*

LXXXII.

'Onward we floated o'er the panting streets,
That seem'd throughout with upheld faces paved;
Look where we will, our bird's-eye vision meets
Legions of holiday; bright standards waved,
And fluttering ensigns emulously craved
Our minute's glance; a busy thunderous roar,
From square to square, among the buildings raved,
As when the sea, at flow, gluts up once more
The craggy hollowness of a wild-reefed shore.

LXXXIII.

'And "Bellanaine for ever!" shouted they!
While that fair Princess, from her winged chair,
Bow'd low with high demeanour, and, to pay
Their new-blown loyalty with guerdon fair,
Still emptied, at meet distance, here and there,
A plenty horn of jewels. And here I
(Who wish to give the devil her due) declare
Against that ugly piece of calumny,
Which calls them Highland pebble-stones not worth a fly.

LXXXIV.

'Still "Bellanaine!" they shouted, while we glide
'Slant to a light Ionic portico,
The city's delicacy, and the pride
Of our Imperial Basilic; a row
Of lords and ladies, on each hand, make show
Submissive of knee-bent obeisance,
All down the steps; and, as we enter'd, lo!
The strangest sight—the most unlook'd-for chance—
All things turn'd topsy-turvy in a devil's dance.

LXXXV.

''Stead of his anxious Majesty and court
At the open doors, with wide saluting eyes,
Congées and scape-graces of every sort,
And all the smooth routine of gallantries,

LXXXII. 6 *Opposite* Our W^2 *has pencilled* q. one horn W^2 LXXXIII. 6 plenty- LXXXIV. 6 obeissance W^2

Was seen, to our immoderate surprise,
A motley crowd thick gather'd in the hall,
Lords, scullions, deputy-scullions, with wild cries
Stunning the vestibule from wall to wall,
Where the Chief Justice on his knees and hands doth crawl.

LXXXVI.

'Counts of the palace, and the state purveyor
Of moth's down, to make soft the royal beds,
The Common Council and my fool Lord Mayor
Marching a-row, each other slipshod treads;
Powder'd bag-wigs and ruffy-tuffy heads
Of cinder wenches meet and soil each other;
Toe crush'd with heel ill-natured fighting breeds,
Frill-rumpling elbows brew up many a bother,
And fists in the short ribs keep up the yell and pother.

LXXXVII.

'A Poet, mounted on the Court-Clown's back,
Rode to the Princess swift with spurring heels,
And close into her face, with rhyming clack,
Began a Prothalamion;—she reels,
She falls, she faints! while laughter peals
Over her woman's weakness. "Where!" cried I,
"Where is his Majesty?" No person feels
Inclined to answer; wherefore instantly
I plunged into the crowd to find him or to die.

LXXXVIII.

'Jostling my way I gain'd the stairs, and ran
To the first landing, where, incredible!
I met, far gone in liquor, that old man,
That vile impostor Hum,——'
So far so well,—
For we have proved the Mago never fell
Down stairs on Crafticanto's evidence;
And therefore duly shall proceed to tell,
Plain in our own original mood and tense,
The sequel of this day, though labour 'tis immense!

LXXXV. 5 surprize W^2 LXXXVI. 3 fool-Lord W^2 6 cinder-wenches W^2

LXXXIX

Now Hum, new fledg'd with high Authority,
Came forth to quell the Hubbub in the Hall.

* * * *

LXXXIX. 1–2 *Preserved in* W^2 *only; published here for the first time*

SHORTER POEMS FROM LITERARY REMAINS 1848

ODE TO APOLLO

TRANSCRIPTS: TW^2W^3.
Dated: February 1815 *1848.*

In thy western halls of gold
When thou sittest in thy state,
Bards, that erst sublimely told
Heroic deeds, and sang of fate,
With fervour seize their adamantine lyres,
Whose chords are solid rays, and twinkle radiant fires.

Here Homer with his nervous arms
Strikes the twanging harp of war,
And even the western splendour warms,
While the trumpets sound afar:
But, what creates the most intense surprise,
His soul looks out through renovated eyes.

Then, through thy Temple wide, melodious swells
The sweet majestic tone of Maro's lyre:
The soul delighted on each accent dwells,—
Enraptured dwells,—not daring to respire,
The while he tells of grief around a funeral pyre.

'Tis awful silence then again;
Expectant stand the spheres;
Breathless the laurell'd peers,
Nor move, till ends the lofty strain,
Nor move till Milton's tuneful thunders cease,
And leave once more the ravish'd heavens in peace.

Thou biddest Shakspeare wave his hand,
And quickly forward spring
The Passions—a terrific band—
And each vibrates the string
That with its tyrant temper best accords,
While from their Master's lips pour forth the inspiring words.

ODE TO APOLLO.—*Title:* Ode to Apollo *1848* TW^2W^3. *In 1848 the stanzas are numbered* 7 There TW^2W^3 11 surprize W^2 20 Laurel'd W^2

A silver trumpet Spenser blows,
  And, as its martial notes to silence flee,
From a virgin chorus flows
  A hymn in praise of spotless Chastity.
'Tis still! Wild warblings from the Æolian lyre
Enchantment softly breathe, and tremblingly expire.

Next thy Tasso's ardent numbers
  Float along the pleased air,
Calling youth from idle slumbers,
  Rousing them from Pleasure's lair:—
Then o'er the strings his fingers gently move,
And melt the soul to pity and to love.

But 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

AUTOGRAPH: *M.*

TRANSCRIPTS: $W^1W^2W^3R$ ('From a MS. in Keats' writing' W^2).

Undated.

Printed in *Western Messenger*, 1 June 1836, with a note: 'The following beautiful poem is for the first time published from the original manuscript presented to the Editor by the Poet's brother.'

GOD of the golden bow,
  And of the golden lyre,
And of the golden hair,
  And of the golden fire,

34 Œolian W^2

GOD OF THE GOLDEN BOW. *Title: wanting in M*: Hymn to Apollo *1848*: Ode to Apollo RW^2W^3 *Western Mess.*: Fragment of an Ode to Apollo W^1

(W^3 preserves Woodhouse's story of the scene out of which these verses arose in what appears to be its first draft. As this draft differs in some particulars from the version generally familiar, that of W^2, first printed by Colvin in *TLS* 21 May 1914, I give it here as it stands in the New York MS.:

As the author and Leigh Hunt were [drinking] taking their wine together, [one summer evening afternoon], after a dinner at the house of the latter, the [Fancy] whim seised them to [let] [that they would] crown[ed] themselves, [as] after the fashion of the elder poets, with a wreath of laurel.

[Soon after] While they were [thus] attired, two [friends] acquaintances

Charioteer
Of the patient year,
Where—where slept thine ire,
When like a blank idiot I put on thy wreath,
Thy laurel, thy glory,
The light of thy story,
Or was I a worm—too low crawling for death?
O Delphic Apollo!

The Thunderer grasp'd and grasp'd,
The Thunderer frown'd and frown'd;
The eagle's feathery mane
For wrath became stiffen'd—the sound
Of breeding thunder
Went drowsily under,
Muttering to be unbound.
O why didst thou pity, and beg for a worm?
Why touch thy soft lute
Till the thunder was mute,
Why was I not crush'd—such a pitiful germ?
O Delphic Apollo!

The Pleiades were up,
Watching the silent air;
The seeds and roots in Earth
Were swelling for summer fare;

of Mr Hunt [happened to pay him a visit] [came in] called upon him:—Just before their entrance [that gentleman] Hunt removed the crown from his own brows, and suggested to Keats that he might as well do the same.

[The latter] K. however, in the enthusiasm of the moment, [declared] vowed that [for no man alive would he take off his wreath] he would not for any human being and he accordingly wore it without any explanation [till the gentlemen's departure, to their no small surprise] thro' the visit.

He mentioned the circ.^{ce} [subsequently] after^{d} to one or two of his friends [with] expressing his sense [of the impropriety of what he had done] how foolish he had been; and his intention of recording it, by [some] apologetic [trifle] verses suited to the occasion.—He produced shortly after^{d} the following fragment of an Ode to Apollo.)

6 Of *1848 M Western Mess.*: Round $W^1W^2W^3R$ 8 ideot MW^1W^3 *Western Mess.* 11 too (to *M*) low-creeping MRW^3: too low crawling W^1W^2 *Western Mess. 1848* 15 The Eagle's feathery mane [for wrath became st] *M* 20 thou] thy *R* and beg for a worm? *Western Mess. and all MSS.*: and for a worm *1848* 23 I not MW^3R *Western Mess.*: not I *1848* W^1W^2 25 Pleiads RW^1W^2: Pleiads *made out of* Pleiades W^3 27 Earth MW^1W^2R: the Earth *1848 Western Mess.*

The Ocean, its neighbour,
Was at his old labour,
When, who—who did dare
To tie for a moment thy plant round his brow,
And grin and look proudly,
And blaspheme so loudly,
And live for that honour, to stoop to thee now?
O Delphic Apollo!

TO ——

AUTOGRAPH: *M*.

TRANSCRIPTS: *RT*²*W*¹*W*²*W*³ **1818**.

Dated: 1817 **1818** *1848* T^2: 11 Nov. 1817 *R*: Abt 11 Novr 1817 W^2W^3: Apl 1817 W^1.

THINK not of it, sweet one, so;—
Give it not a tear;
Sigh thou mayst, and bid it go
Any—any where.

Do not look so sad, sweet one,—
Sad and fadingly;
Shed one drop, then it is gone,
Oh 'twas born to die.

Still so pale? then dearest weep;
Weep, I'll count the tears,
And each one shall be a bliss
For thee in after years.

30 his MW^3: its *1848* RW^1W^2 32 for a moment $MW^1W^2W^3R$: like a madman *1848 Western Mess.*

To ——. *Title: wanting in M*: To —— RW^1W^2: On —— **1818** *1848* T^2 *Before* 1 *M* **1818** *have:*

[Think not of it gentle sweet
Is it (It is not **1818**) worth a tear?
Will thine heart less warmly beat
Thy voice less dear (clear **1818**)]

3 and *1848 M* **1818** T^2 *and marg.* W^2: but $RW^1W^2W^3$ 7 then it is gone $RT^2W^1W^2W^3$ *and over* [an only one] *M* **1818**: and only one *1848 and marg.* W^2 *marg.* T^2 8 Oh! 'twas born to die *1848* $RT^2W^1W^2W^3$ *and over* [Sweetly did it die] *M* **1818**: Sweetly did it die *marg.* T^2 *marg.* W^2

8/9 [Wilt thou mourn and wilt thou sob
Art indeed so sad and wan] *M* **1818**

10/11 [And for each one for thee I'll keep] *M* **1818** 11 And each one shall be a bliss $RT^2W^1W^2W^3$ *and over* [For each will I invent a bliss] *M*: For each will I invent a bliss *1848 and marg.* T^2 *marg.* W^2

Brighter has it left thine eyes
Than a sunny rill;
And thy whispering melodies
Are tenderer still.

Yet—as all things mourn awhile
At fleeting blisses,
E'en let us too! but be our dirge
A dirge of kisses.

LINES

AUTOGRAPH: *M* (fair copy): *A* (*Draft · facsimiled in American edition of 1883*).
TRANSCRIPT: T^2W^3.
Dated: 1817 *1848* T^2W^3.

UNFELT, unheard, unseen,
I've left my little queen,
Her languid arms in silver slumber lying:
Ah! through their nestling touch,
Who—who could tell how much
There is for madness—cruel, or complying?

Those faery lids how sleek!
Those lips how moist!—they speak,
In ripest quiet, shadows of sweet sounds:
Into my fancy's ear
Melting a burden dear,
How 'Love doth know no fullness nor no bounds.'

14 hill $W^1W^2W^3$ 16 more tender *1848*: more tender *over* tenderer T^2 18 fleeting *1848* $T^2W^1W^2W^3R$ *and over* [dying] *M* **1818**: dying *marg.* T^2 *marg.* W^2 19 E'en let *M* **1818**: Let *1848* $RT^2W^1W^2W^3$

LINES.—*Title: wanting in AMW*^{3}: Lines *1848* T^2 3 lying] [dying] [kissing] *A* (*but nothing substituted*) 4 And stifling up the Vale *A*, *the text of 1848 written in above*

6/7 [How sleek those faery lids
How moist that the lip that bids
E'en in] *A*

8–9 speak In ripest quiet shadows *AM without commas* ([E'en] In [their] ripest quiet *over* [quiet stillness] *A*) 10 Into *and* [And] *over* Of Im (*the beginning of* Images?) *A* 12 *The text as printed over* [That every Joy and Grief and Feeling drowns] *A* nor] and *1848*

True!—tender monitors!
I bend unto your laws:
This sweetest day for dalliance was born!
So, without more ado,
I'll feel my heaven anew,
For all the blushing of the hasty morn.

SONG

AUTOGRAPH: *C*; Hampstead *Literary Pocket Book* 1819.

TRANSCRIPTS: $T^2W^2W^3$. In T^2 the last four lines are written not in Brown's hand but in that of Milnes. (I think that the version in the *Literary Pocket Book*, though listed as in Keats' autograph, is not written in his hand. The same applies to the entries in the diary—where under 29 April 1819 is written 'Tommy's birthday' (Tom Keats was born 18 Nov.).)

['Steibelt . . . was a melodist, besides a fancier of finger-wonders, as the tune to which Keats wrote the song "Hush! hush! tread softly" . . . may remind those who care to seek no further.' *Athenaeum*, 15 Oct. 1859.]

First printed in *Hood's Magazine*, March 1845.

Dated: 1818 T^2 *1848*: 'CB 1818' W^2.

I.

HUSH, hush! tread softly! hush, hush, my dear!
All the house is asleep, but we know very well
That the jealous, the jealous old bald-pate may hear,
Tho' you've padded his night-cap—O sweet Isabel!
Tho' your feet are more light than a Faery's feet,
Who dances on bubbles where brooklets meet,—
Hush, hush! soft tiptoe! hush, hush, my dear!
For less than a nothing the jealous can hear.

12/13 [So that my sight is dim] *A* 13/14 [And so no faults nor flaws] *A* 15 Sweetest] sun⟨n⟩iest *A*

SONG.—*Title:* Song *1848* T^2W^2 *Pocket Book*: Song by the late John Keats *Hood* 1. 1 tread softly! [breáthe lightly!] hush hush, my dear! *C*: tread softly, tread gently, my dear, W^3 2 but we] and you W^3 3 the jealous *thrice C* (*the third deleted*) can hear, *Hood* 4, 5 Though CW^3 4 O] My W^2W^3 5 Fairey's *C*: fairies *Pocket Book* 6 Who] That W^3 7 Yet hush! soft, tiptoe! W^3: Hush, hush! [tread tiptoe!] soft tiptoe! *C*: Hush hush tread softly *Pocket Book Hood*

II.

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;
    And the moon, whether prudish or complaisant,
    Has fled to her bower, well knowing I want
No light in the dusk, no torch in the gloom,
But my Isabel's eyes, and her lips pulp'd with bloom.

III.

Lift the latch! ah gently! ah tenderly—sweet!
  We are dead if that latchet gives one little clink!
Well done—now those lips, and a flowery seat—
  The old man may sleep, and the planets may wink;
    The shut rose shall dream of our loves and awake
    Full-blown, and such warmth for the morning's take,
The stock-dove shall hatch her soft brace and shall coo,
While I kiss to the melody, aching all through!

SONG

AUTOGRAPH: *C*.

TRANSCRIPTS: T^2W^2.

Dated: 1818 T^2 *1848*. '1818 CB' W^2.

I HAD a dove and the sweet dove died;
  And I have thought it died of grieving:
O, what could it grieve for? it was tied,
  With a silken thread of my own hand's weaving;
Sweet little red feet! why did you die—
Why would you leave me, sweet dove! why?

II. 1 Not (t *added*) a leaf W^2: No leaf [in the tree] doth *C* 2 On] In W^3 still] hush'd W^3 3 all *om. Hood* its [empire and] Lethean *C* 4 Charmed *Pocket Book* 6 hath W^2 *Pocket Book Hood* her] the W^2 7 dusk] darkness *Pocket Book Hood* the [warm summer] gloom *C* No torch in the dusk, and no light in the gloom W^2 8 eye W^2W^3 lip W^2 pulped *Pocket Book* III. 1 Lift the latch! Oh gently! [Ah softly] tenderly sweet *C* oh . . . oh *Hood* 2 chink *Pocket Book Hood* 3 lips, [now those eyes] and *C* 4 sleep] dream *Pocket Book Hood*. *In* W^3 *the line is added in pencil* 5 shall] may *Pocket Book Hood* love W^2 6 morning *1848 Pocket Book Hood* 7 her *C* W^2W^3 *Pocket Book*: his *1848* T^2 soft brace and shall coo *Pocket Book*: soft twin eggs and coo *1848* $T^2W^2W^3$ (soft *added above* W^2): soft brace and above our heads coo *C*

SONG.—*Title*: Song *1848* T^2W^2 3 it was *C*: Its feet were *1848* T^2W^2 5 did *C*: should *1848* T^2W^2 6 would *C*: should *1848* T^2W^2 dove *C*: bird *1848* T^2W^2

You liv'd alone on the forest-tree,
Why, pretty thing! could you not live with me?
I kiss'd you oft and gave you white peas;
Why not live sweetly, as in the green trees?

FAIRY'S SONG

AUTOGRAPH: *C.*
TRANSCRIPT: T^2.
Undated.

SHED no tear—O, shed no tear!
The flower will bloom another year.
Weep no more! O! 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.

Overhead! look overhead!
'Mong the blossoms white and red—
Look up, look up. I flutter now
On this flush pomegranate bough.
See me! 'tis this silvery bill
Ever cures the good man's ill.
Shed no tear! O shed no tear!
The flower will bloom another year.
Adieu, Adieu—I fly, adieu,
I vanish in the heaven's blue—
Adieu, Adieu!

SONG

TRANSCRIPT: T^2.
Undated.

I.

SPIRIT here that reignest!
Spirit here that painest!
Spirit here that burnest!
Spirit here that mournest!

7 on CW^2: in *1848* T^2 8 could CW^2: would *1848* T^2 9 peas *1848* *C*: pease T^2W^2

FAIRY'S SONG.—*Title:* Fairy's Song T^2: Faery Song *1848* 6 Paradize *made out of* Paradice *C* 12 pomgranate bow *C* 13 this] the T^1 14 good *over* [poor] T^2

SONG.—*Title:* Song *1848* T^2 3 burneth T^2 4 mourneth T^2

Spirit! I bow
My forehead low,
Enshaded with thy pinions!
Spirit! I look
All passion-struck
Into thy pale dominions!

II.

Spirit here that laughest!
Spirit here that quaffest!
Spirit here that dancest!
Noble soul that prancest!
Spirit! with thee
I join in the glee,
A-nudging the elbow of Momus!
Spirit! I flush
With a Bacchanal blush
Just fresh from the banquet of Comus!

FAERY SONG

TRANSCRIPT: T^2.

Undated.

AH! woe is me! poor Silver-wing!
That I must chaunt thy lady's dirge,
And death to this fair haunt of spring,
Of melody, and streams of flowery verge,—
Poor Silver-wing! ah! woe is me!
That I must see
These blossoms snow upon thy lady's pall!
Go, pretty Page! and in her ear
Whisper that the hour is near!
Softly tell her not to fear
Such calm favonian burial!
Go, pretty Page! and soothly tell,—
The blossoms hang by a melting spell,
And fall they must, ere a star wink thrice
Upon her closed eyes,
That now in vain are weeping their last tears,
At sweet life leaving, and these arbours green,—
Rich dowry from the Spirit of the Spheres,—
Alas! poor Queen!

13 danceth T^2 14 pranceth T^2 17 While nudging *1848* T^2

FAERY SONG.—*Title:* Faery Song *1848* T^2 1, 5 Silver wing T^2: silver-wing *1848* 8, 12 Page T^2: page *1848*

EXTRACTS FROM AN OPERA

TRANSCRIPTS: RT^2W^2.

Dated: 1818 W^2 *1848* (a general date given in *1848* at the beginning, in W^2 at the end, of the *Extracts*).

O! WERE I one of the Olympian twelve,
Their godships should pass this into a law,—
That when a man doth set himself in toil
After some beauty veiled far away,
Each step he took should make his lady's hand
More soft, more white, and her fair cheek more fair;
And for each briar-berry he might eat,
A kiss should bud upon the tree of love,
And pulp and ripen richer every hour,
To melt away upon the traveller's lips.

* * * * * *

DAISY'S SONG

TRANSCRIPTS: $T^2W^2W^3$.

Dated: 1818 W^3.

I.

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.

II.

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

III.

I look where no one dares,
And I stare where no one stares,
And when the night is nigh,
Lambs bleat my lullaby.

* * * * * *

EXTRACTS FROM AN OPERA.—*Title:* Extracts from an Opera *1848* T^2W^2] (The title is a general title covering this and the five following pieces, o which, however, *R* preserves only this and the two last. This poem is without individual title) 10 trave[l]ler's W^2

DAISY'S SONG.—*Title:* Daisy's Song *1848* T^2 3 silver proud $T^2W^2W^3$ silver, proud *1848*

FOLLY'S SONG

TRANSCRIPTS: T^2W^2.
Undated.

WHEN wedding fiddles are a-playing,
Huzza for folly O!
And when maidens go a-Maying,
Huzza, &c.
When a milk-pail is upset,
Huzza, &c.
And the clothes left in the wet,
Huzza, &c.
When the barrel's set abroach,
Huzza, &c.
When Kate Eyebrow keeps a coach,
Huzza, &c.
When the pig is over-toasted,
Huzza, &c.
And the cheese is over-roasted,
Huzza, &c.
When Sir Snap is with his lawyer,
Huzza, &c.
And Miss Chip has kiss'd the sawyer;
Huzza, &c.

* * * * * *

TRANSCRIPTS: T^2W^2.
Dated: 'C. B. 1818' W^2.

OH, I am frighten'd with most hateful thoughts!
Perhaps her voice is not a nightingale's,
Perhaps her teeth are not the fairest pearl;
Her eye-lashes may be, for aught I know,
Not longer than the May-fly's small fan-horns;
There may not be one dimple on her hand;
And freckles many; ah! a careless nurse,
In haste to teach the little thing to walk,
May have crumpt up a pair of Dian's legs,
And warpt the ivory of a Juno's neck.

* * * * * *

FOLLY'S SONG.—*Title:* Folly's Song *1848* T^2
OH! I AM FRIGHTENED.—*Title: wanting in MSS. and 1848* 4 ought T^2

SONG

TRANSCRIPTS: $RT^2W^2W^3$.
Dated: 1818 RW^2W^3.

I.

THE stranger lighted from his steed,
And ere he spake a word,
He seiz'd my lady's lily hand,
And kiss'd it all unheard.

II.

The stranger walk'd into the hall,
And ere he spake a word,
He kiss'd my lady's cherry lips,
And kiss'd 'em all unheard.

III.

The stranger walk'd into the bower,—
But my lady first did go,—
Aye hand in hand into the bower,
Where my lord's roses blow.

IV.

My lady's maid had a silken scarf,
And a golden ring had she,
And a kiss from the stranger, as off he went
Again on his fair palfrey.

* * * * * *

TRANSCRIPTS: RT^2W^2.
Dated: 1818 RW^2.

ASLEEP! O sleep a little while, white pearl!
And let me kneel, and let me pray to thee,
And let me call Heaven's blessing on thine eyes,
And let me breathe into the happy air,
That doth enfold and touch thee all about,
Vows of my slavery, my giving up,
My sudden adoration, my great love!

SONG.—*Title:* Song *1848* $T^2W^2W^2$ 1 'lighted W^2 7 cherry-lips W^2
ASLEEP! O SLEEP A LITTLE.—*Title: wanting in MSS.* 6 up *om.* R

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

AUTOGRAPH: *L* (*123*).

TRANSCRIPTS: $T^2W^1W^2$.

Printed in *The Indicator*, 10 May 1820, reprinted from *The Indicator* in *Arcturus* (New York), iii 158 ff., Jan. 1842.

(In *The Indicator* the poem is introduced by an article (by Hunt?) on the legend of La Belle Dame. The poem is said to have been written by 'a friend'; but Hunt appends to it the signature *Caviare*, which is used again in *The Indicator* of 28 June 1820 for Keats' 'As Hermes once . . . '. Keats' *La Belle Dame* was suggested, says Hunt, by the title of the 'Chaucerian' rendering of Alain Chartier's poem (attributed by Tyrwhitt, and by one of our MSS., to Sir Richard Ros). The *Indicator* version differs from that of all our extant copies. But the differences cannot be charged to Hunt's invention; for John Jeffrey had in his possession, among autograph MSS. 'apparently the first rough copies', a MS. of *La Belle Dame* which has the *Indicator* version of the first line (unpublished letter (26 July 1845) in γ). Keats must have sent this to George Keats after *L* (*123*), since Jeffrey's MS. came from George. *L* was dispatched not earlier than 3 May 1819.)

Dated: 1819 T^2W^1 *1848*: 'C. B. 1819' W^2.

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.

LA BELLE DAME.—*Title:* La Belle Dame sans Mercy (Merci). A Ballad. *1848* $T^2W^1W^2$ *and, om.* A Ballad, *L* 1, 5 Ah! what can ail thee, wretched wight, *Indicator* 3, 47 has] is *Indicator* 9 see [death's] a lilly *L* lilly *L Indicator*: lily $T^2W^1W^2$ 11 cheeks [death's] *L*: cheek *Indicator* 12 Withereth too (Fast *add. marg.*) *L*

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.

13 the [wilds] Meads *L* 23 sideways would she lean *Indicator* *Stanzas v and vi transposed in Indicator* 26 and [honey] manna dew *L* 30 and sighed full sore *over* [and there she sighed full sore] *L*: gaz'd and sighed deep *Indicator* 31 wild sad eyes *Indicator* 32 So kiss'd to sleep *Indicator* 33 And there we slumber'd on the moss *Indicator* 35 dreamt *L* 36 hill *L Indicator*: hill's *1848* $T^2W^1W^2$

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.

