LIBRARY

OF THE

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY
JOHN HEATS

DIED AT ROME IN 1821 AGED 25.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME II.

Lamia, Isabella, &c. [published in 1820] ......................................................... 2
Editor's Note before Lamia, Isabella, &c. ......................................................... 2
Advertisement... ........................................... 5
Contents ......................................................... 7
Editor's Note before Lamia... ......................................................... 10
Lamia. Part I ......................................................... 11
Lamia. Part II ......................................................... 27
Editor's Note before Isabella ......................................................... 43
Isabella; or, the Pot of Basil. A Story from Boccaccio 45
Editor's Note before The Eve of St. Agnes ......................................................... 69
The Eve of St. Agnes ......................................................... 71
Ode to a Nightingale ......................................................... 109
Ode on a Grecian Urn ......................................................... 115
Ode to Psyche ......................................................... 119
Fancy ......................................................... 122
Ode ["Bards of Passion and of Mirth"] ......................................................... 127
Lines on the Mermaid Tavern ......................................................... 130
Robin Hood. To a Friend... ......................................................... 132
To Autumn ......................................................... 137
Ode on Melancholy ......................................................... 139
Editor's Note before Hyperion ......................................................... 143
Hyperion. Book I ......................................................... 145
Hyperion. Book II ......................................................... 159
Hyperion. Book III ......................................................... 173
Hyperion, a Vision: the First Version of the Poem ......................................................... 180
Editor's Note before Hyperion, a Vision ......................................................... 181
Hyperion, a Vision. Canto I ......................................................... 195
Hyperion, a Vision. Canto II ......................................................... 186
Posthumous and Fugitive Poems ......................................................... 200
Editor's Note before the Posthumous and Fugitive Poems ......................................................... 201
On Death ......................................................... 201
Sonnets to Byron ......................................................... 202
Sonnets to Chatterton... ......................................................... 203
Sonnets to Spenser ......................................................... 204
Ode to Apollo... ......................................................... 205
Hymn to Apollo ......................................................... 208
### CONTENTS.

Posthumous and Fugitive Poems—continued

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sonnet [&quot;As from the darkening gloom&quot;]</td>
<td>210</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stanzas to Miss Wylie</td>
<td>211</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonnet [&quot;Oh how I love, on a fair summer's eve&quot;]</td>
<td>213</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonnet to a Young Lady who sent me a Laurel Crown</td>
<td>214</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonnet written in Disgust of Vulgar Superstition</td>
<td>215</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonnet [&quot;After dark vapors have oppress'd our plains&quot;]</td>
<td>216</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonnet written on a Blank Space at the end of Chaucer's Tale of The Floure and the Lefe</td>
<td>217</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonnet to Haydon with the following</td>
<td>219</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonnet on seeing the Elgin Marbles</td>
<td>220</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonnet on a Picture of Leander</td>
<td>221</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To —— [&quot;Think not of it, sweet one, so; —&quot;]</td>
<td>223</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lines [&quot;Unfelt, unheard, unseen,&quot;]</td>
<td>226</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonnet on the Sea</td>
<td>228</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonnet on Leigh Hunt's Poem The Story of Rimini</td>
<td>229</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fragment [&quot;Where's the Poet?&quot;]</td>
<td>230</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fragment : Modern Love</td>
<td>231</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fragment of The Castle Builder</td>
<td>232</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fragment [&quot;Welcome joy, and welcome sorrow,&quot;]</td>
<td>234</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonnet [&quot;When I have fears that I may cease to be&quot;]</td>
<td>236</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonnet to Homer</td>
<td>237</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Draught of Sunshine [&quot;Hence Burgundy, Claret, and Port,&quot;]</td>
<td>239</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Faery Song [&quot;Shed no tear—O shed no tear!&quot;]</td>
<td>241</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Faery Song [&quot;Ah! woe is me! poor silver-wing!&quot;]</td>
<td>242</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song [&quot;Spirit here that reignest!&quot;]</td>
<td>243</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stanzas [&quot;In a drear-nighted December,&quot;]</td>
<td>245</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonnet. The Human Seasons</td>
<td>247</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lines on seeing a Lock of Milton's Hair</td>
<td>249</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonnet on sitting down to read King Lear once again</td>
<td>252</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonnet to the Nile</td>
<td>254</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What the Thrush said: Lines from a Letter to John Hamilton Reynolds</td>
<td>255</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonnet [&quot;Blue! 'Tis the life of heaven,—&quot;]</td>
<td>257</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonnet to John Hamilton Reynolds</td>
<td>259</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Devon Maid: Stanzas sent in a Letter to B. R. Haydon</td>
<td>264</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Epistle to John Hamilton Reynolds</td>
<td>266</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dawlish Fair</td>
<td>271</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fragment of an Ode to Maia, written on May Day 1818</td>
<td>272</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
**CONTENTS.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Posthumous and Fugitive Poems—continued</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song [&quot;Hush, hush! tread softly!&quot;]</td>
<td>273</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Extracts from an Opera</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;O! were I one of the Olympian twelve,&quot;</td>
<td>275</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Daisy's Song</td>
<td>275</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Folly's Song</td>
<td>276</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song [&quot;The Stranger lighted from his steed&quot;]</td>
<td>277</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Asleep! O sleep a little while, white pearl!&quot;</td>
<td>278</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sharing Eve's Apple</td>
<td>279</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song [&quot;I had a dove and the sweet dove died;&quot;]</td>
<td>281</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonnet to a Lady seen for a few Moments at Vauxhall</td>
<td>282</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Acrostic: Georgiana Augusta Keats</td>
<td>283</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonnet on visiting the Tomb of Burns</td>
<td>285</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meg Merrilies</td>
<td>287</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Song about Myself</td>
<td>290</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonnet to Ailsa Rock</td>
<td>295</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonnet written in the Cottage where Burns was born</td>
<td>297</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lines written in the Highlands after a visit to Burns's Country</td>
<td>299</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Gadfly</td>
<td>303</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonnet on hearing the Bag-pipe and seeing The Stranger played at Inverary</td>
<td>307</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Staffa</td>
<td>309</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonnet written upon the Top of Ben Nevis</td>
<td>312</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Prophecy: to George Keats in America</td>
<td>314</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Translation from a Sonnet of Ronsard</td>
<td>317</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spenserian Stanza written at the Close of Canto II, Book V, of The Faerie Queene</td>
<td>319</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Eve of Saint Mark: a Fragment</td>
<td>320</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ode to Fanny</td>
<td>326</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ode on Indolence</td>
<td>329</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonnet [&quot;Why did I laugh to-night?&quot;]</td>
<td>333</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonnet: a Dream, after reading Dante's Episode of Paulo and Francesca</td>
<td>334</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spenserian Stanzas on Charles Armitage Brown</td>
<td>337</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonnet [&quot;If by dull rhymes&quot;]</td>
<td>339</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song of Four Faeries</td>
<td>349</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two Sonnets on Fame</td>
<td>345</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonnet to Sleep</td>
<td>347</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Party of Lovers</td>
<td>349</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonnet [&quot;The day is gone&quot;]</td>
<td>351</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lines to Fanny</td>
<td>352</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonnet to Fanny</td>
<td>355</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
CONTENTS.

Posthumous and Fugitive Poems—continued

Sonnet to George Keats: written in Sickness ... ... 356
La Belle Dame sans Merci ... ... ... 357
Sonnet written on a Blank Page of Shakespeare's Poems, facing A Lover's Complaint ... ... 361

Otho the Great: a Tragedy, in Five Acts
Editor's Note before Otho the Great ... ... 364
Dramatis Personae ... ... ... ... 366
Act I ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 367
Act II ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 391
Act III ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 408
Act IV ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 428
Act V ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 447

King Stephen: a Dramatic Fragment
Editor's Note before King Stephen ... ... 474
King Stephen ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 475

The Cap and Bells; or, The Jealousies. a Faery Tale—unfinished
Editor's Note before the Cap and Bells ... ... 488
The Cap and Bells ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 489

Appendix to Volume II

I. Review by Leigh Hunt of Lamia, Isabella &c. ... ... 525
II. Later Remarks on Keats by Leigh Hunt ... ... 542
III. Boccaccio's Story of Isabella, in English by John Payne ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 547
IV. The "sad ditty" born of the Story of Isabella ... ... 552
V. Extract from Clarke's Riches of Chaucer as to the composition of the Sonnet on The Floure and the Lefe ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 558
VI. John Hamilton Reynolds's "Robin Hood Sonnets" 560
VII. Letter from Benjamin Robert Haydon concerning the Sonnets on the Elgin Marbles ... ... 562
VIII. Sonnets from Leigh Hunt's Foliage—Milton's Hair 563
IX. The Nile Sonnets of Leigh Hunt and Shelley 566
X. Sonnet on Dark Eyes by John Hamilton Reynolds 568
XI. Sonnet by Ronsard ... ... ... ... ... 569
XII. La Belle Dame Sans Mercy: a paper by Leigh Hunt, from The Indicator ... ... ... 570

ILLUSTRATIONS TO VOLUME II.

Portrait of Keats: engraved by C. Wass from a chalk drawing by William Hilton R.A. ... ... Frontispiece
Fac-simile of Keats's last Sonnet by G. F. Tupper ... ... 361
LAMIA, ISABELLA,

&c.
[Keats's third and last book, issued in the summer of 1820, is a
duodecimo, put up in stout drab boards similar to those of Endymion, with a back label Lamia, Isabella, &c. 7s. 6d. It consists of
gfly-title as on recto of this leaf, with imprint on verso, "LONDON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS," title-page, Ad
vertisement, and Contents, as given opposite, and pages 1 to 199
including the fly-titles to Lamia, Isabella, The Eve of St. Agnes,
the miscellaneous Poems, and Hyperion, all as reproduced in the
following pages. There are head-lines in Roman capitals running
throughout each section, recto and verso alike, (1) Lamia, (2)
Isabella, (3) Eve of St. Agnes, (4) Poems, and (5) Hyperion. The
pages are numbered in the usual way with Arabic figures; and in
Lamia and Hyperion the Parts and Books are marked at the inner
side of the head-line in smaller Roman capitals. On the verso of
page 199, the imprint of Davison is repeated; and there are eight
pages of Taylor and Hessey's advertisements, beginning with one of
Endymion. Leigh Hunt's review of this volume filled The Indica
tor for the 2nd and 9th of August, 1820, and is reprinted as an
Appendix in this edition of Keats's Works. A large part of the
contents of the volume still exists in manuscript. Each manuscript
that I have seen will be found referred to in its place.—H. B. F.]
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.
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.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Poem</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Lamia</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Isabella</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Eve of St. Agnes</td>
<td>71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ode to a Nightingale</td>
<td>109</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ode on a Grecian Urn</td>
<td>115</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ode to Psyche</td>
<td>119</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fancy</td>
<td>122</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ode</td>
<td>127</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lines on the Mermaid Tavern</td>
<td>130</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robin Hood</td>
<td>132</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Autumn</td>
<td>137</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ode on Melancholy</td>
<td>139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hyperion, a Fragment</td>
<td>145</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
[On the 12th of July 1819 Keats wrote to Reynolds that he had "proceeded pretty well with 'Lamia', finishing the first part, which consists of about four hundred lines." He adds, "I have great hopes of success, because I make use of my judgment more deliberately than I yet have done; but in case of failure with the world, I shall find my content." Lord Houghton records, on the authority of Charles Armitage Brown, that Lamia "had been in hand some time", and that Keats wrote it "with great care, after much study of Dryden's versification." In August Keats wrote to Baily from Winchester mentioning the "half-finished" Lamia among recent work. On the 5th of September 1819 he wrote to Taylor that he had finished Lamia since finishing "the tragedy" (Otho the Great). The manuscript of Lamia consists of twenty-six leaves, foolscap folio, generally written upon one side only. It is a carefully written manuscript, finally revised for the press, and shows unmistakeable evidence of having been used for printer's copy. The extract from Burton does not figure in it; but there is the following foot-note on page 1:—"The ground work of this story will be found in Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy' Part 3. Sect. 3. Memb. 1st. Subs. 1st."—H. B. F.]
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.

(4) The manuscript shows a cancelled reading, *sandals* for mantle.
(15) Cancelled manuscript reading, *And at whose feet.*
LAMIA.

PART I.

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 lilly clear,
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;
Strip’d like a zebra, freckled like a pard,
Ey’d 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 penanc’d 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?
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.

(48) Originally, Cerulean-spotted. Hunt says of this passage
(see Appendix)—‘The admiration, pity, and horror, to be excited
by humanity in a brute shape, were never perhaps called upon by a
greater mixture of beauty and deformity than in the picture of this
creature. Our pity and suspicions are begged by the first word:
the profuse and vital beauties with which she is covered seem pro­
tioned to her misery and natural rights; and lest we should lose
sight of them in this gorgeousness, the ‘woman’s mouth’ fills us at
once with shuddering and compassion.’

(69) The manuscript reads silver for splendid.
"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, rob'd in purple flakes,
"Break amorous through the clouds, as morning breaks,
"And, swiftly as a bright Phoeban 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;

(78) In the manuscript—
And, swiftly as a mission'd phoeban dart,
a reading which shifts the accent from the second to the first syllable of the word Phoeban.
(93) Cancelled manuscript reading, Superb of heart!
"From weary tendrils, and bow'd branches green,
"She plucks the fruit unseen, she bathes unseen:
"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 weird 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
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,

(123) The manuscript reads sunk for sank.
(132) The manuscript reads langrous arm.
(142) Cancelled manuscript reading, And she like flowers...
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 155
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 165
Melted and disappear'd as suddenly;
And in the air, her new voice luting soft,
Cry'd, "Lycius! gentle Lycius!"—Borne aloft
With the bright mists about the mountains hoar
These words dissolv'd: Crete's forests heard no more. 170

Whither fled Lamia, now a lady bright,
A full-born beauty new and exquisite?

(155) The manuscript reads *vulcanian*, the first edition *volcanian*. It seems to me more likely that the manuscript accords with the poet's intention than that the printed text does, for this old orthography is the more characteristic of the vocabulary of this particular poem, as introducing the more conspicuously the mythic personal origin of the common noun *volcano* or *vulcano*.

(167-8) The manuscript reads—

And her new voice, softluting in the air
Cried "Lycius! gentle Lycius, where, ah where!"

(171-2) In the manuscript, according to a good practical method Keats had in such cases, the note of interrogation is after *Lamia*, and a full-stop at *exquisite*. 
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

(173-4) The manuscript reads
She fled into that valley they must pass
Who go from Corinth out to Cencreas,
another instance of change for the sake of altering the accent.
There is yet another instance in line 176, which stands thus in the manuscript—
The rugged paps of little Perea's rills,
though here there is an additional and perhaps stronger reason for the change.
(182) See note to Endymion, Book I, line 248.
(185) The manuscript has three lines in place of this one—
Ah! never heard of, delight never known
Save of one happy mortal! only one,—
Lycius the happy: for she was a Maid...
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 faerily
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,
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
Malciber'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 fareth,
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
Follow'd his steps, and her neck regal white
Turn'd—yllabling 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,

(225) Originally, In harbour Cencreas, altered with the same result as regards the accent as in line 174.
(236) The manuscript reads platonian shades
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 should'st fade
"Thy memory will waste me to a shade:
"For pity do not melt!"—"If I should stay,"

(260) After this line, the manuscript has an additional one, an
Alexandrine—

Thou to Elysium gone, here for the vultures I.

The suppositions of Lycius as to who the fair apparition may be
recall curiously the surmises of Endymion concerning his mistress's
identity. See Book II, lines 689-96.

(270) Thy memory, the reading of the first edition, is also the
original reading of the manuscript, where however the words are
altered to Their memories.
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? 275
" Thou canst not ask me with thee here to roam
" Over these hills and vales, where no joy is,—
" Empty of immortality and bliss!
" Thou art a scholar, Lycius, and must know
" That finer spirits cannot breathe below 280
" 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 286
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 290
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.

(272) In the manuscript the word here does not occur in this line.
(287) Alternative readings of the manuscript, Tiptoe with white spread arms, and On tiptoe with white arms.
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
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 Faeries, 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.

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
Flar'd, here and there, from wealthy festivals,

(349) Cancelled manuscript reading, never car'd to know.
And threw their moving shadows on the walls,
Or found them cluster'd in the cornic'd 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 rob'd 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 reply'd,
"'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 arriv'd before
A pillar'd porch, with lofty portal door,
Where hung a silver lamp, whose phosphor glow

---

(363) The manuscript reads—
And pressing hard her fingers, one came near...

(371) The manuscript has pray who instead of tell me who.

(373) In the manuscript, why did you so blind...

(377) The closing inverted commas, wanting in the first edition, appear in the manuscript.

(378) The manuscript reads—
A royal-squared lofty portal door.
Reflected in the slabbed steps below,
Mild as a star in water; for so new,
And so unsullied was the marble's hue,
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 befell,
'Twould humour many a heart to leave them us,
Shut from the busy world of more incredulous.

(383) This line was originally written thus—
And so unsullied was the marble's hue,
and afterwards altered to
And so unsullied did the marble shew,
but either Keats or his publisher gave the preference to the first
reading, which however appeared in the first edition with a blemish:
the apostrophe and s taken out for the sake of the second reading
were not put in again in reverting to the first.

(386) The manuscript reads Æolian; the first edition Æolian.

(393) Originally written—
Who watch'd to maze them home to their house:
but altered to—
Were foil'd, Who watch'd to maze them to their house:
and left standing so in the manuscript.

(396) In the manuscript, close stands cancelled at the end of this
line, leave them thus being substituted.
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:
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
Of something more, more than her empery
Of joys; and she began to moan and sigh
Because he mus'd 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: aye, 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!

(45) In the manuscript, this speech has another couplet—
Too fond was I believing, fancy fed
In high deliriums, and blossoms never shed!
"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?
"Aye, 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,
"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.

(49) Keats adopted here, in the manuscript, a pointing noticed before: he placed the note of interrogation at the end of this line, a semi-colon at the end of line 51, and a full-stop at the end of line 54. The pointing of the text is from the first edition.

(53) In the manuscript—

Thy soul in mine, and labyrinth thee there...

(67) Cancelled manuscript reading, at his purpose for at his words.
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,

(81) In the manuscript, in place of lines 82 to 105, the following were originally written:

Became herself a flame—'twas worth an age
Of minor joys to revel in such rage.
She was persuaded, and she fixt the hour
When he should make a Bride of his fair Paramour.
After the hottest day 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
"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?
"Fit 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
"Intreat your many guests." Then all was wist
She fell asleep, and Lycius to the Shade
Of deep sleep in a moment was betray'd.

Before this was all struck out and remodelled according to the text, Keats cancelled from as you list, and wrote in

no not one;
My presence in wide Corinth is unknown;
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:
"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,

and the next six lines as in the text, adding—

With any pleasure on me, summon not
Old Apollonius. Lycius ignorant what
Strange thought had led her to an end so blank,

and so on as in the text, lines 103-5.

(83) In the rewritten version there is the cancelled reading—

When he should to the bridal lead his Paramour.

(89-90) In writing these two lines the second time, Keats inserted the word silver before appellation, and put kinsfolks again.

(101) Cancelled manuscript reading, from his eye in place of from him.
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 honor of the bride:
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

(112) Cancelled manuscript reading, being for was.
(121) Cancelled manuscript reading, high-lamp'd for glowing.
(122-4) Hunt notes (see Appendix)—"This is the very quintessence of the romantic."
There ran a stream of lamps straight on from wall to wall.
So canopy'd, lay an untasted feast
Teeming with odours. Lamia, regal drest,
Silently pac'd 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,
And enter'd marveling: for they knew the street,
Remember'd it from childhood all complete

(133) Cancelled manuscript readings, *Teeming a perfume*, and *Teeming wing'd odours.*
(138) Rejected reading, *swainscoated* for *marbled plain.*
(146) In the manuscript the words *came soon* are struck out in favour of *appear'd.*
(150) The manuscript reads *The Herd arriv'd,* the word *arriv'd* being substituted for *came, and.*
(152) Cancelled manuscript reading, *wondering* for *marveling.*
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,
"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,

(163-72) This passage was an afterthought. The line following
162 in the manuscript in the first instance was
Of wealthy Lustre was the Banquet room,
but this is cancelled, and lines 163-72 are interpolated, first on the
back of the preceding page of the manuscript, and then rewritten
on a separate leaf.
(174) Cancelled reading—
Fill'd with light, music, jewels, gold, perfume.
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 spherical tables, by silk seats inspher'd,
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 plac'd
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

(177) The manuscript has slender in lieu of sacred, and in the next line tripble instead of slender.
(203) Cancelled reading, Sicilian vintage.
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?  
There was an awful rainbow once in heaven:  

(218-19) Cancelled reading—  
High as the handles heap'd, of every sort  
Of fragrant wreath, that each as he did please...  
(226) In the manuscript, Thyrsis.  
(231) In the Autobiography of Haydon, as edited by the late Mr.
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;

Tom Taylor, we read at page 354 of Volume I (edition of 1853) that
Keats and Lamb, at one of the meetings at Haydon's house, agreed
that Newton "had destroyed all the poetry of the rainbow, by redu-
cing it to the prismatic colours". This meeting was what Haydon
calls "the immortal dinner" of the 28th of December 1817; so that
the idea appears to have persisted in Keats's mind.
(237) Cancelled readings, Destroy for Unweave, and once for
erewhile.
(239) The manuscript reads By whom.
(243) Cancelled reading, ensure for beseech.
(246-7) The manuscript reads—
Had got his eye, without a twinkle or stir,
Fix'd on the alarmed Beauty of his Bride.
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 cry'd—and no soft-ton'd 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,
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 cry'd, gazing again
In the bride's face, where now no azure vein
Wander'd on fair-spac'd 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,

(254-5) In the manuscript,
Wherefore dost so start?
Dost know that Man?
(260) Cancelled reading, is for was.
"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, 285
"Unlawful magic, and enticing lies.
"Corinthians! look upon that grey-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?"
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!

(293-4) In the manuscript—
From Lycius answer'd, as he sunk supine
Upon the couch where Lamia's beauties pine.

(296) In the manuscript—
"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!"

(302) Cancelled reading, motion for meaning.
“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.

(311) The following extract is appended in Keats’s edition as a note to the last line of Lamia:

“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.”

ISABELLA;

OR,

THE POT OF BASIL.

A STORY FROM BOCCACCIO.
[In a letter to Reynolds dated the 27th of April 1818, Keats says, “I have written for my folio Shakspeare, in which there are the first few stanzas of my ‘Pot of Basil.’ I have the rest here, finished, and will copy the whole out fair shortly, and George will bring it you. The compliment is paid by us to Boccace, whether we publish or no…” The folio Shakspeare, now in Sir Charles Dilke’s hands, contains no stanzas of Isabella, so it is to be presumed they were only loose in the book. Again on the 3rd of May 1818, Keats writes to Reynolds, “I have written to George for the first stanzas of my ‘Isabel’. I shall have them soon, and will copy the whole out for you.” And, in a letter to Bailey dated the 10th of June, he says, “I want to read you my ‘Pot of Basil’.” This all points to the recent completion of the poem; and Lord Houghton records on the authority of Brown that it was only just completed when the friends started on their Scotch tour in June. On the 14th of February 1819, he promised to send the poem out to his brother George, with other recent work. It is necessary to be particular about this point, because Leigh Hunt when reviewing Lamia, Isabella, &c., made the unaccountable statement (see Appendix) that the poems in this volume “were almost all written four years ago, when the author was but twenty.” The allusion to Boccaccio, Lord Houghton explains by telling us that Keats and Reynolds projected a volume of tales versified from the same author. Two by Reynolds were published in The Garden of Florence, &c. (1821). In view of the unachieved scheme of joint authorship, the following sentences from the Preface to Reynolds’s volume should stand associated with Isabella:—

“The stories from Boccacio (The Garden of Florence, and The Ladye of Provence) were to have been associated with tales from the same source, intended to have been written by a friend;—but illness on his part, and distracting engagements on mine, prevented us from accomplishing our plan at the time; and Death now, to my deep sorrow, has frustrated it for ever! He, who is gone, was one of the very kindest friends I possessed, and yet he was not kinder perhaps to me, than to others. His intense mind and powerful feeling would, I truly believe, have done the world some service, had his life been spared—but he was of too sensitive a nature—and thus he was destroyed! One story he completed, and that is to me now the most pathetic poem in existence!”

It is likely enough that Keats copied out Isabella as he intended, for the friend who wrote this about it after all was over. But as yet I have not succeeded in tracing any complete manuscript of the poem. Mr. R. A. Potts possesses what would seem to be two fragments of the original draft. This manuscript is of Stanzas XXX
to XL, exclusive of Stanza XXXII; two leaves, one shorter than the other by the length of a stanza, written upon both sides of the paper, and probably having lost stanza XXXII with stanza XXIX at the back of it by a stroke of those generous scissors wherewith manuscripts of Keats were distributed by Severn, formerly the owner of these fragments. The variations shown by them are noted in the following pages.—H. B. F.]
ISABELLA;

or,

THE POT OF BASIL.

I.

FAIR Isabel, poor simple Isabel!
Lorenzo, a young palmer in Love’s eye!
They could not in the self-same mansion dwell
Without some stir of heart, some malady;
They could not sit at meals but feel how well
It soothed each to be the other by;
They could not, sure, beneath the same roof sleep
But to each other dream, and nightly weep.

II.

With every morn their love grew tenderer,
With every eve deeper and tenderer still;
He might not in house, field, or garden stir,
But her full shape would all his seeing fill;
And his continual voice was pleasanter
To her, than noise of trees or hidden rill;
Her lute-string gave an echo of his name,
She spoilt her half-done broidery with the same.
III.
He knew whose gentle hand was at the latch,
Before the door had given her to his eyes;
And from her chamber-window he would catch
Her beauty farther than the falcon spies;
And constant as her vespers would he watch,
Because her face was turn'd to the same skies;
And with sick longing all the night outwear,
To hear her morning-step upon the stair.

IV.
A whole long month of May in this sad plight
Made their cheeks paler by the break of June:
"To-morrow will I bow to my delight,
"To-morrow will I ask my lady's boon."—
"O may I never see another night,
"Lorenzo, if thy lips breathe not love's tune."—
So spake they to their pillows; but, alas,
Honeyless days and days did he let pass;

V.
Until sweet Isabella's untouch'd cheek
Fell sick within the rose's just domain,
Fell thin as a young mother's, who doth seek
By every lull to cool her infant's pain:
"How ill she is," said he, "I may not speak,
"And yet I will, and tell my love all plain:
"If looks speak love-laws, I will drink her tears,
"And at the least 'twill startle off her cares."

VI.
So said he one fair morning, and all day
His heart beat awfully against his side;
And to his heart he inwardly did pray
For power to speak; but still the ruddy tide
Stifled his voice, and puls'd resolve away—
Fever'd his high conceit of such a bride,
Yet brought him to the meekness of a child:
Alas! when passion is both meek and wild!

VII.
So once more he had wak'd and anguished
A dreary night of love and misery,
If Isabel's quick eye had not been wed
To every symbol on his forehead high;
She saw it waxing very pale and dead,
And straight all flush'd; so, lisped tenderly,
"Lorenzo!"—here she ceas'd her timid quest,
But in her tone and look he read the rest.

VIII.
"O Isabella, I can half perceive
"That I may speak my grief into thine ear;
"If thou didst ever 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.
She, to her chamber gone, a ditty fair
        Sang, of delicious love and honey'd dart;
He with light steps went up a western hill,
        And bade the sun farewell, and joy'd his fill.

XI.
All close they met again, before the dusk
        Had taken from the stars its pleasant veil,
All close they met, all eves, before the dusk
        Had taken from the stars its pleasant veil,
Close in a bower of hyacinth and musk,
        Unknown of any, free from whispering tale.
Ah! better had it been for ever so,
        Than idle ears should pleasure in their woe.

XII.
Were they unhappy then?—It cannot be—
        Too many tears for lovers have been shed,
Too many sighs give we to them in fee,
        Too much of pity after they are dead,
Too many doleful stories do we see,
        Whose matter in bright gold were best be read;
Except in such a page where Theseus' spouse
        Over the pathless waves towards him bows.

XIII.
But, for the general award of love,
        The little sweet doth kill much bitterness;
Though Dido silent is in under-grove,
        And Isabella's was a great distress,
Though young Lorenzo in warm Indian clove
   Was not embalm'd, this truth is not the less—
Even bees, the little almsmen of spring-bowers,
Know there is richest juice in poison-flowers.

XIV.
With her two brothers this fair lady dwelt,
   Enriched from ancestral merchandize,
And for them many a weary hand did swelt
   In torched mines and noisy factories,
And many once proud-quiver'd loins did melt
   In blood from stinging whip;—with hollow eyes
Many all day in dazzling river stood,
To take the rich-or'd 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 lazzer 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,
   Pal’d in and vineyarded from beggar-spies;
The hawks of ship-mast forests—the untired
   And pannier’d mules for ducats and old lies—
Quick cat’s-paws on the generous stray-away,—
Great wits in Spanish, Tuscan, and Malay.

XVIII.
How was it these same ledger-men could spy
   Fair Isabella in her downy nest?
How could they find out in Lorenzo’s eye
   A straying from his toil? Hot Egypt’s pest
Into their vision covetous and sly!
   How could these money-bags see east and west?—
Yet so they did—and every dealer fair
Must see behind, as doth the hunted hare.

XIX.
O eloquent and famed Boccaccio!
   Of thee we now should ask forgiving boon,
And of thy spicy myrtles as they blow,
   And of thy roses amorous of the moon,
And of thy lillies, that do paler grow
   Now they can no more hear thy gittern’s tune,
For venturing syllables that ill besem
The quiet glooms of such a piteous theme.

(xviii) It may be questioned whether line 5 of this stanza should not begin with Unto. Into, however, is the reading of all editions with which I am acquainted.
XX.
Grant thou a pardon here, and then the tale
Shall move on soberly, as it is meet;
There is no other crime, no mad assail
To make old prose in modern rhyme more sweet:
But it is done—succeed the verse or fail—
To honour thee, and thy gone spirit greet;
To stead thee as a verse in English tongue,
An echo of thee in the north-wind sung.

XXI.
These brethren having found by many signs
What love Lorenzo for their sister had,
And how she lov'd him too, each unconfines
His bitter thoughts to other, well nigh mad
That he, the servant of their trade designs,
Should in their sister's love be blithe and glad,
When 'twas their plan to coax her by degrees
To some high noble and his olive-trees.

XXII.
And many a jealous conference had they,
And many times they bit their lips alone,
Before they fix'd upon a surest way
To make the youngster for his crime atone;
And at the last, these men of cruel clay
Cut Mercy with a sharp knife to the bone;
For they resolved in some forest dim
To kill Lorenzo, and there bury him.

(xx) "The compliment is paid by us to Boccace, whether we publish or no." See page 43.
XXIII.
So on a pleasant morning, as he leant
Into the sun-rise, o'er the balustrade
Of the garden-terrace, towards him they bent
Their footing through the dews; and to him said,
"You seem there in the quiet of content,
"Lorenzo, and we are most loth to invade
"Calm speculation; but if you are wise,
"Bestride your steed while cold is in the skies.

XXIV.
"To-day we purpose, aye, this hour we mount
"To spur three leagues towards the Apennine;
"Come down, we pray thee, ere the hot sun count
"His dewy rosary on the eglantine."
Lorenzo, courteously as he was wont,
Bow'd a fair greeting to these serpents' whine;
And went in haste, to get in readiness,
With belt, and spur, and bracing huntsman's dress.

XXV.
And as he to the court-yard pass'd along,
Each third step did he pause, and listen'd oft
If he could hear his lady's matin-song,
Or the light whisper of her footstep soft;

(xxiv) Hunt cites the "exquisite metaphor" of lines 3 and 4 as an instance in which Keats "over-informs the occasion or the speaker." But I doubt whether it is fair to class this kind of "over-informing" as an error. If people of this kind are to be denied one element of poetry, they must be denied another; and it is scarcely more strange to find the vile brethren of Isabella talking in metaphor than to find them talking in rhyme and metre. For the rest, a commonplace Italian, even a villainous Italian, feels so intensely the sunlight of his land, that we need not object to the metaphor even on dramatic grounds.
And as he thus over his passion hung,
He heard a laugh full musical aloft;
When, looking up, he saw her features bright
Smile through an in-door lattice, all delight.

XXVI.
"Love, Isabel!" said he, "I was in pain
"Lest I should miss to bid thee a good morrow:
"Ah! what if I should lose thee, when so fain
"I am to stifle all the heavy sorrow
"Of a poor three hours' absence? but we'll gain
"Out of the amorous dark what day doth borrow.
"Good bye! I'll soon be back."—"Good bye!" said she:—
And as he went she chanted merrily.

XXVII.
So the two brothers and their murder'd man
Rode past fair Florence, to where Arno's stream
Gurgles through straiten'd banks, and still doth fan
Itself with dancing bulrush, and the bream
Keeps head against the freshets. Sick and wan
The brothers' faces in the ford did seem,
Lorenzo's flush with love.—They pass'd the water
Into a forest quiet for the slaughter.

XXVIII.
There was Lorenzo slain and buried in,
There in that forest did his great love cease;
Ah! when a soul doth thus its freedom win,
It aches in loneliness—is ill at peace

(xxvii) Hunt says of line 1—"The following masterly anticipation of his end, conveyed in a single word, has been justly admired:—" I do not know to what published admiration this remark has reference, or whether to anything in print at all.
As the break-covert blood-hounds of such sin:
    They dipp'd their swords in the water, and did tease
Their horses homeward, with convulsed spur,
Each richer by his being a murderer.

XXIX.
They told their sister how, with sudden speed,
    Lorenzo had ta'en ship for foreign lands,
Because of some great urgency and need
    In their affairs, requiring trusty hands.
Poor Girl! put on thy stifling widow's weed,
    And 'scape at once from Hope's accursed bands;
To-day thou wilt not see him, nor to-morrow,
And the next day will be a day of sorrow.

XXX.
She weeps alone for pleasures not to be;
    Sorely she wept until the night came on,
And then, instead of love, O misery!
    She brooded o'er the luxury alone:
His image in the dusk she seem'd to see,
    And to the silence made a gentle moan,
Spreading her perfect arms upon the air,
    And on her couch low murmuring "Where? O where?"

XXXI.
But Selfishness, Love's cousin, held not long
    Its fiery vigil in her single breast;
She fretted for the golden hour, and hung
    Upon the time with feverish unrest—

(xxx) The manuscript reads wept for weeps in line 1; and line 5 stands thus:
What might have been too plainly did she see...

(xxxi) In lines 2 and 3 the manuscript shows the cancelled reading—
Not long—for soon into her heart a throng
   Of higher occupants, a richer zest,
Came tragic; passion not to be subdu’d,
And sorrow for her love in travels rude.

XXXII.
In the mid days of autumn, on their eyes
   The breath of Winter comes from far away,
And the sick west continually bereaves
   Of some gold tinge, and plays a roundelay
Of death among the bushes and the leaves,
   To make all bare before he dares to stray
From his north cavern. So sweet Isabel
By gradual decay from beauty fell,

XXXIII.
Because Lorenzo came not. Oftentimes
   She ask’d her brothers, with an eye all pale,
Striving to be itself, what dungeon climes
   Could keep him off so long? They spake a tale
Time after time, to quiet her. Their crimes
   Came on them, like a smoke from Hinnom’s vale;
And every night in dreams they groan’d aloud,
To see their sister in her snowy shroud.

Its fiery vigil in her native Mind
   For joy escap’d she mourn’d.

In lines 7 and 8 there is the rejected reading—
   Passions not to be subdued
Exalting her to patient Fortitude...

and again—
   A yearning for her Love.

(XXXIII) In line 4 the manuscript reads bind for keep; and in line 5Month after Month for Time after time. In line 6, heavy is cancelled between Came and on. For Hinnom’s Vale see the Second
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.

Book of the Chronicles of the Kings of Israel, Chapter XXVIII, verse 3: "Moreover he burnt incense in the valley of the son of Hinnom, and burnt his children in the fire, after the abominations of the heathen whom the Lord had cast out before the children of Israel."

(XXXIV) Cancelled reading of line 4—
Which saves the sick some moments from the Pall.

(XXXV) In line 1 the manuscript reads heavy for drowsy; and I cannot but think this application of the same adjective to ignorance and to gloom in the same page was a printer's or copyist's error. In line 3, His has been struck out in favour of The; and lines 4 to 7 originally read—

Had marr'd his glossy hair, that once could shoot
Bright gold into the Sun, and stamp'd his doom
    Upon his soiled lips, and took the mellow Lute
From his deep voice, and down past his loamed ears...

But the reading put cold doom, and taken the soft Lute were after-
XXXVI.
Strange sound it was, when the pale shadow spake;
For there was striving, in its piteous tongue,
To speak as when on earth it was awake,
And Isabella on its music hung:
Languor there was in it, and tremulous shake,
As in a palsied Druid's harp unstrung;
And through it moan'd a ghostly under-song,
Like hoarse night-gusts sepulchral briars among.

XXXVII.
Its eyes, though wild, were still all dewy bright
With love, and kept all phantom fear aloof
From the poor girl by magic of their light,
The while it did unthread the horrid woof
Of the late darken'd time,—the murderous spite
Of pride and avarice,—the dark pine roof
In the forest,—and the sodden turfed dell,
Where, without any word, from stabs he fell.

XXXVIII.
Saying moreover, "Isabel, my sweet!
"Red whortle-berries droop above my head,
"And a large flint-stone weighs upon my feet;
"Around me beeches and high chestnuts shed

wards substituted; and the redundant words soiled and down were struck out.

(XXXVI) In line 1 there is the cancelled reading Strange was the sound; and poor for pale stands in the manuscript. Line 5 opens with Passion there was in it, and did open with And there was Love in it. Line 7 begins with But in the manuscript.

(XXXVII) The manuscript reads fears in line 2.
"Their leaves and prickly nuts; a sheep-fold bleat
"Comes from beyond the river to my bed:
"Go, shed one tear upon my heather-bloom,
"And it shall comfort me within the tomb.

XXXIX.
"I am a shadow now, alas! alas!
"Upon the skirts of human-nature dwelling
"Alone: I chant alone the holy mass,
"While little sounds of life are round me knelling,
"And glossy bees at noon do fieldward pass,
"And many a chapel bell the hour is telling,
"Paining me through: those sounds grow strange to me,
"And thou 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

(xxxxvi) In line 6, instead of river, the manuscript reads Ano (for Arno); and the final couplet is—

Go shed a tear upon my hether bloom
And I shall turn a diamond in my tomb.

No doubt I should be it; but I is very plainly written.

(xxxxix) Cancelled opening for line 3, I moan alone. Line 5 begins with While instead of And. The couplet was first sketched in thus—

Paining me through—those sounds to me grow strange
And thou art far beyond them...

but the reading of the text is supplied.

(xl) After what was, in line 1, the words and now are cancelled in the manuscript, which, in line 2, reads rave for rage and shadows for spirits. Line 3 stands thus—

Though I forget what Pleasure was a kiss...
"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."

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.
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.

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.

She gaz’d into the fresh-thrown mould, as though
   One glance did fully all its secrets tell;
Clearly she saw, as other eyes would know
   Pale limbs at bottom of a crystal well;
Upon the murderous spot she seem’d to grow,
   Like to a native lilly of the dell:
Then with her knife, all sudden, she began
To dig more fervently than misers can.

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! wherfore 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!

(XLVII) The sixth line has been a topic of censure; but I think wrongly. Taken in itself apart from the poem, it might be held to be an inopportune description; but in the context of this most tragic and pathetic story, it has to me a surpassing fitness—a fitness astonishing in the work of a youth of Keats's age in 1818. The idea of maternity thus connected as it were by chance with the image of this widowed girl on the borders of insanity emphasizes in the most beautiful way the helpless misery of a life wrecked by the wickedness of others, and throws into ghastly contrast the joy of what should have been and the agony of what was.

(XLVIII) Hunt observes here—"It is curious to see how the simple pathos of Boccaccio, or (which is the same thing) the simple intensity of the heroine's feelings, suffices our author more and more, as he gets to the end of his story. And he has related it as happily, as if he had never written any poetry but that of the heart."
ISABELLA.

Fair reader, at the old tale take a glance,
For here, in truth, it doth not well belong
To speak:—O turn thee to the very tale,
And taste the music of that vision pale.

L.

With duller steel than the Perséan sword
They cut away no formless monster's head,
But one, whose gentleness did well accord
With death, as life. The ancient harps have said,
Love never dies, but lives, immortal Lord:
If Love impersonate was ever dead,
Pale Isabella kiss'd it, and low moan'd.
'Twas love; cold,—dead indeed, but not dethron'd.

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,—

(XLIX) "The very tale" will be found in the Appendix for such as wish to "turn" to it.
She wrapp'd it up; and for its tomb did choose
  A garden-pot, wherein she laid it by,
And cover'd it with mould, and o'er it set
Sweet Basil, which her tears kept ever wet.

LIII.
And she forgot the stars, the moon, and sun,
  And she forgot the blue above the trees,
And she forgot the dells where waters run,
  And she forgot the chilly autumn breeze;
She had no knowledge when the day was done,
  And the new morn she saw not: but in peace
Hung over her sweet Basil evermore,
And moisten'd it with tears unto the core.

LIV.
And so she ever fed it with thin tears,
  Whence thick, and green, and beautiful it grew,
So that it smelt more balmy than its peers
  Of Basil-tufts in Florence; for it drew
Nurture besides, and life, from human fears,
  From the fast mouldering head there shut from view:
So that the jewel, safely casketed,
Came forth, and in perfumed leafits spread.

LV.
O Melancholy, linger here awhile!
  O Music, Music, breathe despondingly!
O Echo, Echo, from some sombre isle,
  Unknown, Lethean, sigh to us—O sigh!

(LIV) Whether the "savage and tartarly" assailants of Keats's day availed themselves of the word leafits in the 8th line for an accusation of word-coining, I do not know; but as far as I have been able to ascertain this diminutive of leaf is peculiar to the present passage.
Spirits in grief, lift up your heads, and smile;
Lift up your heads, sweet Spirits, heavily,
And make a pale light in your cypress glooms,
Tinting with silver wan your marble tombs.

LVI.
Moan hither, all ye syllables of woe,
From the deep throat of sad Melpomene!
Through bronzed lyre in tragic order go,
And touch the strings into a mystery;
Sound mournfully upon the winds and low;
For simple Isabel is soon to be
Among the dead: She withers, like a palm
Cut by an Indian for its juicy balm.

LVII.
O leave the palm to wither by itself;
Let not quick Winter chill its dying hour!—
It may not be—those Baalites 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.
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.

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.

O Melancholy, turn thine eyes away!
O Music, Music, breathe despondingly!
O Echo, Echo, on some other day,
From isles Lethean, sigh to us—O sigh!
Spirits of grief, sing not your "Well-a-way!"
For Isabel, sweet Isabel, will die;
Will die a death too lone and incomplete,
Now they have ta'en away her Basil sweet.

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 pin'd, and so she died forlorn,
Imploring for her Basil to the last.
No heart was there in Florence but did mourn
In pity of her love, so overcast.
And a sad ditty of this story born
From mouth to mouth through all the country pass'd:
Still is the burthen sung—"O cruelty,
"To steal my Basil-pot away from me!"

(LXII) Hunt says—"The passage about the tone of her voice,—
the poor lost-witted coaxing,—the chuckle,' in which she asks
after her Pilgrim and her Basil,—is as true and touching an in­
stance of the effect of a happy familiar word, as any in all poetry."
It is difficult to imagine that these sentences of Hunt's were not
somehow misprinted; but, as the review occurs only in the original
issue of The Indicator, one has no means of testing this passage by
comparison with later editions. It can hardly be supposed that
Hunt really thought the Pilgrim meant Lorenzo; and it ought not
to be necessary to explain that the poor lost girl called after any
pilgrim whom chance sent her way, enquiring of him where her
Basil was.
THE

EVE OF ST. AGNES.
[In a letter to George Keats and his wife dated the 14th of February [1819], Keats says that he took with him to Chichester, where he had been staying in January, "some of the thin paper, and wrote on it a little poem called 'St. Agnes' Eve,' which you will have as it is, when I have finished the blank part of the rest for you." Lord Houghton says the poem "was begun on a visit in Hampshire, at the commencement of this year [1819], and finished on his return to Hampstead." On the 5th of September 1819, Keats wrote to Taylor from Winchester that he was "occupied in revising 'St. Agnes' Eve,' and studying Italian.") The manuscript of The Eve of St. Agnes, wanting the first seven stanzas, is in the possession of Mr. Frederick Locker. It was among the relics which passed from the late Joseph Severn to a Dr. Valeriani, and which were afterwards bought and sold by Messrs. Sotheby of Piccadilly. This manuscript is written in double columns on both sides of very thin oblong paper, presumably that taken to Chichester, and shows abundant and extensive revisions and corrections. Nothing could be more interesting as a study of a great poet's way of work. It is a calamity that the opening stanzas are missing: it seems likely that they were separated to send to the publishers in connexion with Keats's complaint that a liberty had been taken with the seventh stanza. See the note to that stanza. I have collated the text with the manuscript and noted even variations of no great consequence in themselves, in order to give as complete an insight as possible into the composition of this deservedly much-prized poem. Leigh Hunt, in his London Journal for the 21st of January 1835, printed the whole poem with a delightful running commentary between the stanzas; and this I have transferred to the present edition in the shape of foot-notes, after collating it with the revision which has so prominent a place in Imagination and Fancy. I have not thought it necessary to omit whatever is left out of the revision; but have adopted the later readings wherever it is clear that a change was made for the simple sake of improvement. Hunt opens his paper in the Journal thus:

"The reader should give us three pearls, instead of three halfpence, for this number of our Journal, for it presents him with the whole of Mr Keats's beautiful poem, entitled as above,—to say nothing of our loving commentary. We promised, some time ago, in giving quotations from Thomson's 'Castle of Indolence,' to read a small poem occasionally with the reader, after this fashion. Correspondents have more than once reminded us of the promise: we never lost sight of it, and here we redeem it; as we hope we often shall. To-day is the Eve of St. Agnes; and we thought we
could not take a better opportunity of increasing the public acquaintance with this exquisite production, which is founded on the popular superstition connected with the day. St. Agnes was a Roman virgin, who suffered martyrdom in the reign of Dioclesian. Her parents, a few days after her decease, are said to have had a vision of her, surrounded by angels, and attended by a white lamb, which afterwards became sacred to her. In the Catholic church formerly the nuns used to bring a couple of lambs to her altar during mass. The superstition is (for we believe it is still to be found) that by taking certain measures of divination, damsels may get a sight of their future husbands in a dream. The ordinary process seems to have been by fasting. Aubrey (as quoted in Brand's 'Popular Antiquities') mentions another, which is, to take a row of pins, and pull them out one by one, saying a Pater-noster; after which, upon going to bed, the dream is sure to ensue. Brand quotes Ben Jonson:

And on sweet St. Agnes' night,
Please you with the promis'd sight—
Some of husbands, some of lovers,
Which an empty dream discovers.

But another poet has now taken up the creed in good poetic earnest; and if the superstition should go out in every other respect, in his rich and loving pages it will live for ever."

Hunt is wrong in saying the 21st of January is the Eve of St. Agnes. That day is the Feast of St. Agnes: the Eve or Vigil is of course the 20th. An account of the superstitions connected with this Vigil, the English "Halloween," will be found in Chambers's Book of Days.—H. B. F.]

THE

EVE OF ST. AGNES.

I.

St. Agnes' Eve—Ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold:
Numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seem'd taking flight for heaven, without a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

(1) Hunt, quoting the first line as an illustration for the paper "Now," descriptive of a Cold Day in his London Journal for the 3rd of December 1834, changes the sex of the owl and reads—

"The owl, with all her feathers, is a-cold,
or you think her so." In his comment on the whole stanza he again misquotes the line. He says, "What a complete feeling of wintertime is here, together with an intimation of those Catholic elegancies, of which we are to have more in the poem!

The owl, with all his feathers, was a-cold.
Could he have selected an image more warm and comfortable in itself, and, therefore, better contradicted by the season? We feel the
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.

plump, feathery bird in his nook, shivering in spite of his natural household warmth, and staring out at the strange weather. The hare cringing through the chill grass is very piteous, and the 'silent flock' very patient; and how quiet and gentle, as well as winterly, are all these circumstances, and fit to open a quiet and gentle poem! The breath of the pilgrim, likened to 'pious incense,' completes them, and is a simile in admirable 'keeping,' as the painters call it; that is to say, is thoroughly harmonious with itself and all that is going on. The breath of the pilgrim is visible, so is that of a censer; his object is religious, and so is the use of the censer; the censer, after its fashion, may be said to pray, and its breath, like the pilgrim's, ascends to heaven. Young students of poetry may, in this image alone, see what imagination is, under one of its most poetical forms, and how thoroughly it 'tells.' There is no part of it unfitting. It is not applicable in one point, and the reverse in another."

In the letter which Keats wrote to Taylor about an alteration made in stanza vii (which see) he explains that he used the word chill "to avoid the echo cold in the second line"; from which we may infer that the publisher had altered chill to cold! We may safely assume that the obsolete form a-cold was imported straight from Shakespeare, since in Keats's copy of the 1808 folio Scene IV of Act III of King Lear bears evidence of having been read shortly after Tom Keats's death; and the words poore Tom, in the immediate neighbourhood of Tom's a-cold, are underlined, the date Sunday evening, Oct. 4, 1818, being written alongside by Keats.

(11) Hunt says 'The germ of the thought, or something like it, is in Dante, where he speaks of the figures that perform the part of sustaining columns in architecture. Keats had read Dante in Mr.
III.

Northward he turneth through a little door,
And scarce three steps, ere Music’s golden tongue

Carey’s translation, for which he had a great respect. He began to read him afterwards in Italian, which language he was mastering with surprising quickness. A friend of ours has a copy of Ariosto, containing admiring marks of his pen. But the same thought may have originally struck one poet as well as another. Perhaps there are few that have not felt something like it in seeing the figures upon tombs. Here, however, for the first time, we believe, in English poetry, it is expressed, and with what feeling and elegance! Most wintry as well as penitent is the word ‘aching,’ in ‘icy hoods and mails;’ and most felicitous the introduction of the Catholic idea in the word ‘purgatorial.’ The very colour of the rails is made to assume a meaning, and to shadow forth the gloom of the punishment—

*Imprisoned in black purgatorial rails.*

The passage of Dante referred to is in Canto x of the Purgatorio, and relates to “the souls of those who expiate the sin of pride, and who are bent down beneath the weight of heavy stones.” I quote the version of Cary, as that with which Keats was familiar:

> As, to support incumbent floor or roof,
> For corbel, is a figure sometimes seen,
> That crumples up its knees unto its breast;
> With the feign’d posture, stirring ruth unfeign’d
> In the beholder’s fancy; so I saw
> These fashion’d, when I noted well their guise.
> Each, as his back was laden, came indeed
> Or more or less contracted; and it seem’d
> As he, who show’d most patience in his look,
> Wailing exclaim’d: “I can endure no more.”

Cary adds the following note to this passage: “Chillingworth, cap. vi. § 54, speaks of ‘those crouching anticks, which seem in great buildings to labour under the weight they bear.’ And Lord Shaftesbury has a similar illustration in his Essay on Wit and Humour, p. 4. § 3.”

(iii) Hunt italicizes and comments thus:

> “Flatter’d to tears this aged man and poor.

This ‘flattered’ is exquisite. A true poet is by nature a meta-
Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor;
But no—already had his deathbell rung;
The joys of all his life were said and sung:
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve:
Another way he went, and soon among
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to grieve.

physician; far greater in general than metaphysicians professed. He feels instinctively what the others get at by long searching. In this word 'flattered' is the whole theory of the secret of tears; which are the tributes, more or less worthy, of self-pity to self-love. Whenever we shed tears, we take pity on ourselves; and we feel, if we do not consciously say so, that we deserve to have the pity taken. In many cases, the pity is just, and the self-love not to be construed unhandsomely. In many others, it is the reverse; and this is the reason why selfish people are so often found among the tear-shedders, and why they seem never to shed them for others. They imagine themselves in the situation of the others, as indeed the most generous must, before they can sympathize; but the generous console as well as weep. Selfish tears are niggardly of everything but themselves. 'Flatter'd to tears.' Yes, the poor old man was moved, by the sweet music, to think that so sweet a thing was intended for his comfort as well as for others. He felt that the mysterious kindness of heaven did not omit even his poor, old, sorry case, in its numerous workings and visitations; and, as he wished to live longer, he began to think that his wish was to be attended to. He began to consider how much he had suffered—how much he had suffered wrongly and mysteriously—and how much better a man he was, with all his sins, than fate seemed to have taken him for. Hence, he found himself deserving of tears and self-pity, and he shed them, and felt soothed by his poor, old, loving self. Not undeservedly either; for he was a pains-taking pilgrim, aged, patient, and humble, and willingly suffered cold and toil, for the sake of something better than he could otherwise deserve; and so the pity is not exclusively on his own side: we pity him too, and would fain see him out of that cold chapel, gathered into a warmer place than a grave. But it was not to be. We must, therefore, console ourselves with knowing, that this icy endurance of his was the last, and that he soon found himself at the sunny gate of heaven.
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-ey'd,
Star'd, where upon their heads the cornice rests,
With hair blown back, and wings put cross-wise on their breasts.

V.
At length burst in the argent revelry,
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
Numerous as shadows haunting faerily
The brain, new stuff'd, in youth, with triumphs gay
Of old romance. These let us wish away,
And turn, sole-thoughted, to one Lady there,
Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,
On love, and wing'd St. Agnes' saintly care,
As she had heard old dames full many times declare.

VI.
They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,
Young virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adorings from their loves receive
Upon the honey'd middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright;
As, supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine their beauties, lilly white;
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.
VII.

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline:
The music, yearning like a God in pain,
She scarcely heard: her maiden eyes divine,
Fix'd on the floor, saw many a sweeping train
Pass by—she heeded not at all: in vain
Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,
And back retir'd; not cool'd by high disdain,
But she saw not: her heart was otherwhere:
She sigh'd for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the year.

VIII.

She danc'd along with vague, regardless eyes,
Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short:
The hallow'd hour was near at hand: she sighs
Amid the timbrels, and the throng'd resort

(VII) In a letter to Taylor dated the 11th of June 1820 (see Letters) Keats says he has been reading the proofs, and has found "what appears" to be an alteration here, namely—

her maiden eyes incline

Still on the floor, while many a sweeping train
Pass by.

"My meaning," says the poet, "is quite destroyed by the alteration. I do not use train for concourse of passers by, but for skirts sweeping along the floor." If this was the measure of the right of alteration which the publisher permitted himself, we may be sure that a good deal of minor modification was carried through without Keats finding it out. The poet is very lenient here, refraining from any observation on the ruin worked to his grammar.

(viii) The manuscript shows the following variation:

She danc'd along with vague uneager eyes
Her anxious mouth full pulp'd with rosy thought
The hour was near at hand—and she sighs...

but the reading of the text is substituted in the case of lines 2 and 3.
In line 7 the reading She was hoodwink'd with fancy is superseded by that of the text. The use of the old word amort is peculiarly
EVE OF ST. AGNES.

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.

happy: it is more expressive of deadened perception than any other single word, and is full of poetic associations. Compare The Taming of the Shrew, Act IV, Scene III, line 36—

How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort?
also the First Part of King Henry VI, Act III, Scene II, line 124—

What, all amort? Rouen hangs her head for grief...
and Massinger's Parliament of Love, Act IV, Scene v,—

Jovial! doctor;

No, I am all amort as if I had lain
Three days in my grave already.

(ix) Cancelled manuscript reading, She lingered fearful who might. In line 3 Porphyro is cancelled and Lionel substituted, and we read ofire for on fire. After Madeline in line 4 there is a cancelled reading—

Most piteous he implores

All saints,

and before the reading of the text was arrived at there was a midway reading, Within the Portal Doors. Line 8 originally stood, unfinished,
X.
He ventures in: let no buzz'd whisper tell:
All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords
Will storm his heart, Love's fev'rous citadel:
For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes,
Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,
Whose very dogs would execrations howl
Against his lineage: not one breast affords
Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,
Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul.

XI.
Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came,
Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,
To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,
Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond

That he might gaze,—or speak, or kneel—
presumably completed in the poet's mind by the words such things have been.

(x) The opening line was first written thus—
He ventures in wrapped in a dark disguise...
and then we get the reading,
He ventures in cloak'd up in dark disguise
Let no Man see him—or a hundred swords
Will storm his heart for all his amorous sighs.

Next we have
In ventures he—let no damn'd whisper tell...
then the reading of the text, except the word buzz'd (for damn'd) which is not in the manuscript. Line 6 originally ended with bark and line 8 with dark. There is a cancelled reading for line 7, Against his name and lineage, and line 9 originally stood unfinished—

Save one old Beldame nigh to lose the...

(xi) The manuscript reads Beldame for creature in line 1; and line 2 was originally written—
The sound of merriment and chorus bland:
He startled her; but soon she knew his face,
And grasp'd his fingers in her palsied hand,
Saying, “Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from this place;
They are all here to-night, the whole blood-thirsty race!

XII.
“Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish Hildebrand;
“He had a fever late, and in the fit
“He cursed thee and thine, both house and land:
“Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit
“More tame for his gray hairs—Alas me! flit!
“Flit like a ghost away.”—“Ah, Gossip dear,
“We're safe enough; here in this arm-chair sit,
“And tell me how”—“Good Saints! not here, not here;
“Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy bier.”

XIII.
He follow'd through a lowly arched way,
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume,

Tottering along with ivory headed staff.

In line 4 huge is cancelled in favour of broad. In line 8 the manuscript reads Mercy Jesu! for Mercy, Porphyro!
(XII) Cancelled manuscript reading, Ferdinand for Hildebrand, and in line 2 his fit. Line 4 originally stood—
There's old Francesco Mendez not a wit [sic]
Tamer for all his Palsy...

Another reading is
Then there's old Lord Maurice Lacey not a wit
More tame for his gray hairs...

In line 8 Good God! stands cancelled in favour of Good Saints!
—and line 9 originally began Follow me Child—hush, hush.
(XIII) In the manuscript, the line
He followed her along a passage dark
And as she mutter'd "Well-a—well-a-day!"
He found him in a little moonlight room,
Pale, lattic'd, chill, and silent as a tomb.
"Now tell me where is Madeline," said he,
"O tell me, Angela, by the holy loom
"Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
"When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously."

XIV.
"St. Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve—
"Yet men will murder upon holy days:
"Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,
"And be liege-lord of all the Elves and Fays,
"To venture so: it fills me with amaze
"To see thee, Porphyro!—St. Agnes' Eve!
"God's help! my lady fair the conjuror plays
"This very night: good angels her deceive!
"But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle time to grieve."

is cancelled, and the reading of the text given. Line 5 originally began Pale casemented, for which Pale latticed high was substituted; but chill is not in the manuscript, which, in line 7, reads Goody for Angela, and in line 8 holy for secret. In line 9, do weave full piously is cancelled for are weaving piously. Hunt comments thus: "The poet does not make his 'little moonlight room' comfortable, observe. The high taste of the exordium is kept up. All is still wintry. There is to be no comfort in the poem but what is given by love. All else may be left to the cold walls."

(xiv) In line 2 the manuscript reads holidays for holy days; and in lines 5 and 6 there is a cancelled reading,

in truth it doth amaze
Young Signor Porphyro.

In Reginald Scot's Discovery of Witchcraft (Book XII, Chapter XVI) a prayer is mentioned “whereby might be carried in a sieve water or other liquor.”
XV.
Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,
While Porphyro upon her face doth look,
Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone
Who keepeth clos’d a wond’rous riddle-book,
As 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.

(xv) Cancelled manuscript reading of line 1,
Feebly she laugh in the bright languid Moon...

In line 3 As doth an Urchin stands altered to As puzzled Urchin; and in line 9 there is a cancelled reading among those legends old. Hunt’s comment is as follows: “He almost shed tears—of sympathy, to think how his treasure is exposed to the cold—and of delight and pride to think of her sleeping beauty, and her love for himself. This passage asleep in lap of legends old’ is in the highest imaginative taste, fusing together the imaginative and the spiritual, the remote and the near. Madeline is asleep in her bed; but she is also asleep in accordance with the legends of the season; and therefore the bed becomes their lap as well as sleep’s. The poet does not critically think of all this; he feels it: and thus should other young poets draw upon the prominent points of their feelings on a subject, sucking the essence out of them into analogous words, instead of beating about the bush for thoughts, and, perhaps, getting very clever ones, but not thoroughly pertinent; not wanted; not the best. Such, at least, is the difference between the truest poetry and the degrees beneath it.” Hunt should have said, to be quite exact, not Madeline is asleep in her bed, but Porphyro imagines Madeline asleep in her bed. It is curious that the critic takes no notice of the strange misuse of brook for the sake of rhyme. Perhaps the sentiment of the word baulk was in Keats’s mind, as that is clearly the meaning of the passage; and brook was probably written in a kind of absence of mind.
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

(xvi) The opening originally stood thus in the manuscript:

Sudden a thought more rosy than the rose
Flush'd his young Cheek, and in his painfle head
Made riot fierce—and then doth he propose...

The revision of this passage leaves it incomplete, thus—

Sudden a rosy thought
Heated his Brow and in his painfle head
Made purple riot: then doth he propose...

The reading of the text is not supplied at all. The phonetic spelling "painfle" for "painful" is curious; and the word "head" where "heart now stands," though it has no rhyme in the manuscript, is perfectly legible. At the close of the stanza the manuscript reads first—

by Christ I deem
Thou canst not be the Youth...
and then
O Christ I deem
Thou canst not surely be the same as thou didst seem—

as being finally altered to "that." There are no turned commas at the end of the stanza in Keats's edition.

(xvii) In the manuscript, lines 1 to 4 read—

'I will not harm her, by the great St. Paul;
Swear' th Porphyro,—O may I ne'er find grace
"When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,
"If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
"Or look with ruffian passion in her face:
"Good Angela, believe me by these tears;
"Or I will, even in a moment’s space,
"Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen’s ears,
"And beard them, though they be more fang’d than wolves and bears."

XVIII.

"Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?
"A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard thing,
"Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll;
"Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,
"Were never miss’d."—Thus plaining, doth she bring
A gentler speech from burning Porphyro;
So woful, and of such deep sorrowing,
That Angela gives promise she will do
Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe.

When my weak voice shall unto heaven call
If one of her soft ringlets I misplace...

In line 2 Swear’th has been substituted for Says. The sixth line originally stood thus—

Good Angela, thou hearest how I swear—

but this is cancelled for the reading of the text.

(XVIII) Cancelled manuscript reading, morning for midnight in line 3. In line 6 Lionel is written over Porphyro as if Keats were still in doubt which name his hero should bear. In line 7 the manuscript reads gentle for woful; and the end of the stanza originally stood thus:

That the old Beldam promises to do
Whatever he shall say, betide her weal or woe.

Dame is substituted for Beldam, and the end of line 8 is struck out; but nothing is supplied in its place.
EVE OF ST. AGNES.

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 unesp'y'd,
And win perhaps that night a peerless bride,
While legion'd faeries pac'd the coverlet,
And pale enchantment held her sleepy-ey'd.
Never on such a night have lovers met,
Since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous debt.

(xix) Cancelled manuscript readings, of line 1,
Which was, as all who ever lov'd will guess,
and in line 2 guide for lead. Line 4 stands thus in the manuscript—
Him in a Closet if such one there be—
and line 5 opens with Or instead of And. In line 6 round her pillow flew is cancelled in favour of paced the Coverlet, while in line 8 O Where gives place to Never; and in line 9 the demons to his Demon. Hunt says, "What he means by Merlin's 'monstrous debt,' I cannot say. Merlin, the famous enchanter, obtained King Arthur his interview with the fair Iogerne; but though the son of a devil, and conversant with the race, I am aware of no debt that he owed them. Did Keats suppose that he had sold himself like Faustus?" I do not see the commentator's difficulty: the monstrous debt was his monstrous existence, which he owed to a demon and repaid when he died or disappeared through the working of one of his own spells by Viviane. It seems probable, of the many sources from which Keats might have acquired his knowledge of Merlin, Dunlop's History of Fiction was the work of which this fine line was a reminiscence; for the alternative readings the demons and his Demon point to the two opening sentences of the section on Merlin, namely (I quote the second edition, of 1816, Volume I, page 203): "The demons, alarmed at the number of victims which daily escaped their fangs since the birth of our Saviour, held a council of war. It was there resolved that one of their number should be sent to the world with instructions to engender on some virgin a child, who might act as their vicegerent on earth, and thus counteract the great plan that had been laid for the salvation of
"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."

So saying, she hobbled off with busy fear.
The lover's endless minutes slowly pass’d;
The dame return’d, and whisper’d in his ear
To follow her; with aged eyes aghast
From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,
Through many a dusky gallery, they gain
The maiden's chamber, silken, hush'd, and chaste;  
Where Porphyro took covert, pleas'd amain.  
His poor guide hurried back with agues in her brain.

XXII.

Her falt'ring hand upon the balustrade,  
Old Angela was feeling for the stair,  
When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmed maid,  
Rose, like a mission'd spirit, unaware:  
With silver taper's light, and pious care,

_whispers._ In line 5 _dim espial_ is substituted for what seems to have been _airy vision._ Line 6 stood originally.

Through loneliest passages and they gain'd,
_caused and reached,_ each being substituted in turn for _gain'd_, and the line being at length left so as to read
Through lonely oaken Galleries they reach...

Line 8 first stood—
There in a panting covert to remain
and then
Where he in panting covert must remain,
_must_ being altered to _will_; but the reading of the text not being supplied. For the Alexandrine there are several attempts, as thus:

Upon the frontier...  
Love, purgatory sweet...  
From purgatory sweet to view love's own dominion.  
In purgatory sweet to what may he attain.

There is no trace in the manuscript of the Alexandrine of the text.

(xxii) Cancelled openings—
There secreted...  
Scarce had old Angela the Staircase found  
Ere Madeline, like an affrighted Bird  
Flew past her...  
Scarce had...

Before these were struck out, _Swan_ was substituted for _Bird_. Line 1 was next written—

With falt'ring hand upon the Ballustrade
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.

and lines 4 to 6 appear first as

Rose like a spirit to her unaware
And with her taper's light and gentle care
She turn'd and led the aged gossip down...

the reading of the text being, however, substituted all but the word pious for gentle. In line 8 Porphyro stands cancelled in favour of Lionel, and we read a gazing, not for gazing. The word again in line 9 was an afterthought.

(xxiii) The manuscript shows no variation in this wonderful stanza till we come to the Alexandrine, originally, I think, written as a line of ballad metre:

Her barren throat in vain and die heart-stifled in her dell:

barren and in vain have both been cancelled, but in vain has been reinserted. Hunt says of the second line, "This is a verse in the taste of Chaucer, full of minute grace and truth. The smoke of the wax taper seems almost as ethereal and fair as the moonlight, and both suit each other and the heroine. But what a lovely line is the seventh, about the heart,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side!
And the nightingale! how touching the simile! the heart a
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.

A tongueless nightingale,' dying in the bed of the bosom. What thorough sweetness, and perfection of lovely imagery! How one delicacy is heaped upon another! But for a burst of richness, noiseless, coloured, suddenly enriching the moonlight, as if a door of heaven were opened, read the stanza that follows."

(xxiv) This sumptuous passage occupied the poet's care very considerably. The following opening stands cancelled in the manuscript:
A Casement triple arch'd and diamonded
With many coloured glass fronted the Moon
In midst w[h]ereof a shielded scutcheon shed
High blushing gules; she kneeled saintly down
And inly prayed for grace and heavenly boon;
The blood red gules fell on her silver cross
And her white hands devout.

In line 3 of this, of which stands cancelled in favour of wereof; and line 4 originally began with High blushing gules upon. A second fresh start is—
There was a Casement triple arch'd and high
All garlanded with carven imag'ries
Of fruits and trailing flowers and sunny corn:
before this was rejected the third line was amended thus—
Of fruits and flowers and sunny corn ears parch'd:
I presume Keats noticed that corn did not rhyme with high, and meant to transpose the first line thus—
There was a casement high and triple arch'd;
XXV.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline’s fair breast,
As down she knelt for heaven’s grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint:
She seem’d a splendid angel, newly drest.
Save wings, for heaven:—Porphyro grew faint:
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

but there is no trace of this in the manuscript. In the stanza as finally written there is the following cancelled reading of lines 6 &c.—

As is the wing of evening tiger moths
And in the midst ’mong many heraldries
And dim twilight...

Before the present tiger-moth line was arrived at, the epithet rich instead of deep was tried, and deep-damasked in the manuscript stands cancelled in favour of what, though barely legible, I believe to be deep sunset. Presumably Keats reverted to deep-damasked when revising the proofs; and it is certainly the happiest expression imaginable. Of this supreme result of poetic labour Hunt says, “Could all the pomp and graces of aristocracy, with Titian’s and Raphael’s aid to boot, go beyond the rich religion of this picture, with its ‘twilight saints,’ and its ‘scutcheons ‘blushing with the blood of queens?’”

(xxv) Line 2 originally stood thus—

And threw rich gules on Madeline’s fair face

but warm was substituted for rich, and again rich for warm, and breast for face. Keats must have reverted to warm when the proofs came. In line 3 the manuscript reads kneel’d for knelt; and there are the following cancelled readings of line 4—

Tinging her pious hands together prest,
Tinging with red her hands together prest,
And rose bloom on her hands together prest.

In line 7 the manuscript reads silvery angel for splendid angel, and there is a cancelled reading—
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

She seem'd like an immortal a[n]gel drest.

In line 8, again, Porphyro is struck out and Lionel substituted; and line 9 reads

She knelt too pure a thing, too free from mortal taint.

Hunt's comment runs thus: "The lovely and innocent creature, thus praying under the gorgeous painted window, completes the exceeding and unique beauty of this picture,—one that will for ever stand by itself in poetry, as an addition to the stock. It would have struck a glow on the face of Shakspeare himself. He might have put Imogen or Ophelia under such a shrine. How proper, as well as pretty, the heraldic term gules, considering the occasion. Red would not have been a fiftieth part so good. And with what elegant luxury he touches the 'silver cross' with 'amethyst,' and the fair human hands with 'rose colours,' the kin of their carnation! The lover's growing 'faint' is one of the few inequalities which are to be found in the later productions of this great, but young and over-sensitive poet. He had, at the time of his writing this poem, the seeds of a mortal illness in him, and he, doubtless, wrote as he had felt—for he was also deeply in love; and extreme sensibility struggled in him with a great understanding." The faintness was not such a matter of accident as Hunt seems to have supposed: see remarks in the Preface. The colouring of the stanza has been frequently criticized on the ground that the moon's light is not really strong enough to transfer to an object the colours of a painted window. The good unscientific Hunt was wiser in his generation than to note this as a flaw: perhaps he even felt the higher truth that there was a rich propriety in the miracle. Without venturing to affirm that Keats knew it was a miracle, I am bold to say that, whether he knew it or not, he could not have found a more splendid expedient whereby to mark the propitiousness of meek St. Agnes.

(xxvi) The first opening of this stanza in the manuscript is—

But soon his heart revives—her prayers said
She lays aside her veil
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.

She strips her hair of all its wreathed pearl
Unclasps her bosom jewels
And twists it in one knot upon her head...

Before this was struck out altogether, *wreathed pearl* was altered to *pearled wreaths*. The next essay is—

But soon his heart revives—her praying done
Of all its wreathed pearl she strips her hair
Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one
Loosens the boddice from her...

and this last line is altered several times, thus—

Loosens her bursting boddice...
Loosens her Boddice lace-strings...
Loosens her Boddice, and her bosom bare...
Loosens her fragrant boddice and doth bare
Her...

till at last all is struck out and a fresh start made, thus—

But soon his heart revives—her praying done
Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she strips
Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one
Loosens her fragrant boddice; and down slips
Her sweet attire...

Then *Anon* seems to have been substituted for *But soon* in line 1,
*frees* for *strips* in line 2, and the words *and down slips* in line 4 were struck out for the reading—

to her knees
Her sweet attire falls light.

Then *falls light* gives place to *creeps down by*, which probably indicates that the couplet contemplated was—

Unclasps her fragrant boddice: to her knees
Her sweet attire creeps down by slow degrees;

but then all is abandoned for the reading of the text, except that the
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.

word rich is not here in the manuscript. Of the next lines there is a cancelled reading,

Half hidden like a Syren of the sea
And more melodious...

and the seventh line in the manuscript is—

She stands awhile in dreamy thought and sees...

In line 9 fled is struck out and dead substituted; but fled must have been reinstated when the proofs came. Hunt remarks, “How true and cordial, the warmed jewels, and what matter of fact also, made elegant, in the rustling downward of the attire; and the mixture of dress and undress, and of the dishevelled hair, likened to a mermaid in sea-weed!” But the next stanza is perhaps the most exquisite in the poem.”

(xxvii) There are the following rejected openings in the manuscript—

Then stepping forth she slips...
The charm fled not—she did not look behind.

and of line 2 these readings—

She lay and had not seen her...
She lay and till the poppied warmth of sleep...
She lay in sort of wakeful swoon perplexed...

Line 7 originally began with Shut like a Missal, which was altered first to Like a shut Missal, then to Like a clasped Missal, and then to Clasp’d like a missal. Line 8 originally began with Dead to; and in line 9 shut, which was first written, was struck out for close and close was again struck out for shut. Hunt comments thus:
XXVIII.
Stol'n to this paradise, and so entranced,
Porphyro gaz'd 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.

"Can the beautiful go beyond this? I never saw it. And how the imagery rises! Flown like a thought—Blissfully haven'd—Clasp'd like a missal in a land of Pagans: that is to say, where Christian prayer books must not be seen, and are, therefore, doubly cherished for the danger. And then, although nothing can surpass the preciousness of this idea, is the idea of the beautiful, crowning all—

Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

Thus it is that poetry, in its intense sympathy with creation, may be said to create anew, rendering its words more impressive than the objects they speak of, and individually more lasting; the spiritual perpetuity putting them on a level (not to speak it profanely) with the fugitive compound."

(xxviii) The manuscript has the following cancelled passages before the stanza starts fairly:

Her slumbrous breathing...
The listening Porphyro her breathing heard
And when...
The entranced Porphyro stol'n to Paradise.

Line 5 originally stood unfinished—

Which when he heard he breath'd himself...

Of line 7 another version is—

Noiseless as Fear amid a wilderness,
and line 8 seems to have been meant to read—
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.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanched linen, smooth, and lavender’d,
And o’er the silent carpet hushing stept,
before the reading of the text was given. In line 9 the manuscript reads and for where.
(xxix) In the manuscript, the first three lines read thus:
Then by the bed side where the fading Moon
Made an illumined twilight soft he set
A Table, and with anguish spread thereon...
and there is a cancelled reading of line 3—
A Table light, and stilly threw thereon...
In line 6 there are cancelled readings, Clarions of the feast and Clarions of the Ball for festive clarion; and line 7 originally began with
Sounded though faint and far away,
alterted to Sound in his ears, before the reading of the text was inserted, in which, by the bye, we read clarinet not clarionet. For line 8 the manuscript reads—
Affray his ears though but in faintest tone;
and there are cancelled readings, Affray’d, and with for in, and Reach’d his scar’d ears. In line 9 there are rejected readings shut and was for shuts and is.
(XXX) Line 4 originally began with Of candied sweets, altered to Of candied fruits before the reading of the text was supplied. In
While he from forth the closet brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd;
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd
From Fez; and spiced dainties, every one,
From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon.

line 5 the manuscript reads *creamed curd*, which has been substituted for *daisy curd*. Line 6 originally read *syrops smooth with cinnamon*; but *smooth* is cancelled in favour of *tinct*; and of the next passage there are the following rejected readings—

And sugar'd dates from...
And sugar'd dates that o'er Euphrates fared
And manna mead and...
And sugar'd dates and manna mead transferred
In Brigantine from Fez...
Manna and dates in Brigantine transferred...

The word *argosy* to complete the reading of the text is supplied in the margin. In line 9 two adjectives are cancelled before the happy epithet *silken* is arrived at—*wealthy* and another word of which I cannot make anything but *quilted* unless indeed it be *gilded*. For the purpose of implying richness, *quilted* is not an inconceivable expression; for if silk be rich quilted silk is richer; and Keats was as capable of writing a far-fetched word as he was of striking it out on revision. Porphyro's banquet is a little suggestive of the "second course" in the meal prepared for Jupiter and Mercury by Baucis and Philemon (Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Book VIII, verses 677-80, Sandys's Translation):

Philberts, dry figs, with rugged dates, ripe plumes,
Sweet-smelling apples, dishit in osier twines;
And purple grapes new gather'd from their vines:
P' th' midst, a hony combe.

But Keats's stanza is still more suggestive of the vegetarian banquet prepared by Eve for the Archangel Raphael (*Paradise Lost*, Book V, lines 337-48):

Whatever Earth, all-bearing mother yields,
In India East or West, or middle shore
In Pontus or the Punic coast, or where
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."