SONG OF FOUR FAIRIES,

FIRE, AIR, EARTH, AND WATER,
SALAMANDER, ZEPHYR, DUSKETHA, AND BREAMA.

AUTOGRAPH: *L* (*123*); *H*.
TRANSCRIPTS: T^2W^2.
Dated: 'C. B. 1819, corrected by Keats' copy for the press' W^2: 1819 T^2 *1848*.

SALAMANDER.

HAPPY, happy glowing fire!

ZEPHYR.

Fragrant air! delicious light!

DUSKETHA.

Let me to my glooms retire!

BREAMA.

I to green-weed rivers bright!

39 They] Who *Indicator* 40 Thee hath *L* 40/41 [All tremble] *L* 41 gloom *Indicator* 42 gaped *over* wide [agape] *L* 44 hill *Indicator* 45 is way I [wither] sojourn *L*

SONG OF FOUR FAIRIES.—Song of Four Fairies *1848* HT^2W^2: Chorus of Faries [three] 4 *L* 3 retire *over* [repair] T^2 4 I to [my] greenweed *L*

SALAMANDER.

Happy, happy glowing fire!
Dazzling bowers of soft retire,
Ever let my nourish'd wing,
Like a bat's, still wandering,
Faintly fan your fiery spaces,
Spirit sole in deadly places.
In unhaunted roar and blaze,
Open eyes that never daze,
Let me see the myriad shapes
Of men, and beasts, and fish, and apes,
Portray'd in many a fiery den,
And wrought by spumy bitumen.
On the deep intenser roof,
Arched every way aloof,
Let me breathe upon their skies,
And anger their live tapestries;
Free from cold, and every care,
Of chilly rain, and shivering air.

ZEPHYR.

Spirit of Fire! away! away!
Or your very roundelay
Will sear my plumage newly budded
From its quilled sheath, all studded
With the self-same dews that fell
On the May-grown Asphodel.
Spirit of Fire—away! away!

BREAMA.

Spirit of Fire—away! away!
Zephyr, blue-eyed fairy, turn,
And see my cool sedge-buried urn,
Where it rests its mossy brim
'Mid water-mint and cresses dim;
And the flowers, in sweet troubles,
Lift their eyes above the bubbles,
Like our Queen, when she would please
To sleep, and Oberon will teaze.

9 Faintly *1848* T^2: [Faintly] (*marg.* nimbly) *H*: Nimbly *over* [faintless] W^2: [Ever beat] *before* Faintless *L* 16 bitumen (*no stop*) *HL* 17 roof, *1848*: roof *L*: roof. *H* 18 aloof, *1848*: aloof. *L*: aloof; *H* 19 their] my *L* 23 Spright *L here and throughout* 25 plumage [all] newly *L* 26 sheath [and] all *L*: sheath and *H* 32 sedge shaded *L* 35 [Where] And the flowers [amid] in *L* 38 *will 1848*

Love me, blue-eyed Fairy true,
Soothly I am sick for you.

ZEPHYR.

Gentle Breama! by the first
Violet young nature nurst,
I will bathe myself with thee,
So you sometimes follow me
To my home, far, far, in west,
Beyond the nimble-wheeled quest
Of the golden-presenc'd sun:
Come with me, o'er tops of trees,
To my fragrant palaces,
Where they ever floating are
Beneath the cherish of a star
Call'd Vesper, who with silver veil
Ever hides his brilliance pale,
Ever gently-drows'd doth keep
Twilight for the Fayes to sleep.
Fear not that your watery hair
Will thirst in drouthy ringlets there;
Clouds of stored summer rains
Thou shalt taste, before the stains
Of the mountain soil they take,
And too unlucent for thee make.
I love thee, crystal Fairy, true!
Sooth I am as sick for you!

SALAMANDER.

Out, ye aguish Fairies, out!
Chilly lovers, what a rout
Keep ye with your frozen breath,
Colder than the mortal death.
Adder-eyed Dusketha, speak,
Shall we leave these, and go seek
In the earth's wide entrails old

39 Fairy! *1848* 40 Soothly I am *over* [For in sooth I'm] *L* 44 sometime *H* 45/6 [Far beyond the] *L* 46 Beyond *1848* *HW*^{2}: [Far] Beyond *T*^{2}: Far beyond the search and quest *L* 47 presenc'd *H*: presenc'd *over* [browed] *W*^{2}: browed *1848* *LT*^{2} 47/48 When his arched course is done (done *over* run) *W*^{2} *in pencil* 49 Pallaces *HL* 52 [Who with] Call'd *L* 53 [his brightness] his brilliance *L* 55 of the Fayes *L* 56 watry *HL* 60 Of] From *L* 62 chrystal *all MSS.* 64/65 [Chillier than the water] *L* 69 These [spr], and *L*

Couches warm as their's are cold?
O for a fiery gloom and thee,
Dusketha, so enchantingly
Freckle-wing'd and lizard-sided!

DUSKETHA.

By thee, Sprite, will I be guided!
I care not for cold or heat;
Frost and flame, or sparks, or sleet,
To my essence are the same;—
But I honour more the flame.
Sprite of Fire, I follow thee
Wheresoever it may be,
To the torrid spouts and fountains,
Underneath earth-quaked mountains;
Or, at thy supreme desire,
Touch the very pulse of fire
With my bare unlidded eyes.

SALAMANDER.

Sweet Dusketha! paradise!
Off, ye icy Spirits, fly!
Frosty creatures of the sky!

DUSKETHA.

Breathe upon them, fiery sprite!

ZEPHYR AND BREAMA.

Away! away to our delight!

SALAMANDER.

Go, feed on icicles, while we
Bedded in tongued-flames will be.

DUSKETHA.

Lead me to those feverous glooms,
Sprite of Fire!

71 are *1848* T^2: is *HL*: is *over* are W^2 75 Spright *L*: Spite (r *add. above*) *H* 76 I [lo] care *L* 77 and *1848* T^2: or *H*: or *over* [and] W^2: and and *L* 79 honor *HL* 82 the [very fire] torrid *L* and *om. L* 89 the *om. L*

91 Zephyr Breama to each other
[Ah, my love, my life
Ah let us fly]
Away Away to our delight *L*

92 will we *L* 93 tongued *HLW*^{2}: tongue *1848* T^2 94 fevrous *HL*

BREAMA.

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.

ODE ON INDOLENCE

TRANSCRIPTS: T^2W^2.
Dated: 1819 *1848*: '1819. From CB' W^2.

'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 masque?
Was it a silent deep-disguised plot
To steal away, and leave without a task

96 [Soft] Blue *L* those [Bowers] flowers *H* 97 were *L* the *added above* W^2 lours *L*

ODE ON INDOLENCE.—*Title:* Ode on Indolence *1848* T^2W^2. T^2 was the 'copy' used for *1848*; divergences from it must be changes introduced in proof by Monckton Milnes. In v. 1 there is no authority for *And once more*—both MSS. have *A third time*. In T^2 the stanzas are placed thus: 1, 2, 4, 6, 3, 5, but the numbering has been altered to that of *1848*. W^2 notes that the old order was 1, 2, 4, 6, 3, 5. The true order would seem to be: 1, 2, 5, 3, 4, 6 (retaining *A third time* in v. 1. But for convenience I have kept the order given in *1848* I. 7 They came again, as, when W^2 II. 1 ye *made out of* you T^2 2 masque W^2T^2: mask *1848*

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 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 ached 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.

IV.

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!

V.

And once more 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:

8 wreath *over* [Leaf] W^2 III. 4 ached *1848* T^2W^2 7 watchful, with W^2 IV. 3 Ambition—W^2: Ambition! *1848*: Ambition T^2 V. 1 And once more *1848*: A third time T^2W^2

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.

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!

THE EVE OF SAINT MARK

AUTOGRAPH: *E L* (*156*), Sabin Scrap Book (*Sab.*).

TRANSCRIPTS: ET^2W^2, Woodhouse shorthand transcript (W) (W^2 *has a note* 'copied from J. K.'s MS.' I know W only for ll. 1–50 reproduced in A. E. Newton, *A Magnificent Farce*, p. 121).

John Jeffrey speaks of having in his possession a MS. of the poem (114 lines) copied from a letter to George Keats dated 'Monday 1821'. This was no doubt a transcript of *L* by George or his wife (unpublished letter to Milnes, 26 July 1845, in *y*).

Dated. 13–17 Feb. 1819 W^2: 1819 T^2 *1848 and* (*not in Keats' hand*) *E*.

UPON a Sabbath-day it fell;
Twice holy was the Sabbath-bell,
That call'd the folk to evening prayer;
The city streets were clean and fair
From wholesome drench of April rains;
And, on the western window panes,
The chilly sunset faintly told
Of unmatured green vallies cold,
Of the green thorny bloomless hedge,
Of rivers new with spring-tide sedge,
Of primroses by shelter'd rills,
And daisies on the aguish hills.

10 had] *i.e.* would have. *The sense has been obscured by the placing of the stanzas in a wrong order.*

THE EVE OF SAINT MARK.—*Title:* The Eve of Saint Mark $ET^2W^2W^2$W *1848 Before* 1 [It was on a twice holiday] *E* 2 Thrice *L* Sabbath-daybell *E originally* 3 even prayer W 8 immaturd *L*

Twice holy was the Sabbath-bell:
The silent streets were crowded well
With staid and pious companies,
Warm from their fire-side orat'ries;
And moving, with demurest air,
To even-song, and vesper prayer.
Each arched porch, and entry low,
Was fill'd with patient folk and slow,
With whispers hush, and shuffling feet,
While play'd the organ loud and sweet.

The bells had ceased, the prayers begun,
And Bertha had not yet half done
A curious volume, patch'd and torn,
That all day long, from earliest morn,
Had taken captive her two eyes,
Among its golden broideries;
Perplex'd her with a thousand things,—
The stars of Heaven, and angels' wings,
Martyrs in a fiery blaze,
Azure saints in silver rays,
Aaron's breastplate, and the seven
Candlesticks John saw in Heaven,
The winged Lion of Saint Mark,
And the Covenantal Ark,
With its many mysteries,
Cherubim and golden mice.

Bertha was a maiden fair,
Dwelling in the old Minster-square,
From her fire-side she could see,
Sidelong, its rich antiquity,
Far as the Bishop's garden-wall;
Where sycamores and elm-trees tall,
Full-leaved, the forest had outstript,
By no sharp north-wind ever nipt,

13 Thrice *L* 16 oratories *E* 17 And [pacing] moving *E* 20 folk] crowd *L* 22 organ 1848 T^2: organs *E L* W^2 W 23 cea'd *E*: *cf.* 52/53 24 And [wrechthed] (*sic*) Bertha W 25 A curious (a *over* [The]) *E* 26 all *over* [from the] *E* 27 two] fair *L* 30 heaven *over* [eaven] W^2. W *employs the same symbol as for* even *in* 3 *and* Heaven *in* 34 32 in *1848* T^2: mid *E L* W^2 W 33 Aaron's (Aron's *EL*) *E* W^2 W *L*: Moses' *1848* T^2 *and marg.* W^2 36 Arch *E*: Arck *L* 40 the old *E* T^2: th'old *1848*: the W^2 W ('old CB' *marg.* W^2) 41 [And] From *E* 45 *crossed out in E*: *om.* W 45–6 *om.* W^2 (*in* W^2 *the lines have been supplied in pencil and inked over*)

So shelter'd by the mighty pile.
Bertha arose, and read awhile,
With forehead 'gainst the window-pane.
Again she tried, and then again,
Until the dusk eve left her dark
Upon the legend of St. Mark.
From plaited lawn-frill, fine and thin,
She lifted up her soft warm chin,
With aching neck and swimming eyes,
And dazed with saintly imag'ries.

All was gloom, and silent all,
Save now and then the still foot-fall
Of one returning homewards late,
Past the echoing minster-gate.

The clamorous daws, that all the day
Above tree-tops and towers play,
Pair by pair had gone to rest,
Each in its ancient belfry-nest,
Where asleep they fall betimes,
To music of the drowsy chimes.

All was silent, all was gloom,
Abroad and in the homely room:
Down she sat, poor cheated soul!
And struck a lamp from the dismal coal;

49 'gainst *over* [to] W^2: by W 52 [Amid] Upon *E*
52/53 [She look abrod rai'd her head and all was gloom
So rai'd he swimming eyes and all
Was hiden in a cloudy pall] *E*

53 plaited *1848* T^2 *and marg.* W^2: pleated (*over* [wide] *E*) *E* W^2 55 With *over* [And swim] *E* 60 Passed W^2 By (*over* Through) the ne (*?*) echoing Minster gate *E originally* 62 About W^2 62/63 [Were gone long ago] *E* Pair *made out of* Had *E* 66 Musick *E* of] and *1848* 67/68 [Both abroad and in the homely room] *E* (homely *add. above*) homely] lonely W^2

68/69 The Maiden lost in dizzy maze
Turn'd to the fire and made a blaze W^2

68/69 The Maiden lost in dizzy maze
Tun'd to the fire and made a blaze
Leaned forward with bright drooping hair
[Against the]
And slant book *E, which in the margin has:*
[She broke the coal crust
She broke the crusted coal]
Down she sat poor cheated soul
[Down she sat with]
And struck a lamp from the dismal coal.

70 a swart Lamp *L* dismal *om. L*

Leaned forward, with bright drooping hair
And slant book, full against the glare.
Her shadow, in uneasy guise,
Hover'd about, a giant size,
On ceiling-beam and old oak chair,
The parrot's cage, and panel square;
And the warm angled winter screen,
On which were many monsters seen,
Call'd doves of Siam, Lima mice,
And legless birds of Paradise,
Macaw, and tender Av'davat,
And silken-furr'd Angora cat.
Untired she read, her shadow still
Glower'd about, as it would fill
The room with wildest forms and shades,
As though some ghostly queen of spades
Had come to mock behind her back,
And dance, and ruffle her garments black.
Untired she read the legend page,
Of holy Mark, from youth to age,
On land, on sea, in pagan chains,
Rejoicing for his many pains.
Sometimes the learned eremite,
With golden star, or dagger bright,
Referr'd to pious poesies
Written in smallest crow-quill size
Beneath the text; and thus the rhyme
Was parcell'd out from time to time:
'Gif ye wol stonden hardie wight— *a*
Amiddes of the blacke night— *b*
Righte in the churche porch, pardie *c*
Ye wol behold a companie *d*

76 pannel *EW²T²* 76/77 [And angled screene] *E* 77 screene *E*: screne *L* 78/79 [Java Pheasants, Doves of Siam] *E* 79 Doves *EW²*: doves *1848 T²* Mice *E* 81 Av'davat *1848 T²* *and* (*in pencil, inked over*) *W²*: ava'davat *E* 82 fur'd *T²* Angola *W²* 82/83 [She read untired and still] *E* 84 Glower'd *in pencil, inked over W²* 85 wildest] gastly *L* 86 [three]some *E²* queen *1848 T²*: Queens *E*: queen[s] *W²* 88 her *over* their *EW²* (*marg.* CB) 89 Untired *EW²T²* [tale] page *E* 91 Seas *E* 92 for *1848 ET²*: in *W²* (*marg.* 'for CB') 93 [Monk referr'd] eremite *E* 95 poesies *beneath* [Poesy] *E*: *above* [Poesy] *is* Madrigal 95/96 [Small characterd Below the text] *E* 98 *a–p. om. 1848 T²E L*: *Woodhouse's notes show that W² is copied from the Sabin book version* 98 *a* wighte *W²* *c* Righte *over* [full] *Sab.*: Righte ('It was first written Full') *W²*

Appouchen thee full dolourouse *e*
For sooth to sain from everich house *f*
Be it in City or village *g*
Wol come the Phantom and image *h*
Of ilka gent and ilka carle *i*
Whom coldè Deathè hath in parle *j*
And wol some day that very year *k*
Touchen with foulè venime spear *l*
And sadly do them all to die— *m*
Hem all shalt thou see verilie— *n*
And everichon shall by the[e] pass *o*
All who must die that year Alas' *p*
——'Als writith he of swevenis,
Men han beforne they wake in bliss,
Whanne that hir friendes thinke hem bound
In crimped shroude farre under grounde;
And how a litling child mote be
A saint er its nativitie,
Gif that the modre (God her blesse!)
Kepen in solitarinesse,
And kissen devoute the holy croce.
Of Goddes love, and Sathan's force,—
He writith; and thinges many mo:
Of swiche thinges I may not show.
Bot I must tellen verilie
Somdel of Saintè Cicilie,
And chieflie what he auctorethe
Of Saintè Markis life and dethe:'

At length her constant eyelids come
Upon the fervent martyrdom;
Then lastly to his holy shrine,
Exalt amid the tapers' shine
At Venice,—

e Approchen W^2: Appouchen *Sab.* *h* Wol W^2: [From Will] (ol *over* W[ill]) *Sab.* Phantom ('First written Feature') W^2: Fantom *over* [Feature] *Sab.* *l* [his] foule *Sab.*: foule ('Or^{y} his') W^2 *n/o* [And they shall passen thee before / The in the darke] *Sab. and note in* W^2 ('introduced here and erased'). *o* pass *over* [go] *Sab. and note by Woodhouse* *o/p* [Truly mine Auctour says it so] *Sab. book, noted by Woodhouse as originally in his copy* 100 waken (n *added*) W^2 blis *L* 101 when *L* thate (*final* e *added*) W^2 'hem W^2: him *1848* T^2 102 crimpede (*final* e *added*) W^2: crimpid *E*: crimpide *L* 104 Scainte *L* nativity *E originally* 105 Gif *made out of* If *E* thate (*final* e *added*) W^2 108 Goddis W^2 *E* 113 whate *E* auctorith[e] (i *made out of* e) W^2 115 eye had W^2 (*marg.* eyelids. CB) 117/118 [In Venice] *E*

ODE TO FANNY

AUTOGRAPH: *C* (stanzas II, III, VI, VII, V in that order; V is written on a leaf of which the top portion is missing, and a stanza may be lost before it: but the lower portion of the leaf is not filled, so that the piece appears to end with V).

TRANSCRIPT: T^2.

Undated.

I.

PHYSICIAN Nature! let my spirit blood!
O ease my heart of verse and let me rest;
Throw me upon thy Tripod, till the flood
Of stifling numbers ebbs from my full breast.
A theme! a theme! great Nature! give a theme;
Let me begin my dream.
I come—I see thee, as thou standest there,
Beckon me out into the wintry air.

II.

Ah! dearest love, sweet home of all my fears,
And hopes, and joys, and panting miseries,—
To-night, if I may guess, thy beauty wears
A smile of such delight,
As brilliant and as bright,
As when with ravished, aching, vassal eyes,
Lost in soft amaze,
I gaze, I gaze!

III.

Who now, with greedy looks, eats up my feast?
What stare outfaces now my silver moon!
Ah! keep that hand unravished at the least;
Let, let, the amorous burn—
But, pr'ythee, do not turn
The current of your heart from me so soon.
O! save, in charity,
The quickest pulse for me.

ODE TO FANNY.—*Title:* Ode to Fanny *C*: To Fanny *1848 T* I. 5 Nature T^2: nature *1848* 8 out T^2, *conj. H. B. Forman*: not *1848* *Before* II. 1 *C has* [My temples with hot jealous pulses beat] II. 4 Smiling delight (*altered from* A smile of such delight) *C* 7 soft amaze *1848 C*: a soft amaze T^2, *conj. H. B. Forman* III. 6 Heart (*altered from* thought) *C*

IV.

Save it for me, sweet love! though music breathe
  Voluptuous visions into the warm air;
Though swimming through the dance's dangerous wreath;
    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.

V.

Why, this—you'll say, my Fanny! is not true:
  Put your soft hand upon your snowy side,
Where the heart beats: confess—'tis nothing new—
    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?

VI.

I know it—and to know it is despair
  To one who loves you as I love, sweet Fanny!
Whose heart goes fluttering for you every where,
    Nor, when away you roam,
    Dare keep its wretched home,
  Love, Love alone, has pains severe and many:
    Then, loveliest! keep me free,
    From torturing jealousy.

IV. 6 lily *1848* T^2 V. 1 my Fanny! *over* [ah! Fanny] T^2 2 snowy *added C* *Before* VI. 1 *C has:*

[I know it. But sweet Fanny I would feign
  Knell for a mercy on my lonely hours
I know it: yet sweet fanny I would feign
  Cry you soft mercy for a]

VI. 2 fanny *in place of* [girl] *C* 5 Dare *1848* T^2: Can *C* 6 Love, Love CT^2: Love, love *1848* has *C, conj. W. M. Rossetti*: his *1848* T^2

Before VII. 1 *C has*:

[And if prize [prized]
And if you my subdued heart above
The poor, the fading brief pride]

VII.

Ah! if you prize my subdued soul above
The poor, the fading, brief, pride of an hour;
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,
Love! on their last repose.

VII. 1 Ah! *altered from* And *C* soul T^2: heart *C* 4 breake *C*
5/6 [O keep] *C* 6/7 [If not] *C* 7–8 *added on opposite page C*
8 Love T^2: Now *C* last *C*: lost *1848* T^2

SONNETS

I

TRANSCRIPTS: $TT^2W^1W^2W^3$.
Dated: 1816 $TT^2W^1W^2W^3$ *1848* ('from Miss Frogley' W^3, shorthand).

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.
There warm my breast with patriotic lore,
Musing on Milton's fate—on Sydney's bier—
Till their stern forms before my mind arise:
Perhaps on the wing of Poesy upsoar,
Full often dropping a delicious tear,
When some melodious sorrow spells mine eyes.

II

TO A YOUNG LADY WHO SENT ME A LAUREL CROWN

TRANSCRIPTS: $TT^2W^1W^2$ ('from J. K.'s MS.' W^2).
Undated.

FRESH morning gusts have blown away all fear
From my glad bosom,—now from gloominess
I mount for ever—not an atom less
Than the proud laurel shall content my bier.
No! by the eternal stars! or why sit here
In the Sun's eye, and 'gainst my temples press
Apollo's very leaves, woven to bless
By thy white fingers and thy spirit clear.
Lo! who dares say, 'Do this'? Who dares call down
My will from its high purpose? Who say, 'Stand,'
Or 'Go'? This mighty moment I would frown
On abject Cæsars—not the stoutest band
Of mailed heroes should tear off my crown:
Yet would I kneel and kiss thy gentle hand!

OH! HOW I LOVE.—*Title: wanting in MSS. and 1818* 12 on the wing $TW^1W^2W^3$: on wing *1848* T^2

TO A YOUNG LADY.—*Title:* To a Young Lady who sent me a laurel crown *1848* $T^2W^1W^2$ 10 high *over* [own] W^1W^2 11 mighty *1848*: *om.* $TT^2W^1W^2$: very *in pencil* W^1 12 not *over* [and] T^2

III

TRANSCRIPTS: *TT*²*W*¹*W*² ('from J H R' *W*²).
Printed in *The Examiner* 23 Feb. 1817.
Dated: 31 Jan. 1817 *TW*¹*W*²: January 1817 *T*²*1848*.

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, relieving from its pains,
Takes as a long-lost right the feel of May,
The eyelids with the passing coolness play,
Like rose leaves with the drip of summer rains.
The calmest thoughts come round us—as of leaves
Budding,—fruit ripening in stillness,—autumn suns
Smiling at eve upon the quiet sheaves,—
Sweet Sappho's cheek,—a sleeping infant's breath,—
The gradual sand that through an hour-glass runs,—
A woodland rivulet,—a Poet's death.

AFTER DARK VAPOURS.—*Title: wanting in MSS. and 1848* (*Examiner* Sonnet *merely*) 5 Month *Examiner 1848*: mouth *TT*²*W*¹*W*² (*plainly and carefully written*) relieving *TT*²*W*¹*W*² *Examiner*: relieved *1848* from *1848 TT*²*W*¹*W*²: of *Examiner* 9 The *Examiner*: And *1848 TT*²*W*¹*W*² 12 sleeping *1848 TT*²*W*¹*W*²: smiling *Examiner* (*from line* 11)

IV

Written on a blank space at the end of Chaucer's tale 'The Floure and the Lefe'

AUTOGRAPH: Brit. Mus. Chaucer (*Ch.*).

TRANSCRIPTS: $STT^2W^1W^2$.

Printed in *The Examiner* 16 March 1817; and in D. M. Main's *Treasury of Sonnets*, 1880, from a MS.

Dated: 27 Feb. 1819 W^1: Feb. 1817 *1848* TT^2W^2 and C. C. Clarke.

THIS pleasant tale is like a little copse:
The honied lines do freshly interlace
To keep the reader in so sweet a place,
So that he here and there full-hearted stops;
And oftentimes he feels the dewy drops
Come cool and suddenly against his face,
And by the wandering melody may trace
Which way the tender-legged linnet hops.
Oh! what a power hath white simplicity!
What mighty power has this gentle story!
I that for ever feel athirst for glory
Could at this moment be content to lie
Meekly upon the grass, as those whose sobbings
Were heard of none beside the mournful robins.

THIS PLEASANT TALE.—*Title*: *wanting in Ch.*: (Sonnet) Written on a blank space at the end of Chaucer's tale 'The Floure and the Lefe' $TT^2W^1W^2$ *Examiner 1848* (the blank space of a leaf at *1848* TT^2W^2. tale of *1848 Examiner*) 1 sale *T* 2 do *Ch. Examiner*: so *1848* $TT^2W^1W^2$ 9 hath *Ch.*: has *1848* $TT^2W^1W^2$ *Examiner* 10 power] TW^2 *have pencilled in the margin* ?magic 11 that for *Ch.*: that do *1848* $TT^2W^1W^2$ *Examiner* a thirst *Examiner* 12 [die] lie T^2 14 Robbins TT^2W^2

V

ON THE SEA

TRANSCRIPTS: *l* (13) *R TT*^{2}*W*^{1}*W*^{2}*W*^{3} and Mrs. Towers' copy of *1817*.

Dated: 17 Aug. 1817 *W*^{1}: Aug. 1817 *RTT*^{2}*W*^{2}*W*^{3} *1848*: 18 April ⟨1817⟩ *l*.

Printed in *The Champion*, 17 Aug. 1817.