Aicinōus reigned, fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough or smooth rined, or bearded husk, or shell,
She gathers, tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unsparing hand. For drink the grape
She crushes, inoffensive must, and meaths
From many a berry, and from sweet kernels pressed
She tempers dulcet creams—nor these to hold
Wants her fit vessels pure; then strews the ground
With rose and odours from the shrub unfumed.

It is further worth while to note the resemblance of the highly elaborate syrup line to a passage in Milton's *Comus*, lines 672-4:

And first behold this cordial julep here,
That flames, and dances in his crystal bounds,
With spirits of balm, and fragrant syrups mix'd.

We have here even the same prevalent assonance on the vowel sound i. Leigh Hunt says in his dainty way, "Here is delicate modulation, and super-refined epicurean nicety!

Lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon,
make us read the line delicately, and at the tip-end, as it were, of one's tongue."

The manuscript reads *golden salvers* in line 2; but I presume *dishes* was inserted in the proof to avoid using *salvers* twice, and he would scarcely disturb the *lustrous salvers* of the next stanza. Lines 4 &c. in the manuscript were originally written—

Amid the quiet of St. Agnes' night
And now, saith he, my Seraph with perfume light
Teeming...

And line 4 is left standing so in the manuscript, while the rest gives
XXXII.
Thus whispering, his warm, unnerved arm
Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream
By the dusk curtains:—'twas a midnight charm
Impossible to melt as iced stream:
The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam;
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies:
It seem'd he never, never could redeem
From such a stedfast spell his lady's eyes;
So mus'd awhile, entoil'd in woofed phantasies.

XXXIII.
Awakening up, he took her hollow lute,—
Tumultuous,—and, in chords that tenderest be,
He play'd an ancient ditty, long since mute,
In Provence call'd, "La belle dame sans mercy:"
Close to her ear touching the melody;—
Wherewith disturb'd, she utter'd a soft moan:
He ceas'd—she panted quick—and suddenly
Her blue affrayed eyes wide open shone:
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured stone.

place to the reading of the text. There is a rejected reading of line 6—

And now saith he my Seraph may awake.

(XXXII) There is a cancelled opening in the manuscript giving sleep for dream at the end of line 2, and dreamless of alarm as the end of line 3; and another gives shaded were her dreams in line 2, in which the manuscript reads sunk for sank. Of line 6 there is a rejected version, unfinished,

Broad golden fringe lies wealthy on the f...

(probably floor was the unfinished word); and in line 9 stood stands cancelled in favour of mus'd.

(XXXIII) In line 5 he held and he touched stand cancelled in the manuscript in favour of touching; and in line 7 there is a rejected reading, her breathing ceased for she panted quick. The manuscript
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.

“Ah, Porphyro!” said she, “but even now
“Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear, reads half-frayed for affrayed in line 8, and sunk for sank in line 9. Hunt tells us in The Indicator for the 10th of May 1820 that Keats’s wonderful poem La Belle Dame sans Mercy, was suggested by seeing that title at the head of a translation from Alain Chartier, at the end of Chaucer’s works. The conceit of connecting the title here with a lost Provençal air is at the same time greatly imaginative and only a little less playful than Hunt’s wish that Alain might have seen Keats’s verses, because “He would have found a Troubadour air for them, and sung them to La Belle Dame Agnes Sorel, who was however not Sans Mercy.”

(xxxiv) Line 2 was originally written—
The vision of her sleep, now wide awake:
the transposition is marked in the manuscript, where, in line 3, some painful change stands altered to a painful change. Line 5 originally began with At which she, and in line 6 the manuscript reads little words, though witless is written by way of memorandum in the margin. Lines 8 and 9 read—
Who with an aching brow and piteous eye
Feared to move or speak she look’d so dreamingly.

(xxxv) There are two half cancelled openings,
At length she speaks, ‘Ah Porphyro here
and
Ah Porphyro, saith she but even now...
and no complete line is supplied in the manuscript. In line 2 by is
“Made tuneable with every sweetest vow;
And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear:
How chang’d thou art! how pallid, chill, and drear!
Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
Those looks immortal, those complainings dear!
Oh leave me not in this eternal woe,
For if thou diest, my Love, I know not where to go.”

XXXVI.
Beyond a mortal man impassion’d far
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
Ethereal, flush’d, and like a throbbing star
Seen mid the sapphire heaven’s deep repose;
Into her dream he melted, as the rose
Blendeth its odour with the violet,—
Solution sweet: meantime the frost-wind blows
Like Love’s alarum pattering the sharp sleet
Against the window-panes; St. Agnes’ moon hath set.

cancelled in favour of in; and the manuscript reads by for with in
line 3, thy kind eyes for those sad eyes in line 4, and a [r]’t thou for
thou art in line 5. Compare the first quatrain with A Midsummer-
Night’s Dream (Act I, Scene I, lines 183-4)—

Your eyes are lode-stars; and your tongue’s sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd’s ear,...

(XXXVI) Line 1 was originally written thus:

Impassion’d far beyond a mortal man—

but the transposition is marked in the manuscript. In line 2 words
for accents stands cancelled. Line 4 originally began with Was
either, as if the magnificent third line was at first intended to refer
to Porphyro’s eyes—“like a throbbing star was either eye.” With
her bright dream and In her bright dream are rejected readings
for Into her dream. In line 6 the manuscript reads her odour, and
originally read her perfume. For line 7 there is a false start, And
are one, and for line 8 another, Darkness. Line 9 originally opened
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 dy'd?
"Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest

with Against the Casement gloom, successively altered to Window's gloom, Casement dark, and Windows dark: the line finally stands—
Against the windows dark. St. Agnes moon had set.
The reading of the text is not in the manuscript. Against the words Beyond a mortal man, Hunt makes the note "Madeline is half awake, and Porphyro reassures her with loving, kind looks, and an affectionate embrace." I cannot but think that in this one instance the commentator is very decidedly at fault, and that no embrace is referred to in the stanza.

(XXXVII) The manuscript reads still for quick in line 1. The word Ah stands cancelled at the beginning of line 6. Line 8 was originally written as in the text; but forsakest stands cancelled, in favour of shouldst leave forsaken, of which reading the words shouldst leave are also struck out. Line 9 has the word To cancelled at the beginning, and the rejected reading A silent mateless dove.

(XXXVIII) There is a rejected reading of line 1 in the manuscript—
My Madeline! Dark is this wintry night—
"After so many hours of toil and quest,
"A famish'd pilgrim,—sav'd by miracle.
"Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest
"Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st well
"To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.

XXXIX.
"Hark! 'tis an elfin-storm from faery land,
"Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed:
"Arise—arise! the morning is at hand;—
"The bloated wassaillers will never heed:
"Let us away, my love, with happy speed;
"There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see,—

and of line 4
Ah silver shrine by thee will I take rest.

Line 6 originally began with the words With tearful; and there are two completed versions—
With features pale and mournful Pilgrim's weeds
and
Pale featured and in weeds of Pilgrimage—
which stands uncancelled. Line 7 was first written thus:
I have found, but will not rob thy downy nest!
then
Though I have found I cannot rob thy nest!
and finally the last three lines are left standing thus:
Though I have found but cannot rob thy nest!
Soft Nightingale, I'll keep thee in a cage
To sing to me—but hark! the blinded tempest's rage!

The inverted commas are closed at the end of the stanza in Keats's edition. Hunt says, "With what a pretty wilful conceit the costume of the poem is kept up in the third line about the shield! The poet knew when to introduce apparent trifles forbidden to those who are void of real passion, and who, feeling nothing intensely, can intensify nothing."

(XXXIX) Line 2 originally ended with but, my love, to us, which was altered first to but a boon in truth and then to but a boon indeed. Line 3 has a cancelled reading, Arise my Love. For line 6 there is a false start, Over the moors. Line 7 originally ended with
"Drown'd all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead:
"Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be,
For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee."

XL.

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,
For there were sleeping dragons all around,
At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears—
Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found.—
In all the house was heard no human sound.
A chain-droop'd lamp was flickering by each door;
The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,
Flutter'd in the besieging wind's uproar;
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

*the drench of mead*, altered to *the drenching mead* before the happier reading of the text was supplied. The last two lines stand thus in the manuscript—

Put on warm cloathing, sweet, and fearless be
Over the dartmoor bl[æ]ak I have a home for thee.

There is a cancelled reading, *Over the bleak Dartmoor*; but for which one might not have felt perfectly certain that *dartmoor blak* (with a small d) was an allusion to that moor wherein the river Dart takes its rise, and which Keats could see from Teignmouth in looking up the Estuary of the Teign.

(XL) In line 2, *about* stands cancelled for *around* in the manuscript; and line 3 was first written thus:

Or perhaps at glaring watch with ready spears—

but the reading of the text is substituted. *Well* is struck out at the beginning of line 4; and in line 5 *not a* is struck out and *heard no* written instead. Then there is much fastidiousness in the matter of going on, as thus—

But...
Though every...
But noise of winds besieging the high towers...
But the b...
But the besieging Storm...
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.

The Lamps were flickering death shades on the walls
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...
A drooping Lamp was flickering here and there.

All these readings are rejected, and the stanza then proceeds to the end without further erasures except the word flutter'd after arras in line 7, and with cold after Flutter'd in line 8. Hunt observes upon the Alexandrine “This is a slip of the memory, for there were hardly carpets in those days. But the truth of the painting makes amends, as in the unchronological pictures of old masters.” Mr. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, in similar circumstances in his magnificent ballad of The King’s Tragedy, has avoided the unchronological flaw thus:

And now the ladies fled with the Queen;
And thorough the open door
The night-wind wailed round the empty room
And the rushes shook on the floor.

(XLI) Lines 1 and 2 were first written thus:

Like Spirits into the wide-paven hall
They glide,—and to the iron porch in haste;

but the reading of the text is supplied in the manuscript. In line 3, slept is substituted for lay, and lay again for slept. The manuscript reads beaker for flaggon. For line 6 was originally written—

And paced round Madeline all angerless,
And they are gone: aye, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm.
That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe,
And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form
Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,

and next

But with a calmed eye his mistress owns,

and then the reading of the text except that unanger’d has the
place of sagacious, which does not appear in the manuscript at all.
Of line 7 there is a rejected opening, The chains are loos’d, the...
and again a rejected close—

the easy bolts back slide

Silent.

Line 8 was originally—

Upon the pavement lie the heavy chains;

and in the line of the text as written lay stands for lie.

(XLII) Lines 1 to 6 were at first written thus:

And they are gone—aye, ages long ago
These lovers fled into a night of storms—
That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe
And all his warrior guests with shades and forms
Of Witches, Deamons, and large coffin worms
Were long benigh[t]mared. Angela ne’er told...

Line 2 is left unfinished, as a night of is struck out and the storm (?) inserted but the second word cancelled. In line 3 night is struck out in favour of Morn; but Morn was rejected and night restored, doubtless, when in revising the proof night was removed from line 2. In line 5 charnal stands cancelled for coffin. In line 6 long is cancelled and all left standing in its place; and for the rest the manuscript is revised to correspond with the stanza as given in the text. Hunt's last word is—"Here endeth the young and divine Poet, but not the delight and gratitude of his readers; for, as he sings elsewhere—

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."
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.
POEMS.

[published with Lamia &c., 1820.]
ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

I.
My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:

Haydon, in one of his letters to Miss Mitford (Correspondence &c., Volume II, page 72), says of Keats—"The death of his brother wounded him deeply, and it appeared to me from that hour he began to droop. He wrote his exquisite 'Ode to the Nightingale' at this time, and as we were one evening walking in the Kilburn meadows he repeated it to me, before he put it to paper, in a low, tremulous under-tone which affected me extremely." Lord Houghton says the Ode was suggested by the continued song of a nightingale which, in the spring of 1819, had built its nest close to Wentworth Place. "Keats," says his Lordship (Aldine edition, 1876, page 237), "took great pleasure in her song, and one morning took his chair from the breakfast-table to the grass plot under a plum tree, where he remained between two and three hours. He then reached the house with some scraps of paper in his hand, which he soon put together in the form of this Ode." The anecdote as told in the Life, Letters, &c. (Volume I, page 245 of the 1848 edition, and page 207 of the 1867 edition) represents Brown as detecting the poet in the act of thrusting the scraps of the Ode away "as waste paper, behind some books," and names Brown as the person who put them together. I presume Lord Houghton saw afterwards that Brown must have mistaken the bearing of Keats's action, inasmuch as the other evidence does not square with the carelessness implied. It is well to put the two forms of the story
'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!

Together, because the earlier version is a favourite cutting for magazine and anthology notes. The fair copy of the Ode written at the end of the Endymion in Sir Charles Dilke's collection is dated "May 1819." The poem was printed as long ago as July 1819, in a quarterly magazine called Annals of the Fine Arts, which was edited by James Elmes, but to a great extent informed by Haydon. The ode is the last thing in Number XIII, and is signed with a "dagger" (†). This original version corresponds in the main with Sir Charles Dilke's manuscript; and both are headed Ode to the Nightingale, not a Nightingale.

(1) Lord Houghton and Mr. Palgrave follow the editions of Galignani and Smith in printing thy for thine in the sixth line of this stanza; but I am not aware of any authority for the change.

(2) Of Keats's partiality for claret enough and too much has been made; but with his delightful list of desiderata given to his sister in a letter, now before me, it is impossible to resist citing as a prose parallel to these two splendid lines of poetry, the words, "and, please heaven, a little claret wine cool out of a cellar a mile deep—with a few or a good many ratafia cakes." In the first line of this stanza the manuscript and the Annals read has for hath, in the sixth true and blushful; and both are without the word away which, in the subsequent version published with Lamia &c., makes the final line of this stanza an Alexandrine. I do not think the circumstances warrant the reduction of this wonderful line to the metric standard of the rest, albeit Lord Houghton has been taken to task for leaving it in its loveliness. The evidence of one manuscript and
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:

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-ey'd despairs,
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
   Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

one printed text, especially when another manuscript certainly existed though not forthcoming, is insufficient. To me the introduction of the word away in the version finally given forth by Keats is too redolent of genius to pass for a mere accident. The perfection thus lent to the echo opening the next stanza exceeds a thousand times in value the regularity got by dropping the word; and that one line with its lingering motive has ample reason to be longer than any other in the poem. Hunt must have been familiar enough with the poem before it was embodied in the Lamia volume; and it is more than possible that he knew all about the history of that one word's introduction. Therefore it is worth while to set down as external evidence that when he quoted the poem entire in The Indicator and again when he printed it in Imagination and Fancy, he gave the author's last copy that preference which a textual critic is bound to give.

(3) In the third stanza the manuscript reads have for hast in line 2 and other's for other in line 4; but the Annals reads as in
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.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

the text of 1820. The sixth line very clearly bears out Haydon's words connecting the sadness of the poem with the death of Tom Keats, and should be compared with the passage about his sister in the letter to Brown written from Rome on the 30th of November 1820,—"my sister—who walks about my imagination like a ghost—she is so like Tom." In the same letter he says "it runs in my head we shall all die young".

(5) In the last line but one of this stanza, both the manuscript and the Annals read sweetest wine.
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.

(6) Compare with the second line Shelley's words in the Preface to Adonais, "It might make one in love with death to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place." In line 7 of this stanza, both the manuscript and the Annals read thus for forth, and line 10 is as follows:

For thy high requiem, become a sod.

(7) In the last line of this stanza the word fairy instead of faery stands in the manuscript and in the Annals; but the Lamia volume reads faery, which enhances the poetic value of the line in the subtlest manner—eliminating all possible connexion of fairy-land with Christmas trees, tinsel, and Santa Claus, and carrying the
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?

imagination safely back to the middle ages—to Amadis of Gaul, to Palmerin of England, and above all to the East, to the Thousand and One Nights. It seems to me unlikely that any particular story is referred to, though there are doubtless many stories that will answer more or less nearly to the passage.

(8) In the manuscript and in the Annals, there is a note of exclamation after elf in the fourth line. In the manuscript the last two lines are pointed thus:

Was it a vision? or a waking dream?
Fled is that music? do I wake or sleep.

In the Annals they stand thus:

Was it a vision? Or a waking dream?
Fled is that music? Do I wake or sleep?
ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

I.
THOU still unravish'd bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape

This Ode is mentioned by Lord Houghton in connexion with the Ode to a Nightingale as belonging to the Spring of 1819; and we are informed of both alike that, soon after they were composed, Keats "repeated, or rather chanted, them to Mr. Haydon, in the sort of recitative that so well suited his deep grave voice, as they strolled together through Kilburn meadows, leaving an indelible impression on the mind of his surviving friend." The manuscript in Sir Charles Dilke's copy of Endymion is dated simply "1819". The poem appeared in Number XV of Annals of the Fine Arts, headed "On a Grecian Urn", and signed with a "dagger" (†). It would seem to have appeared in January 1820. There is some reason for thinking that the particular urn which inspired this beautiful poem is a somewhat weather-beaten work in marble still preserved in the garden of Holland House, and figured in Piranesi's Vasi e Candelabri.

† In the Annals, in line 1 of this stanza, there is a comma after still, which we do not find in the Lamia volume or in the manuscript. In line 8 in the Annals we read What Gods or Men are these? And both in the magazine and in the manuscript, the last line but one is—

What love? what dance? what struggle to escape?

The version of the volume, given in the text, is an obvious revision.
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?

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.

(2) Lines 5 and 6 of this stanza stand thus in the *Annals*:
    Fair Youth, beneath the trees thou canst not leave
    Thy song, nor ever bid the spring adieu;
and in line 8 both the *Annals* and the manuscript read *O do not grieve!*
(3) In the *Annals* line 2 has *never* in place of *ever.*
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.

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,

(4) The manuscript, in line 4, reads *sides* in place of *flanks*; and in line 10 *ne'er* for *e'er*.

(5) In the manuscript there is a comma after *maidens* in line 2, and none after *overwrought*; but the preferable punctuation of the text is in both of the printed versions. In line 7 the manuscript and the *Annals* agree in reading *wilt* for *shall*. In regard to the two final lines the version of the *Lamia* volume is adopted above. In the manuscript there are no turned commas; and in the *Annals* the two lines are thus:

> Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty.—That is all
> Ye know on Earth, and all ye need to know.

This seems to confirm the limitation of the Urn's moral to the five words indicated in the text; and, although I have not thought it worth while to note all the variations of pointing and capitalling of the *Annals* version, I find them very characteristic of Keats, and
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.

suggestive of accurate printing from a fair manuscript of his. But
for this I should have been disposed to regard the words
that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know
as a part of the Urn's lesson, and not as the poet's personal
comment.
ODE TO PSYCHE.

O GODDESS! hear these tuneless numbers, wrung
   By sweet enforcement and remembrance dear,
And pardon that thy secrets should be sung
   Even into thine own soft-conched ear:
Surely I dreamt to-day, or did I see
   The winged Psyche with awaken'd eyes?
I wander'd in a forest thoughtlessly.
   And, on the sudden, fainting with surprise,
Saw two fair creatures, couched side by side

Under date the 15th of April [1819] Keats writes to George and his wife, of this Ode, "The following poem, the last I have written, is the first and only one with which I have taken even moderate pains; I have, for the most part, dashed off my lines in a hurry; this one I have done leisurely; I think it reads the more richly for it, and it will I hope encourage me to write other things in even a more peaceable and healthy spirit. You must recollect that Psyche was not embodied as a goddess before the time of Apuleius the Platonist, who lived after the Augustan age, and consequently the goddess was never worshipped or sacrificed to with any of the ancient fervour, and perhaps never thought of in the old religion: I am more orthodox than to let a heathen goddess be so neglected." This is an instance in which Keats seems to have gone beyond Leprière's Classical Dictionary for his information; but I presume we may not unsafely take the portraiture of Cupid and Psyche in the first stanza as an adapted reminiscence of his other favourite text book, Spence's Polymetis, in Plate VI of which the well known kissing Cupid and Psyche are admirably engraved from the statue at Florence.
In deepest grass, beneath the whisp'ring roof
Of leaves and trembled blossoms, where there ran
A brooklet, scarce espied:

'Mid hush'd, cool-rooted flowers, fragrant-eyed,
Blue, silver-white, and budded Tyrian,
They lay calm-breathing, on the bedded grass;
Their arms embraced, and their pinions too;
Their lips touch'd not, but had not bade adieu,
As if disjoined by soft-handed slumber,
And ready still past kisses to outnumber
At tender eye-dawn of 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 Phoeb'e's sapphire-region'd star,
Or Vesper, amorous glow-worm of the sky;
Fairer than these, though temple thou hast none,
Nor altar heap'd with flowers;
Nor virgin-choir to make delicious moan
Upon the midnight hours;
No voice, no lute, no pipe, no incense sweet
From chain-swung censer teeming;
No shrine, no grove, no oracle, no heat
Of pale-mouth'd prophet dreaming.

O brightest! though too late for antique vows,
Too, too late for the fond believing lyre,
When holy were the haunted forest boughs,
Holy the air, the water, and the fire;
Yet even in these days so far retir'd
From happy pieties, thy lucent fans,
Fluttering among the faint Olympians,
I see, and sing, by my own eyes inspir'd.
So let me be thy choir, and make a moan
Upon the midnight hours;
Thy voice, thy lute, thy pipe, thy incense sweet
From swung censer teeming;
Thy shrine, thy grove, thy oracle, thy heat
Of pale-mouth'd prophet dreaming.

Yes, I will be thy priest, and build a fane
In some untrodden region of my mind,
Where branched thoughts, new grown with pleasant pain,
Instead of pines shall murmur in the wind:
Far, far around shall those dark-cluster'd trees
Fledge the wild-ridged mountains steep by steep;
And there by zephyrs, streams, and birds, and bees,
The moss-lain Dryads shall be lull'd to sleep;
And in the midst of this wide quietness
A rosy sanctuary will I dress
With the wreath'd trellis of a working brain,
With buds, and bells, and stars without a name,
With all the gardener Fancy e'er could feign,
Who breeding flowers, will never breed the same:
And there shall be for thee all soft delight
That shadowy thought can win,
A bright torch, and a casement ope at night,
To let the warm Love in!

VOL. II.
EVER let the Fancy roam,  
Pleasure never is at home:  
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,  
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;  
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;

Sir Charles Dilke's copy of Endymion contains a very interesting copy of these verses, dated 1818, from which an extract was given in The Athenæum of the 15th of September 1877. The variations noted below show Keats's usual good judgment in regard to change and exclusion.

(6) In the manuscript this line is—

Towards heaven still spread beyond her.

(15-16) In the manuscript, we read kissing in place of tasting, and in an ingle for by the inge.
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;
 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 lillies, 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:

(50) In the manuscript we read *Hedge-row primrose.*
(54) In the manuscript we read *same soft shower.*
(57-8) In the manuscript, thus—
And the snake all winter-shrank
Cast its skin on sunny bank...
(66) There is an additional couplet after this line in the manuscript—
For the same sleek-throated mouse
To store up in its winter house.
(67-8) Instead of this couplet the manuscript has the following four lines:
FANCY.

Where's the cheek that doth not fade,
Too much gaz'd at?  Where's the maid?
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-ey'd 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

O sweet fancy let her loose!
Every sweet is spoilt by use
Every pleasure every joy
Not a mistress but doth cloy...

(73) Does in the manuscript.
(76) The manuscript reads too oft and oft.
(81) . . . Proserpin gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
Was gathered—which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world—
Paradise Lost, Book IV, lines 269-72.

(89-91) Instead of these three lines the manuscript has the following seventeen:

And Jove grew languid.  Mistress fair!
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.

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 divine?
Be the palate ne'er so fine
She cannot sicken. Break the mesh
Of the Fancy's silken leash
Where she's tether'd to the heart—
Quick break her prison string...
ODE.

[Written on the blank page before Beaumont and Fletcher's Tragi-Comedy "The Fair Maid of the Inn."]

BARDS of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Have ye souls in heaven too,
Double-liv'd 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;

From the fact that this poem is written in Keats's Beaumont and Fletcher, now in Sir Charles Dilke's possession, and from internal evidence, we may judge it to be addressed to the brother poets of passion and mirth who wrote the tragi-comedy of The Fair Maid of the Inn, and not to the poets at large, as indicated by the title given in The Golden Treasury, to wit Ode on the Poets.

(4) Cancelled line in the manuscript after line 4—

With the earth ones I am talking.

(5-6) Cancelled manuscript reading,—

that of heaven communes
With the spheres of Suns and Moons...

(10) In the manuscript, another's.
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.
Here, your earth-born souls still speak
To mortals, of their little week;
Of their sorrows and delights;

(19-20) In the manuscript there is the following uncancelled reading of this couplet
But melodious truth divine
Philosophic numbers fine,...

Compare Milton's *Comus*, lines 476-8,
How charming is divine Philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,...

(21) Cancelled reading, *Stories* for Tales.
(30-1) In the manuscript we read—
To mortals of the little Week
They must sojourn—
The rest of line 31 has had too much cut off to be legible; but I do
ODE: “BARDS OF PASSION.”

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-liv'd in regions new!

not think it can have rhymed either with week or with delights;  
and probably its rhymelessness led to its rejection, and to the reading of the text.

(40) The idea of the double life of the poetic soul is not uncommon; but perhaps the most noteworthy parallel is to be found in the two following stanzas from the poem which Wordsworth wrote in 1803 “on the banks of Nith, near the poet's [Burns's] residence” (the third poem of the Memorials of a Tour in Scotland):

Through busiest street and loneliest glen  
Are felt the flashes of his pen;  
He rules 'mid winter snows, and when  
Bees fill their hives;  
Deep in the general heart of men  
His power survives.

What need of fields in some far clime  
Where Heroes, Sages, Bards sublime,  
And all that fetched the flowing rhyme  
From genuine springs,  
Shall dwell together till old Time  
Folds up his wings?
LINES
ON
THE MERMAID TAVERN.

SOULS of Poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?
Have ye tippled drink more fine
Than mine host’s Canary wine?
Or are fruits of Paradise
Sweeter than those dainty pies
Of venison? O generous food!
Drest as though bold Robin Hood
Would, with his maid Marian,
Sup and bowse from horn and can.

I have heard that on a day
Mine host’s sign-board flew away,
Nobody knew whither, till
An astrologer’s old quill

When Mr. Palgrave issued his beautiful *Golden Treasury* he felt it necessary to explain in connexion with this poem that “the Mermaid was the club-house of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and other choice spirits of that age.” Probably such an explanation is considerably less necessary now than then. In Sir Charles Dilke’s copy of *Endymion* is a fair manuscript of this poem, dated 1818, which shows the variations noted below.

(4) The manuscript reads *Fairer* for *Choicer.*
(9) The manuscript has *Old* in place of *O.*
LINES ON THE MERMAID TAVERN.

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,
Chicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

(18-19) In the manuscript, *Says* for *Said*, and *new-old sign*, not *new old-sign* as in the first edition.

(23-6) The poem ends thus in the manuscript:

Souls of Poets dead and gone,
Are the winds a sweeter home,
Richer is uncellar’d cavern
Than the merry Mermaid Tavern?
ROBIN HOOD.

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
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;

---

(10) In the draft this line is
Since Men paid no Rent and Leases.
(13) Cancelled reading, And the whistle shrill is...
(16) Cancelled reading, No old hermit with his... Probably it was meant to finish the line with staff.
(18) The draft reads—
Jests { deep in } a forest drear.
And there is then the following couplet, cancelled:
No more barbed arrows fly
Through one's own roof to the sky...
(19) In the draft thus—
In } the fairest { time } of June...
(21-2) Rejected readings, Planets seven, and polar beam.
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.

(25-7) Cancelled reading—
Never meet one of all the clan
Rattling on an empty can
An old hunting ditty...

(29-30) In the draft, Mistress is struck out in favour of Hostess; and in the finished copy pasture and Trent are connected with a hyphen.

(31-2) In the draft—

For {he left the merry Tale
When {to }
Messenger {for } spicy ale.

In the finished manuscript the preposition in line 32 is to; but in the printed edition for. Instead of the present lines 33 to 42 Keats first wrote the following:

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.

But after finishing the poem he wrote on the other side of the paper the delightful lines as they now stand, except that line 37 is

All are gone and all is past!

and in line 39 tufted stands in place of turfed. In the finished copy the words should be and should have in lines 38 and 40 are underlined.
ROBIN HOOD.

Gone, the merry morris din;
Gone, the song of Gamelyn;
Gone, the tough-belted outlaw
Idling in the "grenè shawe;"
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!

(44) In the draft—
Fallen beneath the Woodma[n]'s strokes...

(49) In the draft, then stands cancelled in favour of yet; and there is an unfinished line struck out immediately afterwards, Though the Glories...
Honour to maid Marian,
And to all the Sherwood-clan!

Though their days have hurried by
Let us two a burden try.

(61-2) Line 61 originally began with *Though their Pleasures*; and the final line stands in the draft thus—

You and I a stave will try.

The reading of the text is in the finished manuscript, as well as in the first edition.
TO AUTUMN.

I.
Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-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,

This poem seems to have been just composed when Keats wrote to Reynolds from Winchester his letter of the 22nd of September 1819. He says "How beautiful the season is now. How fine the air—a temperate sharpness about it. Really, without joking, chaste weather—Dian skies. I never liked stubble-fields so much as now—aye, better than the chilly green of the Spring. Somehow, a stubble plain looks warm, in the same way that some pictures look warm. This struck me so much in my Sunday's walk that I composed upon it."
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers:
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cyder-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

(3) The term *Hedge-crickets* for *grasshoppers* in line 9 resumes very happily the whole sentiment of Keats's competition sonnet *On the Grasshopper and Cricket*. See Volume I, page 83.
ODE ON MELANCHOLY.

I.

No, no, go not to Lethe, neither twist
Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine;
Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kiss'd
By nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine;
Make not your rosary of yew-berries,
Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be
Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl
A partner in your sorrow's mysteries;
For shade to shade will come too drowsily,
And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul.

Lord Houghton gives the following stanza as the intended opening of the Ode, from the original manuscript:

Though you should build a bark of dead men's bones,
And rear a phantom gibbet for a mast,
Stitch shrouds 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.

His Lordship adds—"But no sooner was this written, than the poet became conscious that the coarseness of the contrast would destroy the general effect of luxurious tenderness which it was the
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.

object of the poem to produce, and he confined the gross notion of Melancholy to less violent images,..."
HYPERION.

A FRAGMENT.
[Lord Houghton records, no doubt on the authority of Brown, that *Hyperion* was begun after the death of Tom Keats, when the poet took up his residence with Brown. In the journal-letter to George and his wife in which the first allusion to Tom's death occurs, written in December 1818 or January 1819, Keats says, "I think you knew before you left England, that my next subject would be the 'Fall of Hyperion'. I went on a little with it last night..."; and on the 14th of February 1819 he writes "I have not gone on with 'Hyperion'." In August he writes to Bailey from Winchester, "I have also been writing parts of my 'Hyperion'..." On the 22nd of September he says in his letter to Reynolds, "I have given up 'Hyperion'—there were too many Miltonic inversions in it—Miltonic verse cannot be written but in an artful, or, rather, artist's humour. I wish to give myself up to other sensations. English ought to be kept up. It may be interesting to you to pick out some lines from 'Hyperion,' and put a mark, +, to the false beauty, proceeding from art, and one ||, to the true voice of feeling. Upon my soul, 'twas imagination; I cannot make the distinction—every now and then there is a Miltonic intonation—but I cannot make the division properly." Lord Houghton observes upon this passage that the allusion is probably to the *Vision*, or earlier version of *Hyperion*; but see the note quoted below from Woodhouse. Shelley, it will be remembered, says in the Preface to *Adonais*, "I consider the fragment of Hyperion, as second to nothing that was ever produced by a writer of the same years". And in his unfinished Letter to the Editor of *The Quarterly Review* he says, "The great proportion of this piece is surely in the very highest style of poetry". In a letter to Peacock he calls *Hyperion* "an astonishing piece of writing"; and in another he says "if the *Hyperion* be not grand poetry, none has been produced by our contemporaries". Hunt remarks in *The Indicator*, very happily, "The Hyperion is a fragment,—a gigantic one, like a ruin in the desert, or the bones of the mastodon. It is truly of a piece with its subject, which is the downfall of the elder gods." Woodhouse, in his interleaved and annotated copy of *Endymion*, in which I was so fortunate as to recover so many readings from the draft of that poem, records under the date April 1819 that Keats had lent him the fragment of *Hyperion* for perusal. "It contains," says Woodhouse, "2 books & $\frac{1}{2}$—(ab' 900 lines in all)." As the extant fragment of the earlier version, the *Vision*, consists of one Canto of 444 lines, and the 62 opening lines of a second Canto, while the fragment published in 1830 consists of 883 lines, that was, no doubt, what Woodhouse had: moreover he makes, in connexion with his note, three extracts
which are from the revised version. He records that Keats "said he was dissatisfied with what he had done of it; and should not complete it". Woodhouse, like several of Keats's friends, thoroughly appreciated the portentous genius of the young poet: of Hyperion he says, "The structure of the verse, as well as the subject, are colossal. It has an air of calm grandeur about it which is indicative of true power.—I know of no poem with which in this respect it can be compared.—It is that in poetry, which the Elgin and Egyptian marbles are in sculpture." Again, at the close of his extracts from the manuscript, this judiciously admiring friend well says, "The above lines, separated from the rest, give but a faint idea of the sustained grandeur and quiet power which characterize the poem: but they are sufficient to lead us to regret that such an attempt should have been abandoned. The poem, if completed, would have treated of the dethronement of Hyperion, the former God of the Sun, by Apollo,—and incidentally of those of Oceanus by Neptune, of Saturn by Jupiter &c., and of the war of the Giants for Saturn's reestablishment—with other events, of which we have but very dark hints in the mythological poets of Greece and Rome. In fact the incidents would have been pure creations of the Poet's brain. How he is qualified for such a task, may be seen in a trifling degree by the few mythological glimpses afforded in Endymion."—H. B. F.]
HYPERION.

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 about 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
By reason of his fallen divinity
Spreading a shade: the Naiad mid her reeds
Press'd her cold finger closer to her lips.

(14) It seems to me that the power of realization shown in the first decade, and indeed throughout the fragment, answers all objections to the subject, and is the most absolute security for the nobility of the result which Keats would have achieved had he finished the poem. It is impossible to over-estimate the value of such a landscape, so touched in with a few strokes of titanic meaning and completeness; and the whole sentiment of gigantic despair reflected around the fallen god of the Titan dynasty, and permeating the landscape, is resumed in the most perfect manner in the incident
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, of the motionless fallen leaf, a line almost as intense and full of the essence of poetry as any line in our language. It were ungracious to take exception to the poor Naiad; but she has not the convincing appropriateness of the rest of this sublime opening.

(35-7) Although the counterpoint of lines 35 and 36 recalls the manner of Shakespeare, it is to a contemporary influence that line 37 points. In Landor's Gebir, Book I, we read—

There was a brightening paleness in his face, such as Diana rising o'er the rocks shower'd on the lonely Latmian; on his brow sorrow there was, yet nought was there severe.
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 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 55
"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, 60
"Rumbles reluctant o'er our fallen house;
"And thy sharp lightning in unpractis'd 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, 65
"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? 70
"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, 75
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, 80
Just where her falling 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,
"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
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,
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 angrily: 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.

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!
"O lank-ear'd 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
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-ey'd 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
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
"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 winds and tides,
"No more than winds and tides can I avail:—
"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:
And still they were the same bright, patient 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 plunge'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 5
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 10
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, 15
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 Briareüs,
Typhon, and Dolor, and Porphyrrion, 20
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 clenched, 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 Phæbe 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 edgewater; 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.
Creûs 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.
Iâpetus 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 Cottus: prone he lay, chin uppermost,

(41) Woodhouse's extracts from the manuscript of Hyperion are all from Book II, and consist of the first 17½ lines, lines 32 to 35, 39 to 55, and 64 to 72. These extracts show no variation of consequence from the printed text, only a few pointings and spellings, such as Creûs for Creûs in line 41, and two verbal variations, venom for poison in line 48, and floor for flint in line 50. The two improvements are such as may readily have been made on proof sheets.
As though in pain; for still upon the flint
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,

(61) This is one of the few instances, in this poem of wondrous
firmness and security, where one discerns in Keats the unschooled
imagination of a boy—the inaptitude to reject an intrusive and in-
appropriate image. Up to this point there is the most complete
reality of imagination, the most perfect earnestness in setting forth
the titanic woes of the dramatis personae; but here one is suddenly
checked by the thought, "What! is he only playing at Titans after
all? Hope with that essentially British anchor of hers in this
company? Then why not Faith shouldering her cross? Why not
Britannia with her trident transferred from one of George the
Third's fine old copper pence? Why not that straddle-kneed Erin
with her harp from one of George the Second's?" In sober serious-
ness, it is matter of amazement that this single blot of any conse-
cuence should be here; and I presume we must attribute its
presence to the fact that Keats was over-rulled as to the publication
of the fragment, and had not, in his wretched state of health, the
will to revise it thoroughly on giving in to its publication in 1820.
Else one is fain to think that Hope and her anchor would have
disappeared, together with two words not to be characterized as
blots, but rather as survivals from the time of strain and strife
after out of the way expressions whereof Endymion is so full a
representation. I refer to two instances in which verbs are licen-
tiously and as I think inartistically used instead of their cognate
nouns, namely "Voices of soft proclaim" in line 130 of Book I, and
"with fierce convulse" in line 129 of Book III. There is a third
instance in line 64, Book II; but there the word shelf would not
have served to express the idea involved in the use of shelf.
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
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.
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,—
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,
"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!
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 enforce'd me to bid sad farewell
"To all my empire: farewell sad I took,
"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 fragrance, 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,
"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 cry'd, 'Apollo! young Apollo!
"'The morning-bright Apollo! young Apollo!'
"I fled, it follow'd me, and cry'd '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
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!"

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 splendidier 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.
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.
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 lillies 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
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
"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?
"Godress 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,
"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, grey 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.  
During the pain Mnemosyne upheld  
Her arms as one who prophesied.—At length  
Apollo shriek'd;—and lo! from all his limbs  
Celestial  *  *  *  *  *  *  
*  *  *  *  *  *  *  *  

THE END.

(136) Hunt says of this part of the fragment, “It strikes us that there is something too effeminate and human in the way in which Apollo receives the exaltation which his wisdom is giving him. He weeps and wonders somewhat too fondly; but his powers gather nobly on him as he proceeds.” I confess that I should be disposed to rank all these symptoms of convulsion and hysteria in the same category as the fainting of lovers which Keats so frequently represented,—a kind of thing which his astonishing powers of progress would infallibly have outgrown had he lived a year or two longer.

The imprint of the Lamia volume, which is in the centre of the verso of the last page, is as follows:—

LONDON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.
HYPERION, A VISION:

The First Version of the Poem.
[This remarkable sketch for one of the most remarkable fragments ever produced by a man of equal years remained in manuscript until Lord Houghton contributed it to the third Volume of the Bibliographical and Historical Miscellanies of the Philobiblon Society (1856-57). A few copies of this contribution were also printed separately from the Miscellanies. The fragment was afterwards published in the Appendix to "a new edition" of The Life and Letters of John Keats issued by his Lordship in 1867 through Messrs. Moxon and Co. It will be seen that, although a great deal of the Vision is special thereto, there are large passages which recur in the later version of Hyperion. A comparison of passages which are substantially identical while varying in detail supports Keats's artistic reputation in the most notable manner.—H. B. F.]
HYPERION, A VISION:

THE FIRST VERSION OF THE POEM.

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 chain
And dumb enchantment. Who alive can say,
"Thou art no Poet—may'st not tell thy dreams?"
Since every man whose soul is not a clod
Hath visions and would speak, if he had loved,
And been well nurtured in his mother tongue.
Whether the dream now purpos'd 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. Twining round
I saw an arbour with a drooping roof
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 scatter'd on the grass,
And grapestalks 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 sank,
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 curved 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 remember'd none
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 raised
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 ministering; and there arose a flame
When in mid-day 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;—
Even so that lofty sacrificial fire,
Sending forth Mæan 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 hourglass, 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
FIRST VERSION OF “HYPERION.”

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 ic’d 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,”
Cry’d 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 choke my utterance, sacrilegious, here?
”
Then said the veiled shadow: “Thou hast felt
What ’tis to die and live again before
Thy fated hour; that thou hadst power to do so
Is thine 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,” return’d 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 rottedst 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.”  

“Those whom thou spakest of are no visionaries,”
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

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,
Bearing more woe than all his sins deserve.
Therefore, that happiness be somewhat shared,
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 favour’d for unworthiness,
By such propitious parley medicined
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 where I am,
Whose altar this, for whom this incense curls;
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 linen veil'd,
Spoke 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 goddess of this 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 piled
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 languorous flame,
And then upon the offerings again;
And so, by turns, till sad Moneta cry'd:
"The sacrifice is done, but not the less
Will I be kind to thee for thy good will.
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 these dull mortal eyes behold
Free from all pain, if wonder pain thee not."
As near as an immortal's spher'd words
Could to a mother's soften were these last:
And 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 past
The lilly 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-clos'd, and visionless entire they seem'd
Of all external things; they saw me not,
But in blank splendour 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 ask'd to see what things the hollow brow
Behind environ'd: 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,
Let me behold, according as thou saidst,
What in thy brain so ferments to and fro!"
No sooner had this conjuration past
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 pedestall'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
Of those few words hung vast before my mind
With half-unravell'd web. I sat 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

(270-2) Compare Hyperion, Book I, lines 1 to 3.
Robs not one light seed from the feather'd grass; 290
But where the dead leaf fell there did it rest.
A stream went noiseless by, still deaden'd more
By reason of the fallen divinity
Spreading more shade; the Naiad 'mid her reeds
Prest her cold finger closer to her lips.

Along the margin-sand large foot-marks went 295
No further 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 closed; 300
While his bow'd head seem'd listening 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 305
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-natured 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 list'ning fear in her regard,
As if calamity had but begun;

(289-306) See lines 9 to 25 of Hyperion, Book I.
(315) It will be seen that this passage, though varying much in
detail from the later version (Book I, lines 37 to 88), is substantially
As if the venom'd 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 ear
Leaning, with parted lips some words she spoke
In solemn tenour and deep organ-tone;
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 say, 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 thy hoary majesty.
Thy thunder, captious at the new command,
Rumbles reluctant o'er our fallen house;
And thy sharp lightning, in unpractis'd hands,
Scourges and burns our once serene domain.

"With such remorseless speed still come new woes,
That unbelief has not a space to breathe.
Saturn! sleep on: me thoughtless, why should I
Thus violate thy slumberous 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 prest her fair large forehead to the earth,
Just where her fallen hair might spread in curls,
A soft and silken net for Saturn's feet.
Long, long these 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,

(376-9) Compare Hyperion, Book I, lines 89-92.
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
Of Saturn fill'd the mossy glooms around,
Even to the hollows of time-eaten oaks,
And to the windings of the foxes' hole,
With sad, low tones, while thus he spoke, and sent
Strange moanings 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 upon man's harvesting,
And all those acts which Deity supreme
Doth case its heart of love in. Moan and wail;
Moan, brethren, moan; for lo, the rebel spheres
Spin round; the stars their ancient 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 seashores 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 an aching palsy.
Moan, brethren, moan, for I have no strength left;
Weak as the reed, weak, feeble as my voice.
Oh! Oh! the pain, the pain of feebleness;
Moan, moan, for still I thaw; or give me help;

(388-93) Compare Book I, lines 106-12.
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; 410
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." So he feebly ceased,
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 unison of sense
Which marries sweet sound with the grace of form,
And dolorous accent from a tragic harp
With large-limb'd visions. More I scrutinized.
Still fixt 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 mid-day fleece of clouds. Thea arose,
And stretcht 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 cry'd, "These twain
Are speeding to the families of grief,
Where, rooft in by black rocks, they waste in pain

(408-14) Compare Book I, lines 127-33.
And darkness, for no hope." And she spake on, As ye may read who can unwearied pass Onward from the antechamber 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.

END OF CANTO I.

CANTO II.

"Mortal, that thou may'st 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 thro' the trees. In melancholy realms big tears are 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 for the old allegiance once more, Listening in their doom for Saturn's voice. But one of the whole eagle-brood still keeps His sovereignty, 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 insecure. For as upon the earth dire prodigies Fright and perplex, so also shudders he;

(7) The remainder of this fragment should be compared in detail with the maturer version, Book I, lines 158-217.
Not at dog's howl or gloom-bird's hated screech, 20
Or the familiar visiting of one
Upon the first toll of his passing bell,
Or prophesying of the midnight lamp;
But horrors, portioned to a giant nerve,
Make great Hyperion ache. His palace bright, 25
Bastion'd with pyramids of shining gold,
And touch'd with shade of bronzed obelisks,
Glares a blood-red thro' all the thousand courts,
Arches, and domes, and fiery galleries;
And all its curtains of Aurorian clouds 30
Flash angrily; 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, 35
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, 40
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. 45
Even now where 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, 50
Reliev'd from the dusk vale. Mnemosyne
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,
Through bow'rs 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 earthy fire,
That scar'd away the meek ethereal hours,
And made their dove-wings tremble. On he flared.

(57) Lord Houghton gives diamond-paned here; but as the line is otherwise identical with line 220 of Book I of Hyperion as printed by Keats, there can be no doubt that diamond-paved is the right expression.

(62) Lord Houghton notes that the manuscript ends here.
POSTHUMOUS

AND

FUGITIVE POEMS.
[In this section are given under one chronology the whole of Keats's poetical writings not included in the three volumes which he issued himself. Some of the following pieces were published during his life-time in The Examiner, or elsewhere, as indicated in the foot-notes; but the great mass are strictly posthumous works, for which the world is indebted to the editorship of Lord Houghton. It is not unlikely that other pieces by Keats may yet be found; for he wrote much commonplace verse when a boy; and I have reason to think that a good deal of it still exists; but it is questionable whether anything of true and sterling value still remains to be discovered.—H. B. F.]
POSTHUMOUS AND FUGITIVE POEMS.

ON DEATH.

1.
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.

2.
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.

George Keats assigns these stanzas to the year 1814. Their only interest is in the somewhat thoughtful vein they display for a youth of Keats's age at that time—eighteen or nineteen years. I am not aware that the stanzas have been printed before.
SONNET.
TO BYRON.

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'ershadowing 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.

First given in the *Life, Letters &c.* (1848), Volume I, page 13, under the date December 1814. I know of no authority for inserting the word *ever* in the seventh line; but it seems highly probable that we should read *thou thy griefs dost ever dress*, and that the word was dropped accidentally in transcription.
SONNET.
TO CHATTERTON.

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 mildly 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.
But this is past: thou art among the stars
Of highest Heaven: to the rolling spheres
Thou sweetly singest: nought 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.

This sonnet also was first given in the Life, Letters &c. in 1848.
SONNET.

TO SPENGER.

SPENGER! a jealous honouner 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 Phæbus with a golden quill
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.

Lord Houghton, who first gave this sonnet in Volume I of the Life, Letters &c., 1848, appended in the Aldine edition of 1876 the following note:—“I am enabled by the kindness of Mr. W. A. Longmore, nephew of Mr. J. W. [sic, but quarre H.] Reynolds, to give an exact transcript of this sonnet as written and given to his mother, by the poet, at his father’s house in Little Britain. The poem is dated, in Mrs. Longmore’s hand, Feb. 5th, 1818, but it seems impossible that it can have been other than an early production and of the especially Spenserian time.” The transcript given varies in punctuation from previous versions; and I have followed it in the main. But there are two accidental variations, honour for honourer in line 1, and but for put in line 12. Beyond escape for the ‘scape of former editions, I find no other difference of any consequence.
ODE TO APOLLO.

I.

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.

2.

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.

3.

Then, through thy Temple wide, melodious swells
The sweet majestic tone of Maro's lyre:
The soul delighted on each accent dwells,—
Enraptur'd dwells,—not daring to respire,
The while he tells of grief around a funeral pyre.

First given among the Literary Remains in the second volume of the Life, Letters &c. The date to which Lord Houghton assigns the poem is February 1815.
4.
'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.

5.
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.

6.
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 tremulously expire.

7.
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.
8.

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.
HYMN TO APOLLO.

I

God of the golden bow,
And of the golden lyre,
And of the golden hair,
And of the golden fire,

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!

2.

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.

This also was first given in the Literary Remains, where it stood next to the preceding, though undated. As Lord Houghton retains it between the Ode to Apollo and the stanzas To Hope (dated February 1815) in the chronological Aldine edition, the date February 1815 may be presumed to be that of the Hymn as well as that of the Ode.
HYMN TO APOLLO.

O why didst thou pity, and for a worm
    Why touch thy soft lute
    Till the thunder was mute,
Why was not I crush'd—such a pitiful germ?
    O Delphic Apollo!

3.

The Pleiades were up,
    Watching the silent air;
The seeds and roots in the Earth
    Were swelling for summer fare;
    The Ocean, its neighbour,
    Was at its old labour,
When, who—who did dare
To tie, like a madman, 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!
SONNET.

As from the darkening gloom a silver dove
Upsoars, and darts into the eastern light,
On pinions that nought 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, cleav'st the air
On holy message sent—What pleasure's higher?
Wherefore does any grief our joy impair?

Lord Houghton gave this sonnet in the Aldine edition of 1876, with the date 1816. There is nothing to show to whose death the poet refers.
STANZAS TO MISS WYLIE.

1.
O come Georgiana! 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 clothed in beams.

2.
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.

3.
And when thou art weary I’ll find thee a bed,
Of mosses and flowers to pillow thy head:
And there Georgiana I’ll sit at thy feet,
While my story of love I enraptur’d repeat.

4.
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.

These stanzas, which are from the series of transcripts made by George Keats, are addressed to the object of the Sonnet to G. A. W. published in Keats’s volume of 1817—to wit the lady who was after-
5.
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.

wards the wife of George Keats. Though not so good as the Sonnet, they are on an equality with the verses in Keats's Tom Moore manner addressed to some ladies who sent him a shell and a copy of verses. They belong to the year 1816.
SONNET.

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 wing of Poesy upsoar,
Full often dropping a delicious tear,
When some melodious sorrow spells mine eyes.

First given among the Literary Remains in the Life, Letters &c. (1848), with the date 1816.
SONNET.

To a Young Lady who sent me a Laurel Crown.

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!

First given by Lord Houghton among the Literary Remains in Volume II of the Life, Letters &c. (1848). It appears to belong to the year 1816.
SONNET.

*Written in Disgust of Vulgar Superstition.*

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.

In Tom Keats’s copy-book this sonnet is headed as above and dated “Sunday Evening, Dec. 24, 1816.” In the Aldine edition it is headed “Written on a Summer Evening.” I give the text from the transcript, which varies in some details from the Aldine text. The latter reads toll’d for toll in line 1, To some blind spell in line 6, Fond for And in line 8, and as for ere in line 12.
SONNET.

After dark vapors have oppress'd our plains
For a long dreary season, comes a day
Born of the gentle South, and clears away
From the sick heavens all unseemly stains.
The anxious month, relieved of its pains,
  Takes as a long-lost right the feel of May;
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 smiling infant's breath—
The gradual sand that through an hour-glass runs—
A woodland rivulet—a Poet's death.

This sonnet appeared in The Examiner for the 23rd of February 1817, and is dated January 1817 in Lord Houghton's editions. In line 5 The Examiner reads relieving of; his Lordship reads relieved from, and again And for The at the beginning of line 9, and sleeping for smiling in line 12. The word relieving in the earlier version must, I think, have been a slip, and not an intentional use of relieve as an intransitive verb, though Keats was perhaps capable of such use in his early strife after freshness of speech.
SONNET.

Written on a Blank Space at the end of Chaucer's Tale of "The Floure and the Lefe."

This pleasant tale is like a little copse:
The honied lines so 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 has white Simplicity!

This sonnet was published in The Examiner for the 16th of March 1817, having been written in February 1817 in the late Charles Cowden Clarke's "miniature 18mo. copy of Chaucer," as recorded in Clarke's Recollections of Keats in The Gentleman's Magazine. When Clarke died, he bequeathed the Chaucer to Alexander Ireland, author of the Leigh Hunt, Lamb, and Hazlitt Bibliography. The sonnet is said to have been "an extempore effusion, and without the alteration of a single word"; but as Clarke seems to have been asleep when it was written we are justified in construing the word extempore with a certain latitude. It was certainly most unusual for Keats to write that much without a single erasure, and it is quite possible that he jotted the sonnet down in pencil in a note-book which he certainly carried at that time and certainly did draft sonnets in. In any case he probably had ample time and quiet, while Clarke was sleeping, to elaborate the two highly finished quatrains in his mind: the third quatrain and the couplet are of inferior merit, and might well be extemporary. This early performance seems to have
What mighty power has this gentle story!
I that do ever feel a thirst 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.

quite won the heart of the genial critic Hunt, for in inserting it in his paper he characterized it as “exquisite”, and added that the author might “already lay true claim to that title:—

    The youngest he
    That sits in shadow of Apollo’s tree.”

It should perhaps be recorded in this place that Mr. Skeat finds in the language and prosody of The Floure and the Lefe very strong grounds for rejecting it from the roll of Chaucer’s works.
TWO SONNETS.

I.

To Haydon, with a Sonnet written on seeing the Elgin Marbles.

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 upfolow'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?

In regard to this subject it will be remembered that Haydon had been most energetic in preaching the gospel of the Elgin Marbles, and that his friends claimed for him the distinction of being the first to apply to modern art the "principles" of those immortal works. These two sonnets appeared in The Examiner for the 9th of March 1817, signed "J. K."; but this did not prevent Mr. James Elmes from letting them do duty for "Original Poetry" in his Annals of the Fine Arts, where they reappeared in No. 8 (that, seemingly, for April 1818), with the full signature "John Keats." A comparison of the two versions leads me to the supposition that the Annals merely reprinted "copy" cut from The Examiner, with slight typographical laxity: I do not trace two manuscripts. Lord Houghton transposes the two sonnets, and alters the headings accordingly, reading indescribable for undescribable in line 10 of the
For when men star'd at what was most divine
With browless idiotism—o'erwise phlegm—
Thou hadst beheld the Hesperian shine
Of their star in the East, and gone to worship them.

II.

On seeing the Elgin Marbles.

MY spirit is too weak—mortality
Weighs heavily on me like unwilling sleep,
And each imagin'd pinnacle and steep
Of godlike hardship, tells me I must die
Like a sick Eagle looking at the sky.
Yet 'tis a gentle luxury to weep
That I have not the cloudy winds to keep,
Fresh for the opening of the morning's eye.
Such dim-conceived glories of the brain
Bring round the heart an undescribable feud;
So do these wonders a most dizzy pain,
That mingles Grecian grandeur with the rude
Wasting of old Time—with a billowy main—
A sun—a shadow of a magnitude.

sonnet on the Marbles, and giving lines 12 and 13 of the other thus—

With brainless idiotism and o'erwise phlegm,
Thou hadst beheld the full Hesperian shine...

Both the versions published in Keats's life-time read as in the text, except that Elmes has Hesperian with an i, probably not noting that the accent was to be read on the third syllable—Hesperian.
SONNET.
ON A PICTURE OF LEANDER.

COME hither all sweet maidens soberly,
Down-looking aye, and with a chas-ten’d 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 bewildер’d ’mid the dreary sea:

This sonnet appeared in the year 1829 both in The Gem, a Literary Annual, edited by Thomas Hood, and in Galignani’s edition of Shelley, Keats, and Coleridge. In the same volume of The Gem wherein Hood inserted this sonnet, he also published his own punning verses On a Picture of Hero and Leander,—

Why, Lover, why
Such a Water-rover?
Would she love thee more.
For coming half seas over? &c.

I doubt whether so real an admirer and in some sense disciple of Keats as Hood was would have thought it in good taste to invite a comparison between the flimsy cleverness of these verses and the heart-felt beauty of the sonnet; and I should explain to myself as an editorial exigency the not over fortunate juxtaposition. Thus, the editor of The Gem finds himself in possession of a lovely sonnet on a picture, and obtains an engraving of Hero and Leander to insert with it: when the engraving comes, it turns out to represent—not the death of Leander, but his successful landing and reception by Hero, with Cupid fluttering above, torch in hand, and Hero’s
'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!

attendant on the stone staircase leading up to the Sestian Temple. The editor cannot sacrifice one of his principal gems by casting out the sonnet: the publishers cannot sacrifice their costly steel plate; but fortunately the editor can write to any text or any plate; and the result is "Why, Lover, why," facing "Hero and Leander" painted by H. Howard, R.A., and engraved by F. Engleheart,—verses and print corresponding in every detail,—except of course that the print is meant for serious and the verses are not. Save for some such explanation, we could hardly acquit Hood of the imputation of making fun of Keats's sonnet.
“THINK NOT OF IT, SWEET ONE, SO.” 223

TO ———.

I.

THINK not of it, sweet one, so;—
Give it not a tear;
Sigh thou mayst, and bid it go
Any, any where.

2.

Do not look so sad, sweet one,—
Sad and fadingly;
Shed one drop, then it is gone,
O 'twas born to die.

Given by Lord Houghton among the Literary Remains in Volume II of the Life, Letters &c. (1848), with the date 1817. Hitherto this poem has been headed “On . . . .”; but it is so distinctly an address that To seems to be the right preposition. It is not stated to whom the verses are addressed. In Woodhouse’s interleaved copy of Endymion is a transcript evidently made from a working draft. Woodhouse has copied in his careful and minute way the whole manuscript with its erasures, the first of which is a cancelled opening quatrains:

Think not of it gentle sweet
It is not worth a tear
Will thine heart less warmly beat
Thy voice less clear?

Stanza 2 appears to have been originally written with the two final lines,
3.
Still so pale? then dearest weep;
Weep, I'll count the tears,
And each one shall be a bliss
For thee in after years.

4.
Brighter has it left thine eyes
Than a sunny rill;
And thy whispering melodies
Are tenderer still.

Shed one drop then only one
Sweetly did it die,

which are cancelled in favour of those of the text. Lord Houghton's
reading of 1848,

Shed one drop (and only one),

may perhaps be deduced from the presence of a cancelled and beneath then. For stanza 3 there are the three rejected lines,

Wilt thou mourn, and wilt thou sob
Art indeed so and wan...
And for each one for thee I'll keep...

and finally the stanza is left as given in the text and in the Aldine edition, Lord Houghton's earlier reading of line 3,

For each will I invent a bliss,

being struck out; while the 1848 reading more tender for tenderer in stanza 4 does not appear at all. The version of the text, which is also that of the Aldine edition, seems to me the better: it leaves the metre of stanza 4 in conformity rather with that of stanza 5 than with that of the first three. In stanza 5 there is a cancelled reading, dying for fleeting in the second line. Lord Houghton omits the E'en at the beginning of the third line from both his editions; and I think this must be one of the many cases in which there were two manuscripts.
"THINK NOT OF IT, SWEET ONE, SO."

5.
Yet—as all things mourn awhile
   At fleeting blisses;
E'en let us too; but be our dirge
   A dirge of kisses.
LINES.

1.

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?

2.

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, and no bounds."

These lines stand next to the preceding in the Literary Remains, and are also assigned to the year 1817. In the Aldine edition the quotation in the second stanza reads—

Love doth know no fullness, nor no bounds.

I leave the original version as being probably what Keats wrote, and proper to his text—just as Shelley's "dales of Hell" are more proper to Julian and Maddalo (line 41) than Milton's own "vales of Hell" would be in a text of that poem.
3.

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.
SONNET.
ON THE SEA.

IT keeps eternal whisperings around
Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell
Gluts twice ten thousand caverns, till the spell
Of Hecate leaves them their old shadowy sound.
Often 'tis in such gentle temper found,
That scarcely will the very smallest shell
Be mov'd for days from whence it sometime fell,
When last the winds of heaven were unbound.
Oh ye! who have your eye-balls vex'd and tir'd,
Feast them upon the wideness of the Sea;
Oh ye! whose ears are dinn'd with uproar rude,
Or fed too much with cloying melody,—
Sit ye near some old cavern's mouth, and brood
Until ye start, as if the sea-nymphs quir'd!

First given among the Literary Remains in Volume II of the Life, Letters &c. (1848), and dated August 1817.
SONNET.

On Leigh Hunt's Poem "The Story of Rimini."

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 moralize 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.

Given in the Literary Remains next to the preceding, and dated 1817.
FRAGMENT.

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.

This is one of a group of undated fragments given at the end of Volume I of the Life, Letters &c. (1848).
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
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;
Then 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.

Modern Love follows "Where's the Poet?" in the group of undated fragments at the end of Volume I of the Life, Letters &c.
Fragment of "The Castle Builder."

* * * * *

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 gold-fish 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-ribbon 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, bow-strings 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.

This follows the preceding fragment in the first volume of the Life, Letters &c.
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
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 sofas should delicious be
With down from Leda's cygnet progeny.
My pictures all Salvator's, save a few
Of Titian's portraiture, and one, though new,
Of Haydon's in its fresh magnificence.
My wine—O good! 'tis here at my desire,
And I must sit to supper with my friar.

** * ** * **
FRAGMENT.

"Under the flag
Of each his faction, they to battle bring
Their embryo 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 are under,
And a giggle at a wonder;
Visage sage at pantomime;
Funeral, and steeple-chime;
Infant playing with a skull;
Morning fair, and shipwreck'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;

This is the fourth of the undated fragments at the end of Volume I of the Life.
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.
SONNET.

WHEN I have fears that I may cease to be
   Before my pen has glean’d my teeming brain,
   Before high piled books, in charactry,
       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.

This sonnet, of which there is a fair manuscript dated 1817 in Sir Charles Dilke’s copy of Endymion, was printed among the Literary Remains in the second volume of the Life, Letters &c. (1848). The text as given above accords entirely with the manuscript.
SONNET.
TO HOMER.

Standing aloof in giant ignorance,
Of thee I hear and of the Cyclades,
As one who sits ashore and longs perchance
To visit dolphin-coral in deep seas.
So thou wast blind;—but then the veil was rent,
For Jove uncurtain'd Heaven to let thee live,
And Neptune made for thee a spumy tent,
And Pan made sing for thee his forest-hive;

This admirable sonnet also occurs in manuscript in Sir Charles Dilke's copy of Endymion, and was included, like the preceding, in the Literary Remains. The date given in both places is 1818. The evidence of the manuscript on this point is of consequence as bearing on the relative positions of this sonnet and that On first looking into Chapman's Homer (Volume I, page 77). I understand the "giant ignorance" of line 1 to have reference to Keats's inability to enjoy Homer in the original Greek, and not to an entire ignorance of the Iliad and Odyssey such as might have characterized the period before the sonnet on Chapman's version was written in 1816. Indeed the second quatrain seems to me to be too well felt for so vague an attitude as Keats's must have been towards Homer before he knew any version at all; but the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti, whose intuitions in such matters were of the keenest, and entitled to the most careful consideration, held that the present sonnet must have preceded that of 1816, and received with considerable reserve the evidence as to the date which I communicated to him in the course of our correspondence. It will be of interest to many lovers both of Keats and of Rossetti to learn that the later
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.

poet whom we have but lately lost considered this sonnet to contain
Keats's finest single line of poetry—

There is a budding morrow in midnight,
a line which Rossetti told me he thought one of the finest "in all
poetry." No one will dispute that it is a most astonishing line,
more particularly for a young man of Keats's years in 1818. The
text given above is that of Sir Charles Dilke's manuscript, in
which, however, the word spunzy in line 7 is altered to spermy in
what seems to me to be the handwriting of Mr. Dilke, the grand-
father of the present Baronet.
A DRAUGHT OF SUNSHINE.

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,
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!

These lines are part of an extract from a letter to Reynolds dated “Hampstead, Jan. 31st, 1818”, published in Volume I of the Life, Letters &c. (1848), but omitted from the Life and Letters of 1867 as “a page of doggerel not worth transcription”. The time has now come when students will feel entitled to have even Keats’s doggerel, some of which, by the bye, has far less reason (and rhyme too) than the present effusion—to my mind rather a bright and happy specimen, notwithstanding Keats’s own plea to his correspondent, “you must forgive all this ranting; but the fact is, I cannot write sense this morning.” With the view of giving Reynolds “some sense” nevertheless, he proceeds to copy out his latest
POSTHUMOUS AND FUGITIVE POEMS.

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!

sonnet, "When I have fears" &c. To the present fragment I have ventured to add a very obvious title.

(35) In the Life, Letters &c. bare stands in place of bear; and very likely Keats wrote bare here as he often did elsewhere for bear.
FAERY SONGS.

I.

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—O 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!

These two songs appeared in the Life, Letters &c. (1848) among the Literary Remains; and a fac-simile of the manuscript of No. I was inserted in the second volume by way of frontispiece. The variations shown by the manuscript according to this reproduction are mainly in minute details; and I have adopted many
II.

Ah! woe is me! poor silver-wing!
That I must chant 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!

of them as characteristic—not, however, the curious orthography
Paradize in line 6, or bow for bough in line 12.
SONG.

Written on a blank page in Beaumont and Fletcher’s Works, between “Cupid’s Revenge” and “The Two Noble Kinsmen.”

I.

Spirit here that reignest!
Spirit here that painest!
Spirit here that burnest!
Spirit here that mournest!

Spirit, I bow
My forehead low,
Enshaded with thy pinions.

Spirit, I look
All passion-struck
Into thy pale dominions.

2.

Spirit here that laughest!
Spirit here that quaffest!

First given among the Literary Remains in 1848 as an independent song; but included in the Aldine edition among Faery Songs, with the two preceding. The fact that the Song was written where it was leads me to prefer the earlier arrangement. The variation from the printed text shown by the manuscript in the third and fourth lines of each stanza is curious, namely burneth, mourneth, danceth, and franceth. There are several differences of punctuation.
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.

which I have adopted; and there is a cancelled reading, wings for pinions in line 7 of stanza 1. Lord Houghton reads While nudging in stanza 2.
STANZAS.

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.

2.
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.

I have not succeeded in tracing this poem further back than to Galignani's edition of Shelley, Keats, and Coleridge (1829). In 1830 it appeared in The Gem, a Literary Annual. Some years ago a correspondent sent me for inspection a manuscript varying slightly from the received text; thus, each stanza began with In drear
nighted December; the second happy in line 2 of stanza 1 appeared
3.
Ah! would 'twere so with many
   A gentle girl and boy!
But were there ever any
   Writh'd not at passed joy?
To know the change and feel it,
When there is none to heal it,
Nor numbed sense to steal it,
   Was never said in rhyme.

to be an after-thought; in stanza 3, line 2, happy stood cancelled in favour of gentle, and line 5 was
   The feel of not to feel it.
In The Gem we read told for said in the last line.
SONNET.

THE HUMAN SEASONS.

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

This sonnet and that to Ailsa Rock were first published, with the signature "I", in Leigh Hunt's Literary Pocket-Book; or, Companion for the Lover of Nature and Art,—the first number, that for 1819, in which Shelley's Marianne's Dream appeared with the signature "Δ". The critic of Blackwood's Magazine must have discovered the secret of the signatures by some means, and was of course not above making use of his discovery; for in noticing the Pocket-Book he describes these sonnets with characteristic ribaldry as "two feats of Johnny Keats." The only variation of consequence shown by the Pocket-Book as compared with the current texts of the present sonnet is in lines 7 and 8, where the usual reading is

by such dreaming high

Is nearest unto Heaven:

this is certainly a more usual sense than that of the text as given above; but I should not venture to adopt it without knowing upon what manuscript authority, as the other seems to me the more characteristic in its strain after originality of expression. I take
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.

nigh to be a verb; and I think students will admit that nigh his nearest unto heaven, for approach his nearest unto heaven, is tame compared with some of the novelties of Endymion.
POSTHUMOUS AND FUGITIVE POEMS. 249

Lines on seeing a Lock of Milton’s Hair.

CHIEF of organic numbers!  
Old Scholar of the Spheres!  
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?

In a letter to his friend Bailey, dated the 23rd of January 1818 (Life, Letters &c., 1848), Keats says—“I was at Hunt’s the other day, and he surprised me with a real authenticated lock of Milton’s hair. I know you would like what I wrote thereon, so here it is—as they say of a Sheep in a Nursery Book.” And after transcribing the poem he adds—“This I did at Hunt’s, at his request. Perhaps I should have done something better alone and at home.” In the folio Shakespeare in Sir Charles Dilke’s possession these Lines are written in Keats’s autograph, and there is another manuscript at the end of the copy of Endymion mentioned several times in these notes. The date given by Keats to the poem is the 21st of January.
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, grey-gone 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!

For many years my offering must be hush'd;
When I do speak, I'll think upon this hour,
Because I feel my forehead hot and flush'd,

1818. I presume Lord Houghton gave the poem from the Bailey letter: the variations are inconsiderable. Medwin records in his Life of Shelley (Volume II, page 106) the belief that this poem had appeared in a periodical, though not at that time included in Keats's works. I have not come upon the poem in periodical literature; but Medwin may be right. For Leigh Hunt's sonnets on this subject, see Appendix.

(20) Lord Houghton reads thy for thine.
(22) This line, though in Lord Houghton's editions, is not in either of Sir Charles Dilke's manuscripts.
(23) The copy in Sir Charles Dilke's Endymion reads passion here as well as in line 25—presumably through oversight.
(32) Lord Houghton in 1848 and 1867 read wed for mad; but substituted mad in the Aldine edition of 1876, in accordance with Sir C. Dilke's manuscripts. The copy in the folio Shakespeare reads at for of.
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.
SONNET.

On sitting down to read King Lear once again.

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:

This sonnet appears to have been written on the 22nd of January 1818, in the folio Shakespeare containing the manuscript of the preceding poem; but I think Keats must have drafted it before writing it in the Shakespeare; and there is a second manuscript in Sir Charles Dilke's copy of Endymion. A third may perhaps be presumed to be in America, as Keats, writing to his brothers on the 23rd of January 1818, transcribed the sonnet for them with the following remarks:

"I think a little change has taken place in my intellect lately; I cannot bear to be uninterested or unemployed, I, who for so long a time have been addicted to passiveness. Nothing is finer for the purposes of great productions than a very gradual ripening of the intellectual powers. As an instance of this—observe—I sat down yesterday to read 'King Lear' once again: the thing appeared to demand the prologue of a sonnet. I wrote it, and began to read. (I know you would like to see it.)"

A copy of the sonnet follows, and then the words, "So you see I am getting at it with a sort of determination and strength..." So far as I have ascertained, the first appearance of the sonnet was with this letter, in the Life, Letters &c. (1848), Volume I, pages 96 and
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.

97; but Medwin, in his Life of Shelley (1847, Volume II, page 106) records the belief that the sonnet had already appeared in a periodical. Lord Houghton gave the title as above in 1848; and so it stands in both the manuscripts I have seen; but in the Aldine edition of 1876 it is Written before re-reading King Lear. There are several points in which the manuscripts vary from the text as previously printed; and the new readings adopted above are from these manuscripts. The first variation to note is in line 2, where previous versions stand thus—

Fair plumed Syren! Queen! if far away!

Lord Houghton also reads volume for pages in line 4, Hell torment for damnation in line 6, drops the word humbly from line 7, and the hyphen between bitter and sweet in line 8, and gives line 11 thus—

When I am through the old oak forest gone—

reading also with for in in line 13. In one of the manuscripts this is cancelled in favour of our in line 10.
SONNET.

TO THE NILE.

Son of the old moon-mountains African!
Chief 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 for 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.

This sonnet seems to have been composed on the 4th of February 1818; for in writing to his brothers (Life, Letters &c., 1848, Volume I, page 98) on the 16th of that month, a Monday, Keats says—"The Wednesday before last, Shelley, Hunt, and I, wrote each a sonnet on the river Nile: some day you shall read them all." Lord Houghton appended Keats's sonnet to the letter, together with Leigh Hunt's, and Shelley's Ozymandias. The Nile sonnet of Shelley, discovered within the last few years, will be found with Hunt's in the Appendix. Of Keats's there is a fair copy among those written in Sir Charles Dilke's copy of Endymion. From this manuscript there are three verbal variations in Lord Houghton's editions, Stream for Chief in line 2, Those for Such in line 7, and them for for in line 8; and the punctuation of the sestet is different—more correct grammatically, but less rapid metrically, and I think less characteristic.
What the Thrush said:

Lines from a Letter to John Hamilton 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.

In an undated letter to Reynolds bearing the postmark "Hampstead, Feb. 19, 1818" (Life, Letters &c., 1848, Volume I, page 87), occurs the passage—"I was led into these thoughts, my dear Reynolds, by the beauty of the morning operating on a sense of idleness. I have not read any books—the morning said I was right—I had no idea but of the morning, and the thrush said I was right, seeming to say,"—and these fourteen lines of blank verse follow immediately on the word say, so that the title I have ventured to give the lines accords at all events with the facts. Keats seems to have been really writing in a kind of spiritual parallelism with the thrush’s song: it will be noted that line 5 repeats the form of line 1, line 8 of line 4, while lines 11 and 12 are a still closer repetition of lines 9 and 10; so that the poem follows in a sense the thrush’s method of repetition. A later poet, perhaps a closer and more conscious observer than Keats, namely Robert Browning, says of the same bird in his Home-Thoughts from Abroad—

    That’s the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over
    Lest you should think he never could recapture
    The first fine careless rapture!

Having seen the original letter to Reynolds, I have collated the text
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.

of Keats’s lines with the manuscript, wherein they are not indented as above. The arrangement has been adopted in order to emphasize the repetitions, and to suggest the form of the sonnet. Having regard to the varieties of sonnet metre used by Keats, his bold boyish attempt (Volume I, page 82) at emancipation in making five syllables without a rhyme serve as a full line, and his sonnet protest further on in the present volume against chaining our English “by dull rhymes”, I think it hardly fantastic to suppose that he consciously translated the wild melody of the thrush into an unrhymed sonnet-structure.
SONNET.

Written in answer to a Sonnet ending thus:—

Dark eyes are dearer far
Than those that mock the hyacinthine bell—

By J. H. Reynolds.

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 bosom 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,—

The sonnet of John Hamilton Reynolds to which this is a reply appeared in 1821 in The Garden of Florence &c., and will be found in the Appendix. From a letter signed "A. J. Horwood" which was published in The Athenæum of the 3rd of June 1876, it would seem that this poem, like many others, must have been written out more than once by Keats; for, in a copy of The Garden of Florence mentioned in that letter, Keats's sonnet is transcribed, seemingly, from a different manuscript from that used by Lord Houghton when he gave the sonnet in the Life, Letters, and Literary Remains (Volume II, page 295) in 1848. The transcript quoted in The Athenæum reads hue for life in line 1, and bright for wide in line 2, and gives line 6 thus—

With all his tributary streams, pools numberless,
a foot too long: it also reads to for of in line 9. These strike me
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!

as decidedly genuine variations, but indicative of an earlier state of
the poem than that adopted in the text. The punctuation of The
Athenaum version is characteristic of Keats, and I have adopted it
in part. Lord Houghton dates the sonnet February 1818.
SONNET.

To John Hamilton Reynolds.

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.

First given among the Literary Remains, in the Life, Letters &c. (1848), not dated, but standing next to the sonnet on blue eyes, which is dated February 1818.
TEIGNMOUTH:

"SOME DOGGEREL,"

SENT IN A LETTER TO B. R. HAYDON.

I.

HERE all the summer could I stay,
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.

2.

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.

Keats's correspondence for the Spring of 1818 shows that on his
arrival in Devonshire he had on his hands, besides attendance on
his sick brother, the final work connected with the publication of
Enéymion. At the end of the first ten days he writes to Haydon
of having copied the fourth book for the press; and between the
completion of that operation and the end of April, when the poem
was out, he must have been more or less busy with it. Probably
also the greater part of Isabella was composed at Teignmouth,
3.
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.

4.
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.

seeing that it was from that place that he wrote of it to Reynolds towards the end of his stay, as about to be copied out. These circumstances would account for the limited extent of the series of poems special to Devonshire. These, although inferior in interest to the Scottish series of the Summer of 1818, are full of the individuality of Keats. The first piece we may safely assign to the 14th of March 1818. It occurs in a letter to Haydon published by Mr. Tom Taylor in Haydon's Autobiography without any date beyond "Teignmouth, Saturday morning"; but the verses form, with the next song, the staple of the letter, and appear from the context to have been written off as a part of it, and not copied into it. The date of the letter is to be fixed thus: Keats says in the prose paragraph of which the verses are the continuation—"The six first days I was here it did nothing but rain; and at that time, having to write to a friend, I gave Devonshire a good blowing-up. It has been fine for almost three days, and I was coming round a bit, but to-day it rains again. With me the county is on its good behaviour. I have enjoyed the most delightful walks these three fine days, beautiful enough to make me content." Now on the 25th of March Keats wrote to Reynolds of the weather as if the county's trial had lasted three weeks: this gives the 4th as the day of his arrival;
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.