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 moved for days from where it sometime fell,
When last the winds of heaven were unbound.
Oh ye! who have your eye-balls vexed and tired,
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 quired!

ON THE SEA.—*Title:* On the Sea *TT*^{2}*W*^{1}*W*^{2} *Champion* 4 Hecate' *W*^{1}*W*^{2}: Hecat' *TT*^{2} 7 Be lightly moved *W*^{3} *Champion* (*om.* for days) where] whence *l* 9 ye, that have *Champion* vexed *W*^{2}: vext *l* 11 Or are your hearts disturb'd with *W*^{3} *Champion* clamour rude, *W*^{3} 12 fed [with] too much with *W*^{2}: fed with too much *W*^{3} 14 if *om. Champion*

VI

ON 'THE STORY OF RIMINI'

TRANSCRIPTS: *T* (in Hunt's autograph), T^2.
Dated: 1817 T^2*1848*.

WHO loves to peer up at the morning sun,
With half-shut eyes and comfortable cheek,
Let him, with this sweet tale, full often seek
For meadows where the little rivers run;
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.

ON 'THE STORY OF RIMINI'.—*Title* On Leigh Hunt's Poem, The 'Story of Rimini' *1848*: as above TT^2 9 and, too, is *T* 12 spirit; and *T* 14 sere *T*

VII

TRANSCRIPTS: *RT²W¹W² End. l* (43).

Dated: Feb. 1818 *W¹*: 31 Jan. 1818 *RW²*: 1817 *End. T² 1848*: Letter-date Saturday ⟨31 Jan. 1818⟩ in M. B. Forman. But perhaps 7 Feb. See note to 'Hence, Burgundy . . . '.

WHEN I have fears that I may cease to be
  Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,
Before high-piled books, in charact'ry,
  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.

WHEN I HAVE FEARS.—*Title: wanting in MSS. and 1848* 3 charact'ry *1848*: charactry *T² End.*: charactery *RW¹W² l* 4 rich *RW¹T² End.*: full *W²* (*with a note* rich CB) *l* 7 think *T² End.*: feel *RW¹W² l* 11 faiery *T² End*: fairy *W¹*

VIII

TO HOMER

TRANSCRIPTS: $T^2W^1W^2$ *End.*
Dated: 1818 $T^2W^1W^2$ *End. 1848.*

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 HOMER.—*Title* · To Homer *1818* $T^2W^1W^2$ 3 sits ashore and longs perchance *written in Keats' hand over* [stands against a level glance] T^2: stands against a level glance *shorthand note in* W^2 5 thou wast *1848*: wast thou $T^2W^1W^2$ *End.* (*transposition-marks added in End.*) 7 spermy *1848 and a correction in End.*

IX.

ANSWER TO A SONNET ENDING THUS:—
'Dark eyes are dearer far
Than those that mock the hyacinthine bell;'
By J. H. REYNOLDS.

AUTOGRAPH: Oscar Wilde MS. once belonging to John Jeffrey.

TRANSCRIPTS: *RTT²W¹W²*, *Mrs. Towers' copy of 1817* (*and in Reynolds'* Garden of Florence *R²*).

Dated: 8 Feb. 1818 *RTT²W¹W²*: Feb. 1818 *1848*.

BLUE! 'Tis the life of heaven,—the domain
Of Cynthia,—the wide palace of the sun,—
The tent of Hesperus, and all his train,—
The bosomer of clouds, gold, grey and dun.
Blue! 'Tis the life of waters—ocean
And all its vassal streams: pools numberless
May rage, and foam, and fret, but never can
Subside, if not to dark-blue nativeness.
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!

ANSWER TO A SONNET.—*Title:* Answer to a Sonnet ending thus: / Dark eyes are dearer far / Than those ([those] orbs *T*) that mock the hyacinthine bell *1848 TT² Towers* (made *for* mock *1848 Towers*): Lines / Written upon reading a sonnet by J. H. Reynolds *W¹*: Answer *RW²* (*Reynolds' Sonnet being written opposite*) 1 life] hue *R²* 2 wide] bright *R²* 6 all his vassal (his *added above*) *Wilde*: all his tributary *R²* Pools numberless *over* [Lakes, Pools and Sea] *Wilde* (*over* numberless *is* [Waterfalls])

6/7 [And Waterfalls and Fountains never ran
Or swell'd (*over* flow'd) or slept . . . . still] *Wilde*

8 Subside but to a *Wilde* 9 Cousin to *RR² Wilde* 11 Forget me not *over* [The Violet] *Wilde* 12 Secrecy *over* [Hiddenness] *Wilde* 13 as *om. Towers* But how great *over* [then how high] *Wilde* 14 When *over* [Trembling] *Wilde* an *added above Wilde* which is *pencilled over* thou art *W²* art alive *Wilde W¹*: art, alive *1848 RTT²W²*

X

TO J. R.

AUTOGRAPH: *H*.
TRANSCRIPTS: TT^2W^2.
Undated.

O THAT a week could be an age, and we
  Felt parting and warm meeting every week,
Then one poor year a thousand years would be,
  The flush of welcome ever on the cheek:
So could we live long life in little space,
  So time itself would be annihilate,
So a day's journey in oblivious haze
  To serve our joys would lengthen and dilate.
O to arrive each Monday morn from Ind!
  To land each Tuesday from the rich Levant!
In little time a host of joys to bind,
  And keep our souls in one eternal pant!
This morn, my friend, and yester evening taught
Me how to harbour such a happy thought.

To J. R.—*Title*: To J. R. HTT^2W^2: To J. H. Reynolds *1848* (J. R. *is, no doubt, James Rice*) 12 keep *om.* W^2, *added in pencil in space left blank*
12/13 [This morn and yester eve my friend has taught
Such Greediness of Pleasure] *H*

XI

TO —*

TRANSCRIPTS: *RTT²W¹W²*.

Printed in *Hood's Magazine* Sept. 1844 (not April, as Buxton Forman).

Dated: 4 Feb. 1818 *RW¹W²*.

TIME'S sea hath been five years at its slow ebb;
  Long hours have to and fro let creep the sand;
Since I was tangled in thy beauty's web,
  And snared by the ungloving of thine hand.
And yet I never look on midnight sky,
  But I behold thine eyes' well memoried light;
I cannot look upon the rose's dye,
  But to thy cheek my soul doth take its flight;
I cannot look on any budding flower,
  But my fond ear, in fancy at thy lips,
And harkening for a love-sound, doth devour
  Its sweets in the wrong sense:—Thou dost eclipse
Every delight with sweet remembering,
And grief unto my darling joys dost bring.

To —.—*Title: wanting in W¹*: To— *1848 W²TT²* (*T has a note* The Lady he saw for some few moments at Vauxhall. *W² has a note* See p. 222 where lines ⟨'Fill for me . . . '⟩ are inserted alluding to the same lady to whom this is addressed (*in another note is added* and p. 64—*on p. 64 is the sonnet* 'When I have fears . . . '). *On p. 222* (*against* 'Fill for me') *W² has* Keats mentioned the circumstances of obtaining a casual sight of her at Vauxhall, in answer to my inquiry. Feb. 1819): Sonnet by the late John Keats *Hood* 1 Time's] Life's *Hood* years] times *Hood* 4 thy hand *R Hood* 5 on [any] midnight *R* 6 memoried *TT²RW¹W²* 7 I never gaze *Hood*

13–14 Other delights with thy remembering
And sorrow to my darling joys dost bring. *Hood*

* A lady whom he saw for some few moments at Vauxhall.

XII

TO SLEEP

AUTOGRAPH: Hampstead Milton (1–12): *L* (123).
TRANSCRIPTS: *T*²*W*¹*W*² *End.*
Dated: 1819 *End.* *T*² *W*¹ *1848*: 'CB 1819' *W*²: Letter-date 30 April 1819.

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.

TO SLEEP.—*Title* To Sleep *1848* *LT*²*W*¹*W*² *End.*

3/4 [Of sun or teasing candles
  As wearisome] *Milton*
  As wearisome as darkness is divine *Milton*

4 Enshaded] *Pencilled opposite in* *W*² *is* q. enshrouded 6 My (*made out of* mine) willing eyes in midst of this thine hymn *Milton* 8 Its sweet-dath dews o'er every pulse and limb— *Milton* lulling *1848*, *and marg.* *W*², *in Keats' hand, opposite* [dewy] : lulling *pencilled over* dewy, *not by Keats*, *T*²: dewy *L End.* *T*²*W*¹*W*² (*In* *W*² *is a note by Woodhouse* The word 'lulling' is in K's handwriting. The correction was made when He borrowed this book to select a small poem to write in an Album, intended to consist of original poetry, for a Lady)

9–12 Then shut the hushed Casket of my soul
  And turn the key round in the oiled wards
  And let it rest until the morn [has stole]
  Bright tressed From the grey east's shuddering bourn *Milton*
(Bright tressed *add. marg.*, grey east's *over* [wests])

11 lords *T*² *L End.*: hoards *pencilled over* lords *W*²: hoards *W*¹ 12 strength, for darkness burrowing *1842* borrowing like [the] a Mole *L*

XIII

ON FAME

AUTOGRAPH: *L* (123).

TRANSCRIPTS: $T^2W^1W^2$ *End.* and by John Howard Payne in *γ*.

Dated: 1819 T^2W^1 *End. 1848*: 'C.B. 1819' W^2: Letter-date 30 April 1819.

Printed by Payne in the *Ladies' Companion*, New York, no. iv, vol. vii, Aug. 1837; printed also in *The Odd Fellow*, 8 Jan. 1842.

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 Gipsey, will not speak to those
Who have not learnt to be content without her;
A Jilt, whose ear was never whisper'd close,
Who thinks they scandal her who talk about her;
A very Gipsey is she, Nilus-born,
Sister-in-law to jealous Potiphar;
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.

ON FAME.—*Title:* On Fame *1848* $T^2W^1W^2$ *End.*: Another on Fame *L*: Unpublished Sonnet on Fame *Ladies' Companion*, *Odd Fellow* 5 Gipsey, —will *1848*: Gipsey will $LT^2W^1W^2$ 8 think *L* 10 jealous *End.* 12 lovelorn Artists *L* Ye lovesick artists *Odd Fellow*: lovelorn artists *Ladies' Companion*

XIV

ON FAME

AUTOGRAPH: *L* (123).

TRANSCRIPTS: T^2W^2 *End.*

Dated: 1819 T^2 *End. 1848*: 'C.B. 1819' W^2: Letter-date 30 April 1819.

'You cannot eat your cake and have it too.'—*Proverb.*

How fever'd is the man, who cannot look
  Upon his mortal days with temperate blood,
Who vexes all the leaves of his life's book,
  And robs his fair name of its maidenhood;
It is as if the rose should pluck herself,
  Or the ripe plum finger its misty bloom,
As if a Naiad, like a meddling elf,
  Should darken her pure grot with muddy gloom:
But the rose leaves herself 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?

HOW FEVER'D IS THE MAN.—*Title:* On (To W^2) Fame *1848* T^2W^2 *End. L*
1 How is that Man [misled] (fever'd *added above*) *L* 5 herself *L End.*: her *over* [it]self T^2W^2 6 plum[b] *L*

7–8 As if a clear Lake meddling with itself
  Should cloud its pureness with a muddy gloom LT^2 *and marg.* W^2 ([fill] cloud *L*). T^2 *has the text of 1848 added above*)

10 to [taste] feed *L* 11 plumb [still] ([will] still *added above*) *L* 13 teasing the world for grace *over* [his own bright name deface] *L* teazing W^2 13/14 [And spoil (*over* burn) our pleasures in his selfish fire] *L*

XV

AUTOGRAPH: *L* (123).
TRANSCRIPT: T^2.
Dated: 1819 T^2 *1848*: Letter-date 19 March *1819*.

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.

WHY DID I LAUGH.—*Title: wanting in 1848 L*: Sonnet T^2 2 Deamon *L* 6 I say, why did I laugh? *1848* T^2: Say, wherefore did I laugh? *L* 11 would *1848* T^2: could *L*

XVI

ON A DREAM

AUTOGRAPH: *L* (123) and Ashley Library *Dante*.

TRANSCRIPTS: $T^2W^1W^2W^3$ *End.* and copy by John Howard Payne in γ.

Printed in *The Indicator* 28 June 1820 (signed there *Caviare*), in *The London Magazine* Nov. 1821 (signed there *John Keats*).

Dated: April 1819 $W^1W^2W^3$: 1819 *1848* T^2 *End. London Magazine.*

As Hermes once took to his feathers light,
  When lulled Argus, baffled, swoon'd and slept,
So on a Delphic reed, my idle spright
  So play'd, so charm'd, so conquer'd, so bereft
The dragon-world of all its hundred eyes;
  And, seeing it asleep, so fled away,
Not to pure Ida with its snow-cold skies,
  Nor unto Tempe, where Jove griev'd that day;
But to that second circle of sad hell,
  Where in the gust, the whirlwind, and the flaw
Of rain and hail-stones, lovers need not tell
  Their sorrows,—pale were the sweet lips I saw,
Pale were the lips I kiss'd, and fair the form
I floated with, about that melancholy storm.

ON A DREAM.—*Title. wanting in* LW^1W^2 ('In C.B.'s copy the title prefixed to these lines is *On a Dream*' W^2): Sonnet after reading Dante W^3: On a Dream *1848* T^2 *End.*: A Dream *Lond. Mag.*: A dream, after reading Dante's Episode of Paolo and Francesca *Indicator*

Before 1 *Dante has:*

[Full in the midst of bloomless hours my spright (spright *over* [soul])
Seeing one night the dragon world asleep
Arose like Hermes]

1 *om.* T^2 2 [baffled] W^2 5 dragon world LW^1W^2 *Payne Indicator*: Dragon-world *Dante* T^2W^3 *End. Lond. Mag. 1848* 6/7 [Not But not olympus-ward to serene skies] *Dante* 7 Not unto Ida *Indicator* snow [clad] cold *L* 8 that *Dante* LW^2W^3 *End. Payne Lond. Mag.*: a *1848 Indicator*: a *over* that T^2W^1 9 But [m]to *Dante* sencond *Dante. To this line Lond. Mag. appends a footnote:*

Dante: Inferno c. 5:

The stormy blast of hell
With restless fury drives the spirits on
Whirl'd round, and dash'd amain with sore annoy

10 in *1848* $LT^2W^1W^2W^3$ *End. Payne Lond. Mag.*: in *over* [on] *Dante*: 'mid *Indicator* world-wind *Indicator* 12 pale as the sweet cheek (lips *pencilled over* cheek) I saw W^2

XVII

AUTOGRAPH: 1–4, *L* (123).
TRANSCRIPTS: $T^2W^1W^2$ *End.*
Dated: 1819 T^2W^1 *End.*: 'C.B. 1819' W^2: Letter-date 30 April 1819.

IF by dull rhymes our English must be chain'd,
And, like Andromeda, the Sonnet sweet
Fetter'd, in spite of pained loveliness;
Let us find out, if we must be constrain'd,
Sandals more interwoven and complete
To fit the naked foot of poesy:
Let us inspect the lyre, and weigh the stress
Of every chord, and see what may be gain'd
By ear industrious, and attention meet;
Misers of sound and syllable, no less
Than Midas of his coinage, let us be
Jealous of dead leaves in the bay wreath crown;
So, if we may not let the Muse be free,
She will be bound with garlands of her own.

IF BY DULL RHYMES.—*Title: wanting in 1848 and MSS.* 4 must *over* [may] T^2

XVIII

AUTOGRAPH: *M* (rough draft).
TRANSCRIPTS: $TT^2W^2W^3$.
Dated: 1819 TT^2 *1848*.

THE day is gone, and all its sweets are gone!
Sweet voice, sweet lips, soft hand, and softer breast,
Warm breath, light whisper, tender semi-tone,
Bright eyes, accomplish'd shape, and lang'rous waist!
Faded the flower and all its budded charms,
Faded the sight of beauty from my eyes,
Faded the shape of beauty from my arms,
Faded the voice, warmth, whiteness, paradise—
Vanish'd unseasonably at shut of eve,
When the dusk holiday—or holinight
Of fragrant-curtain'd love begins to weave
The woof of darkness thick, for hid delight;
But, as I've read love's missal through to-day,
He'll let me sleep, seeing I fast and pray.

THE DAY IS GONE.—*Title. wanting in MSS. and 1848*

A Note in W^2 giving in exact detail the variants of *M* for lines 8–12 shews that it is copied from that MS. The variants of *M* appear also in W^3. As *T* and W^2W^3 are all in Woodhouse's hand, and agree, *T* may also be assumed to derive from *M*. T^2 is written by Brown, and follows a MS. different from *M*. It is not likely that Brown transposed the second and third quatrains on his own authority; the more likely hypothesis is that he copied from Keats' fair copy.

3 light] tranc'd MW^3 5–8 *placed after* 9–12 *in 1848* MTW^2W^3 5 and all its budded charms *over* [of beauty from my eyes] gaze *M*: of beauty from my eyes *over* and all its budded charms W^3 6 sight *over* [voice] *M*: voice *over* sight W^3 Beauty *over* [Love] *M*: love *over* beauty W^3 [sad] eyes *over* [sad ears] *M*: sad *over* eyes W^3 7 arms *made out of* face *M* 8 voice, [the whiteness], warmth whiteness [brilliance] paradise *M* paradize W^2 10 Holiday, or Holinight MW^3 11 Love MW^3 12 The [texture thick of darkness] woof of darkness thick, for hid delight *M* darkness, thick, for $TT^2W^2W^3$ 13 As I've T^2. as I have MTW^2W^3: As I *pencilled in marg.* W^3 Love's Missal *M*

XIX

TRANSCRIPT: T^2.
Dated: 1819 T^2*1848*.

I CRY your mercy—pity—love!—aye, love!
  Merciful love that tantalises not,
One-thoughted, never-wandering, guileless love,
  Unmask'd, and being seen—without a blot!
O! let me have thee whole,—all—all—be mine!
  That shape, that fairness, that sweet minor zest
Of love, your kiss,—those hands, those eyes divine,
  That warm, white, lucent, million-pleasured breast,—
Yourself—your soul—in pity give me all,
  Withhold no atom's atom or I die,
Or living on perhaps, your wretched thrall,
  Forget, in the mist of idle misery,
Life's purposes,—the palate of my mind
Losing its gust, and my ambition blind!

I CRY YOUR MERCY.—*Title: wanting in 1848* T^2

XX

AUTOGRAPH: Hampstead Shakespeare (*Sh*²).
TRANSCRIPTS: *T*² and Fanny Brawne in Pocket Dante (*F–B*).
Dated: 1819 *T*².

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 steadfast, 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.

BRIGHT STAR! WOULD I WERE.—*Title: wanting in MSS.*: Keats's Last Sonnet *1848* 1 Star! *T*²*F–B*: Star, *Sh*² 2 aloft *Sh*²*F–B*: amid *T*² 3 And *Sh*²*F–B*: Not *T*² 4 patient *Sh*²*F–B*: devout *T*² 5 moving *Sh*² *F–B*: morning *T*² 7 mask *T*²: masque *Sh*²*F–B* 8 moors! *F–B* 9 No! *F–B* 10 Pillow'd upon *Sh*²*F–B*: Cheek-pillow'd on *T*² fair love's *Sh*²*F–B*: Love's white *T*² 11 feel *Sh*²*F–B*: touch *T*² soft *1848 Sh*²*F–B*: warm *T*² fall and swell *1848*: swell and fall *Sh*²: sink and swell *T*² 12 Awake, for ever, *T*² 13 Still, still to hear *Sh*²: To hear, to feel *T*² 14 Half-passionless, and so swoon on to death *T*² *and footnote 1848*

SHORTER POEMS FROM THE MEMOIR IN 'LIFE, LETTERS, AND LITERARY REMAINS'

AUTOGRAPH: *M*.

TRANSCRIPTS: *TW*[2] [*T*[2] contains a letter of W. A. Longmore (dated 16 December 1870), in which he tells Milnes that he has an autograph of this poem which had belonged to his mother (Eliza Reynolds, sister of J. H. Reynolds): Milnes seems to have used this or a copy for his Edition of 1876].

Dated: J. K. Feb. 5 from J. K.'s MS *TW*[2]: February 5th, 1818 *Longmore copy* (the date in Mrs. Longmore's hand).

SPENSER! a jealous honourer of thine,
A forester deep in thy midmost trees,
Did last eve ask my promise to refine
Some English that might strive thine ear to please.
But Elfin Poet 'tis impossible
For an inhabitant of wintry earth
To rise like Phœbus with a golden quell
Fire-wing'd and make a morning in his mirth.
It is impossible to escape from toil
O' the sudden and receive thy spiriting:
The flower must drink the nature of the soil
Before it can put forth its blossoming:
Be with me in the summer days and I
Will for thine honour and his pleasure try.

TO CHATTERTON

TRANSCRIPTS: *TW*[2]*W*[3].

Dated: 1815 *W*[2]*W*[3].

O CHATTERTON! how very sad thy fate!
Dear child of sorrow—son of misery!
How soon the film of death obscur'd that eye,
Whence Genius wildly flash'd, and high debate.
How soon that voice, majestic and elate,
Melted in dying numbers! Oh! how nigh
Was night to thy fair morning. Thou didst die
A half-blown flow'ret which cold blasts amate.

SPENSER!—*Title: wanting in MSS.* 1 Honorer *M* 2 thy *made out of* my *M* 5 Elfin-Poet, *M* 7 quill *1848* 7–8 quell, Fire-wing'd, and *M* 9 e'scape *W*[2]: scape *1848* 14 honor *M*

TO CHATTERTON.—*Title:* To Chatterton *TW*[2]: Sonnet *W*[3] 3 obscured *1848 TW*[2] 4 wildly *TW*[2]*W*[3]: mildly *1848* 6 numbers *1848*: murmurs *TW*[2]*W*[3] 8 flower *W*[3]

But this is past: thou art among the stars
Of highest Heaven: to the rolling spheres
Thou sweetly singest: naught thy hymning mars,
Above the ingrate world and human fears.
On earth the good man base detraction bars
From thy fair name, and waters it with tears.

TO LORD BYRON

TRANSCRIPTS: TW^2.

Dated: December 1814 W^2 *1818*.

BYRON! how sweetly sad thy melody!
Attuning still the soul to tenderness,
As if soft Pity, with unusual stress,
Had touch'd her plaintive lute, and thou, being by,
Hadst caught the tones, nor suffer'd them to die.
O'ershading sorrow 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,
Its sides are ting'd with a resplendent glow,
Through the dark robe oft amber rays prevail,
And like fair veins in sable marble flow;
Still warble, dying swan! still tell the tale,
The enchanting tale, the tale of pleasing woe.

ON SEEING THE ELGIN MARBLES

TRANSCRIPT: W^2W^3 ('From the Examiner' W^2. 'Examiner' W^3).

Printed in *The Examiner* 9 March 1817: *The Champion* 9 March 1817: and *Annals of Fine Arts* No. 8 (?April 1818).

Undated.

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.

nought *1848* TW^2W^3

LORD BYRON.—*Title:* To Lord Byron TW^2 6 O'ershading *1848* TW^2: O'ershadowing *Buxton Forman, who cites no authority* 7 ? thy ⟨thorny⟩ griefs 9 a golden TW^2

ON SEEING THE ELGIN MARBLES.—*Title:* On Seeing the Elgin Marbles W^2W^3 *Examiner Annals* 1 weak! W^2W^3 Mortality W^2W^3 *Examiner* 3 imagined *Examiner* 7 keep (*no comma*) *1848* W^2W^3

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 B. R. HAYDON, WITH THE FOREGOING SONNET ON THE ELGIN MARBLES

TRANSCRIPTS: W^2W^3 and Thomasine Leigh Commonplace Book in Keats Museum (L).
Printed in *The Examiner* 9 March 1817: *The Champion* 9 March 1817: and *Annals of Fine Arts* No. 8 (? April 1818).
Undated.

HAYDON! forgive me that I cannot speak
Definitively on these mighty things;
Forgive me that I have not Eagle's wings—
That what I want I know not where to seek:
And think that I would not be over meek
In rolling out upfollow'd thunderings,
Even to the steep of Heliconian springs,
Were I of ample strength for such a freak—
Think too, that all those numbers should be thine;
Whose else? In this who touch thy vesture's hem?
For when men star'd at what was most divine
With browless idiotism—o'erwise phlegm—
Thou hadst beheld the Hesperean shine
Of their star in the East, and gone to worship them.

LINES ON SEEING A LOCK OF MILTON'S HAIR

AUTOGRAPH: *L* (40); *Sh.* and (lines 1–17) *H*: lines 18–42, part of the same MS. as *H*, were sold at Sotheby's, 8 July 1938, the purchaser being Messrs. Myers, and are designated *H* in the notes.
TRANSCRIPTS: $RT^2W^1W^2$ *End.*
Dated: 21 January 1818 *R Sh.* T^2W^1 *End.*: '22 Jan. 1818 CB' W^2: Jany 21st *L.*

CHIEF of organic numbers!
Old Scholar of the Spheres!

9 dim conceived W^3 10 indescribable *1848*

To HAYDON.—*Title:* To R. B. (*sic*) Haydon with the foregoing sonnet on the Elgin Marbles W^2: To Haydon with a Sonnet written on seeing the Elgin Marbles W^3 *Examiner Annals* 1 Forgive me, Haydon L 2 on] Of *1848* 5 over-meek *1848* W^2W^3: over meek *Examiner* 7 sleep *Annals* 8 freak. W^2 11 stared W^2W^3 12 brainless *1848* oerwise W^2W^3 *Annals Examiner*: and o'erwise *1848*: o'erweening L 13 Hesperian *1848*

LINES ON SEEING A LOCK.—*Title:* (Lines) on seeing a Lock of Milton's hair *L RSh.* $T^2W^1W^2$ *End.* *Before* 1 [Father of] *H*

Thy spirit never slumbers,
But rolls about our ears,
For ever, and for ever!
O what a mad endeavour
Worketh he,
Who to thy sacred and ennobled hearse
Would offer a burnt sacrifice of verse
And melody.

How heavenward thou soundest,
Live Temple of sweet noise,
And Discord unconfoundest,
Giving Delight new joys,
And Pleasure nobler pinions!
O, where are thy dominions?
Lend thine ear
To a young Delian oath,—aye, by thy soul,
By all that from thy mortal lips did roll,
And by the kernel of thine earthly love,
Beauty, in things on earth, and things above
⟨I swear!⟩

When every childish fashion
Has vanish'd from my rhyme,
Will I, [illegible] in passion,
Leave to an after-time,
Hymning and harmony
Of thee, and of thy works, and of thy life;
But vain is now the burning and the strife,
Pangs are in vain, until I grow high-rife
With old Philosophy,
And mad with glimpses of futurity!

7 Marketh (*or* Macketh, *or* Macheth, *the last three letters made out of* es) *H* 11 heavenly *H* Soundedst *HLSh.* 11/12 [O living fane of Sounds] *H* 13 unconfoundedst. *HLSh.* 15 nobler pinions *over* [new dominions] T^2 18 delian *Sh L*: delian *over* [phebean] *H* 20 kernell *End.* thy *made out of* thine W^2: thy *1848 R* earthy *H* 22 I swear *1848*: *om. HLRSh.*$T^2W^1W^2$ *End.*: *added in pencil* $T^2W^1W^2$ Should there not be a short line to rhyme with 'ear' at the end of this page — such as 'I swear'? *Note in* W^2 23 passion *End.* 26 Leave] Give *L and* (from 'BB') *note in* W^2 27 A Hymn *H*: [A] Hymn *Sh.* (ing *added*) 30 Pangs are in vain *over* [In vain the pang] *H* untill *H* 32 wed *1848* of] at *1848 HSh.*: at *over* [of] W^2 (*note in marg.* BB W^2)

For many years my offerings must be hush'd;
When I do speak, I'll think upon this hour,
Because I feel my forehead hot and flush'd,
Even at the simplest vassal of thy power,—
A lock of thy bright hair,—
Sudden it came,
And I was startled, when I caught thy name
Coupled so unaware;
Yet, at the moment, temperate was my blood.
I thought I had beheld it from the flood.

SONG

TRANSCRIPTS: *l* (43) *ERTW*². *R* and *W*², followed by all editors, make this and the next poem one piece. But the two poems are separated in *l*, and *ET* have only the 16 lines of this piece. *1848* might be taken as not separating.

Dated: 7 Feb. 1818 *R*: Feb. 1818 *W*²: 1818 *E*. Letter-date given as Saturday 31 Jan. 1818 in M. Buxton Forman; but perhaps 7 Feb. 1818; see note to 'When I have fears . . .'.

HENCE Burgundy, Claret, and Port,
Away with old Hock and Madeira,
Too earthly ye are for my sport;
There's a beverage brighter and clearer.
Instead of a pitiful rummer,
My wine overbrims a whole summer;
My bowl is the sky,
And I drink at my eye,

32/33 [Till then]
[And so presumptuous longer in Art] *H*
33 offerings *1848 and all MSS.*: offering *in Buxton Forman would seem to be a misprint*
33–4 Then will I speak—but now my voice is hushd
Then will I speak and think upon this hour *H*
34/35 For at this hour [all my] *H* 35 flush *H* 36 Aye from the simplest *H*: Even at the *over* [At the most] *Sh.* simplest (st *added*) *Sh.* 37 One lock *H* 37–8 A lock of thy bright hair —sudden it came *written as one line in Sh. T*² *End.*: In the copy from which I took this, these 2 lines were written in one: I have separated them on account of the rhyme to 'unaware'. They are written separate in BB's copy. *Note in W*² 39 Before me and I started at thy name *H* (*the last five words beneath* [and cold death death heap'd . . . (*?*) its cold] *above which is* [constant found]) I heard *L* 41 Yet at the time unheated was *H* 42 Methought *L End. Sh.*: It seem'd *H*

SONG.—*Title:* Song *ET* 3 earthly *ET*: courtly *RW*²: couthly *l* 8 at the Eye *R*

Till I feel in the brain
A Delphian pain—
Then follow, my Caius! then follow:
On the green of the hill
We will drink our fill
Of golden sunshine,
Till our brains intertwine
With the glory and grace of Apollo!

TRANSCRIPTS: *l* (43) RW^2 and for lines 13–25 W^1.
Dated: as the preceding poem RW^2: Feb. 1818 W^1.

GOD of the Meridian,
And of the East and West,
To thee my soul is flown,
And my body is earthward press'd.
It is an awful mission,
A terrible division;
And leaves a gulph austere
To be fill'd with worldly fear.
Aye, when the soul is fled
To high above our head,
Affrighted do we gaze
After its airy maze,
As doth a mother wild,
When her young infant child
Is in an eagle's claws—
And is not this the cause
Of madness?—God of Song,
Thou bearest me along
Through sights I scarce can bear:
O let me, let me share
With the hot lyre and thee,
The staid Philosophy.
Temper my lonely hours,
And let me see thy bowers
More unalarm'd!

12 On] O'er (*?*) *E*

GOD OF THE MERIDIAN.—*Title: wanting in MSS.* 1 *This line, like the last of the piece, wants its proper rhyme.* Meridian zone *would meet the difficulty here*

AUTOGRAPH: *L* (48).
Dated: Letter post-marked 19 Feb. 1818.

(I had no idea but of the morning, and the thrush said I was right—seeming to say, *Letter to Reynolds.*)

O THOU whose face hath felt the Winter's wind,
Whose eye has seen the snow-clouds hung in mist,
And the black elm tops 'mong the freezing stars,
To thee the spring will be a harvest-time.
O thou, whose only book has been the light
Of supreme darkness which thou feddest on
Night after night when Phœbus was away,
To thee the Spring shall be a triple morn.
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. He who saddens
At thought of idleness cannot be idle,
And he's awake who thinks himself asleep.

ON SITTING DOWN TO READ KING LEAR ONCE AGAIN

AUTOGRAPH: *Sh.* (fair copy)¹ *Scottish National Portrait Gallery (Edin.).*
TRANSCRIPTS: *l* (41), *R End.* $TT^2W^1W^2$.
Dated: 22 Jan. 1818 RT^2W^2 *End.*: 23 Jan. 1818 *T*: Letter-date 23 Jan. 1818.

O GOLDEN tongued Romance, with serene lute!
Fair plumed Syren, Queen of far-away!
Leave melodizing on this wintry day,
Shut up thine olden pages, and be mute:
Adieu! for, once again, the fierce dispute
Betwixt damnation and impassion'd clay
Must I burn through; once more humbly assay
The bitter-sweet of this Shakespearian fruit:
Chief Poet! and ye clouds of Albion,
Begetters of our deep eternal theme!
When through the old oak Forest I am gone,
Let me not wander in a barren dream,
But, when I am consumed in the fire,
Give me new Phœnix wings to fly at my desire.

O THOU WHOSE FACE.—*Title. wanting in L*

ON SITTING DOWN TO READ.—*Title:* On sitting down to read King Lear once again *Edin. Sh.* RW^1W^2 TT^2 *End. l* 4 thine *made out of* thy T^2 [Books] pages *Edin.*: volume *l* 6 damnation] Hell torment *1848l* W^2R 7 humbly] must I *Edin.*: *om. l* 8/9 [Chief! what a gloom thy (*corr. to* thine) old oak forest hath!] *Edin.* 9 [O L] Chief Poet! *over* [Chieftain] *Edin.* 10 our *lTT*²: our *over* [this] *Sh.*: this *Edin.* W^1W^2R *End.* 11 I am *before* through *l* oak] *over* [old] *End.*: old *Edin.* 13 with the *l* 14 at *LRT*² *End.*: at *made out of* to *Sh.*: to RW^2: to (*marg.* at CB) W^1

TO THE NILE

TRANSCRIPTS: *RTW*[1]*W*[2] *End.*

Dated: 6 Feb., 1818 *RW*[1]*W*[2]: 1818 *T End.*

SON of the old moon-mountains African!
Stream of the Pyramid and Crocodile!
We call thee fruitful, and, that very while,
A desert fills our seeing's inward span;
Nurse of swart nations since the world began,
Art thou so fruitful? or dost thou beguile
Such men to honour thee, who, worn with toil,
Rest them a space 'twixt Cairo and Decan?
O may dark fancies err! they surely do;
'Tis 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.

TO J. H. REYNOLDS, ESQ.

TRANSCRIPTS *l* (*58*) = *W*[2] (I have retained throughout the punctuation of *W*[2]).

Printed in *1848* without 110–13.

Dated: Letter-date 25 March 1818.

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,

TO THE NILE.—*Title*. To the Nile *1848 TW*[1]*W*[2] 2 Stream *1848 RW*[1]*W*[2]: Chief *End.*: Chief (*footnote* Stream) *T* 4 desart *W*[1]*W*[2] 6–8 *The text as printed 1848 T End. In T the lines have been written in by Keats himself in a space left blank by Brown. RW*[1]*W*[2] *have*

Art thou so beautiful, or a wan smile
Pleasant but to those men who, sick with toil,
Rest them a space twixt Cairo and Decan?

and this version of 6–7 appears (*not in Keats' hand*) *at the foot of T, with the variant* Pleasing only *is pencilled over* or a *in 6 R* 7 Such *End.*: Such *over* [Those] *T*: Those *1848* 8 them *1848 RW*[1]*W*[2] *and pencilled above T*: for *T End.* 10 'Tis ignorance that makes *T End. 1848*: And ignorance doth make *RW*[1]*W*[2] (*W*[2] *has a shorthand note* 'Tis ignorance C.B.') 11 dost bestow *R* 12, 14 dost] doth *R*

TO J. H. REYNOLDS, ESQ.—*Title:* To J. H. Reynolds esq. *W*[2]

Voltaire with casque and shield and Habergeon,
And Alexander with his night-cap 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—
P'erhaps one or two, whose lives have patent wings;
And through 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 shews 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 shew 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
Here 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;

7 Habergeon] herbagen *pencilled in marg.* W^2 20 pontif *1848* W^2
29 Urganda's *over* [the 's] W^2 38 There *1848*
42/43 'Here the following line is written and erased
Poor Man he left the Terrace walls of Ur' W^2

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 oped themselves,
The windows as if latch'd by fays & 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 through 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 verdurous 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 grate
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 daytime
In the dark void of Night. For in the world
We jostle—but my flag is not unfurl'd
On the Admiral staff—and to philosophize
I dare not yet!—Oh never will the prize,
High reason, and the lore 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 confined,—
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 spoils the singing of the Nightingale.
Dear Reynolds, I have a mysterious tale

61 gate *1848* 73 to W^2: so *1848* 75 love *1848*

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 though to-day
I've gathered 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 Kamschatkan missionary church,
Than with these horrid moods be left in lurch—
Do you get health—and Tom the same—I'll dance,
And from detested moods in new Romance
Take refuge—Of bad lines a Centaine dose
Is sure enough—and so 'here follows prose'.—

AUTOGRAPH: *L* (57).

TRANSCRIPT: W^3.

Dated: 25 March 181⟨8⟩ W^3: Letter postmarked 26 March 1818, but Keats gives the day of the week as Tuesday (which must be 24 March).

OVER the hill and over the dale,
And over the bourn to Dawlish—
Where Gingerbread Wives have a scanty sale
And gingerbre⟨a⟩d nuts are smallish.

90 wave *1848* 94 man *1848* 98 I [was] far was gone (*the second* was *added above*) W^2 108 Kamtchatcan *1848* 109 i' the *1848* 110–13 *om. 1848*

OVER THE HILL.—*1848 gives only the first stanza* 2 bourn, *L*: Bourne *1848*: water W^3

Rantipole Betty she ran down a hill
And ki⟨c⟩k'd up her pettic⟨o⟩ats fairly
Says I I'll be Jack if you will be Gill.
So she sat on the Grass debonnairly.

Here's somebody coming, here's som⟨e⟩body coming!
Says I 'tis the Wind at a parley
So without any fuss any hawing and humming
She lay on the grass debonnai⟨r⟩ly.

Here's somebody here and here's somebody there!
Say's I hold your tongue you young Gipsey.
So she held her tongue and lay plump and fair
And dead as a venus tipsy.

O who would'nt hie to Dawlish fair
O who would'nt stop in a Meadow
O ⟨who⟩ would not rumple the daisies there
And make the wild fern for a bed do.

ODE TO MAY. FRAGMENT

TRANSCRIPTS: *l* (*64*), *T W*².

Dated: May 1, 1818 *l* (Letter-date May 3).

MOTHER of Hermes! and still youthful Maia!
May I sing to thee
As thou wast hymned on the shores of Baiæ?
Or may I woo thee
In earlier Sicilian? or thy smiles
Seek as they once were sought, in Grecian isles,
By bards who died content on pleasant sward,
Leaving great verse unto a little clan?
O, give me their old vigour, and unheard
Save of the quiet Primrose, and the span
Of heaven and few ears,
Rounded by thee, my song should die away
Content as theirs,
Rich in the simple worship of a day.

6 kicked W^3: kik'd *L* 11 hawing and humming *L*: hawing, or humming, W^3

ODE TO MAY.—*Title:* Ode to May. Fragment *T W*² 1 [Maria] Maia *T*

ON VISITING THE TOMB OF BURNS

TRANSCRIPT: *l* (*73*).

Dated: Letter-date 1 July ⟨1818⟩.

THE Town, the churchyard, and the setting sun,
The clouds, the trees, the rounded hills all seem,
Though beautiful, cold—strange—as in a dream,
I dreamed long ago, now new begun.
The short-liv'd, paly Summer is but won
From Winter's ague, for one hour's gleam;
Though sapphire-warm, their stars do never beam:
All is cold Beauty; pain is never done:
For who has mind to relish, Minos-wise,
The Real of Beauty, free from that dead hue
Sickly imagination and sick pride
Cast wan upon it? Burns! with honour due
I oft have honour'd thee. Great shadow, hide
Thy face; I sin against thy native skies.

MSS. None known.

Dated: 12–13 July 1818 (*Letters 79*).

THIS mortal body of a thousand days
Now fills, O Burns, a space in thine own room,
Where thou didst dream alone on budded bays,
Happy and thoughtless of thy day of doom!
My pulse is warm with thine old Barley-bree,
My head is light with pledging a great soul,
My eyes are wandering, and I cannot see,
Fancy is dead and drunken at its goal;
Yet can I stamp my foot upon thy floor,
Yet can I ope thy window-sash to find
The meadow thou hast tramped o'er and o'er,—
Yet can I think of thee till thought is blind,—
Yet can I gulp a bumper to thy name,—
O smile among the shades, for this is fame!

ON VISITING THE TOMB OF BURNS.—*Title:* On Visiting the Tomb of Burns *1848 l* 7 their] *?* those 12 Cast *1848*: *l has a blank with* Note. An illegible word occurs here. it? *Middleton Murry*: it! *1848 l*

THIS MORTAL BODY.— 5 old *1848*: own *Houghton 1876 and all editors*

OLD MEG

AUTOGRAPH: *L* (*74*).

Dated: Letter-date 2 July ⟨1818⟩.

Printed in *Hood's Magazine* 1844.

(*1848* prints the first six stanzas as three eight-lined stanzas. The punctuation here given is that of *1848*: *L* is hardly punctuated at all.)

OLD MEG she was a Gipsey,
And liv'd upon the Moors;
Her bed it was the brown heath turf,
And her house was out of doors.

Her apples were swart blackberries,
Her currants, pods o' broom;
Her wine was dew of the wild white rose,
Her book a churchyard tomb.

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

No breakfast had she many a morn,
No dinner many a noon,
And, 'stead of supper, she would stare
Full hard against the Moon.

But every morn, of woodbine fresh
She made her garlanding,
And, every night, the dark glen Yew
She wove, and she would sing.

And with her fingers, old and brown,
She plaited Mats o' Rushes,
And gave them to the Cottagers
She met among the Bushes.

Old Meg was brave as Margaret Queen
And tall as Amazon;
An old red blanket cloak she wore,
A chip hat had she on.
God rest her aged bones somewhere!
She died full long agone!

OLD MEG.—*Title: wanting in 1848 L*: Old Meg *Hood* 11 [wh] *before* with *L* 13 a [day] morn *L* 21 And [sometimes] with *L* 22 of *1848* 28 ship-hat *1848*

TO AILSA ROCK

AUTOGRAPH: *L* (*77*).

TRANSCRIPT: W^3 *St.* (in both subscribed 'Literary Pocket Book': W^3 has a pencilled note: 'In the handwriting of Charles Cowden Clarke, Keats' lifelong friend').

Printed in Hunt's *Literary Pocket Book* 1819 (signed 'I.'); A. A. Watts' *Poetical Album*, 1828.

Dated: Letter-date 10 July 1818.

HEARKEN, thou craggy ocean pyramid!
Give answer from thy voice, the sea-fowls' screams!
When were thy shoulders mantled in huge streams?
When from the sun was thy broad forehead hid?
How long is't since the mighty Power bid
Thee heave to airy sleep from fathom dreams?
Sleep in the lap of thunder or sunbeams,
Or when grey clouds are thy cold coverlid.
Thou answer'st not; for thou art dead asleep;
Thy life is but two dead eternities—
The last in air, the former in the deep;
First with the whales, last with the eagle-skies—
Drown'd wast thou till an earthquake made thee steep,
Another cannot wake thy giant size.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE HIGHLANDS AFTER A VISIT TO BURNS'S COUNTRY

AUTOGRAPH: *C L* (*79*).

TRANSCRIPTS: EW^2W^3 *End.* 'Copied from K's letter. I have adhered to his own punctuation throughout' W^2: 'K's own punctuation is adhered to' W^3.

Printed in part in *New Monthly Magazine* 1822 and entire in *The Examiner* 14 July 1822.

Dated: 1818 *End.*: 'From a letter of J. K. to Brockden Brown dated: Inverary 18 July 1818' W^3: Letter-date 18 July ⟨1818⟩.

THERE is a charm in footing slow across a silent plain,
Where patriot battle has been fought, when glory had the gain;
There is a pleasure on the heath where Druids old have been,
Where mantles grey have rustled by and swept the nettles green;

TO AILSA ROCK.—*Title*: To Ailsa Rock *L End.* W^3 *St. Watts*: To Ailsa Crag *Literary Pocket Book*: Sonnet on Ailsa Rock *1848* 2 from] by *1848* seafowls W^3 3 shoulders] thunders *Watts* 6 creams *over* dreams W^3 7 in] on *Watts* 9 answerest *Watts* dread asleep *Watts* 10 [has been will be] is but *L* 14 wake] bow *Watts*

LINES WRITTEN IN THE HIGHLANDS.—*Title:* as above *C End.*: Lines written in the Scotch Highlands *E Examiner* 1 is a joy LW^2W^3 silent plain] *C had originally* grand camp⟨aign⟩ (*Keats' spelling elsewhere for* champaign) 2 when Glory CLW^3 *End.*

There is a joy in every spot made known by times of old,
New to the feet, although each tale a hundred times be told;
There is a deeper joy than all, more solemn in the heart,
More parching to the tongue than all, of more divine a smart,
When weary steps forget themselves upon a pleasant turf,
Upon hot sand, or flinty road, or sea-shore iron scurf,
Toward the castle or the cot, where long ago was born
One who was great through mortal days, and died of fame unshorn!
Light heather-bells may tremble then, but they are far away;
Wood-lark may sing from sandy fern,—the Sun may hear his lay;
Runnels may kiss the grass on shelves and shallows clear,
But their low voices are not heard, though come on travels drear;
Blood-red the Sun may set behind black mountain peaks;
Blue tides may sluice and drench their time in caves and weedy creeks;
Eagles may seem to sleep wing-wide upon the air;
Ring-doves may fly convuls'd across to some high-cedar'd lair;
But the forgotten eye is still fast lidded to the ground,
As Palmer's, that with weariness, mid-desert shrine hath found.
At such a time the soul's a child, in childhood is the brain;
Forgotten is the worldly heart—alone, it beats in vain.—
Aye, if a madman could have leave to pass a healthful day
To tell his forehead's swoon and faint when first began decay,
He might make tremble many a one whose spirit had gone forth
To find a Bard's low cradle-place about the silent North!
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 mortal way:
O horrible! to lose the sight of well remember'd face,
Of Brother's eyes, of Sister's brow—constant to every place;
Filling the air, as on we move, with portraiture intense;
More warm than those heroic tints that pain a painter's sense,

5 In every spot there is a joy *C* (*transposition-marks added*) know *C* by times] in days *E Examiner* 6 each] the LW^2 8 the *om. C* 9 steps] feet *L* [towards] *before* upon *C* 13 Light (*altered from* Blue) *C* hether CLW^2W^3 *End.* 14 Woodlarks *E* 15 shelves and *added C* 16 on] from *C, originally* 17 my set *C* 21 is] keeps *C, originally* fast wedded LW^2W^3 22 has found W^3 23 soul's] world's *End.* 25 Ay *E* a] the *C, originally* 26 forehead *C Examiner* 27 one] Man *C, originally, and* LW^2W^3 31 Scanty the] Short is *C, originally* 33 Ah! horrible *E* 35 one we *C* 36 pain] fill LW^3

When shapes of old come striding by, and visages of old,
Locks shining black, hair scanty grey, and passions manifold.
No, no, that horror cannot be, for at the cable's length
Man feels the gentle anchor pull and gladdens in its strength:—
One hour, half-idiot, he stands by mossy waterfall,
But in the very next he reads his soul's memorial:—
He reads it on the mountain's height, where chance he may sit down
Upon rough marble diadem—that hill's eternal crown.
Yet be his anchor e'er so fast, room is there for a prayer
That man may never lose his mind on mountains black and bare;
That he may stray league after league some great birthplace to find
And keep his vision clear from speck, his inward sight unblind.

ON VISITING STAFFA

AUTOGRAPH: *L* 80 and, for 1–44, *L* 156 (*L*²).

TRANSCRIPTS: *RW*¹*W*² *Brown* (the last printed in Sharp, *Life and Letters of Severn*, p. 35 n. 'A copy of the first draft was made by Brown and by him sent to Severn', Sharp says. Severn, in a letter to Milnes of 6 Oct. 1845 preserved in *γ*, speaks of having 'Brown's copy' in his possession).

Dated: No date *RW*¹*W*²*L Brown*: but *L* endorsed 'Recd August 3rd (1818)'.

NOT Aladdin magian
Ever such a work began;
Not the wizard of the Dee
Ever such a dream could see;
Not St. John, in Patmos' Isle,
In the passion of his toil,
When he saw the churches seven,
Golden aisl'd, built up in heaven,
Gaz'd at such a rugged wonder.
As I stood its roofing under,
Lo! I saw one sleeping there,
On the marble cold and bare.
While the surges wash'd his feet,
And his garments white did beat

38 Locks] Hair *C, originally* 39 horror *om. W*³ 41 ideot *ECLW*² *End.: Examiner* 44 rough] its *C, originally* 45 his] the *LW*³ 46 his] the *and* our *C, originally*: the *W*² loose *CW*²*W*³ *End.*

ON VISITING STAFFA.—*Title:* On visiting Staffa *RW*¹*W*²: On Fingal's Cave. A Fragment *Brown* 1 Aladin *L* 4 a *om. L* 7–8 *om. L*² 9 at] on *L*² *Brown*

Drench'd about the sombre rocks,
On his neck his well-grown locks,
Lifted dry above the main,
Were upon the curl again.
'What is this? and what art thou?'
Whisper'd I, and touch'd his brow;
'What art thou? and what is this?'
Whisper'd I, and strove to kiss
The spirit's hand, to wake his eyes;
Up he started in a trice:
'I am Lycidas,' said he,
'Fam'd in funeral minstrelsy!
This was architected thus
By the great Oceanus!—
Here his mighty waters play
Hollow organs all the day;
Here by turns his dolphins all,
Finny palmers great and small,
Come to pay devotion due—
Each a mouth of pearls must strew.
Many a mortal of these days,
Dares to pass our sacred ways,
Dares to touch audaciously
This Cathedral of the Sea!
I have been the pontiff-priest
Where the waters never rest,
Where a fledgy sea-bird choir
Soars for ever; holy fire
I have hid from mortal man;
Proteus is my Sacristan.
But the stupid eye of mortal
Hath pass'd beyond the rocky portal;
So for ever will I leave
Such a taint, and soon unweave

17 [high] dry L^2 19 who art L^2 23 wake [him up] his L 24 thrice LL^2 27 architected $LL^2W^1W^2$. architectur'd *1848 R Brown* 31 Here his dolphins, one and all, *Brown*
34/35 [Many a mortal comes to see
This Cathedrall of the S] L
35 Many Mortals L^2 36, 37 Dare L^2 37 to see L^2 39 pontif W^2 39–40 *om. Brown* 41 Here *Brown* Quire W^1W^2 43 Have I L^2 44 [Old] Proteus L 45 stupid RW^1W^2L: dulled *1848 Brown* 46 Has RW^1W^2 *Brown* Has dar'd to pass the rocky portal *Brown*

All the magic of the place.'
'Tis now free to stupid face, *a*
To cutters, and to Fashion boats, *b*
To cravats and to petticoats:— *c*
The great sea shall war it down, *d*
For its fame shall not be blown *e*
At each farthing Quadrille dance. *f*
So saying, with a Spirit's glance
He dived!

AUTOGRAPH: *L* (*81*).
Dated: Letter-date 3 Aug. 1818.

READ me a lesson, Muse, and speak it loud
Upon the top of Nevis, blind in mist!
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 me,—even such,
Even so vague is man's sight of himself!
Here are the craggy stones beneath my feet,—
Thus much I know that, a poor witless elf,
I tread on them,—that all my eye doth meet
Is mist and crag, not only on this height,
But in the world of thought and mental might!

AUTOGRAPH: *L* (*94*).
TRANSCRIPT: by John Howard Payne in *y*.
Dated: circa 16 Oct. 1818 (*Letters*, i, p. 257).

'TIS the witching hour of night,
Orbed is 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.