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

and the tenth day from that (when he was writing to Haydon) would be the 14th, which was a Saturday. Keats describes these verses as "some doggrel." If he had gathered all their local details in the three fine days, he had not been idle; for he had been exploring both sides of the Estuary of the Teign. Starting from Teignmouth along the right-hand bank he would come to Bishop's Teignnton about three miles distant, and King's Teignnton or Teignnton Regis about five miles distant; and crossing the ferry at Teignmouth to get to the left-hand bank he would go through Shaldon and Ringmore to get to the village of Coomb-in-Teign-Head—perhaps three or four miles from his lodgings. He could not have had his cream and barley bread close to the stream in the village proper; but twenty or thirty years later, and onwards, there was certainly every accommodation of that kind in a group of curious old cottages perched up over the mud-banks, and known as Coomb Cellars—a favourite place for pic-nics, not so celebrated for cream as for cockles, raked out of the mud bottom of the Estuary at low tide. There were two brooks in and near Teignmouth—one in Brimley Vale and the other in Coomb Vale (nothing to do with Coomb-in-Teign-Head on the Shaldon bank); but I never heard these called Arch Brook and Larch Brook. The "Wild
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?

wood” of stanza 3 answers to any of the thick plantations of Little Haldon on the Exeter road,—a down such as Keats describes—furze and all. Newton Abbot or Newton Bushel, about six miles from Teignmouth, lies in a marshy situation enough, though the name of “the Marsh” has been appropriated to a spot near the Railway station. The town still has, like most country towns of any consequence, a Market Street. Of the dykes, ditches &c. of “the Barton” I can give no account, as I do not know to what particular manor-house and demesne the term was ever applied at Teignmouth. There is a touch of “local colour” in the white violets of stanza 6; for though primroses and violets are found in almost all parts of the country, white violets are not quite common about Teignmouth, but are to be found at Bishop’s Teignton. It is a pity that this choice little bit of trifling should be disfigured by the false rhyme critics and Prickets. Keats does not seem to have been quite certain when he despatched his letter whether his “doggerel” had been written seriously or not; for he resumes prose with—“I know not if this rhyming fit has done anything; it will be safe with you, if worthy to put among my Lyrics.” We must consider these trifles worthy to go among his lyrics, in virtue of their fine sense of rhythm and their keen relish for out of door life. It is clearly to the present poem, and not to the Epistle to Reynolds, that the title Teignmouth belongs of right; and I have therefore headed it accordingly. The text has been very copiously amended from the original letter quite clearly written; and I need not detain the reader with the details of the absurd perversion of it by Mr. Taylor. But I must mention that “Barton” as a place-name instead of “the Barton” was suspicious on the face of it, as there is no such place there; that the critics are clearly described, not as dark-hair’d or as dank-hair’d, but as dack’d hair’d (=: shock-headed); and that the dappled creatures are certainly not crickets but Prickets, or two-year-old deer.
THE DEVON MAID:
STANZAS
SENT IN A LETTER TO B. R. HAYDON.

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?

2.

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.

In the letter of Saturday the 14th of March 1818, embodying the preceding verses headed "Teignmouth," this song also occurs after a prose break consisting merely of the words which Mr. Taylor printed as—"There's a bit of doggrel; you would like a bit of botheral." What Keats wrote was no such nonsense, but "Here's some doggrel for you—Perhaps you would like a bit of B—hrell"—which is more witty than elegant, and need scarcely be translated. The first line of the song is not of the most authentic Devonian diction, though have ye and Will ye are, essentially; but these forms are always pronounced by the indigenous Devon maid have 'e and will 'e. Ye in the first and third lines is bad Devonian: it should be You; but as u in Devonshire is pronounced as in tu (French) or übel (German) Keats may at first have taken You for Ye: indeed, in a letter to his brother Tom written from Dumfries in July 1818 (see Letters) he says—"In
3.-
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!

4.-
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.

Devonshire they say, 'Well, where be ye going?'—an inaccuracy leading almost certainly to this conclusion. The late Dante Gabriel Rossetti pointed out in one of his letters to me that the first verse "is undoubtedly a reminiscence from one of the songs in Aella beginning

'As Eleanor by the green lessell was sitting'—
which again (as shown by Editors) is a reminiscence from a passage in Tom d'Urfey's Pills to Purge Melancholy." The stanza of Chatterton referred to is as follows:—

Mie husbande, Lorde Thomas, a forrester boulde,
As ever clove pynne, or the baskette,
Does no cherysauncys from Elynour houlde,
I have ytte as soone as I aske ytte.

The parallelism lends a strong literary interest to Keats's little jeu d'esprit, seeing that within five days of the time when The Devon Maid (as I have ventured to call the song) was written, he was inscribing Endymion "to the memory of the most English of poets except Shakspere, Thomas Chatterton",—a dedication, by the bye, which Rossetti was very anxious to see retained: it will be found along with the cancelled Preface in Volume I (page 117). Lord Houghton omits stanza 2. The text of The Devon Maid has been restored, like that of Teignmouth, from the letter: there is no doubt about any one word; and I am at a loss to understand Mr. Taylor's changes, especially divinely for disdainly, which makes good sense and good rhyme, though a licentious form.
EPISTLE
TO
JOHN HAMILTON REYNOLDS.

DEAR Reynolds! as last night I lay in bed,
There came before my eyes that wonted thread
Of shapes, and shadows, and remembrances,
That every other minute vex and please:
Things all disjointed come from north and south,—
Two Witch's eyes above a Cherub's mouth,
Voltaire with casque and shield and habergeon,
And Alexander with his nightcap on;
Old Socrates a-tying his cravat,
And Hazlitt playing with Miss Edgeworth's cat;

This epistle with a few lines of introduction in prose was written at Teignmouth, and is dated the 25th of March 1818 in the Life, Letters &c., where it first appeared. Keats says to his friend—"In hopes of cheering you through a minute or two, I was determined, will he nill he, to send you some lines, so you will excuse the unconnected subject and careless verse. You know, I am sure, Claude's 'Enchanted Castle,' and I wish you may be pleased with my remembrance of it." Some thirty years ago this picture emerged from Lord Overstone's collection at Wickham Park, Bromley, and was exhibited at the British Institution. It was a favourite in Keats's circle: Hunt, in Imagination and Fancy, says of the "perilous seas in faery lands forlorn" passage in the Ode to a Nightingale, "This beats Claude's Enchanted Castle, and the story of King Beder in the Arabian Nights."
And Junius Brutus, pretty well so so,
Making the best of's way towards Soho.

Few are there who escape these visitings,—
Perhaps one or two whose lives have patent wings,
And thro' whose curtains peeps no hellish nose,
No wild-boar tushes, and no Mermaid's toes;
But flowers bursting out with lusty pride,
And young ΑEolian harps personify'd;
Some Titian colours touch'd into real life,—
The sacrifice goes on; the pontiff knife
Gleams in the Sun, the milk-white heifer lows,
The pipes go shrilly, the libation flows:
A white sail shows above the green-head cliff,
Moves round the point, and throws her anchor stiff;
The mariners join hymn with those on land.

You know the Enchanted Castle,—it doth stand
Upon a rock, on the border of a Lake,
Nested in trees, which all do seem to shake
From some old magic-like Urganda's Sword.
O Phoebus! that I had thy sacred word
To show this Castle, in fair dreaming wise,
Unto my friend, while sick and ill he lies!

You know it well enough, where it doth seem
A mossy place, a Merlin's Hall, a dream;
You know the clear Lake, and the little Isles,
The mountains blue, and cold near neighbour rills,

(11) The term *pretty well so so* was used by Keats's set to signify *pretty well tipsy*; and this sense is destroyed by the comma which has hitherto stood between *pretty well* and *so so.

(14) The metre here probably implies the colloquial pronunciation *praps* for *perhaps*. 
All which elsewhere are but half animte;
There do they look alive to love and hate,
To smiles and frowns; they seem a lifted mound
Above some giant, pulsing underground.

Part of the Building was a chosen See,
Built by a banish’d Santon of Chaldee;
The other part, two thousand years from him,
Was built by Cuthbert de Saint Aldebrim;
Then there’s a little wing, far from the Sun,
Built by a Lapland Witch turn’d maudlin Nun;
And many other juts of aged stone
Founded with many a mason-devil’s groan.

The doors all look as if they op’d themselves,
The windows as if latch’d by Fays and Elves,
And from them comes a silver flash of light,
As from the westward of a Summer’s night;
Or like a beauteous woman’s large blue eyes
Gone mad thro’ olden songs and poesies.

See! what is coming from the distance dim!
A golden Galley all in silken trim!
Three rows of oars are lightening, moment whiles,
Into the verd’rous bosoms of those isles;
Towards the shade, under the Castle wall,
It comes in silence,—now ’tis hidden all.
The Clarion sounds, and from a Postern-gate

(54) The late Dante Gabriel Rossetti wrote to me that he thought
this line was a repetition of something elsewhere in Keats. Perhaps
he had in his mind the lines from the poem on seeing Milton’s
hair—

Will I, grey gone in passion,
and

And mad with glimpses of futurity!
An echo of sweet music doth create
A fear in the poor Herdsman, who doth bring
His beasts to trouble the enchanted spring,—
He tells of the sweet music, and the spot,
To all his friends, and they believe him not.

O that our dreamings all, of sleep or wake,
Would all their colours from the sunset take:
From something of material sublime,
Rather than shadow our own soul's day-time
In the dark void of night. For in the world
We jostle,—but my flag is not unfurl'd
On the Admiral-staff,—and so philosophize
I dare not yet! Oh, never will the prize,
High reason, and the love of good and ill,
Be my award! Things cannot to the will
Be settled, but they tease us out of thought;
Or is it that imagination brought
Beyond its proper bound, yet still confin'd,
Lost in a sort of Purgatory blind,
Cannot refer to any standard law
Of either earth or heaven? It is a flaw
In happiness, to see beyond our bourn,—
It forces us in summer skies to mourn,
It spoils the singing of the Nightingale.

Dear Reynolds! I have a mysterious tale,
And cannot speak it: the first page I read

(73) In the Aldine edition we read to for so.
(77) Rossetti also notes that this line "is anticipative of the
Grecian Urn ode",—

Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought...
The same may be said of "the milk-white heifer lows," in line 21.
Upon a Lampit rock of green sea-weed
Among the breakers; 'twas a quiet eve,
The rocks were silent, the wide sea did weave
An untumultuous fringe of silver foam
Along the flat brown sand; I was at home
And should have been most happy,—but I saw
Too far into the sea, where every maw
The greater on the less feeds evermore.—
But I saw too distinct into the core
Of an eternal fierce destruction,
And so from happiness I far was gone.
Still am I sick of it, and tho', to-day,
I've gather'd young spring-leaves, and flowers gay
Of periwinkle and wild strawberry,
Still do I that most fierce destruction see,—
The Shark at savage prey,—the Hawk at pounce,—
The gentle Robin, like a Pard or Ounce,
Ravening a worm,—Away, ye horrid moods!
Moods of one's mind! You know I hate them well.
You know I'd sooner be a clapping Bell
To some Kamtschatcan Missionary Church,
Than with these horrid moods be left i' the lurch.

(90) The Aldine edition reads weave; but the 1848 version has wave.
(105) I do not know whether a line has been lost, or whether Keats is himself responsible for the want of a rhyme to this line.
DAWLISH FAIR.

Over the Hill and over the Dale,
And over the Bourne to Dawlish,
Where ginger-bread wives have a scanty sale,
And ginger-bread nuts are smallish.

This scrap occurs in a letter to James Rice, written from Teignmouth on the 25th of March 1818, and published by Lord Houghton in the first volume of the Life, Letters &c. (1848). Keats closes his letter with “I went yesterday to Dawlish fair”, and this quatrain. The hilly walk to Dawlish is recorded with topographical accuracy. Whether the rest is observation or (as is more probable) mere rhyme, I cannot say.
Fragment of an Ode to Maia, written on May Day 1818.

Mother of Hermes! and still youthful Maia
May I sing to thee
As thou wast hymned on the shores of Baiae?
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.

First given in the Life, Letters &c. (1848) in a letter to Reynolds from Teignmouth, dated the 3rd of May 1818, wherein Keats says—"it is impossible to know how far knowledge will console us for the death of a friend, and the 'ills that flesh is heir to.' With respect to the affections and poetry, you must know by sympathy my thoughts that way, and I dare say these few lines will be but a ratification. I wrote them on May-day, and intend to finish the ode all in good time." Lord Houghton very aptly observes—"It is much to be regretted he did not finish this Ode; this commencement is in his best manner: the sentiment and expression perfect, as every traveller in modern Greece will recognize." An Ode so propitiously begun would, if completed, have been a worthy ending for the Devonshire series, though including what I believe I am not alone in regarding as Keats's masterpiece,—Isabella.
SONG.

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 Fairy'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.

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.

As far as I have been able to trace this poem, it appeared for the first time in the Life, Letters, and Literary Remains (1848), where it is dated 1818. The statement in the Aldine edition of 1876 that it was first printed in The Literary Pocket-book or Companion for the Lover of Nature and Art, for 1818, must derive from some misapprehension, as there is no such book. The Pocket-book was started by Hunt in 1819; and in a copy of the book for that year
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!

now in Sir Charles Dilke’s possession Keats wrote the Song; but it
is not printed in that or in either of the four later Pocket-books
which complete the series. For the text of the song I follow the
evidently later manuscript in Sir Charles Dilke’s copy of Endymion.
The variations shown by the Pocket-book are, in stanza 1, line 7,
tread softly for soft tiptoe; in stanza 2, line 6, Hath for Has, and
line 7, darkness for dusk; in stanza 3, line 2, chink for clink, line 4,
dream for sleep, line 5, may for shall, and line 6, morning for morn-
ing’s. The final couplet is wanting in the later manuscript, with
which Lord Houghton’s version corresponds in the main. Here,
however, previous texts read his soft twin-eggs and coo; and I am
compelled to revert to the reading of the only manuscript I know of
that couplet. It must be a later reading, because Keats never
damages his work; and his, if a correct transcript from a third
manuscript, is poetically inferior to her, while soft is inapplicable to
eggs—applicable to the birds substituted. With lines 5 and 6
compare, in the garden song in Maud,

But the rose was awake all night for your sake,...
The Laureate’s sumptuous stanza can well afford the slight in-
debtedness.
EXTRACTS FROM AN OPERA.

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.

1.
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.

2.
And O the spring—the spring!
I lead the life of a king!

First given among the Literary Remains in Volume II of the *Life, Letters &c. (1848)*, and assigned to the year 1818.
POSTHUMOUS AND FUGITIVE POEMS.

Couch'd in the teeming grass,
I spy each pretty lass.

3.
I look where no one dares,
And I stare where no one stares,
And when the night is nigh,
Lambs bleat my lullaby.

FOLLY'S SONG.

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-roasted,
        Huzza, &c.
And the cheese is over-toasted,
        Huzza, &c.
When Sir Snap is with his lawyer,
        Huzza, &c.
And Miss Chip has kiss'd the sawyer,
        Huzza, &c.

*    *    *    *    *    *
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 warp't the ivory of a Juno's neck.

* * * * *

SONG.

1.
The stranger lighted from his steed,
   And ere he spake a word,
He seiz'd my lady's lilly hand,
   And kiss'd it all unheard.

2.
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.

3.
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.

Among Dante Gabriel Rosetti's notes upon Keats I find one to the effect that this song "reminds one somewhat of Blake's The Will and the Way."
4.

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.

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!
SHARING EVE'S APPLE.

1.
O blush not so! O blush not so!
Or I shall think you knowing;
And if you smile the blushing while,
Then maidenheads are going.

2.
There's a blush for won't, and a blush for shan't,
And a blush for having done it:
There's a blush for thought and a blush for nought,
And a blush for just begun it.

3.
O sigh not so! O sigh not so!
For it sounds of Eve's sweet pippin;
By these loosen'd lips you have tasted the pips
And fought in an amorous nipping.

4.
Will you play once more at nice-cut-core,
For it only will last our youth out,
And we have the prime of the kissing time,
We have not one sweet tooth out.

This song, belonging to the year 1818, has not, I believe, been published till now. It seems to me neither more nor less worthy of Keats's reputation than the Daisy's Song in the foregoing Extracts.
5.
There's a sigh for yes, and a sigh for no,
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!

from an Opera; but, notwithstanding the brilliant qualities of some of the stanzas, I should have hesitated to be instrumental in adding it to the poet's published works, had it not been handed about in manuscript and more than once copied.
I had a dove and the sweet dove died;
And I have thought it died of grieving:
O, what could it grieve for? Its feet were tied,
With a silken thread of my own hand's weaving;
Sweet little red feet! why should you die—
Why should you leave me, sweet bird! why?
You liv'd alone in the forest-tree,
Why, pretty thing! would you not live with me?
I kiss'd you oft and gave you white peas;
Why not live sweetly, as in the green trees?

This song was given in the Life, Letters &c., among the Literary Remains in Volume II, under the date 1818.
SONNET.

To a Lady seen for a few Moments at Vauxhall.

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 memory'd 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.

Published in Hood's Magazine for April 1844, headed "Sonnet by the late John Keats," and given by Lord Houghton in 1848 among the Literary Remains, undated, and headed "To——", with a foot-note to the effect of the heading here adopted. The two versions must be from different manuscripts, that used by Lord Houghton probably the later. In the Magazine line 1 is—

Life's sea hath been five times at its slow ebb,
and line 7 reads I never gaze for I cannot look; in line 9 never stands in place of cannot; and the final couplet is—

Other delights with thy remembering
And sorrow to my darling joys doth bring.
ACROSTIC:

Georgiana Augusta Keats.

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 storm'd and his enchanted belt
Glow 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.

This acrostic seems to have been written at the foot of Helvellyn on the 27th of June 1818; for although it appears in the Winchester journal-letter of September 1819 as given in the New York World of the 25th of June 1877, it purports to be copied from an old letter which reached Liverpool after the George Keatses had sailed for America, and which was therefore returned to the poet. The words "Foot of Helvellyn, June 27th", are printed in The World as
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.

if they belonged to the next piece copied into the journal-letter;
but the context indicates that the date really belongs to the acrostic.
Keats (with his friend Charles Armitage Brown) was on the way
to Carlisle, to take coach there for Dumfries and begin the walking
tour in Scotland on which the first serious break-down of his health
occurred. Leaving London about the middle of June, they had
seen the George Keatses off from Liverpool for America, and had
then started walking from Lancaster; so that, by the time Keats
was writing the acrostic, he had already been walking several days;
and four days later the friends reached Carlisle, ending there the
English portion of their walk.
SONNET.

On visiting the Tomb of Burns.

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:

This sonnet, with which the poems of the Scotch tour with Brown begins, was not a very "prosperous opening". It seems to have been written on the 2nd of July 1818, and was first given by Lord Houghton in the *Life, Letters &c.* in 1848, as part of a letter to Tom Keats, wherein the poet sufficiently explains the comparative poverty of the production, thus:—

"You will see by this sonnet that I am at Dumfries. We have dined in Scotland. Burns's tomb is in the church-yard corner, not very much to my taste, though on a scale large enough to show they wanted to honour him. Mrs. Burns lives in this place; most likely we shall see her to-morrow. This sonnet I have written in a strange mood, half-asleep. I know not how it is, the clouds, the sky, the houses, all seem anti-Grecian and anti-Charlemagnish. I will endeavour to get rid of my prejudices and tell you fairly about the Scotch."

It is well to say at once that the precise dates assigned to this series of poems are not absolutely certain; for Keats himself was notoriously inexact about dates, and, according to his own confession, "never knew". Thus the next published letter, containing the Meg Merrilies poem, is dated "Auchtercairn, 3rd July"; and in it we read "yesterday was passed in Kirkcudbright", without any
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.

fresh date, though probably this statement belongs to the day on which Keats was at Newton Stewart.

I have before me an unpublished letter to his sister, which will duly appear among the letters, wherein, beginning at Dumfries on the 2nd, he says he shall be at Kirkcudbright the next day; speaks of visiting Burns's tomb "yesterday"; and says he has so many interruptions he cannot fill a letter in one day. Unfortunately these interruptions sometimes occurred in the middle of a paragraph, and one cannot always be sure at what point the date changes.
MEG MERRILIES.

I.

OLD MEG she was a Gipsy,
And liv'd upon the Moors:
Her bed it was the brown heath turf,
And her house was out of doors.

2.

Her apples were swart blackberries,
Her currants pods o' broom;
Her wine was dew of the wild white rose,
Her book a churchyard tomb.

Keats and his companion seem to have started from Dumfries again on the 2nd of July, "through Galloway—all very pleasant and pretty with no fatigue when one is used to it," as he writes to his sister, adding "We are in the midst of Meg Merrilies' country of whom I suppose you have heard," and giving her forthwith a copy of the poem. Lord Houghton says of this stage—

"The pedestrians passed by Solway Frith through that delightful part of Kirkcudbrightshire, the scene of 'Guy Mannering.' Keats had never read the novel, but was much struck with the character of Meg Merrilies as delineated to him by Brown. He seemed at once to realise the creation of the novelist, and, suddenly stopping in the pathway, at a point where a profusion of honeysuckles, wild rose, and fox-glove, mingled with the bramble and broom that filled up the spaces between the shattered rocks, he cried out, 'Without a shadow of doubt on that spot has old Meg Merrilies often boiled her kettle.'"

On the 3rd of July he writes to Tom from "Auchtercairn" (meaning, I presume, Auchencairn, some six miles east of Kirkcud-
3.
Her Brothers were the craggy hills,
   Her Sisters larchen trees—
Alone with her great family
   She liv'd as she did please.

4.
No breakfast had she many a morn,
   No dinner many a noon,
And 'stead of supper she would stare
   Full hard against the Moon.

5.
But every morn of woodbine fresh
   She made her garlanding,
And every night the dark glen Yew
   She wove, and she would sing.

bright)—“We are now in Meg Merrilies’ country, and have, this
morning, passed through some parts exactly suited to her. Kirk­
cudbright County is very beautiful, very wild, with craggy hills,
somewhat in the Westmoreland fashion. We have come down
from Dumfries to the sea-coast part of it. The following song you
will have from Dilke, but perhaps you would like it here”.

I should judge that the scene given by Brown to Lord Houghton
belonged rather to the morning of the 3rd than to the evening of
the 2nd; and that Keats took out his current letter to his sister at
Auchencairn on pausing there to breakfast, and wrote the poem
into it when he began a fresh letter to Tom with it. Thus, besides
a rough draft, there would be three fair copies of the poem, one for
Tom, one for Fanny, and one for Mr. Dilke. The only copy I have
seen is that for his sister, from which I have revised the text. It is
written in stanzas of four lines,—not eight as hitherto given,—the
final stanza having thus two extra lines instead of being unfinished
as it appears in previous editions. In this manuscript very few
variations of consequence occur. Stanza 4 shows a cancelled read-
6.
And with her fingers old and brown
She plaited Mats o' Rushes,
And gave them to the Cottagers
She met among the Bushes.

7.
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!

ing, day for morn, in line 1; and stanza 6 affords a rejected variant of the first line—

And sometimes with her fingers old...

The head-gear of stanza 7 is clearly a chip hat, and not a ship-hat as in the current texts: this confirms a suggestion of the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who wrote to me that he considered chip made better sense (as it obviously does), and that he believed it stood so in Hood's Magazine, where the poem first appeared,—a belief which reference to the magazine for 1844 shows to be correct. Rossetti thought it "a pity to tack the poem on to the novel", and cited Hood's Magazine in support of the title "Old Meg, which answers much better." This is one of the very few points on which I find myself in disagreement with Rossetti. It is true that the poem is headed Old Meg in the magazine, and has no title at all in the letter in which Lord Houghton gave it in the Life, Letters &c., or in that to Fanny Keats; but I think the extracts given above so distinctly connect it with the novel as to render Meg Merrilies the most proper title.
A Song about Myself.

I.

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

In the letter to his sister mentioned in the note to Meg Merrilies, Keats makes a fresh start with—"since I scribbled the Song we have walked through a beautiful Country to Kirkcudbright—at which place I will write you a song about myself". He then proceeds with the very curious piece of doggerel now first given from the manuscript, and excuses himself on the plea of fatigue. My chief
A SONG ABOUT MYSELF.

And followéd his Nose
To the North,
To the North,
And follow'd his nose
To the North.

2.

There was a naughty boy
And a naughty boy was he,
For nothing would he do
But scribble poetry—
   He took
   An inkstand
   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

purpose in including these verses here is that students may note the variety of the pieces of this class addressed to different correspondents. Compare this with the Devon pieces sent to Haydon, and more particularly with The Gadfly, sent to Tom a little later than this. I presume this piece should be dated the 3rd of July 1818.
When the weather
Was cool,
Fear of gout,
And without
When the weather
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!

3.
There was a naughty boy
And a naughty boy was he,
He kept little fishes
In washing tubs three
In spite
Of the might
Of the Maid
Nor afraid
Of his Granny-good—
He often would
Hurly burly
Get up early
And go
By hook or crook
To the brook

(3) This is a genuine autobiographic reminiscence of the time when the young Keatses lived with their grandmother after the death of their parents.
A SONG ABOUT MYSELF.

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 fingers—
O he made
'Twas his trade
Of Fish a pretty Kettle
A Kettle—
A Kettle
Of Fish a pretty Kettle
A Kettle!

4.
There was a naughty Boy,
And a naughty Boy was he,
He ran away to Scotland
The people for to see—
Then he found
That the ground
Was as hard,

(4) There is an under-current of dissatisfaction with things Caledonian in this fourth stanza; and indeed I do not think Keats ever got entirely rid of this during the whole of the tour, albeit he enjoyed many transient visitations of true enthusiasm inspired both by fine scenery and by associations.
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.
SONNET.

TO AILSA ROCK.

HARKEN, 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—

From Kirkcudbright the tourists went to Newton Stewart and thence through Wigtonshire to Port Patrick, visiting Glenluce and Stranraer on the way. From Port Patrick they crossed in the mail packet to Ireland, reaching Donaghadee on the 5th of July. They walked from Donaghadee to Belfast and back, having abandoned the idea of seeing the Giant's Causeway on account of the expense,—crossed again so as to sleep at Port Patrick on the 8th, and then resumed their Scotch walk. Lord Houghton says—

"Returning from Ireland, the travellers proceeded northwards by the coast, Ailsa Rock constantly in their view. That fine object first appeared to them, in the full sunlight, like a transparent tortoise asleep upon the calm water, then, as they advanced, displaying its lofty shoulders, and, as they still went on, losing its distinctness in the mountains of Arran and the extent of Cantire that rose behind."

His Lordship records that the sonnet to Ailsa Rock was written in the inn at Girvan; and, as Keats was at Maybole on the 11th,
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.

and Girvan is more than three quarters of the way from Port Patrick to Maybole, the sonnet should be dated the 10th or 11th of July 1818. It appeared in Leigh Hunt's *Literary Pocket-book for 1819*, from which I give the text, and the title—with the preposition *to*, not *on* as in other editions.
SONNET.

Written in the Cottage where Burns was born.

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 own 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

In giving this sonnet in the Life, Letters &c. next to that on
Visiting the Tomb of Burns, Lord Houghton recorded that it was
written “in the whisky-shop into which the cottage where Burns was
born was converted”. The date however is not the same as that of
the other, as the travellers made the détour to the coast and across
to Ireland already described, before coming to Burns’s birthplace.
The following extract from a letter to Haydon accompanies the
sonnet in the Life:—“The ‘bonnie Doon’ is the sweetest river I
ever saw—overhung with fine trees as far as we could see. We
stood some time on the ‘brig’ o’er which Tam o’ Shanter fled—we
took a pinch of snuff on the key stone—then we proceeded to the
auld Kirk of Alloway. Then we went to the cottage in which Burns
was born; there was a board to that effect by the door’s side; it
had the same effect as the same sort of memorial at Stratford-upon-
Avon. We drank some toddy to Burns’s memory with an old man
who knew him. There was something good in his description of
Burns’s melancholy the last time he saw him. I was determined
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!

to write a sonnet in the cottage: I did, but it was so bad I cannot venture it here."

On the 11th of July, at Maybole, Keats began a letter to Reynolds, the whole of which is very interesting (see Letters); but the following passage is, in this connexion, peculiarly so:—

"I begin a letter to you because I am approaching Burns's cottage very fast. We have made continual enquiries from the time we left his tomb at Dumfries. His name, of course, is known all about; his great reputation among the plodding people is, 'that he wrote a good many sensible things.' One of the pleasantest ways of annulling self is approaching such a shrine as the Cottage of Burns: we need not think of his misery—that is all gone, bad luck to it! I shall look upon it hereafter with unmixed pleasure, as I do on my Stratford-on-Avon day with Bailey. I shall fill this sheet for you in the Bardie's country, going no further than this, till I get to the town of Ayr, which will be a nine miles walk to tea."

Probably the proceedings related to Haydon took place on the 12th: the travellers must have passed no great way from Burns's cottage on the road to Ayr, seeing that the cottage is some two miles south of the town; but they may have wished to start with renewed vigour after a night's rest on this quasi-religious part of their pilgrimage. To Reynolds also Keats spoke disparagingly of the sonnet, as too bad for transcription; and to Bailey he wrote that it was "so wretched" that he destroyed it. Nevertheless it fortunately survived; and I heartily concur in the opinion of the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who observes in a letter to me that this sonnet, "for all Keats says of it himself, is a fine thing." Lord Houghton comments thus—"The 'local colour' is strong in it: it might have been written where 'Willie brewed a peck o' maut,' and its geniality would have delighted the object of its admiration."
Lines written in the Highlands after a Visit to Burns’s Country.

There is a charm in footing slow across a silent plain,
Where patriot battle has been fought, where 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;
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;

After leaving Ayr Keats and Brown appear to have been detained by rain at some place twelve miles along the road, when Keats took the opportunity of going on with his letter to Reynolds begun at Maybole. They were en route for Glasgow (casually mentioned in a letter to Bailey begun at Inverary on the 18th of July), which they took on their way from Ayr to Loch Lomond and Inverary. The poem given above is mentioned to Bailey as having been written within a few days of the sonnet in Burns’s cottage, so that, although it is headed as above in the manuscript written at the end of Sir Charles Dilke’s copy of Endymion, it seems more probable that the term Highlands was used in a lax popular sense than that the poem was composed after the visit to Staffa. Indeed in the letter to Bailey he speaks of the whole tour as in the Highlands. Keats expected to be by Loch Lomond about the 15th of July, and may have written this poem on high ground anywhere about the Loch, with the scenery of which he was very much impressed. They did
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;

not ascend Ben Lomond as intended, being deterred by expense and need of rest. I have adopted in the main the text of the manuscript, which varies a good deal in minor detail from the poem as printed by Lord Houghton from the copy "cross-scribed" as Keats says, on his letter to Bailey, in which he speaks of the lines as cousin-german to the subject of the sonnet in Burns’s cottage. The principal variations of Lord Houghton’s edition are had for has in line 2, nettled for nettles in line 4, in for by in line 5, surf for scurf in line 10 (a reading in which the support of the manuscript may possibly be claimed as scurf is altered to surf, though in my opinion not by Keats), and in for on in line 46. In line 23 the manuscript reads world’s for soul’s; but this must, I think, be an error of transcription, induced by the presence of the word worldly in the next line: in that case I follow Lord Houghton’s reading, soul’s.
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,
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 birth-
place to find
And keep his vision clear from speck, his inward sight
unblind.
THE GADFLY.

I.
All gentle folks who owe a grudge
To any living thing
Open your ears and stay your t[r]udge
Whilst I in dudgeon sing.

2.
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.

3.
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.

On the 17th of July 1818 the travellers were approaching Inverary, and Keats began a letter to his brother Tom at "Cairn-something," having walked fifteen miles to breakfast through "two tremendous Glens." One of these was Glencroe and the other perhaps a smaller glen at the southern extremity of Glenfyne: Glencroe is mentioned later on in the letter and is also identifiable by a place called "Rest and be thankful" which the poet names; and at the end of the smaller glen is Cairndow not far from the northern extremity of Loch Fyne, a bathe in which was the occasion of the ballad given above—a bathe to which the gadflies were the only drawback (see
4.

Has any here a Lawyer suit
Of 1743,
Take Lawyer's nose and put it to't
And you the end will see.

5.

Is there a Man in Parliament
Dum[b]-founder'd in his speech,
O let his neighbour make a rent
And put one in his breech.

6.

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

7.

If lucky Gadfly had but ta'en
His seat * * *
And put thee to a little pain
To save thee from a worse.

Letters). This ballad, now I believe first published, seems to me one of the brightest and most humourous of the pieces which Keats classified as doggerel; and I presume it may be assigned to the 17th of July 1818.

(4) Line 2 is of course to be read "Of seventeen forty three", not "Of seventeen hundred and forty three."

(6-8) I have not met with any account of the particular circumstance in which one of the members for Westmoreland figured in the manner described in stanza 6; but probably the contemporary newspaper press might show what episode Keats was contemplating
8.
Better than Southey it had been,
Better than Mr. D——,
Better than Wordsworth too, I ween,
Better than Mr. V——.

9.
Forgive me pray good people all
For deviating so—
In spirit sure I had a call—
And now I on will go.

10.
Has any here a daughter fair
Too fond of reading novels,
Too apt too fall in love with care
And charming Mister Lovels,

II.
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.

in the memorable campaign in which the whigs tried to upset the
then time-honoured influence of the House of Lowther, which had
ominated the two county members, undisputedly, for a long time.
The particular Lowther of stanza 6 was probably the Treasury Lord
who was afterwards second Earl of Lonsdale. Wordsworth’s Two
Addresses to the Freeholders of Westmorland are probably glanced
at in stanza 8; “Mr. V——” would doubtless be the then Chancellor
of the Exchequer, Nicholas Vansittart; and “Mr. D——” may
perhaps have been Mr. Dundas, who had held office in a previous
ministry; but this last name rests upon mere conjecture.

(10) The reference is probably to the hero of Scott’s novel The
12.

Has any here a pious spouse
Who seven times a day
Scolds as King David pray'd, to chouse
And have her holy way—

13.

O let a Gadfly's little sting
Persuade her sacred tongue
That noises are a common thing,
But that her bell has rung.

14.

And as this is the summum bonum of all conquering,
I leave “withouten wordes mo”
The Gadfly's little sting.

---

*Antiquary*, properly the Honourable William Geraldin, heir to the Earl of Glenallan, but known throughout the book as Mr. Lovel.

(12) Perhaps the reference is to Psalm cix, verse 164, "Seven times a day do I praise thee because of thy righteous judgments"; but there is certainly no intentional disrespect to David, the word *chouse* being the exclusive property of the pious scold.
SONNET.

On hearing the Bag-pipe and seeing “The Stranger” played at Inverary.

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.

It would seem to have been still the 17th of July when Keats and Brown “came round the end of Loch Fyne to Inverary”, as the poet tells his brother Tom in continuing the letter begun at Cairndow; for he makes a fresh start with “last evening,” and lower down another fresh start dated July 20th in which he speaks of the lapse of two days. The letter to Bailey already mentioned is also dated “Inverary, July 18”; and that was doubtless the day on which he recounted to Tom the arrival at Inverary. Keats had been excruciated by a solo on the bag-pipe on the way, “I thought,” he says, “the brute would never have done—yet was I doomed to hear another. On entering Inverary we saw a Play Bill—Brown was knock’d up from new shoes—so I went to the Barn alone where I saw the Stranger accompanied by a Bag-pipe. There they went on about ‘interesting creaters’ and ‘human nater’—till the curtain fell and then came the Bag-pipe. When Mrs. Haller fainted down went the curtain and out came the Bag-pipe—at the heartrending, shoemending reconciliation the Piper blew amain. I never read or saw this play before; not the Bag-pipe nor the wretched players
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.

themselves were little in comparison with it—thank heaven it has been scoffed at lately almost to a fashion. The sonnet given above follows this passage without a break; and I presume we may safely assign it to the 18th of July 1818. It has already been published, in *The Athenæum* of the 7th of June 1873. Without being in any sense a good sonnet, it is highly interesting as the record of a mood, and of Keats's attitude towards the wretched but once renowned work of August von Kotzebue, translated into English and performed at Drury Lane as long ago as 1798. The part of Mrs. Haller has been graced by no less a player than Mrs. Siddons. The manuscript of the sonnet shows a cancelled reading in line 8, *sighed in discontent*, rejected of course as upsetting the metre.
STAFFA.

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
Drench'd about the sombre rocks;
On his neck his well-grown locks,

After a detention of a few hours at Inverary owing to Brown's suffering from sore feet, the travellers started again on the 19th of January, walked along "20 miles by the side of Loch Awe"—southward, I suppose, for they next paused "between Loch Craignish and the sea just opposite Long Island," where Keats gives a very minute account to Tom of the locale (see Letters). They then pushed on to Oban, "15 miles in a soaking rain"—due north again. At Oban Keats finished the unpublished letter to Tom containing The Gadfly and the Stranger sonnet, and posted it, announcing that the travellers had given up the idea of Mull and Staffa on account of the expense. This was probably on the 22nd of July. On the 23rd he begins a fresh letter (Life, Letters &c.)
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 architectur’d 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!

stating that just after he had posted the other the guide to Mull came in and made a bargain with them. This latter letter is dated the 23rd of July, “Dunancullen” in the Life: “Dimancullen” is the name given in the same connexion in the New York World, where some Keats documents appeared (see Letters); but probably the place indicated is Derrynaculen, which is at a situation on the walk through the southern part of the Isle of Mull corresponding with Keats’s narrative. This narrative seems to show that on the 23rd of July they crossed from Oban to Kerrera by one ferry and from Kerrera to Mull by another, and walked across the south of the Island to the western extremity to cross to Iona by boat. By the 26th, Keats resumed his letter to Tom at Oban, and narrated that the thirty-seven miles of walking had been
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 dulled eye of mortal
Hath pass'd beyond the rocky portal;
So for ever will I leave
Such a taint, and soon unweave
All the magic of the place."
So saying, with a Spirit's glance
He dived!

very miserable, that he and Brown had taken a boat at a bargain to carry them from Iona to Staffa, and land them finally at the head of Loch Nakeal whence they could return to Oban by a shorter and better route. He gives a vivid description of Staffa, including Fingal's Cave, and ends with “But it is impossible to describe it”, breaking into verse with the exquisite lines given above. At the end of the fragment of verse he says “I am sorry I am so indolent as to write such stuff as this. It can’t be helped.” Probably the poem should be dated the 26th of July 1818. I know of no authority for interfering with the text at line 50; but I suspect grace should be substituted for glance, the reading alike of the Life, Letters &c., where the poem first appeared, and of the current editions.
SONNET.

Written upon the Top of Ben Nevis.

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
Vapourous 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,

At Oban, apparently on the 26th of July, the decision was taken to rest “a day or two” before pushing on to Fort William and Inverness. I find no precise record of the date of the ascent of Ben Nevis; but it was probably about the 1st of August 1818. Lord Houghton says in the Life, Letters &c., where this sonnet first appeared,—“From Fort William Keats mounted Ben Nevis. When on the summit a cloud enveloped him, and sitting on the stones, as it slowly wafted away, showing a tremendous precipice into the valley below, he wrote these lines.”