49 *a–f are found in* W^2 *and (pencilled)* W^1: *om. 1848 LR Brown (but added in R)* 50–51 *om. Brown*

'TIS THE WITCHING HOUR.— 1 hour *1848*: time *L*

Moon! keep wide thy golden ears—
Hearken, stars! and hearken, spheres!—
Hearken, thou eternal sky!
I sing an infant's lullaby,
A pretty lullaby.
Listen, listen, listen, listen,
Glisten, glisten, glisten, glisten,
And hear my lullaby!
Though the rushes that will make
Its cradle still are in the lake—
Though the linen that will be
Its swathe, is on the cotton tree—
Though the woollen that will keep
It warm, is on the silly sheep—
Listen, starlight, listen, listen,
Glisten, glisten, glisten, glisten,
And hear my lullaby!
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 sweet is nigh thee!
Child, I know thee! Child no more,
But a Poet evermore!
See, see, the lyre, the lyre,
In a flame of fire,
Upon the little cradle's top
Flaring, flaring, flaring,
Past the eyesight's bearing.
Awake it from its sleep,
And see if it can keep
Its eyes upon the blaze—
Amaze, amaze!
It stares, it stares, it stares,
It dares what no one dares!
It lifts its little hand into the flame
Unharm'd, and on the strings
Paddles a little tune, and sings,

20 [f] linnen then that *L* 24 starlight *1848*: Stars light *L* 28 the *added above L* Midst the quiet *conj. M. Buxton Forman* 46 and [signs] sings *L*

With dumb endeavour sweetly—
Bard art thou completely!
Little child
O' th' western wild,
Bard art thou completely!
Sweetly with dumb endeavour,
A Poet now or never,
Little child
O' th' western wild,
A Poet now or never!

TRANSLATED FROM RONSARD

AUTOGRAPH: Hampstead Octavo Shakespeare (*Sh.*[2]), pencilled in Keats' hand, and inked over.

TRANSCRIPTS: RW^2W^3 *l* (*87*).

Dated: 1818 *R*: Septr/Decr 1818 W^2: Letter undated.

NATURE withheld Cassandra in the skies,
For more adornment, a full thousand years;
She took their cream of Beauty's fairest dyes,
And shap'd and tinted her above all Peers:
Meanwhile Love kept her dearly with his wings,
And underneath their shadow fill'd her eyes
With such a richness that the cloudy Kings
Of high Olympus utter'd slavish sighs.
When from the Heavens I saw her first descend,
My heart took fire, and only burning pains,
They were my pleasures—they my Life's sad end;
Love pour'd her beauty into my warm veins . . .
* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *

50, 55 the *L*

TRANSLATED FROM RONSARD.—*Title:* Translated from Ronsard *R* 2 more] meet *Sh.*[2] 3 Beauty's fairest dyes *1848 lW*[3]: Beauty,—fairest dies (dyes W^3) *Sh.*[2]RW^2W^3 4 shaped *Sh.*[2]W^2 5 Love meanwhile held her *Sh.*[2] 6 fill'd] charm'd *Sh.*[2] 7 To such a *Sh.*[2] 8 uttered *Sh.*[2]W^3 11 my sad Life's end *Sh.*[2]

9–10 When I beheld her on the Earth descend
My heart began to burn—and only pains (*the last three words over a pencilled* my head to daze) *Sh.*[2]

12 poured W^2

13–14 *supplied by Monckton Milnes thus:*
So that her image in my soul upgrew,
The only thing adorable and true.

CHARACTER OF CHARLES BROWN

AUTOGRAPH: *L* (*123*).

TRANSCRIPTS: T^2W^2.

Dated: '1819. CB' W^2: portion of letter containing these lines dated inferentially 16 April 1819.

I.

HE is to weet a melancholy carle:
Thin in the waist, with bushy head of hair,
As hath the seeded thistle when in parle
It holds the Zephyr, ere it sendeth fair
Its light balloons into the summer air;
Therto his beard had not begun to bloom,
No brush had touch'd his chin or razor sheer;
No care had touch'd his cheek with mortal doom,
But new he was and bright as scarf from Persian loom.

II.

Ne cared he for wine, or half-and-half;
Ne cared he for fish or flesh or fowl,
And sauces held he worthless as the chaff;
He 'sdeigned the swine-head at the wassail-bowl;
Ne with lewd ribbalds sat he cheek by jowl;
Ne with sly lemans in the scorner's chair;
But after water-brooks this Pilgrim's soul
Panted, and all his food was woodland air
Though he would oft-times feast on gilliflowers rare.

III.

The slang of cities in no wise he knew,
Tipping the wink to him was heathen Greek;
He sipp'd no olden Tom or ruin blue,
Or nantz or cherry-brandy drank full meek
By many a damsel hoarse and rouge of cheek;
Nor did he know each aged watchman's beat,
Nor in obscured purlieus would he seek
For curled Jewesses, with ankles neat,
Who as they walk abroad make tinkling with their feet.

CHARACTER OF CHARLES BROWN.—*Title:* Character of C B. W^2: Character of Charles Brown T^2 1. 1 is *1848 L*: was W^2T^2 3–4 a parle It holds with Zephyr *1848* 6 Therto *1848 L*: Thereto W^2T^2 8 touch *L* 9 persian *L* II. 4 He [scorn'd] 'sdeign'd *L* swine-he[a]rd *L*: swine-herd W^2T^2: swine-head *1848* 9 Though *1848 L*: Tho' W^2T^2 feast *1848 L*: feed W^2T^2 III. 3 [n]or W^2 4 cherry-brandy, drank *1848*: cherry (cheery *L*) brandy drank LW^2T^2 5 hoarse LW^2T^2: brave *1848* 7 perlieus *L* 8 ankles *1848 L*: ancles W^2T^2

AUTOGRAPH: Copy of Spenser's Works belonging to Fanny Brawne, no· lost.

Undated.

IN after-time, a sage of mickle lore
Yclep'd Typographus, the Giant took,
And did refit his limbs as heretofore,
And made him read in many a learned book,
And into many a lively legend look;
Thereby in goodly themes so training him,
That all his brutishness he quite forsook,
When, meeting Artegall and Talus grim,
The one he struck stone-blind, the other's eyes wox dim.

FRAGMENT

TRANSCRIPTS: *ETW*².

Dated: 1818 *ET*: '1818 from C. B.' *W*².

WHERE's the Poet? show him! show him,
Muses nine! that I may know him!
'Tis the man who with a man
  Is an equal, be he King,
Or poorest of the beggar-clan,
  Or any other wondrous thing
A man may be 'twixt ape and Plato;
  'Tis the man who with a bird,
Wren or Eagle, finds his way to
  All its instincts; he hath heard
The Lion's roaring, and can tell
  What his horny throat expresseth,
And to him the Tiger's yell
  Comes articulate and presseth
On his ear like mother-tongue; . . .

MODERN LOVE

TRANSCRIPT: *W*².

Dated: 'C. B. 1818' *W*².

AND what is love? It is a doll dress'd up
For idleness to cosset, nurse, and dandle;
A thing of soft misnomers, so divine
That silly youth doth think to make itself

FRAGMENT.—*Title:* Fragment *1848 ETW*² 2 mine *W*²

MODERN LOVE.—*Title:* Modern Love *1848*

Divine by loving, and so goes on
Yawning and doting a whole summer long,
Till Miss's comb is made a pearl tiara,
And common Wellingtons turn Romeo boots;
Till Cleopatra lives at number seven,
And Antony resides in Brunswick Square.
Fools! if some passions high have warm'd the world,
If Queens and Soldiers have play'd deep for hearts,
It is no reason why such agonies
Should be more common than the growth of weeds.
Fools! make me whole again that weighty pearl
The Queen of Egypt melted, and I'll say
That ye may love in spite of beaver hats.

FRAGMENT OF THE 'CASTLE BUILDER'

TRANSCRIPT: W^2.

Printed in *1848* without lines 1–23, which were first given by Colvin in *TLS* 16 April 1914.

Undated.

CASTLE BUILDER.

* * * * * *

IN short, convince you that however wise
You may have grown from convent libraries,
I have, by many yards at least, been carding
A longer skein of wit in Convent garden.

BERNARDINE.

A very Eden that same place must be!
Pray what demesne? Whose Lordship's legacy?
What, have you convents in that Gothic Isle?
Pray pardon me, I cannot help but smile.

* * * * * *

CASTLE BUILDER.

Sir, Convent Garden is a monstrous beast
From morning, four o'clock, to twelve at noon,
It swallows cabbages without a spoon,
And then, from 12 till two, this Eden made is
A promenade for cooks and ancient ladies;
And then for supper, 'stead of soup and poaches,

5 ? too (*after* loving) *marg.* W^2 6 doating W^2 9 Till W^2: Then *1848*

FRAGMENT OF THE 'CASTLE BUILDER'.—*Title:* Fragment of the 'Castle Builder' *1848* W^2

It swallows chairmen, damns, and Hackney coaches.
In short, Sir, 'tis a very place for monks,
For it containeth twenty thousand punks,
Which any man may number for his sport,
By following fat elbows up a court.

* * * * * *

In such like nonsense would I pass an hour
With random Friar, or Rake upon his tour,
Or one of few of that imperial host
Who came unmaimed from the Russian frost.
To-night I'll have my friar—let me think
About my room,—I'll have it in the pink;
It should be rich and sombre, and the moon,
Just in its mid-life in the midst of June,
Should look thro' four large windows and display
Clear, but for golden vases in the way,
Their glassy diamonding on Turkish floor;
The tapers keep aside, an hour and more,
To see what else the moon alone can show;
While the night-breeze doth softly let us know
My terrace is well bower'd with oranges.
Upon the floor the dullest spirit sees
A guitar-ribband and a lady's glove
Beside a crumple-leaved tale of love;
A tambour-frame, with Venus sleeping there,
All finish'd but some ringlets of her hair;
A viol, bowstrings torn, cross-wise upon
A glorious folio of Anacreon;
A skull upon a mat of roses lying,
Ink'd purple with a song concerning dying;
An hour-glass on the turn, amid the trails
Of passion-flower;—just in time there sails
A cloud across the moon,—the lights bring in!
And see what more my phantasy can win.
It is a gorgeous room, but somewhat sad;
The draperies are so as tho' they had
Been made for Cleopatra's winding-sheet;
And opposite the stedfast eye doth meet

23 *followed by* 24 *without space* W^2 28 through W^2 29 golden W^2: gold-fish *1848* 34 bowered W^2 40 A viol, bowstrings *1848* W^3: A viol-bow, strings *Buxton Forman* 44 [up]on W^2 49 so as W^2: so, as *1848*

A spacious looking-glass, upon whose face,
In letters raven-sombre, you may trace
Old 'Mene, Mene, Tekel-Upharsin.'
Greek busts and statuary have ever been
Held, by the finest spirits, fitter far
Than vase grotesque and Siamesian jar;
Therefore 'tis sure a want of Attic taste
That I should rather love a Gothic waste
Of eyesight on cinque-coloured potter's clay,
Than on the marble fairness of old Greece.
My table-coverlits of Jason's fleece
And black Numidian sheep-wool should be wrought,
Gold, black, and heavy, from the Lama brought.
My ebon sofa should delicious be
With down from Leda's cygnet progeny.
My pictures all Salvator's, save a few
Of Titian's portraiture, and one, tho' new,
Of Haydon's in its fresh [illegible]
My wine—O good! 'tis here at my desire,
And I must sit to supper with my friar.

* * * * * *

FRAGMENT

TRANSCRIPTS: *E St. T T*² (*Brown*) *T*² (*Clarke*) *W*¹ *W*² (*T* = lines 20–33: *T*² (*Brown*) = lines 1–19. *T*² (*Clarke*) a transcript of the whole by C. C. Clarke).
Dated: 1818 *ET*². 'C. B. 1818' *W*².

'Under the flag
Of each his faction, they to battle bring
Their embryon atoms'—MILTON

WELCOME joy, and welcome sorrow,
Lethe's weed and Hermes' feather;
Come to-day, and come to-morrow,
I do love you both together!
I love to mark sad faces in fair weather;
And hear a merry laugh amid the thunder;
Fair and foul I love together.
Meadows sweet where flames burn under,
And a giggle at a wonder;

65 sofa[s] *W*²: sofas *1848* 68 tho' *W*²: though *1848* 69 fresh *added above W*² 71 fryar *W*²

FRAGMENT.—*Title:* Fragment *E W*¹ *W*² *T T*² (*Clarke*) 8 burn] are *1848 T*² (*Brown*)

Visage sage at pantomime;
Funeral, and steeple-chime;
Infant playing with a skull;
Morning fair, and stormwreck'd hull;
Nightshade with the woodbine kissing;
Serpents in red roses hissing;
Cleopatra regal-dress'd
With the aspic at her breast;
Dancing music, music sad,
Both together, sane and mad;
Muses bright and muses pale;
Sombre Saturn, Momus hale;—
Laugh and sigh, and laugh again;
Oh the sweetness of the pain!
Muses bright, and muses pale,
Bare your faces of the veil;
Let me see; and let me write
Of the day, and of the night—
Both together:— let me slake
All my thirst for sweet heart-ache!
Let my bower be of yew,
Interwreath'd with myrtles new;
Pines and lime-trees full in bloom,
And my couch a low grass tomb.

⟨CANCELLED STANZA OF THE ODE ON MELANCHOLY⟩

TRANSCRIPTS: TW^2.

THOUGH you should build a bark of dead men's bones,
And rear a phantom gibbet for a mast,
Stitch creeds together for a sail, with groans
To fill it out, blood-stained and aghast;
Although your rudder be a dragon's tail
Long sever'd, yet still hard with agony,
Your cordage large uprootings from the skull
Of bald Medusa, certes you would fail
To find the Melancholy—whether she
Dreameth in any isle of Lethe dull.

10 Pantomime *E* 13 ship-wreck'd *1848* T^2 (*Brown*) 14–15 *transposed in E* 16 drest *E* 17 aspics EW^1

THOUGH YOU SHOULD BUILD.— *In T the Stanza is struck through in pencil* 3 creeds TW^2: shrouds *1848* (*against* shrouds *some one has pencilled* creeds *in* TW^2) 8/9 *?* the melancholy weather She (*The correction suggested supposes that the cancelled 'first stanza' was preceded, or designed to be preceded, by a stanza which could interpret* she *for us* (She *may have been* Love *or* Youth)

TO ——

MSS. None known.

Dated: Oct. 1819 *1848.*

WHAT can I do to drive away
Remembrance from my eyes? for they have seen,
Aye, an hour ago, my brilliant Queen!
Touch has a memory. O say, love, say,
What can I do to kill it and be free
In my old liberty?
When every fair one that I saw was fair,
Enough to catch me in but half a snare,
Not keep me there:
When, howe'er poor or particolour'd things,
My muse had wings,
And ever ready was to take her course
Whither I bent her force,
Unintellectual, yet divine to me;—
Divine, I say!—What sea-bird o'er the sea
Is a philosopher the while he goes
Winging along where the great water throes?

How shall I do
To get anew
Those moulted feathers, and so mount once more
Above, above
The reach of fluttering Love,
And make him cower lowly while I soar?
Shall I gulp wine? No, that is vulgarism,
A heresy and schism,
Foisted into the canon law of love;—
No,—wine is only sweet to happy men;
More dismal cares
Seize on me unawares,—
Where shall I learn to get my peace again?
To banish thoughts of that most hateful land,
Dungeoner of my friends, that wicked strand
Where they were wreck'd and live a wrecked life;
That monstrous region, whose dull rivers pour,
Ever from their sordid urns unto the shore,

To ——.—*Title:* To —— *1848*
Perhaps Aye *should be deleted*
35 Even from *conj. H. B. Forman*
3 Aye, and an *conj. H. B. Forman.*
33 wretched life *conj. H. B. Forman*

Unown'd of any weedy-haired gods;
Whose winds, all zephyrless, hold scourging rods,
Iced in the great lakes, to afflict mankind;
Whose rank-grown forests, frosted, black, and blind,
Would fright a Dryad; whose harsh herbag'd meads
Make lean and lank the starv'd ox while he feeds;
There bad flowers have no scent, birds no sweet song,
And great unerring Nature once seems wrong.

O, for some sunny spell
To dissipate the shadows of this hell!
Say they are gone,—with the new dawning light
Steps forth my lady bright!
O, let me once more rest
My soul upon that dazzling breast!
Let once again these aching arms be plac'd,
The tender gaolers of thy waist!
And let me feel that warm breath here and there
To spread a rapture in my very hair,—
O, the sweetness of the pain!
Give me those lips again!
Enough! Enough! it is enough for me
To dream of thee!

42 bad] *H. B. Forman suggests* [bud], *which Keats forgot to delete*

THE FALL OF HYPERION

A DREAM

THE FALL OF HYPERION
—A DREAM

AUTOGRAPH: *L* (152), I. 1–11, 61–86, II. 1–6.

TRANSCRIPTS: *R*, I. 1–326; *TW*².

First printed in *Another Version of Keats' 'Hyperion', Biographical & Historical Miscellanies of the Philobiblon Society*, 1856–7 (*1856*).

The version given is unless otherwise indicated that of *W*²: in text, punctuation, and orthography.

CANTO 1

FANATICS have their dreams, wherewith they weave
A paradise for a sect; the savage too
From forth the loftiest fashion of his sleep
Guesses at Heaven: pity these have not
Trac'd upon vellum or wild indian leaf
The shadows of melodious utterance.
But bare of laurel they live, dream and die;
For Poesy alone can tell her dreams,
With the fine spell of words alone can save
Imagination from the sable charm
And dumb enchantment. 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 lov'd
And been well nurtured in his mother tongue.
Whether the dream now purposed to rehearse
Be Poet's or Fanatic's will be known
When this warm scribe my hand is in the grave.

Methought I stood where trees of every clime,
Palm, myrtle, oak, and sycamore, and beech,
With Plantane, and spice blossoms, made a screen;
In neighbourhood of fountains, by the noise
Soft-showering in mine ears; and, by the touch
Of scent, not far from roses. Turning round,
I saw an arbour with a drooping roof

Title: The Fall of Hyperion—A Dream *RTW*² Canto 1 *RTW*²
10 charm *L*: cham *W*², *with pencilled note* probably charm: chain *1856 RT*
24 Twining round *1856*

Of trellis vines, and bells, and larger blooms,
Like floral censers swinging light in air;
Before its wreathed doorway, on a mound
Of moss, was spread a feast of summer fruits,
Which nearer seen, seem'd refuse of a meal
By Angel tasted, or our Mother Eve;
For empty shells were scattered on the grass,
And grape stalks but half bare, and remnants more,
Sweet smelling, whose pure kinds I could not know.
Still was more plenty than the fabled horn
Thrice emptied could pour forth, at banqueting
For Proserpine return'd to her own fields,
Where the white heifers low. And appetite
More yearning than on earth I ever felt
Growing within, I ate deliciously;
And, after not long, thirsted, for thereby
Stood a cool vessel of transparent juice,
Sipp'd by the wander'd bee, the which I took,
And, pledging all the Mortals of the world,
And all the dead whose names are in our lips,
Drank. That full draught is parent of my theme.
No Asian poppy, nor Elixir fine
Of the soon fading jealous Caliphat;
No poison gender'd in close monkish cell
To thin the scarlet conclave of old men,
Could so have rapt unwilling life away.
Among the fragrant husks and berries crush'd,
Upon the grass I struggled hard against
The domineering potion; but in vain:
The cloudy swoon came on, and down I sunk
Like a Silenus on an antique vase.
How long I slumber'd 'tis a chance to guess.
When sense of life return'd, I started up
As if with wings; but the fair trees were gone,
The mossy mound and arbour were no more;
I look'd around upon the carved sides
Of an old sanctuary with roof august,
Builded so high, it seem'd that filmed clouds
Might spread beneath, as o'er the stars of heaven;
So old the place was, I remembered none

37 proserpine TW^2 48 soon fading] *T and* W^2 *both have a note* originally death-doing 55 sank *1856* 61 curved *1856* 64 spread] sail *L* 65 remember *L*

The like upon the earth: what I had seen
Of grey Cathedrals, buttress'd walls, rent towers,
The superannuations of sunk realms,
Or Nature's Rocks toil'd hard in waves and winds,
Seem'd but the faulture of decrepit things
To that eternal domed monument.
Upon the marble at my feet there lay
Store of strange vessels, and large draperies,
Which needs had been of dyed asbestos wove,
Or in that place the moth could not corrupt,
So white the linen; so, in some, distinct
Ran imageries from a sombre loom.
All in a mingled heap confus'd there lay
Robes, golden tongs, censer, and chafing dish,
Girdles, and chains, and holy jewelries—
Turning from these with awe, once more I rais'd
My eyes to fathom the space every way;
The embossed roof, the silent massy range
Of columns north and south, ending in mist
Of nothing; then to Eastward, where black gates
Were shut against the sunrise evermore.
Then to the west I look'd, and saw far off
An Image, huge of feature as a cloud,
At level of whose feet an altar slept,
To be approach'd on either side by steps,
And marble balustrade, and patient travail
To count with toil the innumerable degrees.
Towards the altar sober-pac'd I went,
Repressing haste, as too unholy there;
And, coming nearer, saw beside the shrine
One minist'ring; and there arose a flame.
When in mid-May the sickening East Wind
Shifts sudden to the South, the small warm rain
Melts out the frozen incense from all flowers,
And fills the air with so much pleasant health
That even the dying man forgets his shroud;

69 toil'd hard in waves and winds *T 1856*: hard toil'd in winds and waves RW^2L (*but marks of transposition added in* W^2) 70 faulture *1856* RTW^2: failing *L* 71 eternal-domed *L*: eternal domed *1856* RTW^2 74 asbestus *RL*: asbestues *T* 75 *The line is absent from R* 81 these with awe, once *1856* TW^2: these, with awe once *L* with awe *added above R* 83 massive *L* 85 to] to the *L* 93 sober paid *T* 97 When] As *1856* mid-May *A. E. Housman*: midway RTW^2: midday *1856*

Even so that lofty sacrificial fire,
Sending forth maian incense, spread around
Forgetfulness of everything but bliss,
And clouded all the altar with soft smoke,
From whose white fragrant curtains thus I heard
Language pronounc'd. 'If thou canst not ascend
These steps, die on that marble where thou art.
Thy flesh, near cousin to the common dust,
Will parch for lack of nutriment—thy bones
Will wither in few years, and vanish so
That not the quickest eye could find a grain
Of what thou now art on that pavement cold.
The sands of thy short life are spent this hour,
And no hand in the universe can turn
Thy hour glass, if these gummed leaves be burnt
Ere thou canst mount up these immortal steps.'
I heard, I look'd: two senses both at once
So fine, so subtle, felt the tyranny
Of that fierce threat, and the hard task proposed.
Prodigious seem'd the toil, the leaves were yet
Burning,—when suddenly a palsied chill
Struck from the paved level up my limbs,
And was ascending quick to put cold grasp
Upon those streams that pulse beside the throat:
I shriek'd; and the sharp anguish of my shriek
Stung my own ears—I strove hard to escape
The numbness; strove to gain the lowest step.
Slow, heavy, deadly was my pace: the cold
Grew stifling, suffocating, at the heart;
And when I clasp'd my hands I felt them not.
One minute before death, my iced foot touch'd
The lowest stair; and as it touch'd, life seem'd
To pour in at the toes: I mounted up,
As once fair Angels on a ladder flew
From the green turf to heaven.—'Holy Power,'
Cried I, approaching near the horned shrine,
'What am I that should so be sav'd from death?
What am I that another death come not
To choak my utterance sacrilegious here?'
Then said the veiled shadow—'Thou hast felt

103 around *over* [abroad] *R* 115 can [save] turn W^2

What 'tis to die and live again before
Thy fated hour. That thou hadst power to do so
Is thy own safety; thou hast dated on
Thy doom.' 'High Prophetess,' said I, 'purge off
Benign, if so it please thee, my mind's film—'
'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.
All else who find a haven in the world,
Where they may thoughtless sleep away their days,
If by a chance into this fane they come,
Rot on the pavement where thou rotted'st half.—'
'Are there not thousands in the world,' said I,
Encourag'd by the sooth voice of the shade,
'Who love their fellows even to the death;
Who feel the giant agony of the world;
And more, like slaves to poor humanity,
Labour for mortal good? I sure should see
Other men here: but I am here alone.'
'They whom thou spak'st of are no vision'ries,'
Rejoin'd that voice—'they are no dreamers weak,
They seek no wonder but the human face;
No music but a happy-noted voice—
They come not here, they have no thought to come—
And thou art here, for thou art less than they—
What benefit canst thou do, or all thy tribe,
To the great world? Thou art a dreaming thing;
A fever of thyself—think of the Earth;
What bliss even in hope is there for thee?
What haven? every creature hath its home;
Every sole man hath days of joy and pain,
Whether his labours be sublime or low—
The pain alone; the joy alone; distinct:
Only the dreamer venoms all his days,

143 hour. That *R*: hour. that W^2: hour that *T*: hour, that *1856* 144 thine *1856* 161 They *RTW*^{2}: Those *1856* 164 a *over* [the] W^2 165–6 They come not here, for thou art less than they *R*

166/167 [Mankind thou lovest; many of thine hours
Have been distemper'd with their miseries] W^2

167 thou do *RTW*^{2} *1856* (do *bracketed in T*: *Woodhouse has a pencil note* This word should perhaps be omitted. The MS. is as here.) 168 To *made out of* Do W^2

Bearing more woe than all his sins deserve.
Therefore, that happiness be somewhat shar'd,
Such things as thou art are admitted oft
Into like gardens thou didst pass erewhile,
And suffer'd in these Temples; for that cause
Thou standest safe beneath this statue's knees.'
'That I am favored for unworthiness,
By such propitious parley medicin'd
In sickness not ignoble, I rejoice,
Aye, and could weep for love of such award.'
So answer'd I, continuing, 'If it please,
Majestic shadow, tell me: sure not all
Those melodies sung into the world's ear
Are useless: sure a poet is a sage;
A humanist, Physician to all men.
That I am none I feel, as Vultures feel
They are no birds when Eagles are abroad.
What am I then? Thou spakest of my tribe:
What tribe?'—The tall shade veil'd in drooping white
Then spake, so much more earnest, that the breath
Mov'd the thin linen folds that drooping hung
About a golden censer from the hand
Pendent.—'Art thou not of the dreamer tribe?
The poet and the dreamer are distinct,
Diverse, sheer opposite, antipodes.
The one pours out a balm upon the world,
The other vexes it.' Then shouted I
Spite of myself, and with a Pythia's spleen
'Apollo! faded, farflown Apollo!
Where is thy misty pestilence to creep
Into the dwellings, thro' the door crannies,
Of all mock lyrists, large self-worshipers,
And careless Hectorers in proud bad verse.
Tho' I breathe death with them it will be life
To see them sprawl before me into graves.
Majestic shadow, tell me where I am,
Whose altar this; for whom this incense curls:

187–210 *om. 1856. T has a note* Keats seems to have intended to erase this and the next twenty-one lines 188 into TW^2 *1856*: in *R* 202–4 *are given in R as here printed. In* 202 *T has* The other vexes it (*leaving the line unfinished*): W^2 *has* The other vexes it. [Apollo mine]. *Both MSS. give in the margin* Then shouted I (202) . . . farflown Apollo! (204) 204 farflown RW^2: O farflown *T*

What Image this, whose face I cannot see,
For the broad marble knees; and who thou art,
Of accent feminine, so courteous.'
Then the tall shade, in drooping linens veil'd,
Spake out, so much more earnest, that her breath
Stirr'd the thin folds of gauze that drooping hung
About a golden censer from her hand
Pendent; and by her voice I knew she shed
Long-treasured tears. 'This temple sad and lone
Is all spar'd from the thunder of a war
Foughten long since by Giant Hierarchy
Against rebellion: this old Image here,
Whose carved features wrinkled as he fell,
Is Saturn's; I, Moneta, left supreme
Sole priestess of his desolation.'—
I had no words to answer; for my tongue,
Useless, could find about its roofed home
No syllable of a fit majesty
To make rejoinder to Moneta's mourn.
There was a silence while the altar's blaze
Was fainting for sweet food: I look'd thereon,
And on the paved floor, where nigh were pil'd
Faggots of cinnamon, and many heaps
Of other crisped spicewood—then again
I look'd upon the altar and its horns
Whiten'd with ashes, and its lang'rous flame,
And then upon the offerings again;
And so by turns—till sad Moneta cried,
'The sacrifice is done, but not the less,
Will I be kind to thee for thy goodwill.
My power, which to me is still a curse,
Shall be to thee a wonder; for the scenes
Still swooning vivid through my globed brain
With an electral changing misery
Thou shalt with those dull mortal eyes behold,
Free from all pain, if wonder pain thee not.'
As near as an immortal's sphered words
Could to a mother's soften, were these last:

216 linen *1856* 217 Spake *RT*: Spoke *1856* W^2 218 drooping (wee *pencilled over* droo) W^2 227 sole goddess of this *1856* 234 the painted floor *R* (*an attempt to emend* paued *read as* paned *?*) 247 those *TW²R*: these *1856*

But yet I had a terror of her robes,
And chiefly of the veils, that from her brow
Hung pale, and curtain'd her in mysteries
That made my heart too small to hold its blood.
This saw that Goddess, and with sacred hand
Parted the veils. Then saw I a wan face,
Not pin'd by human sorrows, but bright blanch'd
By an immortal sickness which kills not;
It works a constant change, which happy death
Can put no end to; deathwards progressing
To no death was that visage; it had pass'd
The lily and the snow; and beyond these
I must not think now, though I saw that face—
But for her eyes I should have fled away.
They held me back, with a benignant light,
Soft-mitigated by divinest lids
Half closed, and visionless entire they seem'd
Of all external things—they saw me not,
But in blank splendor beam'd like the mild moon,
Who comforts those she sees not, who knows not
What eyes are upward cast. As I had found
A grain of gold upon a mountain's side,
And twing'd with avarice strain'd out my eyes
To search its sullen entrails rich with ore,
So at the view of sad Moneta's brow,
I ached to see what things the hollow brain
Behind enwombed: what high tragedy
In the dark secret Chambers of her skull
Was acting, that could give so dread a stress
To her cold lips, and fill with such a light
Her planetary eyes; and touch her voice
With such a sorrow—'Shade of Memory!'
Cried I, with act adorant at her feet,
'By all the gloom hung round thy fallen house,
By this last Temple, by the golden age,
By great Apollo, thy dear foster child,
And by thyself, forlorn divinity,
The pale Omega of a wither'd race,

251 And yet *1856* 266 Soft-mitigated *De Selincourt*: Soft mitigated *RTW*²: Soft, mitigated *1856* 271 upwards *TW*²: upward *R 1856* 276 ached *RTW*²: ask'd *1856* brain *RTW*²: brow *1856* 277 enwombed *RW*²: enwouned *T*: environ'd *1856*: envisioned *Forman*

Let me behold, according as thou said'st,
What in thy brain so ferments to and fro.'—
No sooner had this conjuration pass'd
My devout lips; than side by side we stood,
(Like a stunt bramble by a solemn Pine)
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.
Onward I look'd beneath the gloomy boughs,
And saw, what first I thought an Image huge,
Like to the Image pedestal'd so high
In Saturn's Temple. Then Moneta's voice
Came brief upon mine ear,—'So Saturn sat
When he had lost his realms'—Whereon there grew
A power within me of enormous ken,
To see as a God sees, and take the depth
Of things as nimbly as the outward eye
Can size and shape pervade. The lofty theme
At those few words hung vast before my mind,
With half unravel'd web. I set myself
Upon an Eagle's watch, that I might see,
And seeing ne'er forget. No stir of life
Was in this shrouded vale, not so much air
As in the zoning of a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feather'd grass,
But where the dead leaf fell there did it rest.
A stream went voiceless by, still deaden'd more
By reason of the fallen Divinity
Spreading more shade: the Naiad 'mid her reeds
Press'd her cold finger closer to her lips.
Along the margin sand large footmarks went
No farther than to where old Saturn's feet
Had rested, and there slept, how long a sleep!
Degraded, cold, upon the sodden ground
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
Unsceptred; and his realmless eyes were clos'd,
While his bow'd head seem'd listening to the Earth,
His antient mother, for some comfort yet.
It seem'd no force could wake him from his place;

298 what *R*: what *over* [was] *T*: was (*pencil-note* ? what) W^2 299 so *TW*^{2} *1856*: on *R* 307 Of those *1856* 308 set *RW*^{2}: sat *T 1856*
315 noiseless *1856* 317 more *over* [a] W^2 323 old *over* [own] *T*

But there came one who with a kindred hand
Touch'd his wide shoulders, after bending low
With reverence, though to one who knew it not.
Then came the griev'd voice of Mnemosyne,
And griev'd I hearken'd. 'That divinity
Whom thou saw'st step from yon forlornest wood,
And with slow pace approach our fallen King,
Is Thea, softest-natur'd of our Brood.'
I mark'd the goddess in fair statuary
Surpassing wan Moneta by the head,
And in her sorrow nearer woman's tears.
There was a listening fear in her regard,
As if calamity had but begun;
As if the vanward clouds of evil days
Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
Was with its stored thunder labouring up.
One hand she press'd upon that aching spot
Where beats the human heart; as if just there
Though an immortal, she felt cruel pain;
The other upon Saturn's bended neck
She laid, and to the level of his hollow ear
Leaning, with parted lips, some words she spoke
In solemn tenor and deep organ tune;
Some mourning words, which in our feeble tongue
Would come in this-like accenting; how frail
To that large utterance of the early Gods!—
'Saturn! look up—and for what, poor lost king?
I have no comfort for thee, no—not one;
I cannot cry, *Wherefore thus sleepest thou:*
For heaven is parted from thee, and the earth
Knows thee not, so afflicted, for a God;
The Ocean too, with all its solemn noise,
Has from thy sceptre pass'd; and all the air
Is emptied of thine hoary Majesty.
Thy thunder, captious at the new command,
Rumbles reluctant o'er our fallen house;
And thy sharp lightning in unpracticed hands
Scorches and burns our once serene domain.
With such remorseless speed still come new woes

341 venomed clouds *1856* 348 ear *1856*: hollow ear *TW*^{2} 350 tune *TW*^{2}: ? tone *marg. W*^{2}: tone *1856* 356 cry *T*: [say] cry *W*^{2}: say *1856* 365 Scourges and *1856*

That unbelief has not a space to breathe.
Saturn, sleep on: Me thoughtless, why should I
Thus violate thy slumbrous solitude?
Why should I ope thy melancholy eyes?
Saturn, sleep on, while at thy feet I weep.'—
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;
So came these words, and went; the while in tears
She press'd her fair large forehead to the earth,
Just where her fallen hair might spread in curls,
A soft and silken mat for Saturn's feet.
Long, long, those two were postured motionless,
Like sculpture builded up upon the grave
Of their own power. A long awful time
I look'd upon them; still they were the same;
The frozen God still bending to the Earth,
And the sad Goddess weeping at his feet.
Moneta silent. Without stay or prop
But my own weak mortality, I bore
The load of this eternal quietude,
The unchanging gloom, and the three fixed shapes
Ponderous upon my senses a whole moon.
For by my burning brain I measured sure
Her silver seasons shedded on the night
And every day by day methought I grew
More gaunt and ghostly—Oftentimes I pray'd
Intense, that Death would take me from the vale
And all its burthens—Gasping with despair
Of change, hour after hour I curs'd myself:
Until old Saturn rais'd his faded eyes,
And look'd around and saw his kingdom gone,
And all the gloom and sorrow of the place,
And that fair kneeling Goddess at his feet.
As the moist scent of flowers, and grass, and leaves
Fills forest dells with a pervading air,
Known to the woodland nostril, so the words

381 mat TW^2: net *1856* 382 those TW^2: these *1856*

Of Saturn fill'd the mossy glooms around,
Even to the hollows of time-eaten oaks,
And to the winding in the foxes' holes,
With sad low tones, while thus he spake, and sent
Strange musings to the solitary Pan.
'Moan, brethren, moan; for we are swallow'd up
And buried from all godlike exercise
Of influence benign on planets pale,
And peaceful sway above man's harvesting,
And all those acts which Deity supreme
Doth ease its heart of love in. Moan and wail.
Moan, brethren, moan; for lo! the rebel spheres
Spin round, the stars their antient courses keep,
Clouds still with shadowy moisture haunt the earth,
Still suck their fill of light from sun and moon,
Still buds the tree, and still the sea-shores murmur.
There is no death in all the universe
No smell of Death—there shall be death—moan, moan,
Moan, Cybele, moan, for thy pernicious babes
Have chang'd a God into a shaking Palsy.
Moan, brethren, moan, for I have no strength left,
Weak as the reed—weak—feeble as my voice—
O, O, the pain, the pain of feebleness.
Moan, moan; for still I thaw—or give me help:
Throw down those Imps, and give me victory.
Let me hear other groans; and trumpets blown
Of triumph calm, and hymns of festival
From the gold peaks of heaven's high piled clouds;
Voices of soft proclaim, and silver stir
Of strings in hollow shells; and let there be
Beautiful things made new, for the surprize
Of the sky-children'—So he feebly ceas'd,
With such a poor and sickly sounding pause,
Methought I heard some old man of the earth
Bewailing earthly loss; nor could my eyes
And ears act with that pleasant unison of sense
Which marries sweet sound with the grace of form,
And dolourous accent from a tragic harp

409 in TW^2: of *1856* 411 musings TW^2: moanings *1856* 415 above TW^2: upon *1856* 426 an aching palsy *1856* 427 Moan, moan, brethren (*transposition-marks added*) W^2 436 let there] there shall *1856* 442 unison *1856*: pleasant unison TW^2

With large-limb'd visions. More I scrutinized:
Still fix'd he sat beneath the sable trees,
Whose arms spread straggling in wild serpent forms,
With leaves all hush'd: his awful presence there
(Now all was silent) gave a deadly lie
To what I erewhile heard: only his lips
Trembled amid the white curls of his beard.
They told the truth, though, round, the snowy locks
Hung nobly, as upon the face of heaven
A midday fleece of clouds. Thœa arose,
And stretch'd her white arm through the hollow dark,
Pointing some whither: whereat he too rose
Like a vast giant seen by men at sea
To grow pale from the waves at dull midnight.
They melted from my sight into the woods:
Ere I could turn, Moneta cried—'These twain
Are speeding to the families of grief,
Where roof'd in by black rocks they waste in pain
And darkness for no hope.'—And she spake on,
As ye may read who can unwearied pass
Onward from the Antichamber of this dream,
Where even at the open doors awhile
I must delay, and glean my memory
Of her high phrase:—perhaps no further dare.

CANTO 2d

'MORTAL, that thou mayst understand aright,
I humanize 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 through the trees—
In melancholy realms big tears are shed,
More sorrow like to this, and suchlike woe,
Too huge for mortal tongue, or pen of scribe.
The Titans fierce, self-hid, or prison-bound,
Groan for the old allegiance once more,
Listening in their doom for Saturn's voice.

454 Thea *1856*: Thœa *TW*[2] 462 waste in pain (*over* waste *is written* wanst *and* q. wait) *TW*[2] 465 antechamber *1856*
Canto 2d *TW*[2] 5 *om. L*

But one of our whole eagle-brood still keeps
His Sov'reignty, and Rule, and Majesty;
Blazing Hyperion on his orbed fire
Still sits, still snuffs the incense teeming up
From man to the sun's God: yet unsecure,
For as upon the Earth dire prodigies
Fright and perplex, so also shudders he:
Nor at dog's howl, or gloom-bird's Even screech,
Or the familiar visitings of one
Upon the first toll of his passing bell:
But horrors, portion'd to a giant nerve,
Make great Hyperion ache. His palace bright,
Bastion'd with pyramids of glowing gold,
And touch'd with shade of bronzed obelisks,
Glares a blood red through all the thousand Courts,
Arches, and domes, and fiery galeries;
And all its curtains of Aurorian clouds
Flush angerly: when he would taste the wreaths
Of incense breath'd aloft from sacred hills,
Instead of sweets, his ample palate takes
Savour of poisonous brass and metals sick.
Wherefore when harbour'd in the sleepy West,
After the full completion of fair day,
For rest divine upon exalted couch
And slumber in the arms of melody,
He paces through the pleasant hours of ease,
With strides colossal, on from Hall to Hall;
While, far within each aisle and deep recess,
His winged minions in close clusters stand
Amaz'd, and full of fear; like anxious men
Who on a wide plain gather in sad troops,
When earthquakes jar their battlements and towers.
Even now, while Saturn, rous'd from icy trance
Goes, step for step, with Thea from yon woods,
Hyperion, leaving twilight in the rear,
Is sloping to the threshold of the west.—
Thither we tend.'—Now in clear light I stood,
Reliev'd from the dusk vale. Mnemosyne

13 our] the *1856* 17 insecure *1856* 18 dire TW^2: drear *1856*
20 Even TW^2: hated *1856* 21 visiting *1856* *Between* 22 *and* 23 *1856 inserts* Hyperion *i. 174* 25 shining gold *1856* 28 galleries *1856*: galeries TW^2 30 flash *1856* 45 while TW^2: where *1856*
50 Meremosyne *T*

Was sitting on a square edg'd polish'd stone,
That in its lucid depth reflected pure
Her priestess-garments. My quick eyes ran on
From stately nave to nave, from vault to vault,
Thro' bowers of fragrant and enwreathed light,
And diamond paved lustrous long arcades.
Anon rush'd by the bright Hyperion;
His flaming robes stream'd out beyond his heels,
And gave a roar, as if of earthly fire,
That scar'd away the meek ethereal hours
And made their dove-wings tremble: on he flared

* * * * * * *

56 diamond-paned *1856*

POSTHUMOUS AND FUGITIVE PIECES

NOT INCLUDED IN 'LIFE, LETTERS, AND LITERARY REMAINS' 1848

SONNETS

ON PEACE

TRANSCRIPTS: TW^2W^3.

Dated: no date in TW^2.

O PEACE! and dost thou with thy presence bless
  The dwellings of this war-surrounded Isle;
Soothing with placid brow our late distress,
  Making the triple kingdom brightly smile?
Joyful I hail thy presence; and I hail
  The sweet companions that await on thee;
Complete my joy—let not my first wish fail,
  Let the sweet mountain nymph thy favourite be,
With England's happiness proclaim Europa's Liberty.
O Europe! let not sceptred tyrants see
  That thou must shelter in thy former state;
Keep thy chains burst, and boldly say thou art free;
  Give thy kings law—leave not uncurbed the great;
  So with the honors past thou'lt win thy happier fate!

ON PEACE.—*Title:* On Peace TW^2 4 trip[p]le W^2 8 favorite W^2 13 the great] the (great *added in pencil, not by Keats*) TW^2W^3 14 honors TW^3, *and I think* W^2. horrors *Buxton Forman*

THE POET

TRANSCRIPT: W^3.
Undated.
First printed in Amy Lowell, *John Keats* (1924), i, pp. 163–4.

AT morn, at noon, at Eve, and Middle Night
He passes forth into the charmed air,
With talisman to call up spirits rare
From plant, cave, rock, and fountain.—To his sight
The hush of natural objects opens quite
To the core: and every secret essence there
Reveals the elements of good and fair;
Making him see, where Learning hath no light.
Sometimes above the gross and palpable things
Of this diurnal sphere, his spirit flies
On awful wing; and with its destined skies
Holds premature and mystic communings:
Till such unearthly intercourses shed
A visible halo round his mortal head.

THE POET.—*Title*: *as above* W^3 10 sphere *over* ball: *beneath* ball *is* [Earth] W^3 14 mortal *beneath* [living] W^3

ON RECEIVING A LAUREL CROWN FROM LEIGH HUNT

AUTOGRAPH: Copy of *Poems 1817*, given by Keats to J. H. Reynolds, now the property of Dr. E. Horner (whose father acquired the book at Leipzig in 1875).

First printed, with the sonnet next following, in *TLS* 21 May 1914.

Undated: [Colvin takes the occasion to be that out of which the *Ode to Apollo* ('God of the golden bow . . .') arose (for Woodhouse's account of that Ode, see note ad loc.), and he dates it 'early spring 1817', though the Ode seems to speak (38), and Woodhouse's note speaks, of 'summer'. Woodhouse speaks, not (as the second of the sonnets) of three ladies who witnessed the coronation, but of two gentlemen. He makes Keats and Hunt crown, not one another, but themselves; and the presumption of this self-coronation appears in the *Ode*. He represents the *Ode* as a playful act of contrition. The sonnets appear (as Mr. de Selincourt observed, when they were first printed) to be part of a wager—'Minutes are flying swiftly . . .', and Keats has wagered to write a sonnet—in a given number of minutes (fifteen minutes, if we may infer from the Nile sonnets, was the recognized time in these competitions). Hunt's two sonnets on receiving a crown of *ivy* from Keats are supposed to belong to the same occasion. But Woodhouse knows nothing of any *ivy* crown.

Woodhouse's draft of his story is full of corrections and alterations; and he was perhaps uncertain of his details. But it is equally possible that coronations and coronation-sonnets were to Hunt and his circle much what 'consequences' were to Victorian social circles, and that the game was played often. Hunt had told Clarke stories

Of laurel chaplets and Apollo's glories

at a date (September 1816) which may well be prior to his meeting with Keats (see *Epistle to Charles Cowden Clarke*, 44–5). It is, I think, possible that the crown of these two sonnets, placed by Hunt on Keats' brows, is one and the same with the crown sent by 'a young lady' which Keats celebrates in the sonnet 'Fresh morning gusts . . .'.

Reynolds, when he gave Woodhouse 'all his letters and Poems' (Marsh, *J. H. Reynolds*, p. 38), must have forgotten the sonnets in his copy of *Poems 1817*.]

MINUTES are flying swiftly, and as yet
  Nothing unearthly has enticed my brain
  Into a delphic Labyrinth—I would fain
Catch an unmortal thought to pay the debt
I owe to the kind Poet who has set
  Upon my ambitious head a glorious gain.
  Two bending laurel Sprigs—'tis nearly pain
To be conscious of such a Coronet.
Still time is fleeting, and no dream arises
  Gorgeous as I would have it—only I see
A Trampling down of what the world most prizes
  Turbans and Crowns, and blank regality;
And then I run into most wild surmises
  Of all the many glories that may be.

ON RECEIVING A LAUREL CROWN.—*Title: as above Reynolds book*

TO THE LADIES WHO SAW ME CROWN'D

AUTOGRAPH: *Reynolds book* (see sonnet preceding).
Undated.

WHAT is there in the universal Earth
More lovely than a Wreath from the bay tree?
Haply a Halo round the Moon—a glee
Circling from three sweet pair of Lips in Mirth;
And haply you will say the dewy birth
Of morning Roses—riplings tenderly
Spread by the Halcyon's breast upon the Sea—
But these Comparisons are nothing worth—
Then is there nothing in the world so fair?
The silvery tears of April?—Youth of May?
Or June that breaths out life for butterflies?
No—none of these can from my favourite bear
Away the Palm—yet shall it ever pay
Due Reverence to your most sovereign eyes.

TO THE LADIES.—*Title: as above Reynolds book*

TRANSCRIPTS: *T* (two copies) $W^1W^2W^3$.

First printed in *1876*.

Dated: 1816 *1876* $TW^1W^2W^3$ ('from Mary Frogley' W^3).

(A note in W^3 enables us to correct the date: 'This sonnet would seem to have been written on the death of some person—and probably a female. (I enquired of K. whether it was not so; and he said he had written it on the death of his grandmother, about five days after; but that he had never told any one, not even his brother, the occasion on which it was written; he said he was tenderly attached to her. Feb. 7, 1819.)' (The portion in brackets is written in shorthand. Keats' grandmother, Mrs. Jennings, died in Dec. 1814.)

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;
  Where happy spirits, crown'd with circlets bright
  Of starry beam, and gloriously bedight,
Taste the high joy none but the blest can prove.
There thou or joinest the immortal quire
  In melodies that even Heaven fair
Fill with superior bliss, or, at desire
  Of the omnipotent Father, cleavest the air
On holy message sent—What pleasure's higher?
  Wherefore does any grief our joy impair?

AS FROM THE DARKENING GLOOM.—*Title wanting in MSS.* 3 nought TW^1W^2 12 cleavest W^1W^3: cleav'st *1876* 13 pleasure's *1876 T*. pleasures W^1W^3

WRITTEN IN DISGUST OF VULGAR SUPERSTITION

TRANSCRIPTS: *bSt.T.*

Dated: Written on Sunday Evening 23 Dec. 1816 *T*: 24 Dec. 1816 *b* ('one Sunday morning' *Letter of C. C. Clarke* in *γ*: Milnes' 'summer morning' is a misquotation of this).

THE church bells toll a melancholy round,
Calling the people to some other prayers,
Some other gloominess, more dreadful cares,
More hearkening to the sermon's horrid sound.
Surely the mind of man is closely bound
In some black spell; seeing that each one tears
Himself from fireside joys, and Lydian airs,
And converse high of those with glory crown'd.
Still, still they toll, and I should feel a damp—
A chill as from a tomb, did I not know
That they are dying like an outburnt lamp;
That 'tis their sighing, wailing ere they go
Into oblivion;—that fresh flowers will grow,
And many glories of immortal stamp.

THE CHURCH BELLS TOLL.—*Title: as above b: wanting in St. T* 4 heark'ning *T* 5 Man *T* 8 crowned *T* 12 wailing as they *T* 13 Oblivion *T*

NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S DREAM

AUTOGRAPH (rough draft): Huntington Library HM *1985* (*Hunt.*), formerly the property of G. S. Hellman (inscribed 'Keats Autograph / given me by C. C. Clarke / M. M. H.').

TRANSCRIPTS: *St.* T^2 W^3.

Dated: circa 1817 T^2.

BEFORE he went to feed with owls and bats
  Nebuchadnezzar had an ugly dream,
  Worse than an Hus'if's when she thinks her cream
Made a Naumachia for mice and rats.
So scared, he sent for that 'Good King of Cats'
  Young Daniel, who soon did pluck the beam
  From out his eye, and said 'I do not deem
Your sceptre worth a straw—your Cushions old door-mats'.
A horrid nightmare similar somewhat
  Of late has haunted a most valiant crew
    Of loggerheads and Chapmen—we are told
That any Daniel though he be a sot
  Can make their lying lips turn pale of hue
    By drawling out 'ye are that head of Gold.'

NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S DREAM.—*Title*. Nebuchadnezzar's Dream T^2: *wanting in Hunt. St.* W^3 1 with owls and bats *over* [like Bottom] [on good dry hay] (dry *added above*) *Hunt.*, cf. Shakespeare, *MND* IV. I. 30–1 4 Naumachia] I had been bothered to guess whence Keats got this word till Mr. M. Buxton Forman called my attention to the fact that in Easter 1804 the proprietors of Sadler's Wells exhibited 'a water-entertainment called Naumachia' (Hewitt's *Northern Heights of London*, p. 36). Mr. E. Blunden supplemented this by calling my attention to the 'Serpentine Naumachia' or 'sham naval fight' which was an item in the Peace Celebrations of 1814, and of which *The Champion* had a good deal to say (10 July, 31 July 1814); cf. Lamb's letter to Wordsworth, 9 Aug. 1814 5 scared *over* [straight] *Hunt.* 6 soon did pluck *Hunt.*: soon did pluck away *St.* T^2W^3 (away *seems to have crept in by error from Hunt., in which Keats originally wrote* straightway (way *added above*) pluck'd) 7 From [his] out his *Hunt.* I do T^2: he did *Hunt. St.* W^3 deam *Hunt.* 8 Your sceptre T^2: His sceptre *Hunt.*: The Sceptre *St.* W^3 your Cushions T^2: his Cushions *Hunt. St.* W^3 9 somewhat similar *Hunt.* 10 val[l]iant T^2: worthy Crew *over* [worshipful] *Hunt.*: motley *St.* W^3 11 Of T^2: Of *made out of* Most *Hunt.*: Most *St.* W^3 12 though T^2 *Hunt.*: tho' *St.* W^3 13 their T^2 *Hunt.*: the *St.* W^3 14 drawling T^2: belching *Hunt. St.* W^3

TO MRS. REYNOLDS'S CAT

TRANSCRIPTS: W^1W^2.