The late Dante Gabriel Rossetti wrote to me of this sonnet as “perhaps the most thoughtful of Keats, and greatly superior in execution to the draft on Ailsa Crag”. It was certainly by no means an unworthy finish to the tour, though I must confess to finding a little want of spontaneity—not to be wondered at when we consider that Keats, though writing so bravely to his friends, had undertaken a task far beyond his physical strength, and probably one which laid the foundations of his mortal illness. He speaks to Tom lightly enough of “a slight sore throat”; but in a letter which Brown wrote from Inverness on the 7th of August, he says “Mr. Keats will leave me, and I am full of sorrow about it... a violent cold and an ulcerated throat make it a matter of prudence that he should go to London in the Packet: he has been unwell for some time, and the Physician
SONNET ON BEN NEVIS.

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!

here is of opinion he will not recover if he journeys on foot thro' all weathers and under so many privations". So Brown went on to walk another 1200 miles alone, and Keats having accomplished 600 and odd, "went on board the smack from Cromarty", as he says in a hitherto unpublished letter to his sister dated "Hampstead, August 18th" (see Letters), and "after a nine days passage ... landed at London Bridge" on the 17th of August 1818.
A PROPHECY:

TO GEORGE KEATS IN AMERICA.

'T is 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.
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—

These lines occur in a letter to George Keats dated the 29th of October 1818, first given by Lord Houghton in the Life, Letters &c., and appear to belong to that date. They follow immediately upon this passage:—

"If I had a prayer to make for any great good, next to Tom's recovery, it should be that one of your children should be the first American poet. I have a great mind to make a prophecy; and they say that prophecies work out their own fulfilment."
A PROPHECY.

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,
With dumb endeavour sweetly—
Bard art thou completely!
Little child
O' th' western wild,

(42-3) This couplet recalls curiously one in the Daisy's Song in Extracts from an Opera, page 276 of this volume.
Posthumous and Fugitive Poems.

Bard art thou completely!
Sweetly with dumb endeavour,
A Poet now or never,
    Little child
    O' th' western wild,
A Poet now or never!
Translation from a Sonnet of Ronsard.

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.

I presume this translation was made about December 1818. It was first given by Lord Houghton in the *Life, Letters &c.* (1848) in a letter to Reynolds, undated, but belonging to that time. The sonnet follows the words "Here is a free translation of a Sonnet of Ronsard, which I think will please you. I have the loan of his works—they have great beauties". Lord Houghton supplied the couplet thus:

So that her image in my soul upgrew,
    The only thing adorable and true.

In the copy of Shakespeare's Poetical Works given to Keats by Reynolds, and containing the manuscript of Keats's last sonnet, there is also a manuscript of these three quatrains, wanting, like the version adopted by Lord Houghton, the last two lines. The readings of this manuscript are generally inferior to those of the other version, which I have adopted above, merely substituting 'd for ed in some few words and *dyes* for *dies* in line 3; but to show the variations I here transcribe the manuscript:

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

*     *     *     *     *
*     *     *     *     *

Love meanwhile held her dearly with his wings
And underneath their shadow charm'd her eyes
To such a richness, that the cloudy Kings
Of high Olympus uttered slavish sighs—
When I beheld her on the Earth descend
   My heart began to burn—and only pains
They were my pleasures—they my sad Life's end—
Love pour'd her Beauty into my warm veins...

This manuscript, which shows a cancelled reading of line 10—
   My heart began to burn—my head to daze—
is something of a curiosity. Keats wrote it with a pencil; and the
pencilling has been gone over with a pen and ink. After a very
careful examination I am confident that Keats did not ink over his
pencil draft himself, and almost equally confident that this was
done by Woodhouse—perhaps at the request of Severn, to whom
the book passed from Keats. Beneath the unfinished sonnet is
a pencilled memorandum in Woodhouse's writing, signed "R. W.",
as follows:
   "This is a translation from one of Ronsard's sonnets (a Book I
lent Keats)—It begins

   ' Nature ornant Cassandre qui devoit
     De ses forcer les plus rebelles.'

I believe I have the translation complete at home."
The original sonnet will be found in the Appendix.
SPENSERIAN STANZA.

Written at the Close of Canto II, Book V, of "The Faerie Queene."

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.

This stanza, given by Lord Houghton in the Life, Letters &c. (1848), Volume I, page 281, was preceded by the following note:—

"The copy of Spenser which Keats had in daily use, contains the following stanza, inserted at the close of Canto II. Book V. His sympathies were very much on the side of the revolutionary 'Gyant,' who 'undertook for to repair' the 'realms and nations run awry,' and to suppress 'tyrants that make men subject to their law,' 'and lordings curbe that commons over-aw,' while he grudged the legitimate victory, as he rejected the conservative philosophy, of the 'righteous ArtegaU' and his comrade, the fierce defender of privilege and order. And he expressed, in this ex post facto prophecy, his conviction of the ultimate triumph of freedom and equality by the power of transmitted knowledge."

I have no data whereby to fix the period of this commentary of Keats on the political attitude of Spenser; but I should judge it to belong to the end of 1818 or thercabouts. The copy of Spenser in which the stanza was written is not now forthcoming: it passed into the hands of Miss Brawne, and was lost, with other books, many years after Keats's death.
The Eve of Saint Mark.  
A Fragment.

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 unmatur'd green vallies cold,  
Of the green thorny bloomless hedge,  
Of rivers new with spring-tide sedge,  

The Eve of St. Mark was probably begun in the winter of 1818-19; for in a letter to George Keats and his wife the poet says under date February 14, "In my next packet I shall send you . . ., if I should have finished it, a little thing, called the 'Eve of St. Mark.'" Lord Houghton first published the poem among the Literary Remains in 1848, with the date 1819. The late Dante Gabriel Rossetti, writing to send me some information about the superstition connected with the Eve of St. Mark, says,—"Keats's unfinished poem on that subject is perhaps, with La Belle Dame sans Merci, the chastest and choicest example of his maturing manner, and shows astonishingly real mediævalism for one not bred as an artist. I copy an extract [from The Unseen World (Masters, 1853), page 72] which I have no doubt embodies the superstition in accordance with which Keats meant to develope his poem. It is much akin to the belief connected with the Eve of St. Agnes.  

'It was believed that if a person, on St. Mark's Eve, placed himself near the church-porch when twilight was thickening, he would
Of primroses by shelter'd rills,
And daisies on the aguish hills.
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 vespers 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 ceas'd, 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;

Rossetti pointed out that the choice of the locality of a “minster square” accorded with this tradition; and at a later date, on reading the Letters to Fanny Brawne, he wrote to me “I should think it very conceivable—nay, I will say, to myself highly probable and almost certain—that the ‘Poem which I have in my head’ referred to by Keats at page 106 was none other than the fragmentary Eve of St. Mark. By the light of the extract . . . , I judge that the heroine—remorseful after trifling with a sick and now absent lover—might make her way to the minster-porch to learn his fate by the spell, and perhaps see his figure enter but not return.” It appears that Mr. Theodore Watts, a very close student of Keats and most intimate friend of Rossetti, when made cognizant of this view, “was at
Perplex'd her with a thousand things,—
The stars of Heaven, and angels' wings,
Martyrs in a fiery blaze,
Azure saints and silver rays,
Moses' 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 th' old Minster-square;
From her fire-side she could see,
Sidelong, its rich antiquity,

once convinced of the great probability". Rossetti was re-reading the two volumes of *Life, Letters &c.* published in 1848, and saw nothing to qualify his view in the fact that *The Eve of St. Mark* was already begun when the letter quoted at the head of this note was written. He supposed that Keats "had had the poem for some time by him as a commencement", when he wrote to Fanny Brawne, "If my health would bear it, I could write a Poem which I have in my head, which would be a consolation for people in such a situation as mine. I would show some one in Love as I am, with a person living in such Liberty as you do." "Whether commenced or not with the view in question", writes Rossetti, "may be uncertain (though he must have known Miss B. when he wrote the Houghton letter); but he may (without even having at first intended it) have seen how well the scheme of the poem (which the superstition makes manifest enough) was fitted to work in with the ideas expressed in the Brawne letter."

(39) Concerning this passage Rossetti wrote—"In *The Cap and Bells* (the only unworthy stuff Keats ever wrote except an early trifle or two) there is a mention of one Bertha dwelling at Canterbury—a minster City. This seems oddly muddled up with the subject matter of *The Eve of St. Mark.*" The passage referred to begins at Stanza XLII; and in Stanza LVI Canterbury, Bertha, and St. Mark's Eve are all three mentioned.
Far as the Bishop's garden-wall;
Where sycamores and elm-trees tall,
Full-leav'd, the forest had outstript,
By no sharp north-wind ever nipt,
So shelter'd by the mighty pile.
Bertha arose, and read awhile,
With forehead 'gainst the window-pane.
Again she try'd, 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 daz'd with saintly imageries.

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 and 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;
Lean'd 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 Avadavat,  
And silken-furr'd Angora cat.

Untir'd 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.

Untir'd 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:

—— "Als writith he of swevenis,  
Men han beforne they wake in bliss,  
Whanne that hir friendes thinke him bound  
In crimped shroude farre under grounde;  
And how a litling child mote be  
A saint er its natinvitie,  
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 Sainte Cicilie,
And chieflie what he auctorethe
Of Sainte 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,—
ODE TO FANNY.

1.

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 not into the wintry air.

2.

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!

This poem was first given among the Literary Remains in 1848 without any date. The phase of feeling it represents was one of such frequent recurrence that, in the absence of direct evidence, no exact date can be assigned; but it seems very likely that the early part of 1819 would be the time. The first letter to Miss Brawne from Shanklin, written on the 3rd of July, corresponds with this poem in tone and thought, and might tend to fix the date wrongly in the reader's mind, but if it be allowable to take the expression
3.
Who now, with greedy looks, eats up my feast?
What stare outfaces now my silver moon!
Ah! keep that hand unraffished 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.

4.
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 lilly, temperate as fair;
Then, Heaven! there will be
A warmer June for me.

5.
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—

*wintry air* in stanza 1 literally, and to accept stanza 7 as indicating that the young couple had really but lately come to an understanding when the ode was written, the probability is that it was composed during his absence at Chichester in January—in contemplation of some New Year dance at Hampstead at which Miss Brawne was to be. I have never seen a manuscript of this poem; but upon
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?

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, his pains severe and many:
Then, loveliest! keep me free,
From torturing jealousy.

Ah! if you prize my subdu'd 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 lost repose.

Lost in a soft amaze,
and that the $a$ has been dropped by accident.
ODE ON INDOLENCCE.

"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.

First given by Lord Houghton among the Literary Remains in 1848, with the date 1819. Among the many debts of these notes to the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti, I must not fail to record the indication of the following passage from Keats's letter begun on the 14th of February 1819 as anticipating the Ode on Indolence:

"This morning I am in a sort of temper, indolent and supremely careless; I long after a stanza or two of Thomson's 'Castle of Indolence'; my passions are all asleep, from my having slumbered till nearly eleven, and weakened the animal fibre all over me, to a delightful sensation, about three degrees on this side of faintness. If I had teeth of pearl, and the breath of lillies, I should call it languor; but, as I am, I must call it laziness. In this state of effeminacy, the fibres of the brain are relaxed, in common with the rest of the body, and to such a happy degree, that pleasure has no show of enticement, and pain no unbearable frown; neither Poetry, nor
2.

How is it, Shadows! that I knew ye not?
   How came ye muffled in so hush a mask?
Was it a silent deep-disguised plot
   To steal away, and leave without a task
My idle days? Ripe was the drowsy hour;
   The blissful cloud of summer-indolence
   Benumb'd my eyes; my pulse grew less and less;
Pain had no sting, and pleasure's wreath no flower:
   O, why did ye not melt, and leave my sense
   Unhaunted quite of all but—nothingness?

3.

A third time pass'd they by, and, passing, turn'd
   Each one the face a moment whiles to me;
Then faded, and to follow them I burn'd
   And ach'd for wings, because I knew the three;
The first was a fair Maid, and Love her name;
   The second was Ambition, pale of cheek,
   And ever watchful with fatigued eye;
The last, whom I love more, the more of blame
   Is heap'd upon her, maiden most unmeek,—
   I knew to be my demon Poesy.

Ambition, nor Love, have any alertness of countenance; as they pass by me, they seem rather like three figures on a Greek vase, two men and a woman, whom no one but myself could distinguish in their disguise. This is the only happiness, and is a rare instance of advantage in the body overpowering the mind."

The date under which this passage occurs in the journal letter is the 19th of March. It seems almost certain therefore that the Ode must have been composed after the fragment of *The Eve of St. Mark,*—not before it as usually given.
4.
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!

5.
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:
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 thrrostle's lay;
O Shadows! 'twas a time to bid farewell!
Upon your skirts had fallen no tears of mine.

6.
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!

(6) It is no doubt owing to the want of opportunity to revise the poem finally that this beautiful stanza comes down to us disfigured by the bad rhyme *grass* and *farce*. 


SONNET.

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.

This sonnet, first given in the *Life, Letters &c.* (1848), was probably composed between the 19th of March and the 15th of April 1819, as it formed part of the journal letter referred to in the note to the preceding poem, and was given immediately before a new division bearing the later date. Keats says he had intended not to send the Sonnet to George and his wife, on account of their anxieties about his temperament; but he refers to other passages in his letter as "the best comment" on the sonnet, and ends the subject with a triumphant "I went to bed and enjoyed uninterrupted sleep: sane I went to bed, and sane I arose." A man might well go to bed sane after writing the final couplet, which is in a thoroughly self-contained and contemplative vein—strangely so for the end of such a bitter series of "obstinate questionings".
SONNET.

A Dream, after reading Dante’s Episode of Paulo and Francesca.

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 a day;

This beautiful Sonnet seems to have been written originally in the first volume of the miniature Cary’s Dante which Keats carried through Scotland in his knapsack; and the composition should probably be assigned to the early part of April 1819. There is a fair transcript written on one of the blank leaves at the end of the copy of Endymion in Sir Charles Dilke’s possession. The sonnet was published over the signature “Caviare” in The Indicator for the 28th of June 1820. Inside the recto cover of the little Inferno Keats began by writing the words Amid a thousand; and he then seems to have turned the book round for a fresh start; for inside the verso cover he has written—

Full in the midst of bloomless hours my { spright
soul
Seeing one night the dragon world asleep
Arose like Hermes...

The sonnet is finally written in a cramped manner on the last endpaper, and is almost identical with the fair copy; but it shows the cancelled seventh line
But to that second circle of sad hell,
Where 'mid 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,

But not olympus-ward to serene skies...

though finally agreeing with the other copy in reading Not to pure Ida, instead of Not unto Ida as The Indicator reads. Both manuscripts read that day instead of a day in line 8; but I do not doubt that Keats revised the line, to avoid the repetition of that in line 9, when he gave the sonnet to Hunt. It will be remembered that the young poet was present at the making up of that number of the elder poet's periodical, for, in No. 36 of Leigh Hunt's London Journal (December 3, 1834), by way of footnote to a quotation from Keats in A "Now;" Descriptive of a Cold Day, Hunt says, referring to the very number containing the sonnet,—"Mr Keats gave us some touches in our account of the 'Hot Day' (first published in the 'Indicator') as we sat writing it, in his company thirteen or fourteen years back". On this evidence I do not hesitate to adopt also the reading 'mid for in in line 10, and some details of punctuation. The mis-spelling world-wind for whirlwind in the same line in The Indicator is certainly much more like Keats than Hunt, but of course accidental. I presume the copy of the poem sent to George Keats is still in America: in the letter embodying it, published by Lord Houghton in the Life, Letters &c. (1848), Keats gives a graphic account of the dream, in prose. See the Letters in this edition, under date the 15th of April 1819. It is worth while to record that Dante Gabriel Rossetti, writing to me concerning the false rhyme slept and bereft, characterized this as "by far the finest of Keats's sonnets (mostly very faulty or inferior) besides that on Chapman's Homer. This anomaly," added Rossetti, "is all the more curious when we consider the sort of echo it gives of a line in Endymion,

So sad, so melancholy, so bereft",

The line will be found at page 212 of Volume I. The strangeness of the omission to find out the fault in the rhyme is further enhanced when we consider how many times Keats must have written the sonnet over. This place must serve me to state that Rossetti qualified his estimate of the sonnets in a later letter by informing me that on further examination he found there were fourteen "more or
Pale were the lips I kiss'd, and fair the form
I floated with, about that melancholy storm.

less worthy of him." I should have said more than fourteen, and had looked forward with interest to a comparison of notes we were to have had; but alas! the great artist's untimely death intervened.
Spenserian Stanzas on Charles Armitage Brown.

I.

He is to weet a melancholy carle:
Thin in the waist, with bushy head of hair,
As hath the seeded thistle, when a parle
It holds with Zephyr, ere it sendeth fair
Its light balloons into the summer air;
Therto his beard had not begun to bloom,
No brush had touched his chin, or razor sheer;
No care had touched his cheek with mortal doom,
But new he was, and bright, as scarf from Persian loom.

2.

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.

It is a brusque transition from the fervour and preternatural beauty of the dream sonnet to these amusing stanzas on Brown; but under the same date as that on which Keats told his brother of the dream, namely the 15th of April 1819, he records that “Brown, this morning, is writing some Spenserian stanzas against” Miss
3.
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 brave, 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.

Brawne and the poet; "so", says the poet, "I shall amuse myself
with him a little, in the manner of Spenser". It would not be fair
to assume that all here is ironical; but the first stanza suggests
that Keats's estimable friend was a "jolly" man, bald-headed, and
"a trifle wider in the waist than formerly"; while, generally, one
would suppose him to have been alive to the good things of the
world.
SONNET.

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.

This experiment in sonnet metre appears to have been written on or very shortly before the 3rd of May 1819, and was first given in the Life, Letters &c. (1848). It was the last poem transcribed in the journal letter to George Keats and his wife begun on the 14th of February and ended on the 3rd of May, and stood immediately over the words “This is the third of May”, and under the following paragraph—

“I have been endeavouring to discover a better Sonnet stanza than we have. The legitimate does not suit the language well, from the pouncing rhymes; the other appears too elegiac, and the couplet at the end of it has seldom a pleasing effect. I do not pretend to have succeeded. It will explain itself.”

Keats’s success both in the “legitimate” and the “other” (by which he means the Shakespearean sonnet) is far more notable than in the present charming experiment—the text of which, as given above, accords with a manuscript at the end of Sir Charles Dilke’s copy of Endymion.
SONG OF FOUR FAERIES,
FIRE, AIR, EARTH, AND WATER,
SALAMANDER, ZEPHYR, DUSKETHA, AND BREAMA.

SALAMANDER.
Happy, happy glowing fire!

ZEPHYR.
Fragrant air! delicious light!

DUSKETHA.
Let me to my glooms retire!

BREAMA.
I to green-weed rivers bright!

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,
Spirits sole in deadly places.

This poem was first given by Lord Houghton among the Literary Remains in the Life, Letters &c. (1848), with the date 1819.
SONG OF FOUR FAERIES.

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-ey'd Faery, turn,
And see my cool sedge-bury'd 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 tease.
Love me, blue-ey'd Faery, 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-browed 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 Faery, true!
Sooth I am as sick for you!

SALAMANDER.

Out, ye aguish Faeries, out!
Chilly lovers, what a rout
Keep ye with your frozen breath,
Colder than the mortal death.
Adder-ey'd Dusketha, speak,
Shall we leave these, and go seek
In the earth's wide entrails old
Couches warm as their's are cold?
SONG OF FOUR FAERIES.

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 tongue-flames will be.

DUSKETHA.
Lead me to those feverous glooms,
Sprite of Fire!
BREAMA.
Me to the blooms,
Blue-ey'd 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.
TWO SONNETS ON FAME.

I.

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.

II.

"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;

Both these sonnets were given among the Literary Remains in the Life, Letters &c., with the date 1819, which they also bear in the manuscript at the end of Sir Charles Dilke’s copy of Endymion. This manuscript shows no variation beyond a few stops.
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 stillwears 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?
SONNET.

TO SLEEP.

O soft embalmer of the still midnight,
Shutting with careful fingers and benign,
Our gloom-pleas'd eyes, embower'd from the light,
Enshaded in forgetfulness divine:
O soothest Sleep! if so it please thee, close,
In midst of this thine hymn, my willing eyes,
Or wait the amen, ere thy poppy throws
Around my bed its lulling charities;
Then save me, or the passed day will shine
Upon my pillow, breeding many woes,—

This sonnet was first given by Lord Houghton among the Literary Remains in 1848. Keats appears to have drafted twelve lines of it in the copy of Milton's *Paradise Lost* which he annotated and gave to Mr. and Mrs. Dilke; and there is a complete fair manuscript dated 1819 in Sir Charles Dilke's copy of *Endymion*. The text as given above accords entirely with the fair manuscript, save that I have adopted Lord Houghton's reading *lulling* for *dewy* in line 8, as probably from another and later manuscript. The draft, which was published in *The Athenaeum* for the 26th of October 1872, reads finally thus (I transcribe directly from the manuscript):

O soft embalmer of the still Midnight
Shutting with careful fingers and benign
Our gloom pleas'd eyes embowered from the light
As wearisome as darkness is divine
O soothest sleep, if so it please thee close
My willing eyes in midst of this thine hymn
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.

Or wait the amen, ere thy poppy throws
Its sweet-death dews o'er every pulse and limb—
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...

There is a cancelled opening for line 4, Of sun or teasing candles; in line 6 Mine has been but imperfectly altered to My; in line 11 the words has stole are struck through, but without anything being substituted for them; and of line 12 there is an incomplete cancelled reading—

From the west's shuddering bourn...

Though the manuscript is a little blotty there is but one word about which there is any doubt, namely the compound sweet-death; and I have no serious doubt as to that; but literally it looks like sweet-death, the a however having the appearance of an e and an a run together. The hyphen between sweet and death should perhaps be between death and dews; and in line 11 of the text the word lords should probably be hoards, from which Keats would not have been unlikely to drop the a. That he did not add the final two lines to the draft is a great loss to students of his way of work; for this is one of the most notable instances of a good draft being converted into a far better poem. The transposition and transplantation of lines 9 and 10 of the draft, so as to bring the hushed casket of the soul to the end, was a master-stroke of the highest poetic instinct.
A PARTY OF LOVERS.

Pensive they sit, and roll their languid eyes,
Nibble their toast, and cool their tea with sighs,
Or else forget the purpose of the night,
Forget their tea—forget their appetite.
See with cross’d arms they sit—ah! happy 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
By a humane society?
No, no; there Mr. Werter takes his spoon,
Inserts it, dips the handle, and lo! soon
The little straggler, sav’d from perils dark,
Across the teaboard draws a long wet mark.

This is one of the many varieties of the Winchester journal-letter of September 1819, as published in the New York World of the 25th of June 1877. Keats characterizes the jeu d’esprit as “a few nonsense verses”. They were probably written on the 17th of September; and they illustrated the following passage in the journal-letter:

“Nothing strikes me so forcibly with a sense of the ridiculous as love. A man in love I do think cuts the sorryest figure in the world. Even when I know a poor fool to be really in pain about it I could burst out laughing in his face. His pathetic visage becomes irresistible. Not that I take H. as a pattern for lovers; he is a very worthy man and a good friend. His love is very amusing. Somewhere in the Spectator is related an account of a man inviting a party of stutterers and squinters to his table. It would please me more to scrape together a party of lovers; not to dinner—no, to tea. There would be no fighting as among knights of old.”
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 teaz'd—
He lives in Wapping, might live where he pleas'd.'

(19) In The World we read Taylor, with a capital T, both here and in line 21, as if Keats were thinking of his publisher; but I doubt whether that pleasantry was intentional, because I cannot see any point or meaning in it; and I think Keats was quite capable of spelling the common noun tailor in that fashion without any arrière pensée.
SONNET.

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.

This sonnet was first given among the Literary Remains in 1848, with the date 1819. There is a letter to Miss Brawne posted on the 11th of October at Westminster, which corresponds with the sonnet in subject; so that this poem may very well belong to the 10th of October 1819.
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?

These lines, first given in the Life, Letters &c., were there dated October 1819; and I should be disposed to assign them to the 12th of that month, the day before that on which Keats posted a letter at
LINES TO FANNY.

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,
Unown'd of any weedy-haired gods;
Whose winds, all zephyrless, hold scourging rods,
Ic'd 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!

Westminster to Miss Brawne, saying *inter alia* that he has set himself to copy some verses out fair, and adding “I cannot proceed with any degree of content. I must write you a line or two and see if that will assist in dismissing you from my Mind for ever so short a time.” The text appears to me to need revision in certain points; but I know of no authority for change. Thus, in line 3, the word *and* or *but* has probably dropped out after *Aye.*

(33) Probably *wrecked* should be *wretched.* There seems a want of aptness in making use of *wreck'd* (monosyllable) and *wrecked* (dissyllable) in such sharp counterpoint; and Keats would be quite likely to write *wretched* without the *t* and thus leave the word easy to mistake for *wrecked.*

(35) I should think *Even* a likelier initial word here than *Ever.*
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!
SONNET.
TO FANNY.

I CRY your mercy—pity—love!—aye, love!
Merciful love that tantalizes 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!

First given among the Literary Remains in 1848, dated 1819. I have no data upon which to suggest the period more exactly; but the desperation of tone may perhaps indicate that the sonnet was composed late in the year.
SONNET.

TO GEORGE KEATS:
WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

Brother belov'd if health shall smile again,
Upon this wasted form and fever'd cheek:
If e'er returning vigour bid these weak
And languid limbs their gladsome strength regain,
Well may thy brow the placid glow retain
Of sweet content and thy pleas'd eye may speak
The conscious self applause, but should I seek
To utter what this heart can feel. Ah! vain
Were the attempt! Yet kindest friends while o'er
My couch ye bend, and watch with tenderness
The being whom your cares could e'en restore,
From the cold grasp of Death, say can you guess
The feelings which these lips can ne'er express;
Feelings, deep fix'd in grateful memory's store.

This sonnet is from a transcript in the handwriting of George Keats, which bears the date 1819; but I am disposed to think this date must have been wrongly affixed from memory. The entire absence of high poetic feeling indicates a time of utter physical prostration; and I should imagine that the sonnet might possibly have been written in February 1820, when Keats was still so ill as to be forbidden to write, and that it might have been sent to George with the announcement of the illness; but it seems likelier that it was composed later on in the year, in reply to some letter written by George on receiving that news—a letter in which the younger brother might have reproached himself for leaving the elder, low in health and funds, and for rushing back to America to mend his own fortunes.
La Belle Dame sans Merci.

I.

Ah, what can ail thee, wretched wight,
Alone and palely loitering;
The sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

2.

Ah, what can ail thee, wretched wight,
So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

This poem was first published by Leigh Hunt in The Indicator for the 10th of May 1820 (No. XXXI), with some introductory remarks which will be found in the Appendix. The signature used by Keats on this occasion, as on that of issuing the Sonnet on a Dream (page 334) was “Caviare”. In 1848 Lord Houghton gave the poem among the Literary Remains, apparently from a manuscript source, for the variations are very considerable. I think there can be no doubt that the Indicator version is a revision of the other, and I have therefore adopted it in the text, noting the variations as of the highest interest. In one of the late Gabriel Rossetti’s letters he characterizes this poem as “the wondrous Belle Dame sans Merci.” I have no positive information as to the date at which it was composed; but I am fain to regard it as a crowning essay in perfect imaginative utterance, written between the poet’s partial recovery and his departure to seek health and find a grave in Italy.

(1-2) The first line in each of these stanzas is, in Lord Houghton’s version,

O what can all thee, knight-at-arms,

and in line 3 of stanza 1 has stands for is.
3.
I see a lilly on thy brow,
   With anguish moist and fever dew;
And on thy cheek a fading rose
   Fast withereth too.

4.
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.

5.
I set her on my pacing steed,
   And nothing else saw all day long;
For sideways would she lean, and sing
   A faery's song.

6.
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.

7.
She found me roots of relish sweet,
   And honey wild, and manna dew;
And sure in language strange she said,
   I love thee true.

(3) Lord Houghton reads cheeks in line 3 of stanza 3.
(5) This and the next stanza are transposed in the other version;
8.
She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she gaz'd and sighed deep,
And there I shut her wild sad eyes—
So kiss'd to sleep.

9.
And there we slumber'd on the moss,
And there I dream'd, ah woe betide,
The latest dream I ever dream'd
On the cold hill side.

10.
I saw pale kings, and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
Who cry'd—"La belle Dame sans merci
Hath thee in thrall!"

and in the third line we read *sidelong would she bend*. The reading of the text probably arose from the desire to avoid the repetition of *long*.

(8-9) In Lord Houghton's version—

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

And in line 4 of stanzas 9 and 11, we have *hill's side* for *hill side*. The *kisses four* perhaps struck Keats, upon review, as a little quaint; and the other changes are an organic consequence of that made here.

(10) Lord Houghton reads *They* for *Who* in line 3.
I saw their starv'd lips in the gloom  
    With horrid warning gaped wide,  
And I awoke, and found me here  
    On the cold hill side.

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

(i) The reading *gloam* for *gloom*, which occurs in the Literary Remains, is so characteristic that there is some temptation to retain it against the evidence of *The Indicator* in favour of its rejection by Keats;—for Hunt may have made that small change. There is a graphic value in the strained use of *gloam* for *gloaming* which counterbalances its grammatical laxity; and it certainly exceeds the more ordinary word *gloom* in poetic intensity.
Bright Star, would I were stedfast as thou art,
Not in lone splendor hanging on the night
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like nature’s patient, sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their fretful task,
Of pure ablution round earth’s human shores
Or gazing on the new soft-fallen snow
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors.
No — yet still stedfast, still unchangeable
Pillow’d upon my fair love’s tender breast.
To feel for ever its soft swell and fall,
 Awake for ever in a sweet unrest.
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live on, or else swoon to death.
SONNET.

Written on a Blank Page in Shakespeare's Poems, facing
A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

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—

Lord Houghton records that, after Keats had embarked for Italy he "landed once more in England, on the Dorsetshire coast, after a weary fortnight spent in beating about the Channel; the bright beauty of the day and the scene revived the poet's drooping heart, and the inspiration remained on him for some time even after his return to the ship. It was then that he composed that sonnet of solemn tenderness,

'Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou art,' &c.
and wrote it out in a copy of Shakespeare's Poems he had given to Severn a few days before. I know of nothing written afterwards."

The copy of Shakespeare's Poetical Works had been given to Keats by John Hamilton Reynolds, and is now in the possession of Sir Charles Dilke. It is a royal 8vo volume "printed for Thomas Wilson, No. 10, London-House-yard, St. Paul's", in 1806; and this sonnet, of which a fac-simile is here given, is written upon the verso of the fly-title to A Lover's Complaint. It seems fair to assume that the reason of its being so high up on the page is that it thus faces a space of equal size containing no words except the

VOL. II.  B B
No—yet still stedfast, still unchangeable,
   Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
   Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
   And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

boldly printed heading of Shakespeare's poem, A Lover's Complaint, as if in that mournful moment Keats desired to appropriate to his last poetic utterance a style and title already immortal. Lord Houghton gives a variant of the last line—

   Half-passionless, and so swoon on to death.

As there is no trace of this in the Shakespeare, there must have been another manuscript—perhaps a pencilled draft—and it is to be presumed that the words fall and swell in line 11 of Lord Houghton's text occurred in that, swell and fall, the reading of the Shakespeare, being in that case an error of transcription on Keats's part. The date of the poem is about the end of September or beginning of October 1820.
OTHO THE GREAT:
A TRAGEDY,
IN FIVE ACTS.
Keats and Brown went to the Isle of Wight for a summer sojourn in 1819; and during the months of July and August the following tragedy was written at intervals under very peculiar conditions. They are thus described by Brown in a note given by Lord Houghton in the Aldine edition of 1876:—"At Shanklin he undertook a difficult task; I engaged to furnish him with the title, characters, and dramatic conduct of a tragedy, and he was to wrap it in poetry. The progress of this work was curious, for while I sat opposite to him, he caught my description of each scene entire, with the characters to be brought forward, the events, and everything connected with it. Thus he went on, scene after scene, never knowing nor inquiring into the scene which was to follow, until four acts were completed. It was then he required to know at once all the events that were to occupy the fifth act; I explained them to him, but, after a patient hearing and some thought, he insisted that many incidents in it were too humorous, or, as he termed them, too melodramatic. He wrote the fifth act in accordance with his own views, and so contented was I with his poetry that at the time, and for a long time after, I thought he was in the right." There are numerous references to this undertaking in Keats's letters (which see); but one in particular should be quoted here. It is in a letter to Mr. Dilke dated "Shanklin, August 2, 1819," and is as follows:—"Brown and I are pretty well harnessed again to our dog-cart. I mean the tragedy, which goes on sinkingly. We are thinking of introducing an elephant, but have not historical reference within reach to determine as to Otho's menagerie. When Brown first mentioned this I took it for a joke; however, he brings such plausible reasons, and discourses so eloquently on the dramatic effect, that I am giving it a serious consideration." In The Papers of a Critic (1875), Volume I, page 9, Sir Charles Dilke gives the following extract from a letter dated August 12 1819, from Brown, in the Isle of Wight, to Mr. Dilke:—"Keats is very industrious, but I swear by the prompter's whistle, and by the bangs of stage-doors, he is obstinately monstrous. What think you of Otho's threatening cold pig to the newly-married couple? He says the Emperor must have a spice of drollery. His introduction of Grimm's adventure, lying three days on his back for love, though it spoils the unity of time, is not out of the way for the character of Ludolf, so I have consented to it; but I cannot endure his fancy of making the princess blow up her hairdresser, for smearing her cheek with pomatum and spoiling her rouge. It may be natural, as he observes, but so might many things. However, such as it is, it has advanced to nearly the end of the fourth act." The late
Joseph Severn possessed an autograph manuscript of this play, from which he was in the habit of giving away pieces as specimens of Keats's writing. After his death there were still many leaves entire—a small portion of Act I, the greater part of scene II, Act IV, and most of Act V. I have collated these portions with the printed text, adopted some readings, and noted others, as will be seen. The exact order in which this tragedy and the two fragments of \textit{King Stephen} and \textit{The Cap and Bells} should be arranged in regard to the latest of Keats's other posthumous poems cannot, I imagine, be determined. Having regard to this circumstance and the entire difference of form and matter from what is characteristic of Keats, I have thought it well to place these three essays last, rather than disturb the sequence of those poems which are more representative, though of course the sonnet written in Shakespeare's Poems, at all events, was later than either of these three tentative pieces.—H. B. F.]
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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, Officers.
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.

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—

Enter AURANTHE.

AURANTHE.

OTHO THE GREAT.

ACT I.

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.

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 prythee, Conrad, do not overact
The hypocrite—what vow would you impose?

CONRAD.
Trust me for once,—that you may be assur'd
'Tis not confiding to 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 thriv'd I as a rebel, and behold

(23-44) The first of the manuscript fragments referred to at page 365 begins with Conrad's speech, line 23, and ends with line 44.
(33) Cancelled manuscript reading, Let me impress this.
Now I am Otho's favourite, his dear friend, 
His right hand, his brave Conrad.

AURANTHE.

I confess
You have intrigu'd with these unsteady times
To admiration; but to be a favourite—

CONRAD.

I saw my moment. The Hungarians,
Collected silently in holes and corners,
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 spar'd 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 minc'd it!

Aurantye.
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.

Aurantye.
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.

Aurantye.
What means this?

Conrad.
You'll not be perjured! Go to Albert then,
SCENE I.  

OTHO THE GREAT.

That camp-mushroom—dishonour of our house. 
Go, page his dusty heels upon a march, 
Furbish his jingling baldric while he sleeps, 
And share his mouldy ration 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! 85

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'st 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.

(93) I presume this line was left thus formless and incomplete by Keats.
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?

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 whirlmed 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 favorite 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—

Conrad.

To me! What of me, ha?

Albert.

What pleas’d your grace to say?
CONRAD.

Your message, sir!

ALBERT.

You mean not this to me?

CONRAD.

Sister, this way; [Aside.
For there shall be no "gentle Alberts" now, [Exeunt Conrad and Auranthe.
No "sweet Auranthes!"

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 licens'd thoughts,
No military swagger of my mind,
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 subtlest 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  
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,
SCENE II. OTHO THE GREAT.

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-ey'd 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!

ALBERT.

Mighty Monarch,
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 THE GREAT.

ACT I.

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 Gonfrid 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.
Wil’t please your highness enter, and accept
The unworthy welcome of your servant’s house?

(73) It is possible that some such word as good before lord has dropped out accidentally.
Leaving your cares to one whose diligence
May in few hours make pleasures of them all.

OTHO.
Not so tedious, Conrad. No, no, no,—
I must see Ludolph or the—What's that shout?

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, and demure, and proud in his 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 prythee mock me not with gentle speech,
But, as a favour, bid me from thy presence;
Let me no longer be the wondering food
Of all these eyes; prythee 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 undistinguish'd 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, the wily enemy,
Who eas'd the crownet from your infant brows,
Bloody Taraxa, is among the dead.

GERSA.
Then I retire, so generous Otho please,
Bearing with me a weight of benefits
Too heavy to be borne.
OTHO.

It is not so;  
Still understand me, King of Hungary,  
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
An old lion sugar-cakes 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 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 Ethebert, but speak
What is your purpose.

ETHELBERT.
The restoration of some captive maids,
Devoted to Heaven's pious ministries,
Who, 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.
SCENE III. OTHO THE GREAT.

CONRAD.

Ho! let the music sound!

[Music. ETHELBERT raises his hands, as in benediction of OTHO. Exeunt severally. The scene closes on them.

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 the 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 pleas’d 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-pleas’d 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 scimitar
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 bronz’d centurion,
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 the Tartar does the boar,
Driven me to the very edge o' the world,
And almost put a price upon my head?

Sigifred.
Remember how he spar'd the rebel lords.

Ludolph.
Yes, yes, I know he hath a noble nature
That cannot trample on the fallen. 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 dar'd 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,
SCENE III.  

For he is just and noble. Fain would I
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.
Aye, 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 hop'd this whim had pass'd.

LUDOLPH.
And, Sigifred, with all his love of justice,
When will he take that grandchild in his arms,
That, by my love I swear, shall soon be his?
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.

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, 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 to 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.
SCENE I.  OTHO THE GREAT.  393

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,
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, a tight leech!
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?

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
SCENE I. OTHO THE GREAT.

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 cag'd up,
Serv'd with harsh food, with scum for Sunday-drink.

LUDOLPH.

Indeed!

OTHO.

And chains too heavy for your life:
I'll choose a gaoler, 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 THE GREAT.

OTHO.
Not a 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?

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 deeds 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 close, and let me breathe into thine ear.
I knew you through disguise. You are the Arab!
Yon 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.

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 prithee 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-ey'd 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, you hear these joyous shouts? The king—aye, now our king,—but still your slave, 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 keen 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—it is Albert; a brave German knight, And much in the emperor's favour.
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?