Printed in *The Comic Annual* 1830. In Sept. 1886 the sonnet was printed in *Booklore* from Keats' autograph, then in possession of Mr. William E. Benjamin of New York.

Dated: 16 January 1818 *Booklore* W^1W^2.

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.

SONNET.—*Title:* as above *Booklore*: On Mrs. Reynolds's Cat W^1W^2: Sonnet to a Cat. By the late John Keats *Comic Annual* 1 hast . . . climacteric *Comic Annual* (*Buxton Forman's report is erroneous*) past *Booklore* W^2 3 Destroyed W^1W^2 9 dainty] tender W^1: gentle W^2 12 have] has *Comic Annual* 14 bottled *Booklore Comic Annual*: bottle W^1W^2

ON A LEANDER GEM WHICH MISS REYNOLDS, MY KIND FRIEND, GAVE ME

AUTOGRAPH: *B*.

TRANSCRIPTS: *TStW*^{2}.

Printed in *The Gem* 1829 (p. 108); Galignani 1829.

Dated: March 1818 *B* (*?—it could be read 1816*): 1816 *TW*^{2}.

COME hither all sweet maidens soberly,
  Down-looking—ay, and with a chastened light,
  Hid in the fringes of your eyelids white,
And meekly let your fair hands joined be,
As if so gentle that ye could not see,
  Untouch'd, a victim of your beauty bright—
  Sinking away to his young spirit's night,
Sinking bewilder'd 'mid the dreary sea:
'Tis young Leander toiling to his death.
  Nigh swooning, he doth purse his weary lips
    For Hero's cheek, and smiles against her smile.
  O horrid dream! see how his body dips
    Dead-heavy; arms and shoulders gleam awhile:
He's gone: up bubbles all his amorous breath!

ON A LEANDER GEM —*Title:* On a Leander which Miss Reynolds my kind friend gave me *B*: On a Leander Gem (Gem *om. W*^{2}) which a young Lady gave the author *TW*^{2} (*after* Lady *W*^{2} *has in shorthand* Miss Reynolds): On a Picture of Leander / By the late John Keats *Gem* (The same volume of *The Gem* contains, rather inappropriately, on p. 145, Hood's punning stanzas *On a Picture of Hero and Leander*, facing an engraving of a picture by Henry Howard.)

1 Maid[en]s [and] soberly (Maidens *restored above the line*) *B* 2 Down-looking—aye *B*: Down-looking aye, *TStW*^{2} *Gem Galignani* (*I have retained Keats' punctuation, altering* aye *to* ay) and *and* a *added above B* chastened *B*. chasten'd *TStW*^{2} *Gem Galignani* 5 As if so gentle *StW*^{2} *Gem Galignani*: [Gentle] are ye so gentle *B* (so gentle *over* [nor so]): So gentle are ye that ye (*the second* ye *over* [you]) *T* ye *made out of* you *B* 6 Untouch'd *made out of* Untearful *B* 7 Sinking [so young] away *B* 10 Nigh swooning *over* [His foreh temples swoon] *B*

AUTOGRAPH: *L* (53).

TRANSCRIPTS: *T* (two transcripts, agreeing together, one by Woodhouse's clerk, the other by Coventry Patmore), *St.W*^{2} ('Transcribed from K's letter to BB' *W*^{2}).

Printed in Leigh Hunt's *Literary Pocket Book* 1819 (where it is signed 'T') and Galignani 1829.

Dated: September 1818 *W*^{2}: Letter-date wanting (13 March 1818 M. B. Forman).

FOUR seasons fill the measure of the year;
There are four seasons in the mind of man:
He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear
Takes in all beauty with an easy span:
He has his Summer, when luxuriously
Spring's honied cud of youthful thought he loves
To ruminate, and by such dreaming nigh
His nearest unto heaven: quiet coves
His soul has in 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.
He has his Winter too of pale misfeature,
Or else he would forego his mortal nature.

FOUR SEASONS.—*Title: wanting in MSS.* 2 Four seasons are there *L* 3, 5, 13 has *Pocket Book*: hath *LTW*^{2}

6–10
He chews the honied cud of fair spring thoughts,
Till, in his Soul dissolv'd they come to be
Part of himself. He hath his Autumn ports
And Havens of repose, when his tired wings
Are folded up, and he content to look *L*

7–8 nigh His *Pocket Book TW*^{2}: high Is *Houghton*: nigh Is *Galignani* 14 forego *Pocket Book*: forget *LTW*^{2}: forgo *Pocket Book*

AUTOGRAPH: *L* (78).

Printed in *The Athenaeum* 7 June 1873 (from *L* (74): but the contributor's name is not given: perhaps Sir Charles Dilke).

Dated: Letter-date 17 July ⟨1818⟩.

Of late two dainties were before me plac'd
  Sweet, holy, pure, sacred and innocent,
  From the ninth sphere to me benignly sent
That Gods might know my own particular taste.
First the soft bag-pipe mourn'd with zealous haste,
  The Stranger next with head on bosom bent
  Sigh'd; rueful again the piteous bag-pipe went,
Again the Stranger sighings fresh did waste.
O Bag-pipe thou didst steal my heart away—
  O Stranger thou my nerves from Pipe didst charm—
O Bag-pipe thou didst re-assert thy sway—
  Again thou, Stranger, gav'st me fresh alarm—
Alas! I could not choose. Ah! my poor heart,
Mum chance art thou with both oblig'd to part.

OF LATE TWO DAINTIES.— 4 particlar *L* 8 sigh[d in discontent] (*the reading of the text written in above*) *L*

TRANSCRIPT: W^3.

Printed for the first time in C. L. Finney, *The Evolution of Keats's Poetry*, 1936.

Undated: But the reference in 1 to Scott's '*The House of Mourning*: A Poem: with some smaller Pieces. By John Scott', published by Taylor and Hessey, 1817, with a Preface dated Paris, Jan. 24, 1817, gives a *terminus post quem*.

The House of Mourning written by Mr. Scott,—
  A sermon at the Magdalen,—a tear
  Dropt on a greasy novel,—want of cheer
After a walk up hill to a friend's cot,—
Tea with a Maiden Lady—a curs'd lot
  Of worthy poems with the Author near,—
  A patron lord—a drunkenness from beer,—
Haydon's great picture,—a cold coffee pot
At midnight when the Muse is ripe for labour,—
  The voice of Mr. Coleridge,—a french Bonnet
Before you in the pit,—a pipe & tabour,—
A damn'd inseperable flute and neighbour,—
  All these are vile,—But viler Wordsworth's Sonnet
  On Dover:—Dover!—who *could* write upon it?

THE HOUSE OF MOURNING.—*Title: wanting* 10 Bonnet,— W^3

SONNET

TO A. G. S. ON READING HIS ADMIRABLE VERSES, WRITTEN IN THIS (MISS REYNOLDS'[1]) ALBUM, ON EITHER SIDE OF THE FOLLOWG. ATTEMPT TO PAY SMALL TRIBUTE THERETO

TRANSCRIPT: W^3.

Undated.

Printed for the first time in *TLS* 27 Nov. 1937.

WHERE didst thou find, young Bard, thy sounding lyre ?
  Where the bland accent, & the tender tone?
A sitting snugly by thy Parlour fire;
  Or didst thou with Apollo pick a bone?
The Muse will have a crow to pick with me
  For thus assaying in thy brightening path:
Who, that with his own brace of eyes can see,
  Unthunderstruck beholds thy gentle wrath?
Who from a pot of stout e'er blew the froth
Into the bosom of the wandering wind,
  Light as the Powder on the back of Moth,
But drank thy muses with a grateful mind.
  Yea unto thee Beldams drink metheglin
  And annisies, and carraway, and gin.

SONNET.—*Title: as above* W^3 11 Moth W^3 12 drank *i.e.* drank to (cf. Clough, *Prose Remains*, p. 189—'Thackeray of course, was drunk': Hood, *Lamia*, I. iii. 69, 'But you've been drunk sweet lady—you've been drunk').

[1] MISS REYNOLDS' in shorthand.

POEMS OTHER THAN SONNETS

TRANSCRIPT: W^3 (two transcripts).
The first of the transcripts in W^3 is initialed by Woodhouse 'J. K.', with a shorthand note 'From Mary Fro⟨g⟩ley'.
Printed here for the first time.

SEE, the ship in the Bay is riding,
Dearest Ellen, I go from thee:
Boldly go, in thy love confiding,
Over the deep and trackless sea:—
When thy dear form no longer is near me,
This soothing thought shall at midnight chear me;
'My love is breathing a prayer for me.'—

When the thunder of war is roaring,
When the bullets around me fly,
When the rage of the tempest, pouring,
Bends the billowy sea and sky,
Yet shall my heart to fear a stranger,
Cherish its fondest hopes for thee:—
This dear reflection disarming danger,
'My love is breathing a prayer for me'.

ON DEATH

TRANSCRIPT: *a*.
Dated: 1814 *a*.

I.

CAN death be sleep, when life is but a dream,
And scenes of bliss pass as a phantom by?
The transient pleasures as a vision seem,
And yet we think the greatest pain's to die.

II.

How strange it is that man on earth should roam,
And lead a life of woe, but not forsake
His rugged path; nor dare he view alone
His future doom which is but to awake.

ON DEATH.— 1 dream? *a* 2 sceans *a* by; *a* 5–6 *a has commas at the end of both lines*

WRITTEN ON 29 MAY

THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE RESTORATION OF CHARLES THE 2ND

TRANSCRIPT: W^3 (two copies, distinguished here as W^3 and w^3).

Printed in Amy Lowell, *John Keats* (1924), i. 66.

Undated: (Opposite to the poem in w^3 is a note by Woodhouse—'written probably when much in company with Leigh Hunt': at the end is the initial 'G', in shorthand (? indicating George Keats as the source).)

INFATUATE Britons, will you still proclaim
His memory, your direst, foulest shame?
Nor patriots revere?

Ah! while I hear each traitorous lying bell,
'Tis gallant Sydney's, Russel's, Vane's sad knell,
That pains my wounded ear.

TRANSCRIPTS: TW^2W^3 (three copies), of which the first and third which agree together are here distinguished as W^3. the second is called w^3.

Dated: F. Aug. 1814 W^2W^3.

FILL for me a brimming bowl
And let me in it drown my soul:
But put therein some drug, designed
To Banish Women from my mind:
For I want not the stream inspiring
That fills the mind with fond desiring,
But I want as deep a draught
As e'er from Lethe's wave was quaff'd;
From my despairing heart to charm
The Image of the fairest form
That e'er my reveling eyes beheld,
That e'er my wandering fancy spell'd.

In vain! away I cannot chace
The melting softness of that face,

WRITTEN ON 29 MAY.—*Title: as above* W^3: Written on 29 May– the anniversary of Charles's restoration.—On hearing the Bells ringing w^3
1 will W^3w^3: *printed* while *in Amy Lowell* 4 Ah! w^3: Oh! W^3

FILL FOR ME.—*Title: wanting. In* w^3 *a motto is prefixed*:—
What a wondrous beauty:
From this ⟨day I banish⟩
From my Mind all women. Terence's *Eunuch*, Act 2, Sc. 4.

(*I have supplied* ⟨day I banish⟩ *from the Latin of Terence,* Eunuchus, *296:* o faciem pulcram! deleo omnis dehinc ex animo mulieres) 1 a *over* [the] W^3w^3 4 women T: woman *the other MSS.* 6 beats the sense with lewd desiring w^3 8 e're T 13 TW^2 *mark a new paragraph at this line, and again at* 21

The beaminess of those bright eyes,
That breast—earth's only Paradise.
My sight will never more be blest;
For all I see has lost its zest:
Nor with delight can I explore
The Classic page, or Muse's lore.

Had she but known how beat my heart,
And with one smile reliev'd its smart
I should have felt a sweet relief,
I should have felt 'the joy of grief.'
Yet as a Tuscan mid the snow
Of Lapland thinks on sweet Arno,
Even so for ever shall she be
The Halo of my Memory.

AUTOGRAPH: MS. in possession of J. Roderick Terry. The MS. is almost wholly devoid of punctuation.

Undated.

First printed in *The Ladies' Companion*, New York, 1837.

HITHER, hither, love—
'Tis a shady mead—
Hither, hither, love,
Let us feed and feed!

Hither, hither, sweet—
'Tis a cowslip bed—
Hither, hither, sweet!
'Tis with dew bespread!

Hither, hither, dear,
By the breath of life,
Hither, hither, dear!
Be the summer's wife!

Though one moment's pleasure
In one moment flies,
Though the passion's treasure
In one moment dies;

20 or TW^1: the *the other MSS.* 22 one TW^1w^3: a W^3, *and this appears as a variant in the third copy in* W^3 24 the joy of grief (*without inverted commas*) W^3 25 a Tuscan *all MSS.*: the Tuscan *editors*

HITHER, HITHER, LOVE.—*Title: wanting in MS.* 8 bespead *MS.*

Yet it has not passed—
  Think how near, how near!—
And while it doth last,
  Think how dear, how dear!

Hither, hither, hither
  Love this boon hath sent—
If I die and wither
  I shall die content.

TO EMMA

TRANSCRIPTS: aTW^2W^3 (3 copies distinguished here as W^3 w^3 w^3). w^3 has a shorthand note 'from Mary Frogley'.
Undated.

O COME, my dear Emma! the rose is full blown,
The riches of Flora are lavishly strown,
The air is all softness, and crystal the streams,
The West is resplendently cloathed in beams.

O come! let us haste to the freshening shades,
The quaintly carv'd seats, and the opening glades;
Where the faeries are chanting their evening hymns,
And in the last sun-beam the sylph lightly swims.

And when thou art weary I'll find thee a bed,
Of mosses and flowers to pillow thy head:
There, beauteous Emma, I'll sit at thy feet,
While my story of love I enraptured repeat.

So fondly I'll breathe, and so softly I'll sigh,
Thou wilt think that some amorous Zephyr is nigh:
Yet no—as I breathe I will press thy fair knee,
And then thou wilt know that the sigh comes from me.

Ah! why dearest girl should we lose all these blisses?
That mortal's a fool who such happiness misses:
So smile acquiescence, and give me thy hand,
With love-looking eyes, and with voice sweetly bland.

TO EMMA.—*Title:* Stanzas to Miss Wylie *a*: To Emma TW^2 (*which after* Emma *has in shorthand* Mathew) 1 my dear Emma! $TW^2w^3\mathrm{w}^3$: dearest Emma W^3: Georgiana *a* 2 strown $W^2Tw^3\mathrm{w}^3$ 4 And the West w^3 (And *added above*) 5 We will hasten my Fair (*beneath* [Dear]) to the opening glades w^3 (*the reading of the text crossed out*): opening glades *over* [freshening shades] w^3 6 queintly TW^2 freshening shades *over* [opening glades] w^3 11 There beauteous Emma $TW^2w^3\mathrm{w}^3$: And there Georgiana *a* 13 fondly aTW^2W^3: fondly *over* softly w^3: softly w^3 15 breathe it, I press (I will *written above*) W^3 17 Ah! why $aTW^2\mathrm{w}^3$: Then why W^3: Why w^3

SONG

TUNE—'*Julia to the Wood-Robin.*'

TRANSCRIPTS: aa^1T (two copies) W^2W^3 (two copies). The two copies in T agree with one another; the first and second copies in W^2 are here distinguished as W^2 and w^2. W^3 has a shorthand note 'from Mary Frogley'; and at the foot in shorthand is the initial 'G').

Dated: 'About 1815/6' W^3.

In a^1 the initials 'G. K.' are *pencilled* at the end. But the pencillings in this MS. are subsequent additions and seem to have no authority: they are not in the hand of either George or Georgiana Keats.

STAY, ruby-breasted warbler, stay,
And let me see thy sparkling eye,
Oh brush not yet the pear-strung spray
Nor bow thy pretty head to fly.

Stay while I tell thee, fluttering thing,
That thou of love an emblem art,
Yes! patient plume thy little wing,
Whilst I my thoughts to thee impart.

When summer nights the dews bestow,
And summer suns enrich the day,
Thy notes the blossoms charm to blow,
Each opes delighted at thy lay.

So when in youth the eye's dark glance
Speaks pleasure from its circle bright,
The tones of love our joys enhance
And make superior each delight.

And when bleak storms resistless rove,
And ev'ry rural bliss destroy,
Nought comforts then the leafless grove
But thy soft note—its only joy—

SONG.—*Title:* Song TW^2. W^2 has a note: 'This Song was written off in a few minutes at the request of some ladies who wished for fresh words, to sing to their Tune.' A shorthand note identifies these ladies as 'the Miss Mathews'. W^3 has a note—'This song was written at the request of some young ladies who were tired of singing the words printed with the air and desired fresh words to the same tune. Abt 1815/6'. 8 Whilst $aa^1TW^2W^3$: While w^3 thoughts aa^1W^3: thought TW^2w^3 13 when, in youth, w^3 19 leafless] hapless W^2 20 soft aa^1: sweet $TW^2W^3w^3$

E'en so the words of love beguile
When Pleasure's tree no flower bears,
And draw a soft endearing smile
Amid the gloom of grief and tears.

SONG

TRANSCRIPTS: *l* (43) *TW*³.

Dated: Letter-date: Saturday ⟨31 Jan. 1818⟩ in M. B. Forman; ⟨31 Jan. 1818⟩, but perhaps 7 Feb. See note to 'Hence Burgundy . . .'.

I.

O BLUSH not so! O blush not so!
Or I shall think ye knowing;
And if you smile the blushing while,
Then maidenheads are going.

II.

There's a blush for want, and a blush for shan't,
And a blush for having done it:
There's a blush for thought and a blush for naught,
And a blush for just begun it.

III.

O say not so! O say not so!
For it sounds of Eve's sweet pippin;
By these loosen'd hips you have tasted the pips
And fought in an amorous nipping.

IV.

Will you play once more at nice-cut-core,
For it only will last our youth out,
And we have the prime of our kissing time,
We have not one sweet tooth out.

V.

There's a sigh for aye, and a sigh for nay,
And a sigh for I can't bear it!
O what can be done, shall we stay or run?
O cut the sweet apple and share it!

21 E'en aa^1W^3: Even TW^2w^3 22 Pleasure's a^1: pleasure's $aTW^2W^3w^3$ tree[s] a^1

SONG.—*Title:* Song W^3 (*where the stanzas are not numbered*) 2 ye W^3l: you T 5 want W^3: wont Tl 7 nought T 9 say . . . say W^3: sigh . . . sigh Tl 10 pipin l 11 those Tl: these W^3 hips W^3: lips Tl 13 nice cut-core T: nice cut core W^3l 15 our W^3: the Tl 17 aye W^3: yes Tl nay W^3: no Tl

APOLLO TO THE GRACES

WRITTEN TO THE TUNE OF THE AIR IN 'DON GIOVANNI'

TRANSCRIPT: W^2 ('From the original in Miss Reynolds' possession').
Undated.
First printed by Colvin in *TLS* 16 April 1914.

APOLLO.

WHICH of the fairest three
To-day will ride with me?
My steeds are all pawing at the threshold of the morn:
Which of the fairest three
To-day will ride with me
Across the gold Autumn's whole Kingdom of corn?

THE GRACES *all answer.*

I will, I— I— I—
O young Apollo let me fly
Along with thee,
I will—I, I, I,
The many many wonders see
I— I— I— I—
And thy lyre shall never have a slackened string;
I, I, I, I,
Thro' the golden day will sing.

STANZAS

TRANSCRIPTS: RW^2W^3 ('From Miss Reynolds', in shorthand W^2).
Undated.
First printed by Colvin in *TLS* 16 April 1914.

I.

YOU say you love; but with a voice
Chaster than a nun's, who singeth
The soft Vespers to herself
While the chime-bell ringeth—
O love me truly!

APOLLO TO THE GRACES.—*Title: as above* W^2 3 thresholds W^2 6 Kingdoms W^2 8–9 *Written as one line in* W^2: along *added above* W^2 11 The many many wonders W^2 (*the loss of the second* many *seems to be merely an accident in Buxton Forman*)

STANZAS.—*Title:* Stanzas RW^2

II.

You say you love; but with a smile
  Cold as sunrise in September,
As you were Saint Cupid's nun,
  And kept his weeks of Ember.
    O love me truly!

III.

You say you love—but then your lips
  Coral tinted teach no blisses,
More than coral in the sea—
  They never pout for kisses—
    O love me truly!

IV.

You say you love; but then your hand
  No soft squeeze for squeeze returneth,
It is like a statue's, dead,—
  While mine to passion burneth—
    O love me truly!

V.

O breathe a word or two of fire!
  Smile, as if those words should burn me,
Squeeze as lovers should—O kiss
  And in thy heart inurn me!
    O love me truly!

AUTOGRAPH: *L* (*55*).
Dated: Letter postmarked 23 March 1818: written Saturday ⟨14 March⟩.

I.

WHERE be ye going, you Devon Maid?
  And what have ye there in the Basket?
Ye tight little fairy just fresh from the dairy,
  Will ye give me some cream if I ask it?

II.

I love your Meads, and I love your flowers,
  And I love your junkets mainly,
But 'hind the door I love kissing more,
  O look not so disdainly.

II. 1 with a smile *RW*²: then you smile *W*³ IV. 3 statue's, dead,—*R*: statue's dead *W*² 4 to *W*²: for *R* V. 4 thy *made out of* thine *R*

III.

I love your hills, and I love your dales,
And I love your flocks a-bleating—
But O, on the heather to lie together,
With both our hearts a-beating!

IV.

I'll put your Basket all safe in a nook,
Your shawl I hang up on the willow,
And we will sigh in the daisy's eye
And kiss on a grass-green pillow.

AUTOGRAPH: *L* (72).
Dated: 28 June (1818) *L*.
First printed in Amy Lowell, *John Keats*, ii. 28.

SWEET, sweet is the greeting of eyes,
And sweet is the voice in its greeting,
When Adieux have grown old and goodbyes
Fade away where old Time is retreating.

Warm the nerve of a welcoming hand,
And earnest a Kiss on the Brow,
When we meet over sea and o'er Land
Where furrows are new to the Plough.

STANZAS ON SOME SKULLS IN BEAULEY ABBEY, NEAR INVERNESS

I shed no tears;
Deep thought, or awful vision, I had none;
By thousand petty fancies I was cross'd;
WORDSWORTH

And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by
SHAKSPEARE

TRANSCRIPTS: W^3 and Brown's copy used by Colvin (*Life*, pp. 555–8). Only the lines printed in italics are by Keats: the rest was written by Brown.
Undated.
Printed in *The New Monthly Magazine* 1822, pp. 47–8 (μ).

I.

In silent barren Synod met
Within these roofless walls, where yet
The shafted arch and carved fret
Cling to the Ruin,
The Brethren's Skulls mourn, dewy wet,
Their Creed 's undoing.

WHERE BE YE GOING.— 14 ? I'll
SWEET, SWEET.— 4 time *L* retreating— *L* 5 hand *L*
STANZAS ON SOME SKULLS.—*Title: as above* μ

II.

The mitred ones of Nice and Trent
Were not so tongue-tied,—no, they went
Hot to their Councils, scarce content
With Orthodoxy;
But ye, poor tongueless things, were meant
To speak by proxy.

III.

Your chronicles no more exist,
Since Knox, the Revolutionist,
Destroy'd the work of every fist
That scrawl'd black letter;
Well! I'm a Craniologist
And may do better.

IV.

This skull-cap wore the cowl from sloth,
Or discontent, perhaps from both;
And yet one day, against his oath,
He tried escaping,
For men, tho' idle, may be loth
To live on gaping.

V.

A Toper this! he plied his glass
More strictly than he said the Mass,
And lov'd to see a tempting Lass
Come to confession.
Letting his absolution pass
O'er first transgression.

VI.

This crawl'd thro' life in feebleness,
Boasting he never knew excess,
Cursing those crimes he scarce could guess,
Or feel but faintly,
With prayers that Heaven would cease to bless
Men so unsaintly.

VII.

Here's a true Churchman! he'd affect
Much charity, and ne'er neglect
To pray for mercy on th' elect,
But thought no evil
In sending Heathen, Turk and Sect
All to the Devil!

VIII.

Poor Skull, thy fingers set ablaze,
With silver Saint in golden rays,
The holy Missal; thou did'st craze
'Mid bead and spangle,
While others pass'd their idle days
In coil and wrangle.

IX.

Long time this sconce a helmet wore,
But sickness smites the conscience sore;
He broke his sword, and hither bore
His gear and plunder,
Took to the cowl,—then rav'd and swore
At his damn'd blunder!

X.

This lily colour'd skull, with all
The teeth complete, so white and small,
Belong'd to one whose early pall
A lover shaded;
He died ere Superstition's gall
His heart invaded.

XI.

Ha! here is 'undivulged crime!'
Despair forbad his soul to climb
Beyond this world, this mortal time
Of fever'd sadness,
Until this Monkish Pantomime
Dazzled his madness!

VII. 5 Sect W^3 μ: Scot *Brown* IX. 5 there W^3: then *Brown* μ XI. 4 sadness W^3: badness *Brown*

XII.

A younger brother this! a man
Aspiring as a Tartar Khan,
But, curb'd and baffled, he began
The trade of frightening;
It smack'd of power!—and here he ran
To deal Heaven's lightening.

XIII.

This ideot-skull belong'd to one,
A buried Miser's only son,
Who penitent, ere he'd begun
To taste of pleasure,
And, hoping Heaven's dread wrath to shun,
Gave Hell his treasure.

XIV.

Here is the forehead of an Ape,
A robber's mask,—and near the nape
That bone, fie on't, bears just the shape
Of carnal passion;
Ah! he was one for theft and rape,
In Monkish fashion!

XV.

This was the Porter!—he could ring,
Or dance, or play, do any thing,
And what the Friars bade him bring,
They ne'er were balk'd of;
Matters not worth remembering
And seldom talk'd of.