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.”

A she-devil! A dragon! I her imp! Fire of Hell! Auranthe—lewd demon! Where got you this? Where? When?

Erminia.
I found it 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, Fore'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: 80
That I can swear. [Hurries out.

GERSA (without).

Brave captains! thanks. Enough
Of loyal homage now!

Enter GERSA.

ERMINIA.

Hail, royal Hun!

GERSA.

What means this, 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
As to my poor deserts. Come, come, be plain.
I am no jealous fool to kill you both,
Or, for such trifles, rob th' adorned world
Of such a beauteous vestal.

ERMINIA.

I grieve, my Lord, 90
To hear you condescend to ribald-phrase.

GERSA.

This is too much! Harken, my lady pure!
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.
Prythee, 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;
SCENE II.

OTHO THE GREAT.

After that, say and do whate'er you please.
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,
Tir'd 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 those 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;
I' the Emperor's name. I here demand
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.

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.
SCENE II. OTHO THE GREAT. 407

GERSA.

Command an escort to the Friedburg lines.

Pray let me lead. Fair lady, forget not Gersa, how he believ'd you innocent. I follow you to Friedburg with all speed. [Exeunt Chiefs. 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 white limbs 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,
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 Europe's throned 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
SCENE I. OTHO THE GREAT.

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!

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 may well laugh and banter. What a fool
An injury may make of a staid man!
You shall know all anon.

SIGIFRED.

Some tavern brawl?

ALBERT.

'Twas with some people out of common reach;
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 these bright revelries; go, show yourself,
You may be made a duke.

ALBERT.
Aye, 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.
SCENE II.—An Apartment in the Castle.

Enter, as from the Marriage, OTHO, LUDOLPH, AURANTHE, CONRAD, Nobles, Knights, Ladies, &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!

(64) In former editions To is the first word in this line. I have ventured to substitute Is, as making sense of the question, because I know how like the two words often are in Keats's writing.
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 recipe for love philtres.

**SECOND LADY.**

They hold the Emperor in admiration.

**OTHO.**

If ever king was happy, that am I!
What are the cities 'yond the Alps to me,
The provinces about the Danube's mouth,
The promise of fair sail beyond the Rhone;
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; 30
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? 35

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
And old romances; but I'll break the spell.
Ludolph!

CONRAD.
He'll be calm, anon.

LUDOLPH.
You call'd?
Yes, yes, yes, I offend. You must forgive me;
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.
SCENE II.

OTHO THE GREAT.

ETHELBERT (without).

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?

LUDOLPH.

What portent—what strange prodigy is this?

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 noble Otho!
You—go to your sister there and plot again,
A quick plot, swift as thought to save your heads;
For Io! 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 Aurantie.

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 bad priest!
How dar’st thou lift those beetle brows at me?
Me—the prince Ludolph, in this presence here,
Upon my marriage-day, and scandalize
SCENE II. OTHO THE GREAT.

My joys with such opprobrious surprise? 80
Wife! Why dost linger on that syllable,
As if it were some demon's name pronounced
To summon harmful lightning, and make yawn
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! 90
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
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?
SCENE II.  

OTHO THE GREAT.  

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;
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
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,
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 jaw
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, hideous monk!

OTHO.

Confess, or by the wheel—
Ethebert.
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!

Ethebert.
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!
What swift death wilt thou die? As to the lady
I touch her not.

Ethebert.
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?
Fanatic obstinacy! Prodigy!
Scene II.

Otto the Great.

Monster of folly! Ghost of a turn'd brain!
You puzzle me,—you haunt me,—when I dream
Of you my brain will split! Bold 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!

Otto.

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?

Erminia.

O wickedness!

Ethelbert.

Deluded monarch, 'tis a cruel lie.

Otto.

Peace, rebel-priest!

Conrad.

Insult beyond credence!

Erminia.

Almost a dream!
LUDOLPH.
We have awaked from
A foolish dream that from my brow hath 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,
So most maliciously, so 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 safe 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.]
SCENE II. OTHO THE GREAT.

Conrad.

My guards, ho!

Erminia.

Albert, wilt thou follow there? Wilt thou creep dastardly behind his back, And shrink 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, 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.

Enter GERSA and SIGIFRED.

GERSA.

What discord is at ferment in this house?

SIGIFRED.

We are without conjecture; not a soul
We met could answer any certainty.

GERSA.

Young Ludolph, like a fiery arrow, shot
By us.

SIGIFRED.

The Emperor, with cross’d arms, in thought.
SCENE II. OTHO THE GREAT.

GERSA.
In one room music, in another sadness,
Perplexity every where!

ALBERT.
A trifle more!
Follow; your presences will much avail
To tune our jarred spirits. I'll explain.

[Exeunt.]
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.
SCENE I.  OTHO THE GREAT.

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 brib'd 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?

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 enquire
After my health, entreating, if I please,
To see me.

CONRAD.
Well, suppose this Albert here;
What is your power with him?
OTHO THE GREAT.

ACT IV.

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!
Scene I. Otho the Great.

Conrad.

Would you were both hearse’d up in stifling lead! Detested—

Auranthe.

Conrad, hold! I would not bear
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 Lords,
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.

[Auranthe (solo).]

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
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 lilly 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 Abbot!—How!
What is this? Auranthe! thou fool, dolt,
Whimpering idiot! up! up! and quell!
I am 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?
SCENE 1.

OTHO THE GREAT.

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.

ALBERT.

It doth 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 vexed 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 deceiv'd.

ALBERT.

No, you are not deceiv'd. 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. Your safety I have bought to-day
By blazoning a lie, which in the dawn
I'll expiate with truth.

AURANTHE.

O cruel traitor!

ALBERT.

For I would not set eyes upon thy shame;
I would not see thee dragg'd to death by the hair,
Penanc'd, and taunted on a scaffolding!
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?
OTHO THE GREAT.

ACT IV.

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 t' oppress
An innocent lady, gull an Emperor,
More generous to me than autumn sun
To ripening harvests.

AURANTHE.

No more insult, sir!

ALBERT.

Aye, 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
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!

CONRAD. [She lets him out.

So, we must lick the dust?
SCENE II.

OTHO THE GREAT.

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!

[A EXIT.

AURANTHE.
And you! And you!
And all men! Vanish!

[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;

The second of the fragments of the manuscript mentioned at page 365 begins with the opening of Scene II, Act IV. I have
And there her women in a mournful throng
Stood in the passage whispering: if any
Mov'd 'twas with careful steps and hush'd as death;
They bid me stop.

LUDOLPH.

Good fellow, once again
Make soft enquiry; prythee be not stay'd
By any hindrance, but with gentlest force
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.

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 even of thy death perhaps,

adopted many minor variations of text which need not be specified;
but I may note at starting that line 2 is not given in previous editions.
(7) Cancelled reading, for me in place of prythee.
(14) Cancelled reading,

Of dying echo, echoed at her death...

(15) Cancelled reading, To see the sad touches...
And thoughtless, suffered to pass alone
Into Elysium! now I follow thee
A substance or a shadow, whereso'er
Thou leadest me,—whether thy white feet press,
With pleasant weight, the amorous-aching earth,
Or thro' the air thou pioneertest 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
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 eyelids; that those eyes may glow
With wooing light upon me, ere the Morn
Peers with disrelish, grey, barren, and cold.

(24-5) Cancelled reading,
Now I go with } thee
When heaven pleases: should it be to night...

The lines now standing as 25-9 are not in the fragment; but an
asterisk indicates a reference to some other place, probably to the
back of the leaf before, which is missing.

(30) Rejected reading, unpropitious love.
(32) The word heavily stands cancelled here for wearily.
(34-7) This passage originally stood thus:
Let her not take her drowsy-eyed watch
Among the stars, before sweet embassage
Comes from the pillow'd beauty of that fair
Completion of all fairness and all form.

(42) Cancelled reading, Comes for Peers. It should be mentioned
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. 45

[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
Sœ’er I shall be honour’d.

Gersa.

I not less. 50

Ludolph.

What may it be? No trifle can take place

*that, throughout the fragments of the manuscript, the name Gersa almost invariably occurs in place of Gersa.*

(47-8) There is a rejected passage here as follows—

I sought you not
But as I chance to meet you here alone...
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.

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—

(57) Cancelled reading, I wait, please you explain.
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.
Thou liest! 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

(73) The word *bulk* is here rejected for *sting*.
(78) This line stands in Lord Houghton's editions thus—
Hungarian! Thou amazest me beyond...
In the manuscript there is a cancelled reading—
Thou liest! and such a lie...
But finally it stands as in the text without any trace of *Hungarian!*
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 honor 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
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—

---

(95-6) In the manuscript, *your* stands cancelled for *that*; and there is the rejected reading, *Not done its judgment on thee*?

(99) The manuscript reads *To no secret* instead of *It is no secret*, for which I presume Lord Houghton had other manuscript authority.

(103) The manuscript has *fresh* instead of *last new*, so as to make *Erminia* scan as four full syllables.
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.

Good fellow!

PAGE.

They are fled!

LUDOLPH.

They—who?

(116) Lord Houghton reads What wouldst say? in place of Good fellow? The second fragment of the manuscript ends with line 117.
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
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 answers 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!
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!

CONRAD.

Aye, and the man.

AURANTHE.

Yes, he is there.

Go, go,—no blood, no blood, go gentle Conrad!

The third fragment of the manuscript begins with the opening of
the fifth act; and the greater part of the act is preserved. This is
so far fortunate, in that Brown attributes this act to the unprompted
imagination of Keats. He seems to have taken great pains with
this part of the work, as there is evidence indicating that a good
deal must have been wholly re-written before the version given
among the Literary Remains was arrived at. That version is of
course adopted in the main here; but I have accommodated some
minor details to the manuscript.

(1-2) There is a cancelled reading here—

you are

A plague-spot in the midst of miseries.

(8) The manuscript reads Aye and a Man.
Farewell!

AURANTHE.
Farewell, for this Heaven pardon you. 10

[Exit AURANTHE.

CONRAD.
If he survive one hour, then may I die
In 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. 15

[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?
Stifled beneath the thick oppressive shade
Of these dull boughs,—this oven of dark thickets,— 20
Silent,—without revenge?—pshaw!—bitter end,—

(10-12) The word then is cancelled after Farewell, and Conrad's final speech begins thus in the manuscript—

If he escape me may I die a death
Of unimagined tortures...

(18-32) This passage as printed does not stand in the fragment of manuscript at all; but the corresponding draft of this and what is
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 clutch her! no revenge!
A muffled death, ensnar'd in horrid silence!
Suck'd to my grave amid a dreamy calm!
O, where is that illustrious noise of war,

now the opening of the next scene stands crossed out after various minutes and amendments; and the final version was probably written upon the back of some leaf of the manuscript not now forthcoming.

Here is the rejected version:

Ludolph. What here! here solitary must I die
Without revenge, here stifled in the shade
Of these dull Boughs? Pshaw bitter bitter end—
A bitter death! a suffocating death!
A gnawing, silent deadly quiet 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 Hermit's death as patience—Oh!
War! War! War! where is that illustrious noise
To gasp away my life}{of labouring breath
To smother up this sound}
This death song of the trees. Blow Trumpeters!
sinks]
O curs'd Auranthe!

[Enter ALBERT Wounded.

Albert! here is hope!

starts up]
Glorious illuminate clamour yet; Thrice villainous
Tell me where that detested woman is
Or this is through{thee—
you—

Albert. My good Prince with me
The sword has done its worst—[AURANTE shrieks.
Page. My Lord—a noise
This way—Hark!

Ludolph. Yes a glorious{clamour
{skuff[le]} yet—

exitunt.

Scene changes to another part of the wood.

Enter ALBERT wounded and LUDOLPH.
To smother up this sound of labouring breath,
This rustle of the trees!

[AURIANTHE shrieks at a distance.]

PAGE.

My Lord, a noise!

This way—hark!

LUDOLPH.

Yes, yes! A hope! A music!

A glorious clamour! How 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 villainous woman is
Or this is through thee!

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?
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-ey'd Purity! A Sylph, Whose snowy timid hand has never sin'd Beyond a flower pluck'd, white as itself?

(7) The stage direction Enter Auranthe is struck out in the manuscript in favour of Auranthe rushes in; and the next speech of Ludolph is not in the manuscript at all.

(24-5) In the manuscript there is a rejected reading— Whose snowy timid hand has never grasp'd Beyond a flower, dainty as itself, and line 24 is left standing thus— 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
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 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—

(45) The word almost stands before equal in the manuscript, somewhat to the detriment of the metre.
(47) There is a cancelled reading here, short for hitch'd. In former editions the next stage direction is simply Albert dies.
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.]

(49) In the manuscript, about stands cancelled in favour of along.
The stage direction with which the next scene opens is—

Scene 2nd—A court yard before one of the castle doors.

The speakers' names appear throughout the scene as 1st Gent., 2nd Gent., and 3rd Gent. Lord Houghton's editions have the direction as in the text; but 1st Knight stands for Theodore, perhaps through an oversight of Keats's.
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 unbeliev'd one hour, so strange 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?

(2) There is a cancelled reading here, Things unbeliev'd for strangeness.
SCENE III: OTHO THE GREAT.

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.

(14) The word minute, is here struck out in favour of while, somewhat to the detriment of the metre. The last stage direction to this scene is they go in.
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?

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—

(3-4) In previous editions—
'Tis not in medicine,
Either of heaven or earth, to cure,...
SCENE IV.

OTHO THE GREAT.

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,

(26) In the manuscript, hot soul is struck out in favour of despair.
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—hush!—quiet—my lost Boy!
My miserable Child!

LUDOLPH (indistinctly without).
Fill, fill my goblet,—
Here's a health!

ERMINIA.
O, close the door!

OTHO.
Let, let me hear his voice; this cannot last—
And fain would I catch up his dying words

(37) In the manuscript—
Open { it straight } —st—quiet—my lost Boy!

And the next speech is given thus—
Ludolph's distant raving, fill, full my Goblet—here a health.
SCENE IV.  

OTHO THE GREAT.

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—

(43-4) There is a cancelled reading, hear for catch; and the line given in previous editions,

A whisper in this silence that he's dead!

is deliberately struck out for the line given in the text.

(51) Originally, Gersa was made to strike in here after height—

It shall be done
But for myself I keep me from his sight.

exit—scene changes.
GERSA.

I will invent what soothing means I can. 55

[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. 60

[Exeunt.

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

(55) Cancelled reading—
I will not be remiss—obey your wishes.

(56) In the manuscript, this weariness; and of the next line there
is a rejected reading—
Is a most gentle symptom, of the best...

(59) In previous editions Upon the terrace. The long stage
direction opening the next scene is wanting in the manuscript; and
the first two speakers are 1st Lord and 2nd Lord.
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!

---

(3-4) In former editions—

the shadows of a sleep,
And link'd to a dreaming fancy.

(8) This third speech is assigned to 1st Lord in the manuscript.
(10) There are two rejected readings here, pacing and standing, for posted; and the stage direction enter Gersa follows the next question of Gonfred in the manuscript, where there is no trace of the 1st and 2nd Ladies' speeches now intervening.
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, 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 briliances,—
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,
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!
We'll have her presently; aye, you shall see her,
And wonder at her, friends, she is so fair—
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;

(59) A fresh fragment of the manuscript opens with this description of Auranthe; but the lines occur in an entirely different order: the sequence is—lines 71-2, 67-8, 59-66, 69-70; and Keats doubtless saw the artistic improvement to be compassed by transposition. In line 59 with stands cancelled in favour of in.
'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—
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?

---

(90) The fragment of manuscript last mentioned does not extend further into the speech, and is mutilated here; but traces of some different conduct of the dialogue are preserved in the words he bursts in tears! and doth he not weep?
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-lim’d 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 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.

(109) There is a further fragment of the manuscript extending from My father to he enters now (line 137).
(111) In the manuscript, holy Ethelbert.
SCENE V. OTHO THE GREAT. 467

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? 
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! 125

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 130 
Men shall confess—This Prince was gull'd and cheated 
But from the ashes of disgrace he rose 
More than a fiery Phœnix—and did burn 
His ignominy up in purging fires— 
Did I not send, Sir, but a moment past, 135 
For my Father?

GERSA. 
You did.

(117) In the manuscript, 'gather'd' is struck out in favour of 'sheafed' not 'sheaved' as in former editions. 
(128) The word 'righteous' is cancelled before 'winding up'. 
(133) In former editions, 'dragon' in place of 'Phœnix'. 
(136) Instead of 'Gersa' we have '1st Lord' here in the manuscript, and 'Lord' before the next speech but one.
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,
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!

(138-41) These four lines are written upon the back of the fragment belonging to the first Act.
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 drows’d 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!

(152) I suspect we should read in the temple-stall; but I have seen no manuscript of this speech.
(162) A final fragment of the manuscript begins here and extends to the end of the tragedy.
(164) It is interesting to note that Keats still affected the Spenserian fight for pitched, even when not needing it for a rhyme as in Endymion (Book II, line 60).
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—
Half-mad—not right here—I forget my purpose.
Bestir, bestir, Auranthe! ha! ha! ha! 175
Youngster! Page! go bid them drag her to me!
Obey! This shall finish it! [Draws a dagger.

OTHO.
O my Son! my Son!

(171 These speeches,—Physician?—and the next two,—are wanting; but there are marks in the manuscript probably referring to the back of some other leaf. The same thing occurs in regard to lines 178 to 180.)
SCENE V. OTHO THE GREAT.

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! 185
Her arms are stiff,—her fingers clench’d and cold—

LUDOLPH.
She’s dead! [Staggers and falls into their arms.

(184) Instead of the stage direction here, the manuscript has Page returning with one of Auranthe’s women.
(185) Cancelled reading, we for they.
(187) The tragedy seems to have been wound up more rapidly at
OTHO THE GREAT.  
ACT V, SCENE V.

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.

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

first; for in the manuscript—immediately after She's dead!—the following words stand cancelled:

I am content—Nobles good night
I will to bed tomorrow—

falls and dies.

(188) This utterance was intended for Ethelbert first: in the margin we read—

Ethelbert. I fear the dagger...
But this is crossed through, and Sigifred's speech is substituted—a speech which in previous editions reads It could not harm him now.
KING STEPHEN:
A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.
[This fragment appears to belong to the autumn of 1819; for Lord Houghton gives in the Aldine edition of 1876 the following note by Brown:—"As soon as Keats had finished 'Otho the Great,' I pointed out to him a subject for an English historical tragedy in the reign of Stephen, beginning with his defeat by the Empress Maud and ending with the death of his son Eustace. He was struck with the variety of events and characters which must necessarily be introduced, and I offered to give, as before, their dramatic conduct. 'The play must open,' I began, 'with the field of battle, when Stephen's forces are retreating';—'Stop,' he cried, 'I have been too long in leading-strings; I will do all this myself.' He immediately set about it, and wrote two or three scenes—about 170 lines." It will be seen that Brown's estimate was considerably within the mark, as there are about 193 lines. The *dramatis personae*, as far as the fragment reaches, may be tabulated thus:

KING STEPHEN.    THE EARL OF CHESTER.
QUEEN MAUD.      EARL BALDWIN DE REDVERS.
THE EARL OF GLOCESTER.  DE KAIMS.

*Knights, Captains, Soldiers.*

There would of course have been many more characters had the work been finished.—H. B. F.]
KING STEPHEN:
A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

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! Glocester 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, 15
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 breathed,—follow!

Enter Earl BALDWIN and Soldiers, as defeated.

STEPHEN.

De Redvers!
What is the monstrous bugbear that can fright 20
Baldwin?

BALDWIN.

No scare-crow, but the fortunate star
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. 35

[Exeunt. Alarum.]
Scène 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. 5

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
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 Glocester 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!
SCENE II.

KING STEPHEN.

GLOCESTER.

Why do yon 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—
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 hilt.
GLOCESTER.

Come, lead me to this man—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 come 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
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 dips in
The gloomy current of a traitor's heart.
SCENE III.  KING STEPHEN.

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? 20
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. 25

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. 30

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
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 Gloucester. Stab to the hilt, De Kaims,
For I will never by mean hands be led
From this so famous field. Do you 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 I will 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  
The rebel, but as 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!
SCENE IV.

KING STEPHEN.

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
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.
THE CAP AND BELLS;
OR, THE JEALOUSIES:
A FAERY TALE—UNFINISHED.
[Lord Houghton first gave this composition in the *Life, Letters &c.* (1848), and in Volume II, page 51, refers to it as “the last of Keats's literary labours.” The poet says in a letter to Brown, written after the first attack of blood-spitting, “I shall soon begin upon ‘Lucy Vaughan Lloyd’. I do not begin composition yet, being willing, in case of a relapse, to have nothing to reproach myself with.” I presume, therefore, that the composition may be assigned to the Spring or Summer of 1820. In August of that year, Leigh Hunt seems to have had the manuscript in his hands, for, in the first part of the article on Coaches, which fills *The Indicator* for the 23rd of August 1820, he quotes four stanzas and four lines from the poem, as by “a very good poetess, of the name of Lucy V—— L——, who has favour’d us with a sight of a manuscript poem,” &c. The stanzas quoted are xxv to xxix. Lord Houghton gives, in the Aldine edition of 1876, the following note by Brown:—“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.” His Lordship adds an interesting passage from a letter written to him by Lord Jeffrey:—“There are beautiful passages and lines of ineffable sweetness in these minor pieces, and strange outbursts of individual fancy and felicitous expressions in the ‘Cap and Bells,’ though the general extravagance of the poetry is more suited to an Italian than to an English taste.” The late Gabriel Rossetti wrote to me of this poem as “the only unworthy stuff Keats ever wrote except an early trifle or two,” and again as “the to me hateful *Cap and Bells*”. I confess that it seems to me entirely unworthy of Keats, though certainly a proof, if proof were needed, of his versatility. It has the character of a mere intellectual and mechanical exercise, performed at a time when those higher forces constituting the mainspring of poetry were exhausted; but even so I find it difficult to figure Keats as doing anything so aimless as this appears when regarded solely as an effort of the fancy. He probably had a satirical under-current of meaning; and it needs no great stretch of imagination to see in the illicit passion of Emperor Elfinan, and his detestation for his authorized bride-elect, an oblique glance at the marital relations of George IV. It is not difficult to suggest prototypes for many of the faery-land statesmen against whom Elfinan vows vengeance; and there are many particulars in which earthly incidents are too thickly strewn to leave one in the settled belief that the poet’s programme was wholly unearthly.—H. B. F.]
THE CAP AND BELLS;

OR, THE JEALOUSIES:

A FAERY TALE—UNFINISHED.

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 sin'd while they slept;
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 promis'd 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 speeching 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 sapphir'd 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,

(iv) It seems doubtful whether the word and in line 3 has not been left there by mistake.
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.

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!" reply'd the mistress, with a shine
Of anger in her eyes, enough to breed
In stouter hearts than nurse's fear and dread:
'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 silenc'd, 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 nought,
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 griev'd, and wetted three or four
White Provence 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 rak'd 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 every page;
With special strictures on the horrid crime,
THE CAP AND BELLS.

(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.

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 lov'd 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 curs'd a bride he knew he could not touch.

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," cry'd 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 Palfoir,
I'll show him that his speeches made me sick,
And give the colonelcy to Phalaric;
The tiptoe marquis, moral and gallant,
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?"

refusal to sit upon the Green Bag Committee in the House of Lords
was both "moral" and "gallant."

(xviii) The name Biancopany as a mere fantasy is too inconceivably wild; and at this point I think the subject mentioned in previous notes may be clearly demonstrated. Bianco = white, pane = bread; and we have the name of one whose career is notoriously, from George IV's point of view, that of lines 6 to 9. Mr. Samuel Whitbread had at that time been a radical member of the first water for a long period: he was so well known as an adherent of Queen Caroline, that he is said to have furnished her Majesty, from his great wealth, with the necessary funds for carrying on her case; and on the 18th of September 1820 he brought his offences to a head by attacking the King in a speech supporting a motion for quashing "these filthy proceedings."
Alas! my wearied heart within me sinks,
To think that I must be so near ally'd
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 fellow does not live to tell.

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.
The slave retreated backwards, humble-ey'd,
And with a slave-like silence clos'd 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 dealers 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,)

(xxv) The passage commencing here, quoted by Hunt in The
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 on board 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!"

Indicator, was perhaps the best quotation he could have made from
the poem, even if it had not suited the particular purpose he had in
view. The text of his quotation shows no variation from the cur-
rent issues of later date, except in the matter of a few extra capitals
to common nouns. The passage introducing the stanzas, mentioned
at page 488 of this volume, is as follows:
"Of the Hackney-coach we cannot make as short work, as many
persons like to make of it in reality. Perhaps indeed it is partly a
sense of the contempt it undergoes, which induces us to endeavour
to make the best of it. But it has its merits, as we shall shew pre-
sently. In the account of its demerits, we have been anticipated
by a new, and we are sorry to say a very good poetess, of the name
of Lucy V— L—, who has favoured us with a sight of a manuscript
poem, in which they are related with great nicety and sensitiveness.
"READER. What, Sir, sorry to say that a lady is a good poetess?
"INDICATOR. Only in as much, Madam, as the lady gives such
authority to the antisocial view of this subject, and will not agree
with us as to the beatitude of the Hackney-coach.—But hold:—
upon turning to the Manuscript again, we find that the objections
are put into the mouth of a Dandy Courtier. This makes a great
difference. The Hackney resumes all which it had lost in the good
graces of the fair authoress. The only wonder is, how the Courtier
could talk so well."

It will be seen that Hunt kept his friend's secret dexterously
enough.

(xxvi) The slang word Jarvey, for the driver of a hackney-coach,
is well nigh forgotten in these days of "Hansoms" and "growlers".
Whose springs of life are all dry'd up and dead,
Whose linsey-woolsey lining hangs all slack,
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-ey'd 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."

I do not know whether it was a common liberty to take with the word to transfer it from the driver to the vehicle itself; but probably Keats knew the orthodox application well enough.
XXIX.
Philosophizing 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-pav'd, street, as in a glass;
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 smil'd at self, and, smiling, show'd his teeth,
And seeing his white teeth, he smil'd the more;
Lifted his eye-brows, spurn'd the path beneath,
Show'd teeth again, and smil'd as heretofore,
Until he knock'd at the magician's door;

(XXX) Ending his quotation with line 4 of this stanza, Hunt says—"The tact here is so nice, of all the infirmities which are likely to beset our poor old friend, that we should only spoil it to say more".
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 Magasin des Modes now open is
Against the Emperor's wedding;—and, sir, this
My master finds a monstrous horrid bore;
As he retir'd, 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 oblig'd to stick to business!
For chalk, I hear, stands at a pretty price;
And as for aqua vitæ—there's a mess!
The dentes sapientiae 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 slight 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!"

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,"—
Reply'd 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,

(xxxv) Whatever Keats may have written in the eighth line of
this stanza, I think there can be no doubt that he meant to write
yelping brat, not, as in previous editions, whelping brat, which is
a contradiction in terms. Although whelp and brat are almost
synonymous, and whelps were probably so called because of their
yelping, I can find no instance of the verb to whelp used in any
sense but to bring forth whelps. This is obviously beyond the pos­sibilities of a brat, and more especially of a male brat: see lines 6
and 7.
And breathe themselves at th' Emperor's chamber door,
When Eban thought he heard a soft imperial snore.

XXXVII.
"I thought you guess'd, foretold, or prophesy'd,
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,"
Reply'd 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 green;
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 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 misplac'd!)—
With the third part—(yet that is drinking dear!)—
Of the least drop of crème de citron, crystal clear."

---

(XL) The word *the* before *next day* in line 4 might be introduced with tolerable confidence; but the poet might have preferred to set the metre right by introducing *best* before *suits.*

(XLI) As a note to the word *laced* in line 5, previous editions have the following sentence from *The Spectator*: —"Mr. Nisby is of opinion that laced coffee is bad for the head." Whether the note is from Keats's manuscript or supplied by the editor does not appear.
XLII.

"I pledge you, Hum! and pledge my dearest love, My Bertha!" "Bertha! Bertha!" cry'd the sage, "I know a many Berthas!" "Mine's above All Berthas!" sighed the Emperor. "I engage," 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 hallyo sent Into the jungles; and her palanquin,

(XLIII) One of the few points of vivid interest in this poem is the strange connexion, by name and place, Bertha and Canterbury, with the wonderful fragment, so full of earnest meaning and high poetic intention, The Eve of St. Mark. See also stanza LVI.
The Cap and Bells.

Rested amid the desert's dreariment,
Shook with her agony, till fair were seen
The little Bertha's eyes ope on the stars serene.

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."

(XLV) In Lord Houghton's editions appears the following foot­note to the word Cham in line 7:—"Cham is said to have been the inventor of magic. Lucy learnt this from Bayle's Dictionary, and had copied a long Latin note from that work." If this is a note of Keats's, it would seem to imply that a part of his scheme was to have the work attributed to Lucy Vaughan Lloyd, and ostensibly edited and annotated by some one else,—following the plan adopted in that same year 1820 by his friend Reynolds in regard to that clever book "The Fancy: A Selection from the Poetical Remains of the late Peter Corcoran, of Gray's Inn, Student at Law. With a brief memoir of his Life" (Taylor and Hessey).
XLVII.
Whereat a narrow Flemish glass he took,
That since belong'd to Admiral De Witt,
Admir'd it with a connoisseuring look,
And with the ripest claret crowned it,
And, ere the lively bead could burst and flit,
He turn'd it quickly, nimbly upside down,
His mouth being held conveniently fit
To catch the treasure: "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, 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 Those 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.
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.
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 to 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 his 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,
But lift her from the ground, and swiftly flit
Back to your palace.  *  *  *
THE CAP AND BELLS.

LIX.
"What shall I do with that 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."

(LXI) Previous editions read Where? for Whew! in line 4.
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 Phoebus!—yes, you well may smile.
Hark! hark! 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,
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,
Balanc'd 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;
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 pleas'd 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!"
Cry'd Elfinan, and clos'd 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;
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 us'd, 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.
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, try'd 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.
"From two to 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-shap'd 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.

"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 cry'd out
'Whoop!'
Some strange Imaian custom. A large bat
Came sudden 'fore my face, and brush'd against my hat.

"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 scar'd—
And many on their marrow-bones for death prepar'd.
LXXVII.

"At half-past three arose the cheerful moon—
Bivouack'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 danc'd, 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 kettledrum—
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.

LXXIX.

"She cry'd 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 cast;
At six we heard Panthea's churches ring—
The city all his 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 shap'd our course, this, that way run,
With mad-cap pleasure, or hand-clasp'd amaze;
Sweet in the air a mild-ton'd 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.

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,
Congés and scrape-graces of every sort,
And all the smooth routine of gallantries,
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-natur'd 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 peels
Over her woman's weakness. 'Where!' cry'd I,
'Where is his Majesty?' No person feels
Inclin'd to answer; wherefore instantly
I plung'd 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 prov'd 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!

*     *     *     *

Lord Houghton notes that "No more was written." It is worth pointing out that the words *The sequel of this day*, by no means unnoteworthy, occur almost literally in a very noble context in the Poet Laureate's *Morte d'Arthur*. The final turned commas hitherto printed at the close of this stanza of course belong to the fourth line, where they mark the end of the long extract from Crafticant's journal.
APPENDIX TO VOLUME II.
CONTENTS OF THE APPENDIX.

I. Review by Leigh Hunt of *Lamia, Isabella &c.*
II. Later Remarks on Keats by Leigh Hunt.
III. Boccaccio's Story of Isabella, in English by John Payne.
IV. The "sad ditty" born of the Story of Isabella.
V. Extract from Clarke's *Riches of Chaucer* as to the composition of the Sonnet on *The Floure and the Lefe*.
VI. John Hamilton Reynolds's "Robin Hood Sonnets".
VII. Letter from Benjamin Robert Haydon concerning the Sonnets on the Elgin Marbles.
VIII. Sonnets from Leigh Hunt's *Foliage*—Milton's Hair.
IX. The "Nile" Sonnets of Leigh Hunt and Shelley.
X. Sonnet on Dark Eyes by John Hamilton Reynolds.
XI. Sonnet by Ronsard.
XII. La Belle Dame Sans Mercy; a paper by Leigh Hunt, from *The Indicator*. 
I.

THE STORIES OF LAMIA, THE POT OF BASIL, THE EVE OF ST. AGNES, &c.,
AS TOLD BY MR. KEATS.

A REVIEW BY LEIGH HUNT

published in The Indicator for the 2nd and 9th of August 1820.

In laying before our readers an account of another new publication, it is fortunate that the nature of the work again falls in with the character of our miscellany; part of the object of which is to relate the stories of old times. We shall therefore abridge into prose the stories which Mr. Keats has told in poetry, only making up for it, as we go, by cutting some of the richest passages out of his verse, and fitting them in to our plainer narrative. They are such as would leaven a much greater lump. Their drops are rich and vital, the essence of a heap of fertile thoughts.

The first story, entitled Lamia, was suggested to our author by a passage in Burton’s Anatomy of Melancholy, which he has extracted at the end of it. We will extract it here, at the beginning, that the readers may see how he has enriched it. Burton’s relation is itself an improvement on the account in Philostratus. The old

After his second paragraph Hunt extracts the quotation from Burton given at page 40 of the present volume.
book-fighter with melancholy thoughts is speaking of the seductions of phantasmata.

According to our poet, Mercury had come down from heaven, one day, in order to make love to a nymph, famous for her beauty. He could not find her; and he was halting among the woods uneasily, when he heard a lonely voice, complaining. It was

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!"

Mercury went looking about among the trees and grass,
Until he found a palpitating snake,
Bright, and cirque-couchant in a dusky brake.

The admiration, pity, and horror, to be excited by humanity in a brute shape, were never perhaps called upon by a greater mixture of beauty and deformity than in the picture of this creature. Our pity and suspicions are begged by the first word: the profuse and vital beauties with which she is covered seem proportioned to her misery and natural rights; and lest we should lose sight of them in this gorgeousness, the "woman's mouth" fills us at once with shuddering and compassion.

She was a gordin shape of dazzling hue,
Vermillion-spotted, golden, green, and blue; &c.¹

The serpent tells Mercury that she knows upon what quest he is bound, and asks him if he has succeeded.

The god, with the usual eagerness of his species to have

¹ Hunt continues his quotation down to the end of line 63 (see page 13).
his will, falls into the trap; and tells her that he will put her in possession of any wish she may have at heart, provided she can tell him where to find his nymph. As eagerly, she accepts his promise, making him ratify it by an oath, which he first pronounces with an earnest lightness, and afterwards with a deeper solemnity.

Then once again the charmed God began
An oath, and through the serpent's ears it ran
Warm, tremulous, devout, psalterian.

The creature tells him that it was she who had rendered the nymph invisible, in order to preserve her from the importunities of the ruder wood gods. She adds, that she was a woman herself, that she loves a youth of Corinth and wishes to be a woman again, and that if he will let her breathe upon his eyes, he shall see his invisible beauty. The god sees, loves, and prevails. The serpent undergoes a fierce and convulsive change, and flies towards Corinth,

A full-born beauty, new and exquisite.

Lamia, whose liability to painful metamorphosis was relieved by a supernatural imagination, had been attracted by the beauty of Lycius, while pitching her mind among the enjoyments of Corinth. By the same process, she knew that he was to pass along, that evening, on the road from the sea-side to Corinth; and there accordingly she contrives to have an interview, which ends in his being smitten with love, and conducting her to her pretended home in that city. She represents herself as a rich orphan, living "but half-retired," and affects to wonder that he never saw her before. As they enter Corinth, they pass the philosopher Apollonius, who is Lycius's tutor, and from whom he instinctively conceals his face. Lamia's hand shudders in that of her lover;
but she says she is only wearied; and at the same moment, they stop at the entrance of a magnificent house:—

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.

Here they lived for some time, undisturbed by the world, in all the delight of a mutual passion. The house remained invisible to all eyes, but those of Lycius. There were a few Persian mutes, "seen that year about the markets;" and nobody knew whence they came; but the most inquisitive were baffled in endeavouring to track them to some place of abode.

But all this while, a god was every night in the house, taking offence. Every night

With a terrific glare,
Love, jealous grown of so complete a pair,
Hovered and buzzed his wings with fearful roar
Above the lintel of their chamber door,
And down the passage cast a glow upon the floor.

Lycius, to the great distress of his mistress, who saw in his vanity a great danger, persuaded her to have a public wedding-feast. She only begged him not to invite Apollonius; and then, resolving to dress up her bridals with a sort of despairing magnificence, equal to her apprehensions of danger, she worked a fairy architecture in secret, served only with the noise of wings and a restless sound of music—

A haunting music, sole perhaps and lone
Supportress of the faery-roof, made moan
Throughout, as fearful the whole charm might fade.

This is the very quintessence of the romantic. The walls of the long vaulted room were covered with palms and
plantain-trees imitated in cedar-wood, and meeting over head in the middle of the ceiling; between the stems were jasper pannels, from which “there burst forth creeping imagery of slighter trees;” and before each of these “lucid pannels”

Fuming stood
A censer filled with myrrh and spiced wood, &c.¹

Twelve tables stood in this room, set round with circular couches, and on every table was a noble feast and the statue of a god.

The guests came. They wondered and talked; but their gossiping would have ended well enough, when the wine prevailed, had not Apollonius, an unbidden guest, come with them. He sat right opposite the lovers, and

—Fixed 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 felt her hand grow alternately hot and cold, and wondered more and more both at her agitation and the conduct of his old tutor. He looked into her eyes, but they looked nothing in return: he spoke to her, but she made no answer: by degrees the music ceased, the flowers faded away, the pleasure all darkened, and

A deadly silence step by step increased,
  Until it seemed a horrid presence there,
  And not a man but felt the terror in his hair.

The bridegroom at last shrieked out her name; but it was only echoed back to him by the room. Lamia sat fixed, her face of a deadly white. He called in mixed

¹ Hunt adds here lines 178 to 182 (see page 35); and, after the words statue of a god, he quotes lines 133 to 137 and 142 to 145.
agony and rage to the philosopher to take off his eyes; but Apollonius, refusing, asked him whether his old guide and instructor who had preserved him from all harm to that day, ought to see him made the prey of a serpent. A mortal faintness came into the breath of Lamia at this word; she motioned him, as well as she could, to be silent; but looking her stedfastly in the face, he repeated Serpent! and she vanished with a horrible scream. Upon the same night, died Lycius, and was swathed for the funeral in his wedding-garments.