XVI.

Enough! why need I further pore?
This corner holds at least a score,
And yonder twice as many more
Of Reverend Brothers;
'Tis the same story o'er and o'er,—
They're like the others!

XII. 5 here W^3: how *Brown* XIV. 2 mask *Brown*: mark W^3 μ

STANZAS

AUTOGRAPH: Charles Law (location not known).

TRANSCRIPTS: *St.* $W^1W^2W^3$ and copy in Keats Museum at Hampstead (*Ha.*). (*Ha.* was found among Severn's papers: the handwriting unidentified; but appended to it in Leigh Hunt's hand is a note: 'John Keats. Lit. Gaz. 19 Sepr. Said to be unpublished.')

Printed: *Literary Gazette*, 19 Sept. 1829: *Galignani*, 1829: *The Gem*, 1830.

Reprinted from *The Gem* in *New Monthly Magazine*, 1829, p. 485.

Dated: 'Abt Oct. or Nov. 1818' W^1 (in pencil): 'from J. H. Reynolds. Dec. 1817 (the date from Miss Reynolds' Album)' W^2 (the last six words in shorthand). The letter of Woodhouse containing the transcript sent to Taylor (W^3) is dated 23 Nov. 1818 (not 1820, as Miss Lowell says).

I.

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree,
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity:
The north cannot undo them,
With a sleety whistle through them;
Nor frozen thawings glue them
From budding at the prime.

II.

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy brook,
Thy bubblings ne'er remember
Apollo's summer look;
But with a sweet forgetting,
They stay their crystal fretting,
Never, never petting
About the frozen time.

III.

Ah! would 'twere so with many
A gentle girl and boy!
But were there ever any
Writh'd not at passed joy?

STANZAS.—*Title*. Stanzas (unpublished) *Lit. Gaz.*: Stanzas. By the late John Keats *Gem*: Song $W^1W^2W^3$ 1, 9 In a *Lit. Gaz. Gem Galignani Ha.*: In *St.* $W^1W^2W^3$*Law* 2 *The second* happy *added in Law* 4 groen] great *Ha.* 8 budding, at W^3 17 with] '*Of* in Miss R.'s copy in Keats' handwriting' *Note in* W^2 (*the note is in fact placed (vaguely) against line 20, but must belong, I think, to line 17*) 18 gentle] happy *Law, originally*

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

TRANSCRIPT: *L* (77).
Dated: Letter-date 10 July 1818.

AH! ken ye what I met the day
Out oure the Mountains
A coming down by craggies grey
An mossie fountains—
Ah goud hair'd Marie yeve I pray
Ane minute's guessing—
For that I met upon the way
Is past expressing.
As I stood where a rocky brig
A torrent crosses
I spied upon a misty rig
A troup o' Horses—
And as they trotted down the glen
I sped to meet them
To see if I might know the Men
To stop and greet them.
First Willie on his sleek mare came
At canting gallop

21 To know the change and feel it *Lit. Gaz. Gem Galignani Ha.*: The feel of not to feel it *St.* $W^1W^2W^3$ *Law* 22 none] not W^1 23 steel W^2 W^3 *Ha. Lit. Gaz. Gem*: steal *altered to* steel W^1: steal *Galignani* 24 said] told *Gem* Rhyme W^3

Woodhouse re-wrote the last stanza as follows (W^3):

But in the Soul's December
The fancy backward strays,
And sadly doth remember
The hue of golden days:
In woe, the thought appalling
Of bliss—gone past recalling,
Brings o'er the heart a falling
Not to be told in rhyme.

(See Colvin, *Life*[3], pp. 159–60; Amy Lowell, i. 531–4.)

AH! KEN YE.— 3 craggis *L* 5 Ah *Buxton Forman*: A *L*

His long hair rustled like a flame
  On board a shallop.
Then came his brother Rab and then
  Young Peggy's Mither
And Peggy too—adown the glen
  They went togither—
I saw her wrappit in her hood
  Fra wind and raining—
Her cheek was flush wi' timid blood
  Twixt growth and waning—
She turn'd her dazed head full oft
  For there her Brithers
Came riding with her Bridegroom soft
  And mony ithers.
Young Tam came up an' eyed me quick
  With reddened cheek—
Braw Tam was daffed like a chick—
  He coud na speak—
Ah Marie they are all gane hame
  Through blustering weather
An every heart is full on flame
  An light as feather.
Ah! Marie they are all gone hame
  Fra happy wedding,
Whilst I—Ah is it not a shame?
  Sad tears am shedding.

AUTOGRAPH: *H.* (The lines are written, in Keats' neatest hand, at the top of a leaf on which, turning it upside-down, he afterwards wrote stanza 51 of *The Cap and Bells.*)

Undated.

THIS living hand, now warm and capable
Of earnest grasping, would, if it were cold
And in the icy silence of the tomb,
So haunt thy days and chill thy dreaming nights
That thou wouldst wish thine own heart dry of blood
So in my veins red life might stream again,
And thou be conscience-calm'd—see here it is—
I hold it towards you.

26/27 [There was a blush upon her] *L* 39 is [light on] full *L*

THIS LIVING HAND.— 5 would *H* hea[r]t *added above, before* own *H*

TRIVIA

AUTOGRAPH: in the possession of M. Buxton Forman.

Undated.

Printed here for the first time.

THEY weren fully glad of their gude hap
And tasten all the pleasaunces of joy.

AUTOGRAPH: Trinity College, Cambridge.

TRANSCRIPT: Letter of Henry Stephens to G. F. Mathew preserved in γ.

(The verses were written by Keats in Stephens' hospital lecture book The leaf on which they were written is now in Trinity College, Cambridge. The writing is in pencil, faint and minute, measuring about 2×4 cms. It is followed by a note: 'Given by the student in whose lecture book Keats wrote the lines to W. D——g of Manchester from whom we received it. J. B. W.' The fragment was lent by W. H. Doeg to H. Buxton Forman. It was subsequently acquired by the late Milner Gibson Cullum, who bequeathed it to Trinity College.)

Undated.

GIVE me women, wine and snuff
Until I cry out 'hold, enough!'
You may do so sans objection
Till the day of resurrection;
For bless my beard they aye shall be
My beloved Trinity.

AUTOGRAPH: *L* (21).

Dated: Letter postmarked 15 September 1817.

THE sun from meridian height
  Illumines the depth of the sea,
And the fishes beginning to sweat
  Cry 'Damn it, how hot we shall be!'

GIVE ME WOMEN.—*Title: wanting in MS.* 1 women *om. Stephens* 2 Untill *Trin.* 4 the] ye *Trin.* 5–6 *om. Stephens. The words* bless, they, beloved, *reported by Buxton Forman, can no longer be deciphered certainly*

LINES RHYMED IN A LETTER RECEIVED (by J. H. R.) FROM OXFORD

TRANSCRIPTS: W^1W^2 (= *l* 23).

Dated: No date in MSS.: Letter-date given in M. B. Forman as Sept. 1819.

I.

THE Gothic looks solemn,
The plain Doric column
Supports an old Bishop and Crosier;
The [illegible] arch,
Shaded o'er by a larch
Stands next door to Wilson the Hosier.

II.

Vice—that is, by turns,—
O'er pale visages mourns
The black tassell trencher or common hat;
The Chantry boy sings,
The Steeple-bell rings,
And as for the Chancellor—*dominat.*

III.

There are plenty of trees,
And plenty of ease,
And plenty of fat deer for Parsons;
And when it is venison,
Short is the benison,—
Then each on a leg or thigh fastens.

AUTOGRAPH. *L* (55). (I have kept the stanza-numbers as given by Keats.)

Dated: Letter postmarked 23 March 1818, but probably written 14 March.

I have enjoyed the most delightful Walks these three fine days, beautiful enough to make me content here all the summer, could I stay— Letter to B R Haydon

I.

FOR there's Bishop's teign
And King's teign
And Coomb at the clear teign head—
Where close by the stream
You may have your cream
All spread upon barley bread.

LINES RHYMED.—*Title: wanting in* W^2: Lines Rhymed in a letter received (by J. H. R.) from Oxford W^1 8 visages W^2: faces W^1 9 tassel W^1W^2 or W^2: and W^1

II.

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.

II.

There is Wild wood,
A Mild hood
To the sheep on the lea o' the down,
Where the golden furze,
With its green, thin spurs,
Doth catch at the maiden's gown.

There is Newton marsh
With its spear grass harsh—
A pleasant summer level
Where the maidens sweet
Of the Market Street,
Do meet in the dusk to revel.

III.

There's the Barton rich
With dyke and ditch
And hedge for the thrush to live in
And the hollow tree
For the buzzing bee
And a bank for the wasp to hive in.

IIII.

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

III.

Then who would go
Into dark Soho,

And chatter with dack'd-hair'd critics,
When he can stay
For the new-mown hay,
And startle the dappled Prickets?

A SONG ABOUT MYSELF

AUTOGRAPH: *L* (74).
Dated: Letter-date 2 July ⟨1818⟩.

THERE was a naughty Boy,
A naughty boy was he,
He would not stop at home,
He could not quiet be—
He took
In his Knapsack
A Book
Full of vowels
And a shirt
With some towels—
A slight cap
For night cap—
A hair brush,
Comb ditto,
New Stockings
For old ones
Would split O!
This Knapsack
Tight at's back
He rivetted close
And followéd his Nose
To the North,
To the North,
And follow'd his nose
To the North.

FOR THERE'S BISHOP'S TEIGN.— 39 dack'd-hair'd] dack'd hair'd *L*. *I am indebted to Mr. Maurice Buxton Forman for the following note: 'Taylor misread the word as* dark, *and F. W. Haydon followed suit. Frank Scott Haydon corrected it to* dack'd *in his copy of his brother's book.* dack'd *is connected with* dag, *i.e. the wool of a sheep clotted with dirt, in the neighbourhood of the tail.*'

There was a naughty boy
And a naughty boy was he,
For nothing would he do
But scribble poetry—
He took
An ink stand
In his hand
And a Pen
Big as ten
In the other.
And away
In a Pother
He ran
To the mountains
And fountains
And ghostes
And Postes
And witches
And ditches
And wrote
In his coat
When the weather
Was cool,
Fear of gout,
And without
When the we⟨a⟩ther
Was warm—
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!

There was a naughty boy
And a naughty boy was he,
He kept little fishes
In washing tubs three
In spite
Of the might

A Song.— 48 was [warm] cool *L* 52 was [cool] warm *L* 60 was] we *L*

Of the Maid
Nor affraid
Of his Granny-good—
He often would
Hurly burly
Get up early
And go
By hook or crook
To the brook
And bring home
Miller's thumb,
Tittlebat
Not over fat,
Minnows small
As the stall
Of a glove,
Not above
The size
Of a nice
Little Baby's
Little finger—
O he made
'Twas his trade
Of Fish a pretty Kettle
A Kettle—A Kettle
Of Fish a pretty Kettle
A Kettle!

There was a naughty Boy,
And a naughty Boy was he,
He ran away to Scotland
The people for to see—
There he found
That the ground
Was as hard,
That a yard
Was as long,
That a song
Was as merry,
That a cherry
Was as red—
That lead

Was as weighty,
That fourscore
Was as eighty,
That a door
Was as wooden
As in England—
So he stood in
His shoes and he wonder'd,
He wonder'd,
He stood in his
Shoes and he wonder'd.

AUTOGRAPH: *L* (78).
Dated: Letter-date 17 July ⟨1818⟩.

ALL gentle folk who owe a grudge
To any living thing
Open your ears and stay your trudge
Whilst I in dudgeon sing.

The gadfly he hath stung me sore—
O may he ne'er sting you!
But we have many a horrid bore
He may sting black and blue.

Has any here an old grey Mare
With three legs all her store,
O put it to her Buttocks bare
And straight she'll run on four.

Has any here a Lawyer suit
Of 17,43—
Take Lawyer's nose and put it to 't
And you the end will see.

Is there a Man in Parliament
Dumb founder'd in his speech,
O let his neighbour make a rent
And put one in his breech.

O Lowther how much better thou
Hadst figur'd t' other day
When to the folks thou mad'st a bow
And hadst no more to say

ALL GENTLE FOLKS.— 3 tudge *L* 18 Dum *L*

If lucky Gadfly had but ta'en
His seat upon thine A—e
And put thee to a little pain
To save thee from a worse.

Better than Southey it had been,
Better than Mr. D——,
Better than Wordsworth too, I ween,
Better than Mr. V——.

Forgive me pray good people all
For deviating so—
In spirit sure I had a call—
And now I on will go.

Has any here a daughter fair
Too fond of reading novels,
Too apt to fall in love with care
And charming Mister Lovels?

O put a Gadfly to that thing
She keeps so white and pert—
I mean the finger for the ring,
And it will breed a wort.

Has any here a pious spouse
Who seven times a day
Scolds as King David pray'd, to chouse
And have her holy way?

O let a Gadfly's little sting
Persuade her sacred tongue
That noises are a common thing
But that her bell has rung.

And as this is the summum bo-
Num of all conquering,
I leave withouten wordes mo
The Gadfly's little sting.

AUTOGRAPH: *L* (81).
Dated: Letter-date 3 Aug. ⟨1818⟩.

MRS. C.

UPON my life Sir Nevis I am pique'd
That I have so far panted tugg'd and reek'd
To do an honor to your old bald pate
And now am sitting on you just to bate,
Without your paying me one compliment.

Alas 'tis so with all, when our intent
Is plain, and in the eye of all Mankind
We fair ones show a preference, too blind!
You Gentleman immediat⟨e⟩ly turn tail—
O let me then my hapless fate bewail!
Ungrateful Baldpate, have I not disdain'd
The pleasant Valleys—have I not mad brain'd
Deserted all my Pickles and preserves,
My China closet too—with wretched Nerves
To boot—say, wretched ingrate, have I not
Left my soft cushion chair and caudle pot?
'Tis true I had no corns—no! thank the fates,
My Shoemaker was always Mr. Bates.
And if not Mr. Bates why I'm not old!
Still dumb, ungrateful Nevis—still so cold!

Here the Lady took some more whiskey and was putting even more to her lips when she dashed it to the Ground, for the Mountain began to grumble—which continued for a few Minutes before he thus began,

BEN NEVIS.

What whining bit of tongue and Mouth thus dares
Disturb my slumber of a thousand years?
Even so long my sleep has been secure—
And to be so awaked I'll not endure.
Oh pain—for since the Eagle's earliest scream
I've had a dam'd confounded ugly dream,
A Nightmare sure. What, Madam, was it you?
It cannot be! My old eyes are not true!
Red-Crag,[1] my Spectacles! Now let me see!
Good Heavens, Lady, how the gemini
Did you get here? O I shall split my Sides!
I shall earthquake——

MRS. C.

Sweet Nevis, do not quake, for though I love
Your honest Countenance all things above,
Truly I should not like to be convey'd
So far into your Bosom—gentle Maid
Loves not too rough a treatment, gentle Sir—

UPON MY LIFE.— 16 Let *L* 20*a* wiskey *L* 20*b* it *add. Buxton Forman* 22 Distur'd *L* 27 you *over* [true] *L* 34 You *L*

[1] A domestic of Ben's.

Pray thee be calm and do not quake nor stir,
No not a Stone, or I shall go in fits—

BEN NEVIS.

I must—I shall—I meet not such tit bits—
I meet not such sweet creatures every day—
By my old night-cap, night-cap night and day,
I must have one sweet Buss—I must and shall!
Red-Crag!—What, Madam, can you then repent
Of all the toil and vigour you have spent
To see Ben Nevis and to touch his nose?
Red-Crag, I say! O I must have you close!
Red-Crag, there lies beneath my farthest toe
A vein of Sulphur—go dear Red-Crag, go—
And rub your flinty back against it—budge!
Dear Madam, I must kiss you, faith I must!
I must Embrace you with my dearest gust!
Block-head,[1] d'ye hear—Block-head, I'll make her feel—
There lies beneath my east leg's northern heel
A cave of young earth-dragons—well, my boy,
Go thither quick and (so complete my joy)
Take you a bundle of the largest pines
And where the sun on fiercest Phosphor shines
Fire them and ram them in the Dragons' nest,
Then will the dragons fry and fizz their best
Until ten thousand now no bigger than
Poor Alligators—poor things of one span—
Will each one swell to twice ten times the size
Of northern whale—then for the tender prize—
The moment then—for then will Red-Crag rub
His flinty back—and I shall kiss and snub
And press my dainty morsel to my breast.
Block-head, make haste!
O Muses weep the rest—
The Lady fainted and he thought her dead
So pulled the clouds again about his head
And went to sleep again—soon she was rous'd
By her affrighted Servants—next day hous'd
Safe on the lowly ground she bless'd her fate
That fainting fit was not delayed too late.

50 *A line rhyming with this seems to be missing* 56 *I have supplied the parenthesis* 59 dragon's *L* 62 Aligators *L*

[1] Another domestic of Ben's.

AUTOGRAPH: *L* (123).
Dated: Letter-date 15 April 1819.

WHEN they were come into the Faery's Court
They rang—no one at home—all gone to sport
And dance and kiss and love as faeries do
For Faeries be as humans, lovers true—
Amid the woods they were, so lone and wild,
Where even the Robin feels himself exil'd
And where the very brooks as if afraid
Hurry along to some less magic shade.
'No one at home!' the fretful princess cry'd
'And all for nothing such a dreary ride,
And all for nothing my new diamond cross,
No one to see my Persian feathers toss,
No one to see my Ape, my Dwarf, my Fool,
Or how I pace my Otahaietan mule.
Ape, Dwarf and Fool, why stand you gaping there?
Burst the door open, quick—or I declare
I'll switch you soundly and in pieces tear.'
The Dwarf began to tremble and the Ape
Star'd at the Fool, the Fool was all agape,
The Princess grasp'd her switch, but just in time
The dwarf with piteous face began to rhyme.
'O mighty Princess, did you ne'er hear tell
What your poor servants know but too too well?
Know you the three great crimes in faery land?
The first, alas! poor Dwarf, I understand—
I made a whipstock of a faery's wand—
The next is snoring in their company—
The next, the last, the direst of the three
Is making free when they are not at home.
I was a Prince—a baby prince—my doom
You see, I made a whipstock of a wand—
My top has henceforth slept in faery land.
He was a Prince, the Fool, a grown up Prince,
But he has never been a King's son since
He fell a-snoring at a faery Ball—
Your poor Ape was a Prince, and he, poor thing,
Picklock'd a faery's boudoir—now no king,
But ape—so pray your highness stay awhile;

WHEN THEY WERE COME.— 3 faerys *L* 4 Faries *L, and so at* 62
7 affraid *L* 10 drery *L* 22 ne[v]'er *L* 37 boudour *L*

'Tis sooth indeed, we know it to our sorrow—
Persist and *you* may be an ape tomorrow'—
While the Dwarf spake the Princess all for spite
Peel'd the brown hazel twig to lilly white,
Clench'd her small teeth, and held her lips apart,
Try'd to look unconcern'd with beating heart.
They saw her highness had made up her mind
Quavering like the reeds before the wind,
And they had had it, but, O happy chance!
The Ape for very fear began to dance
And grin'd as all his ugliness did ache—
She staid her vixen fingers for his sake,
He was so very ugly: then she took
Her pocket mirror and began to look
First at herself and then at him and then
She smil'd at her own beauteous face again.
Yet for all this—for all her pretty face
She took it in her head to see the place.
Women gain little from experience
Either in Lovers, husbands or expence.
'The more the beauty, the more fortune too:
Beauty before the wide world never knew'—
So each Fair reasons, tho' it oft miscarries.
She thought *her* pretty face would please the faeries,
'My darling Ape I won't whip you today—
Give me the Picklock, sirrah, and go play.'
They all three wept—but counsel was as vain
As crying 'C'up, biddy' to drops of rain.
Yet lingeringly did the sad Ape forth draw
The Picklock from the Pocket in his Jaw.
The Princess took it and dismounting straight
Trip'd in blue silver'd slippers to the gate
And touch'd the wards, the Door full courteously
Opened—she enter'd with her servants three.
Again it clos'd and there was nothing seen
But the Mule grazing on the herbage green.

End of Canto xii

42 Peal'd *L* 46 [They quaver'd And quaver'd And] quavering *L* 52 pocket [glass] mirror *L* 53 *The first* then *add. Buxton Forman* 59–60 *No inverted commas, and no dash after* know *in* 60, *L* 66 crying 'C'up, biddy' to] crying cup biddy to *L* (*Dr. Onions, in a letter to me, says: 'the rustic call probably to hens and chicken'; and I have corrected L accordingly*) 71 Door [opes] full couteouly *L* 74 grasing *L*

Canto the xiii

The Mule no sooner saw himself alone
Than he prick'd up his Ears—and said 'well done!
At least, unhappy Prince, I may be free—
No more a Princess shall side-saddle me.
O King of Otahaietè—tho' a Mule
"Aye every inch a King"—tho' "Fortune's fool"—
Well done—for by what Mr Dwarfy said
I would not give a sixpence for her head.'
Even as he spake he trotted in high glee
To the knotty side of an old Pollard tree
And rub'd his sides against the mossed bark
Till his Girths burst and left him naked stark
Except his Bridle—how get rid of that,
Buckled and tied with many a twist and plait?
At last it struck him to pretend to sleep
And then the thievish Monkies down would creep
And filch the unpleasant trammels quite away.
No sooner thought of than adown he lay,
Shamm'd a good snore—the Monkey-men descended
And whom they thought to injure they befriended.
They hung his Bridle on a topmost bough
And off he went, run, trot, or any how.

AUTOGRAPH: *L* (122).
Dated: Letter-date wanting (? 17 April 1819 M. B. Forman).

Two or three Posies
With two or three simples—
Two or three Noses
With two or three pimples—
Two or three wise men
And two or three ninny's—
Two or three purses
And two or three guineas—
Two or three raps
At two or three doors—
Two or three naps
Of two or three hours—
Two or three Cats

76 prick *L* 79 Othaiete *L* 85 rub *L* 93 Sham'd *L* 96 And of *L*
TWO OR THREE POSIES.— 4, 23 thee *L*

And two or three mice—
Two or three sprats
At a very great price—
Two or three sandies
And two or three tabbies—
Two or three dandies
And two Mrs ——— mum!
Two or three Smiles
And two or three frowns—
Two or three Miles
To two or three towns—
Two or three pegs
For two or three bonnets—
Two or three dove eggs
To hatch into sonnets.

ACROSTIC

OF MY SISTER'S NAME

AUTOGRAPH: *L* (72), *L* (156); and MS. owned by J. G. Speed.

Dated: Foot of Helvellyn June 27 ⟨1819⟩ *156 Speed*: June 27 ⟨1818⟩ *72*.

GIVE me your patience Sister while I frame
Exact in Capitals your golden name
Or sue the fair Apollo and he will
Rouse from his heavy slumber and instill
Great love in me for thee and Poesy.
Imagine not that greatest mastery
And Kingdom over all the Realms of verse
Nears more to Heaven in aught than when we nurse
And surety give to love and Brotherhood.

Anthropophagi in Othello's mood;
Ulysses stormed, and his enchanted belt
Glowed with the Muse, but they are never felt
Unbosom'd so and so eternal made,
Such tender incense in their Laurel shade,
To all the regent sisters of the Nine
As this poor offering to you, sister mine.

20 Mrs. ⟨Abbeys⟩, *obviously*

ACROSTIC.— 2 Exact in capitals *156*: Enitials verse-wise *72* 4 heavy slumber *156*: slumber heavy *72* 9 And surety give to *over* [In its vast safety] *72* 10 Anthropopagi *72, 156, Speed* Othelo's *156* 11/12 [By the sweet Muse are never never felt] *72* 12 Glowed *M. B. Forman*: Glow *72, 156, Speed* 14 tender *156*: selfsame *72* 16 to thee *72*

Kind sister! aye, this third name says you are;
Enchanted has it been the Lord knows where.
And may it taste to you like good old wine,
Take you to real happiness and give
Sons, daughters and a home like honied hive.

AUTOGRAPH: *L* (156).
Dated: Letter-date 'Sept^{r} Friday' (17 Sept. 1819 M. B. Forman).
Printed in New York *World*, 25 June 1877.

PENSIVE they sit, and roll their languid eyes,
Nibble their toasts and cool their tea with sighs;
Or else forget the purpose of the night,
Forget their tea, forget their appetite.
See, with cross'd arms they sit—Ah! hapless crew,
The fire is going out and no one rings
For coals, and therefore no coals Betty brings.
A fly is in the milk-pot. Must he die
Circled by a humane Society?
No, no; there, Mr. Werter takes his spoon,
Inverts it, dips the handle, and lo! soon
The little struggler, sav'd from perils dark,
Across the teaboard draws a long wet mark.

Romeo! Arise! take snuffers by the handle,
There's a large cauliflower in each candle.
A winding sheet—ah, me! I must away
To No. 7, just beyond the Circus gay.
'Alas, my friend, your coat sits very well;
Where may your Tailor live?' 'I may not tell—
O pardon me—I'm absent: now and then.
Where *might* my Tailor live? I say again
I cannot tell, let me no more be teas'd;
He lives in Wapping, *might* live where he pleas'd'.

18 Enchanted *156*: Entranced *72* 19 And *156*: Ah! *72*

PENSIVE THEY SIT.— 2 tosts *L* 5 hapless *L*: happy *World* 9 Circled *om. World* 11 Inverts *L*: Inserts *World* 12 littler *World* struggler *L*: straggler *World* 14 Romeo *om. World* 19, 21 Taylor *L*

AUTOGRAPH: *C.*

First printed by J. Middleton Murry, *The Poems and Verses of John Keats*, 1930.

O GRANT that like to Peter I
May like to Peter B,
And tell me, lovely Jesus, Y
This Peter went to C.

O grant that like to Peter I
May like to Peter B,
And tell me, lovely Jesus, Y
Old Jonah went to C.

AUTOGRAPH: Wisbech Museum.

Printed here for the first time.

I AM as brisk
As a bottle of Wisk-
Ey and as nimble
As a Milliner's thimble.

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