Mr. Keats has departed as much from common-place in the character and moral of this story, as he has in the poetry of it. He would see fair play to the serpent, and makes the power of the philosopher an ill-natured and disturbing thing. Lamia though liable to be turned into painful shapes had a soul of humanity; and the poet does not see why she should not have her pleasures accordingly, merely because a philosopher saw that she was not a mathematical truth. This is fine and good. It is vindicating the greater philosophy of poetry. At the same time, we wish that for the purpose of his story he had not appeared to give into the common-place of supposing that Apollonius's sophistry must always prevail, and that modern experiment has done a deadly thing to poetry by discovering the nature of the rainbow, the air, &c.: that is to say, that the knowledge of natural history and physics, by shewing us the nature of things, does away the imaginations that once adorned them. This is a condescension to a learned vulgarism, which so excellent a poet as Mr. Keats ought not to have made. The world will always have fine poetry, so long as it has events, passions, affections, and a philosophy that sees deeper than this philosophy. There will be a poetry of the heart, as long as there are tears and smiles: there
will be a poetry of the imagination, as long as the first causes of things remain a mystery. A man who is no poet, may think he is none, as soon as he finds out the physical cause of the rainbow; but he need not alarm himself:—he was none before. The true poet will go deeper. He will ask himself what is the cause of that physical cause; whether truths to the senses are after all to be taken as truths to the imagination; and whether there is not room and mystery enough in the universe for the creation of infinite things, when the poor matter-of-fact philosopher has come to the end of his own vision. It is remarkable that an age of poetry has grown up with the progress of experiment; and that the very poets, who seem to countenance these notions, accompany them by some of their finest effusions. Even if there were nothing new to be created,—if philosophy, with its line and rule, could even score the ground, and say to poetry "Thou shalt go no further," she would look back to the old world, and still find it inexhaustible. The crops from its fertility are endless. But these alarms are altogether idle. The essence of poetical enjoyment does not consist in belief, but in a voluntary power to imagine.

The next story, that of the Pot of Basil, is from Boccaccio. After the narrative of that great writer, we must make as short work of it as possible in prose. To turn one of his stories into verse, is another thing. It is like setting it to a more elaborate music. Mr. Keats is so struck with admiration of his author, that even while giving him this accompaniment, he breaks out into an apology to the great Italian, asking pardon for this

—Echo of him in the north-wind sung.

We might waive a repetition of the narrative altogether,
as the public have lately been familiarized with it in the Sicilian Story of Mr. Barry Cornwall:¹ but we cannot help calling to mind that the hero and heroine were two young and happy lovers, who kept their love a secret from her rich brothers; that her brothers, getting knowledge of their intercourse, lured him into a solitary place, and murdered him; that Isabella, informed of it by a dreary vision of her lover, found out where he was buried, and with the assistance of her nurse, severed the head from the body that she might cherish even that ghastly memorial of him as a relic never to be parted with; that she buried the head in a pot of earth, and planting basil over it, watered the leaves with her continual tears till they grew into wonderful beauty and luxuriance; that her brothers, prying into her fondness for the Pot of Basil, which she carried with her from place to place, contrived to steal it away; that she made such lamentations for it, as induced them to wonder what could be its value, upon which they dug into it, and discovered the head; that the amazement of that discovery struck back upon their hearts, so that after burying the head secretly, they left their native place, and went to live in another city; and that Isabel continued to cry and moan for her Pot of Basil, which she had not the power to cease wishing for; till, under the pressure of that weeping want, she died.

Our author can pass to the most striking imaginations

¹ *Tempora mutantur!* In 1820 Hunt appeals to Procter's *Sicilian Story* to stand him in stead for the tale of Isabella. Now the book containing that and other verses by Bryan Waller Procter may perhaps be sought by a few students as a venerable curiosity, interesting for purposes of comparison with Keats's *Pot of Basil*, but scarcely for its own sake as an example how to tell the public that supreme story.
from the most delicate and airy fancy. He says of the lovers in their happiness,

Parting they seemed to tread upon the air,
  Twin roses by the zephyrs blown apart
Only to meet again more close, and share
  The inward fragrance of each other's heart.

These pictures of their intercourse terribly aggravate the gloom of what follows. Lorenzo, when lured away to be killed, is taken unknowingly out of his joys, like a lamb out of the pasture. The following masterly anticipation of his end, conveyed in a single word, has been justly admired:

So the two brothers and their murder'd man
  Rode past fair Florence, to where Arno's stream
Gurgles through straitened banks.
  They passed the water
Into a forest quiet for the slaughter.

When Mr. Keats errs in his poetry, it is from the ill management of a good thing,—exuberance of ideas. Once or twice, he does so in a taste positively bad, like Marino or Cowley, as in a line in his Ode to Psyche

At tender eye-dawn of aurorean love;

but it is once or twice only, in his present volume. Nor has he erred much in it in a nobler way. What we allude to is one or two passages in which he over-informs the occasion or the speaker; as where the brothers, for instance, whom he describes as a couple of mere "money-bags," are gifted with the power of uttering the following exquisite metaphor:

"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."
But to return to the core of the story.—Observe the fervid misery of the following.¹

It is curious to see how the simple pathos of Boccaccio, or (which is the same thing) the simple intensity of the heroine’s feelings, suffices our author more and more, as he gets to the end of his story. And he has related it as happily, as if he had never written any poetry but that of the heart. The passage about the tone of her voice,—the poor lost-witted coaxing,—the “chuckle,” in which she asks after her Pilgrim and her Basil,—is as true and touching an instance of the effect of a happy familiar word, as any in all poetry. The poet bids his imagination depart,

For Isabel, sweet Isabel, will die;
Will die a death too lone and incomplete,
Now they have ta’en away her Basil sweet.²

The Eve of St. Agnes, which is rather a picture than a story, may be analysed in a few words. It is an account of a young beauty, who going to bed on the eve in question to dream of her lover, while her rich kinsmen, the opposers of his love, are keeping holiday in the rest of the house, finds herself waked by him in the night, and in the hurry of the moment agrees to elope with him. The portrait of the heroine, preparing to go to bed, is remarkable for its union of extreme richness and good taste; not that those two properties of description are naturally distinct; but that they are too often separated by very good poets, and that the passage affords a striking

¹ The expression the core of the story, not altogether a commonplace phrase, is to be found in Shelley’s paper on Mandeville, which had appeared in The Examiner for the 28th of December 1817. Hunt quotes at this point stanzas XLVI to XLVIII.
² Hunt goes on to quote stanzas LXII and LXIII. In regard to the seeming misunderstanding about the pilgrim, see note at page 66.
specimen of the sudden and strong maturity of the author's genius. When he wrote Endymion he could not have resisted doing too much. To the description before us, it would be a great injury either to add or diminish. It falls at once gorgeously and delicately upon us, like the colours of the painted glass. Nor is Madeline hurt by all her encrusting jewelry and rustling silks. Her gentle, unsophisticated heart is in the midst, and turns them into so many ministrants to her loveliness.¹

As a specimen of the Poems, which are all lyrical, we must indulge ourselves in quoting entire the Ode to a Nightingale. There is that mixture in it of real melancholy and imaginative relief, which poetry alone presents us in her “charmed cup,” and which some over-rational critics have undertaken to find wrong because it is not true. It does not follow that what is not true to them, is not true to others. If the relief is real, the mixture is good and sufficing. A poet finds refreshment in his imaginary wine, as other men do in their real; nor have we the least doubt, that Milton found his grief for the loss of his friend King, more solaced by the allegorical recollections of Lycidas, (which were exercises of his mind, and recollections of a friend who would have admired them) than if he could have anticipated Dr. Johnson’s objections, and mourned in nothing but broadcloth and matter of fact. He yearned after the poetical as well as social part of his friend’s nature; and had as much right to fancy it straying in the wilds and oceans of

¹ The stanzas here given in illustration are xxiv to xxvii; and Hunt merely adds “Is not this perfectly beautiful? [Want of room compels us to break off here. We cannot leave the reader at a better place. The remainder of the criticism must occupy the beginning of our next number.]”. It occupied the whole, as it had of that number, being decorated with very large extracts.
romance, where it had strayed, as in the avenues of Christ's College where his body had walked. In the same spirit the imagination of Mr. Keats betakes itself, like the wind, "where it listeth," and is as truly there, as if his feet could follow it. The poem will be the more striking to the reader, when he understands what we take a friend's liberty in telling him, that the author's powerful mind has for some time past been inhabiting a sickened and shaken body, and that in the mean while it has had to contend with feelings that make a fine nature ache for its species, even when it would disdain to do so for itself;—we mean, critical malignity,—that unhappy envy, which would wreak its own tortures upon others, especially upon those that really feel for it already.¹

The Hyperion is a fragment,—a gigantic one, like a ruin in the desert, or the bones of the mastodon. It is truly of a piece with its subject, which is the downfall of the elder gods. It opens with Saturn, dethroned, sitting in a deep and solitary valley, benumbed in spite of his huge powers with the amazement of the change.²

By degrees, the Titans meet in one spot, to consult how they may regain their lost empire; but Clymene the gentlest, and Oceanus the most reflective of those earlier deities, tell them it is irrecoverable. A very grand and deep-thoughted cause is assigned for this by the latter. Intellect, he gives them to understand, was inevitably displacing a more brute power.³

¹ This passage (followed by the entire Ode to a Nightingale) must not be forgotten in considering the effect of The Quarterly Review article upon Keats. Hunt was intimate enough with Keats to know very well what he was talking about.
² This paragraph is followed by the first 41 lines of Hyperion.
³ Here Hunt quotes from Great Saturn, thou, in line 182 of Book II, to line 190, and from line 202 to Darkness in line 215.
The more imaginative parts of the poem are worthy of this sublime moral. Hyperion, the God of the Sun, is the last to give way; but horror begins to visit his old beatitude with new and dread sensations. The living beauty of his palace, whose portals open like a rose, the awful phænomena that announce a change in heaven, and his inability to bid the day break as he was accustomed,—all this part, in short, which is the core and inner diamond of the poem, we must enjoy with the reader.

The other Titans, lying half lifeless in their valley of despair, are happily compared to

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.

The fragment ends with the deification of Apollo. It strikes us that there is something too effeminate and human in the way in which Apollo receives the exaltation which his wisdom is giving him. He weeps and wonders somewhat too fondly; but his powers gather nobly on him as he proceeds. He exclaims to Mnemosyne, the Goddess of Memory,

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.

After this speech, he is seized with a glow of aspiration,
and an intensity of pain, proportioned to the causes that are changing him; Mnemosyne upholds her arms, as one who prophesied; and

At length
Apollo shrieked;—and lo! from all his limbs
Celestial

Here the poem ceases, to the great impatience of the poetical reader.

If any living poet could finish this fragment, we believe it is the author himself. But perhaps he feels that he ought not. A story which involves passion, almost of necessity involves speech; and though we may well enough describe beings greater than ourselves by comparison, unfortunately we cannot make them speak by comparison. Mr. Keats, when he first introduces Thea consoling Saturn, says that she spoke

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!

This grand confession of want of grandeur is all that he could do for them. Milton could do no more. Nay, he did less, when according to Pope he made

God the father turn a school divine.

The moment the Gods speak, we forget that they did not speak like ourselves. The fact is, they feel like ourselves; and the poet would have to make them feel otherwise, even if he could make them speak otherwise, which he cannot, unless he venture upon an obscurity which would destroy our sympathy; and what is sympathy with a God, but turning him into a man? We allow, that superiority and inferiority are, after all, human terms, and imply something not so truly fine and noble as the levelling of a great sympathy and love; but
poems of the present nature, like Paradise Lost, assume a different principle; and fortunately perhaps, it is one which it is impossible to reconcile with the other.

We have now to conclude the surprise of the reader, who has seen what solid stuff these poems are made of, with informing him of what the book has not mentioned,—that they were almost all written four years ago, when the author was but twenty.¹ Ay, indeed! cries a critic, rubbing his hands delighted (if indeed even criticism can do so, any longer); “then that accounts for the lines you speak of, written in the taste of Marino.”—It does so; but, sage Sir, after settling the merits of those one or two lines you speak of, what accounts, pray, for a small matter which you leave unnoticed, namely, all the rest?—The truth is, we rather mention this circumstance as a matter of ordinary curiosity, than any thing else; for great faculties have great privileges, and leap over time as well as other obstacles. Time itself, and its continents, are things yet to be discovered. There is no knowing even how much duration one man may crowd into a few years, while others drag out their slender lines. There are circular roads full of hurry and scenery, and straight roads full of listlessness and barrenness; and travellers may arrive by both, at the same hour. The Miltons, who begin intellectually old, and still intellectual, end physically old, are indeed Methusalems; and may such be our author, their son.

Mr. Keats's versification sometimes reminds us of Milton in his blank verse, and sometimes of Chapman both in his blank verse and rhyme; but his faculties, essentially speaking, though partaking of the unearthly

¹ This is a mistake, as will be seen by all who have followed the notes to the various poems.
aspirations and abstract yearnings of both these poets, are altogether his own. They are ambitious, but less directly so. They are more social, and in the finer sense of the word, sensual, than either. They are more coloured by the modern philosophy of sympathy and natural justice. Endymion, with all its extraordinary powers, partook of the faults of youth, though the best ones; but the reader of Hyperion and these other stories would never guess that they were written at twenty. The author's versification is now perfected, the exuberances of his imagination restrained, and a calm power, the surest and loftiest of all power, takes place of the impatient workings of the younger god within him. The character of his genius is that of energy and voluptuousness, each able at will to take leave of the other, and possessing, in their union, a high feeling of humanity not common to the best authors who can less combine them. Mr. Keats undoubtedly takes his seat with the oldest and best of our living poets.

We have carried our criticism to much greater length than we intended; but in truth, whatever the critics might think, it is a refreshment to us to get upon other people's thoughts, even though the rogues be our contemporaries. Oh! how little do those minds get out of themselves, and what fertile and heaven-breathing prospects do they lose, who think that a man must be confined to the mill-path of his own homestead, merely that he may avoid seeing the abundance of his neighbours! Above all, how little do they know of us eternal, weekly, and semi-weekly writers! We do not mean to say that it is not very pleasant to run upon a smooth road, seeing what we like, and talking what we like; but we do say, that it is pleasanter than all, when we are tired, to hear what we like, and to be lulled with congenial
thoughts and higher music, till we are fresh to start again upon our journey. What we would not give to have a better Examiner and a better Indicator than our own twice every week, uttering our own thoughts in a finer manner, and altering the world faster and better than we can alter it! How we should like to read our present number, five times bettered; and to have nothing to do, for years and years, but to pace the green lanes, forget the tax-gatherer, and vent ourselves now and then in a verse.
II.

LATER REMARKS ON KEATS BY LEIGH HUNT.

Keats was born a poet of the most poetical kind. All his feelings came to him through a poetical medium, or were speedily coloured by it. He enjoyed a jest as heartily as any one, and sympathized with the lowliest commonplace; but the next minute his thoughts were in a garden of enchantment with nymphs, and fauns, and shapes of exalted humanity;

Elysian beauty, melancholy grace.

It might be said of him, that he never beheld an oak-tree without seeing the Dryad. His fame may now forgive the critics who disliked his politics, and did not understand his poetry. Repeated editions of him in England, France, and America attest its triumphant survival of all obloquy; and there can be no doubt that he has taken a permanent station among the British Poets, of a very high, if not thoroughly mature, description.

Keats's early poetry, indeed, partook plentifully of the exuberance of youth; and even in most of his later, his

In *Imagination and Fancy* (1844) Hunt gave as a selection from Keats's poetry *The Eve of St. Agnes*, some three pages of extracts from *Endymion* and *Hyperion*, the *Ode to a Nightingale*, and the Sonnet on Chapman’s Homer; and these remarks form the proem to the selection.
sensibility, sharpened by mortal illness, tended to a morbid excess. His region is "a wilderness of sweets," —flowers of all hue, and "weeds of glorious feature,"—where, as he says, the luxuriant soil brings

The pipy hemlock to strange overgrowth.

But there also is the "rain-scented eglantine," and bushes of May-flowers, with bees, and myrtle, and bay, —and endless paths into forests haunted with the loveliest as well as gentlest beings; and the gods live in the distance, amid notes of majestic thunder. I do not say that no "surfeit" is ever there; but I do, that there is no end of the "nectared sweets." In what other English poet (however superior to him in other respects) are you so certain of never opening a page without lighting upon the loveliest imagery and the most eloquent expressions? Name one. Compare any succession of their pages at random, and see if the young poet is not sure to present his stock of beauty; crude it may be, in many instances; too indiscriminate in general; never, perhaps, thoroughly perfect in cultivation; but there it is, exquisite of its kind, and filling envy with despair. He died at five-and-twenty; he had not revised his earlier works, nor, given his genius its last pruning. His *Endymion* in resolving to be free from all critical trammels, had no versification; and his last noble fragment, *Hyperion*, is not faultless,—but it is nearly so. The Eve of St. Agnes betrays morbidity only in one instance (noticed in the comment). Even in his earliest productions, which are to be considered as those of youth just emerging from boyhood, are to be found passages of as masculine a beauty as ever were written. Witness the *Sonnet on reading Chapman's Homer*,—epical in the splendour and dignity of its images, and terminating with the noblest Greek sim-
plicity. Among his finished productions, however, of any length, the *Eve of St. Agnes* still appears to me the most delightful and complete specimen of his genius. It stands mid-way between his most sensitive ones (which, though of rare beauty, occasionally sink into feebleness) and the less generally characteristic majesty of the fragment of *Hyperion*. Doubtless his greatest poetry is to be found in *Hyperion*; and had he lived, there is as little doubt he would have written chiefly in that strain; rising superior to those languishments of love which made the critics so angry, and which they might so easily have pardoned at his time of life. But the *Eve of St. Agnes* had already bid most of them adieu,—exquisitely loving as it is. It is young, but full-grown poetry of the rarest description; graceful as the beardless Apollo; glowing and gorgeous with the colours of romance. I have therefore reprinted the whole of it in the present volume, together with the comment alluded to in the Preface; especially as, in addition to felicity of treatment, its subject is in every respect a happy one, and helps to "paint" this our bower of "poetry with delight." Melancholy, it is true, will "break in" when the reader thinks of the early death of such a writer; but it is one of the benevolent provisions of nature, that all good things tend to pleasure in the recollection, when the bitterness of their loss is past, their own sweetness embalms them.

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.

While writing this paragraph, a hand-organ out-of-doors has been playing one of the mournfullest and love-liest of the airs of Bellini—another genius who died

---

1 The comment is that given in this edition in the form of foot-notes. The allusion in Hunt's Preface is to the original appearance of the comment in his *London Journal*. 
young. The sound of music always gives a feeling either of triumph or tenderness to the state of mind in which it is heard; in this instance it seemed like one departed spirit come to bear testimony to another, and to say how true indeed may be the union of sorrowful and sweet recollections.

Keats knew the youthful faults of his poetry as well as any man, as the reader may see by the preface to Endymion, and its touching though manly acknowledgment of them to critical candour. I have this moment read it again, after a lapse of years, and have been astonished to think how any body could answer such an appeal to the mercy of strength, with the cruelty of weakness. All the good for which Mr. Gifford pretended to be zealous, he might have effected with pain to no one, and glory to himself; and therefore all the evil he mixed with it was of his own making. But the secret at the bottom of such unprovoked censure is exasperated inferiority. Young poets, upon the whole,—at least very young poets,—had better not publish at all. They are pretty sure to have faults; and jealousy and envy are as sure to find them out, and wreak upon them their own disappointments. The critic is often an unsuccessful author, almost always an inferior one to a man of genius, and possesses his sensibility neither to beauty nor to pain. If he does,—if by any chance he is a man of genius himself (and such things have been), sure and certain will be his regret, some day, for having given pains which he might have turned into noble pleasures; and nothing will console him but that very charity towards himself, the grace of which can only be secured to us by our having denied it to no one.\(^1\)

\(^1\) Allusion, of course, is not here made to all the critics of the
Let the student of poetry observe, that in all the luxury of the *Eve of St. Agnes* there is nothing of the conventional craft of artificial writers; no heaping up of words or similes for their own sakes or the rhyme's sake; no gaudy common-places; no borrowed airs of earnestness; no tricks of inversion; no substitution of reading or of ingenious thoughts for feeling or spontaneity; no irrelevancy or unfitness of any sort. All flows out of sincerity and passion. The writer is as much in love with the heroine as his hero is; his description of the painted window, however gorgeous, has not an untrue or superfluous word; and the only speck of a fault in the whole poem arises from an excess of emotion.
III.

BOCCACCIO'S STORY OF ISABELLA

(II Decamerone, Giornata IV, novella 5)

done into English

by

JOHN PAYNE.

THE ARGUMENT.—Isabella's brothers slay her lover, who appears to her in a dream and shows her where he is buried; whereupon she privately disenters his head and sets it in a pot of basil. Thereover making moan a great while every day, her brothers take it from her and she for grief dies a little thereafterward.

ELIZA'S tale being ended and some dele commended of the King, Philomena was bidden to discourse, who, full of compassion for the wretched Gerbino and his mistress, after a piteous sigh, began thus—"My story, gracious ladies, will not treat of folk of so high condition as were those of whom Eliza has told, yet peradventure it will be no less pitiful; and what brought me in mind of it was the mention, a little before, of Messina, where the case befell.

There were then in Messina three young brothers, merchants and left very rich by their father, who was a man of San Gimignano, and they had a sister, Isabella by name, a right fair and well-mannered maiden, whom, for whatever reason, they had not yet married. Now these brothers had in one of their warehouses a youth of Pisa, called Lorenzo, who did and ordered all their
dealings and was very comely and agreeable of person, wherefore, Isabella being often in his company, it befell that he began strangely to please her; of which Lorenzo taking note, at one time and another, he in like manner, leaving his other loves, began to turn his thought to her; and so went on the affair, that each being alike pleasing to the other, it was no great while before, taking assurance, they wrought that which each of them most desired. Continuing on this wise and enjoying great pleasure and delight one with the other, they knew not how to deal so secretly but that, one night, Isabella, going whereas Lorenzo lay, was, unknown to herself, seen of the eldest of her brothers, who, being a prudent youth, for all the annoy it gave him to know this thing, being yet moved by more honourable counsel, abode without sign or word till the morning, revolving in himself various things in respect of the matter. The day being come, he told his brothers what he had seen the past night of Isabella and Lorenzo, and after long advisement with them, determined (so that neither to them nor to their sister should any reproach ensue) to pass the thing over in silence and feign to have seen and known nothing thereof, till such time as, without hurt or loss to themselves, they might avail to do away this shame from their honour, ere it go farther. In this mind abiding and devising and laughing with Lorenzo as was their wont, it came about that one day, feigning to go forth the city, all three, a'pleasuring, they carried him with them to a very lonely and remote place, and there, the occasion offering, slew him, whilst he was off his guard, and buried him whereas none should know of it; then, returning to Messina, they gave out that they had despatched him somewhither on some of their business, the which was the lightlier credited, that they were often used to send
him abroad on their occasions. Lorenzo not coming back and Isabella often and instantly enquiring for him of her brothers, even as one to whom the long delay was grievous, it befell one day, as she was very urgently asking after him, that one of them said to her “What meaneth this? What hast thou to do with Lorenzo, that thou askest thus often of him? An thou enquire for him more, we will make thee such answer as thou deservest.” Wherefore the girl, sad and grieving and fearful she knew not of what, abode without more asking; yet many a time anights would she piteously call him and pray that he would come, and whiles with many tears she would make moan of his long tarrying; and thus, without a moment’s gladness, she abode expecting him alway, till, one night, having thus much lamented Lorenzo for that he returned not and being at last fallen asleep weeping, he appeared to her in a dream, pale and all disordered, with clothes rent and mouldered, and her-seemed he spake her thus: “O Isabella, thou dost nought but call on me, grieving for my long delay and cruelly impeaching me with thy tears. Know therefore that I may never more return to thee, for that the last day thou sawest me, thy brothers slew me.” Then having discovered to her the place where they had buried him, he charged her no more call him nor expect him and disappeared: whereupon she awoke and giving faith to the vision, wept bitterly. In the morning, being risen and daring not to say aught to her brothers, she determined to go to the place appointed, and see if the thing were true that had so appeared to her in the dream. Accordingly, having leave to go someele abroad for her disport, she betook herself thither, with all convenient haste, in company of one who had been with her aforetime and was privy to all her doings, and there, clearing
away the dead leaves from the place, she dug whereas the earth seemed the less hard. She had not dug long before she came upon her unhappy lover’s body, yet nothing changed nor rotted, and thence knew manifestly that her vision was true, wherefore she was the most distressful of women; yet, knowing that this was no place for lament, she would fain, an she but might, have borne away the whole body, to give it fitter burial; but seeing that this might not be, she with a knife cut off the head, as best she could, and wrapping it in a napkin, laid it in her maid’s lap. Then casting back the earth over the trunk, she departed thence, without being seen of any, and returned home, where, shutting herself up in her chamber with her lover’s head, she bewept it so long and bitterly, that she bathed it all with her tears, and kissed it a thousand times in every part. Then, taking a great and goodly pot, of those wherein they plant marjoram or sweet basil, she laid therein the head, folded in a fair linen cloth, and covered it up with earth, in which she planted sundry heads of right fair basil of Salerno; nor did she ever water these with other water than that of her tears or rose or orange-flower water. Moreover she took wont to sit still near the pot and to gaze amorously upon it with all her desire, as at that which held her Lorenzo hid, and after she had a great while gazed upon it, she would bend over it and fall to weeping so sore and so long, that her tears bathed the basil, which, by dint of such long and assiduous tending, as well as by reason of the richness of the earth proceeding from the rotting head that was therein, grew passing fair and sweet of savour. The girl, doing without cease after this wise, was many times seen of her neighbours, who to her brothers, wondering at her waste beauty and that her eyes seemed to have fled forth her head [for weeping],
related this, saying "We have noted that she doth every
day after such a fashion." The brothers, hearing and
being certified of this and having once and again re­
proved her therefor, but without avail, let secretly carry
away from her the pot, which she missing, with the
utmost instance many a time required, and for that it
was not restored to her, stinted not to weep and lament
till she fell sick, nor in her sickness did she ask aught
else but the pot of basil. The young men marvelled
greatly at this continual asking and were minded there­
fore to see what was in this pot; so, emptying out the
earth, they found the cloth and in this the head, not yet
so rotted but that they might know it, by the curled
hair, to be that of Lorenzo. At this they were mightily
amazed, and feared lest the thing should get wind;
wherefore, burying the head again, without word said,
they privily departed Messina, having made their dispo­
sitions to withdraw thence, and betook themselves to
Naples. The girl, ceasing never from lamenting and
still demanding her pot, died weeping; and so her ill­
fortuned love had end. But after a while, the thing being
grown manifest to many, there was one who made
thereon the song that is yet sung and that runs thus:

Alack! ah, who could the ill Christian be,
That stole my pot away? &c.

Philomena's story was right pleasing to the ladies, for
that they had many a time heard sing this song, yet
could never, by asking, come to know the occasion of its
being made.
IV.

THE "SAD DITTY" BORN OF THE STORY OF ISABELLA.

After many fruitless efforts to find, by enquiry among Italian scholars in England, the poem alluded to by Boccaccio at the close of the Story of Isabella, I have had the good fortune to come upon it through the kindness of Miss Violet Paget of Florence, who has obtained for me at the same time some interesting details from Professor Comparetti. This high authority believes that the song is no longer sung in Sicily; but it recurs, it seems, as a very favourite song, in medieval manuscript and printed collections of popular poetry, and even in Tuscany with certain Sicilian expressions. As sung in Tuscany with its Sicilian ancestry thus stamped upon it, it was so popular that one frequently meets, at the head of medieval and renaissance songs, the formula "The air is that of the Basil Pot song." The poem was printed in Florence before the middle of the sixteenth century in a collection of Canzoni, and is quoted in Alessandro d'Ancona's *Storia della Poesia Popolare Italiana*; but the text I have found it easiest to refer to is that given in a modern edition of Boccaccio, namely *Il Decameron di Messer Giovanni Boccacci Riscontrato co' migliori testi e postillato da Pietro Fanfani* (Firenze, Successori Le Monnier, 1880). In the first volume of this
handy and very learnedly edited two-volume edition, at pages 348-9, occurs the following note to the closing verses in the Tale of Isabella—

Quale esso fu lo mal cristiano  
Che mi furò la grasca &c.

_Grasca._ È voce siciliana, e vale ciò che sopra è detto _testo_, cioè Vaso da fiori. Leggasi l'annotazione LXVI dei Deputati. Anche l'edizione del 1527 ha _grasca_. Questi due versi poi sono variatissimi ne' varj codici. Qui sarà buono recare tutta intera la Canzone siciliana che allora andava attorno; e la recherò secondo che si legge nel cod. 38, plut. 42, della Laurenziana, scritto in sullo scorcio del secolo XIV. Altri, se la troverà in altri codici, potrà migliorarne la lezione.

Fanfani's note reads as follows in English:—"_Grasca._ This is a Sicilian word, equivalent to what is above called _testo_, i.e. flower-pot. See note LXVI of the _Deputati_ Edition. The Edition of 1527 has also _grasca_; but the two verses cited vary widely in various manuscripts. It may be well to reproduce here, in its entirety, the Sicilian song referred to, which was then current; and I print it as it occurs in Cod. 38, Plut. 42, of the Laurentian [Library], which dates from about the end of the fourteenth century. I leave it to others, who may find it in other manuscripts, to better the text." Other Editions read "grasta"; and this is certainly the better reading, as in the text of the song quoted by Fanfani, the word is written "resta" on each of the four occasions of its occurrence, namely in lines 2, 11, 32 and 49. See also Florio's _World of Words_, voce _grasta_. One of the Italian editors of Boccaccio derives the word from the (old) Provençal _engrestara_; but its true derivation is rather (through the Sicilian) from the Arabic word _gherseh_ (a garden that one waters, i.e., therefore, a _small_ one). This word, _ghersch_, in the objective case (on which Latin adaptations of Arabic words are generally founded) _gherseta_, pronounced _rrerseta_ in Africa and Spain, whence came the Saracenic invaders of the ninth century, would be easily corrupted by the Sicilians into _grasta, gresta_ or _resta_; and it may be noted, in further confirmation of this derivation, that the flower-pot spoken of in the song is no small ordinary..."
Questo fu lo malo cristiano
Che mi furò la resta
Del bassilico mio selemontano.
Cresciut' era in gran podesta
Ed io lo mi chiantai colla mia mano.
Fu lo giorno della festa.
Chi guasta l'altrui cose è villania.

Chi guasta l'altrui cose è villania
E grandissimo il peccato:
Ed io, la meschinella, ch' i' m'avia
Una resta seminata,
Tant' era bella, all' ombra mi dormia.
Dalla gente invidiata
Fummi furata, e davanti alla porta.

Fummi furata e davanti alla porta:
Dolorosa ne' fu' assai:
Ed io la meschinella, or fosse io morta!
Che sì cara l'accattai!
E pur l'altrier ch' i' n'ebbi mala scorta
Dal messer cui tanto amai,
Tutto lo 'ntorniai di maggiorana.

Tutto lo 'ntorniai di maggiorana:
Fu di maggio lo bel mese;
Tre volte lo 'nnaffiai la settimana;
Si vid' io come ben e' s'apprese:
Or è in palese che mi fu raputo.

Or è in palese che mi fu raputo:
Non lo posso più celare.
Sed s'io davanti l'avessi saputo

one, but a great vase or tub, something like an orange-tree tub,
large enough to hold a flowering shrub or tree, that grew so thick
as to shade the heroine during her sleep (see line 12), and to afford
room for a quantity of marjoram (see line 21) besides,—in fact, to
all intents and purposes, a miniature garden or gherseh.
Che mi dovesse incontrare,
Davanti all' uscio mi sare' dormita
Per la mia resta guardare:
Potrebbemene ajutare l'alto Iddio.
Potrebbemene ajutare l'alto Iddio,
Se fusse suo piacimento,
Dell'uomo che m'è stato tanto rio.
Messo m'ha in pene e 'n tormento,
Chè m'ha furato il bassilico mio
Che era pieno di tanto ulimento.
Suo ulimento tutta mi sanava,
Suo ulimento tutta mi sanava,
Tant' avea freschi gli olori;
E la mattino quando lo 'nnaffiava
Alla levata del sole
Tutta la gente si maravigliava:
Onde vien cotanto aulore?
Ed io per lo suo amor morrò di doglia.
Ed io per lo suo amor morrò di doglia,
Per amor della resta mia:
Fosse chi la mi rinsenfar voglia,
Volentier la raccatteria:
Cent' once d' oro ch' i' ho nella fonda
Volentier gli le doneria;
E doneriegli un bascio in disianza.

My friend Mr. John Payne has been kind enough to add to his admirable version of the Story the following beautiful rendering of the poem. Not to mention the pathetic poem Salvestra from Boccaccio published in 1880 (New Poems, pages 193 to 275), Mr. Payne's complete success in giving us an English version of the Poems of Francis Villon, and in the still more difficult task of translating the whole body of Arabic verse found
in the Book of the Thousand and One Nights, leaves no
doubt about his being as fit a poet as possible to com­
plete thus the "compliment to Boccaccio" paid so long
ago by Keats and Reynolds.

Alack! ah who could the ill Christian be,
That stole my pot away,
My pot of basil of Salern, from me?
'Twas thriv'n with many a spray
And I with mine own hand did plant the tree,
Even on the festal\(^1\) day.
'Tis felony to waste another's ware.

'Tis felony to waste another's ware;
Yea, and right grievous sin.
And I, poor lass, that sowed myself whilere
A pot with flowers therein,
Slept in its shade, so great it was and fair.
But folk, that envious bin,
Stole it away even from my very door.

'Twas stolen away even from my very door.

Full heavy was my cheer,
(Ah, luckless maid, would I had died tofore!)
Who loved\(^2\) it passing dear
Yet kept one day, through him whom I adore,
Ill ward upon my gear.
I planted it with marjoram about.

I planted it with marjoram about,

When May was blithe and new;
Yea, thrice I watered it, week in, week out,
And watched how well it grew:

But now, for sure, away from me 'tis ta'en,

\(^1\) Quærum—natal?—perhaps meaning her birthday.
\(^2\) Perhaps bought.
THE “SAD DITTY” BORN OF THE STORY OF ISABELLA. 557

Ay, now for sure away from me 'tis ta'en;
I may 't no longer hide.
Had I but known (alas, regret is vain!)
That which should me betide,
Before my door on guard I down had lain
To sleep, my flowers beside.
Yet might the Great God ease me at His will.

Yea, God most High might ease me, at His will,
If but it liked Him well,
Of him who wrought me such unright and ill;
He into pangs of hell
Cast me, who stole my basil-pot, that still
Was full of such sweet smell,
Its savour did all dole from me away.

All dole its savour did from me away;
It was so redolent,
When, with the risen sun, at early day
To water it I went,
The folk would marvel all at it and say,
"Whence comes this sweetest scent?"
And I for love of it shall surely die.

Yea, I for love of it shall surely die,
For love and grief and pain.
If one would tell me where it is, I'd buy
It willingly again.
Fivescore gold crowns, that in my purse have I,
I'd proffer him full fain,
And eke a kiss, if so it like the swain.
V.

EXTRACT FROM THE RICHES OF CHAUCER,
BY CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE,
CONCERNING THE COMPOSITION OF THE SONNET ON
THE FLOURE AND THE LEFE.

The poem of "The Flower and the Leaf” was especially favoured by the young poet, John Keats. The author may perhaps be pardoned for making a short digression upon the present occasion, to record an anecdote in corroboration of the pleasure testified by that vivid intellect upon his first perusal of the composition. It happened at the period when Keats was about publishing his first little volume of poems (in the year 1817); he was then living in the second floor of a house in the Poultry, at the corner of the court leading to the Queen’s Arms tavern—that corner nearest to Bow church. The author had called upon him here, and finding his young friend engaged, took possession of a sofa, and commenced reading from his then pocket-companion, Chaucer’s “Flower and the Leaf.” The fatigue of a long walk, however, prevailed over the fascination of the verses, and he fell asleep. Upon awaking the book was still at his

This further account of the genesis of the sonnet given at pages 217 and 218 of the present volume is from pages 52 and 53 of the Life of Chaucer prefixed to The Riches of Chaucer (2 volumes, 1835).
side; but the reader may conceive the author's delight upon finding the following elegant sonnet written in his book at the close of the poem. During my sleep, Keats had read it for the first time; and, knowing that it would gratify me, had subjoined a testimony to its merit, that might have delighted Chaucer himself.
VI.

JOHN HAMILTON REYNOLDS'S

"ROBIN HOOD SONNETS,"

from The Garden of Florence &c., 1821.

I.

ROBIN the outlaw! Is there not a mass
Of freedom in the name?—It tells the story
Of clenched oaks, with branches bow'd and hoary,
Leaning in aged beauty o'er the grass;—
Of dazed smile on cheek of border lass
Listening 'gainst some old gate at his strange glory:
And of the dappled stag, struck down and gory,
Lying with nostril wide in green morass.

It tells a tale of forest days—of times
That would have been most precious unto thee:
Days of undying pastoral liberty:—
Sweeter than music old of abbey chimes—
Sweet as the virtue of Shakspearian rhymes—
Days, shadowy with the magic green-wood tree!

2.

The trees in Sherwood forest are old and good,—
The grass beneath them now is dimly green;
Are they deserted all? Is no young mien

As these sonnets are addressed "To ———", and Keats's Robin Hood (pages 132-6 of the present volume) was written "in answer"
With loose-slung bugle met within the wood:
No arrow found,—foil'd of its antler'd food,—
Struck in the oak's rude side? Is there nought seen,
To mark the revelries which there have been,—
In the sweet days of merry Robin Hood?

Go there, with Summer, and with evening,—go
In the soft shadows like some wandering man,—
And thou shalt far amid the forest know
The archer men in green, with belt and bow,
Feasting on pheasant, river-fowl, and swan,
With Robin at their head, and Marian.

With coat of Lincoln green and mantle too,
And horn of ivory mouth, and buckle bright,
And arrows wing'd with peacock-feathers light,
And trusty bow well gather'd of the yew,—
Stands Robin Hood:—and near, with eyes of blue
Shining through dusk hair, like the stars of night,
And habited in pretty forest plight,—
His green-wood beauty sits, young as the dew.

Oh gentle-tressed girl! Maid Marian!
Are thine eyes bent upon the gallant game
That stray in the merry Sherwood: thy sweet fame
Can never, never die. And thou, high man,
Would we might pledge thee with thy silver Can
Of Rhenish, in the woods of Nottingham!

to them, I presume we need not doubt that Keats was the unnamed person for whom the Sonnets were meant. There is a reference, apparently, to the poem and the sonnets in Keats's letter to Reynolds of the 3rd of February 1818 (see Letters).
VII.
LETTER FROM B. R. HAYDON
CONCERNING THE SONNETS ON THE ELGIN MARBLES.

March, 1817.

MY DEAR KEATS,

Many thanks, my dear fellow, for your two noble sonnets. I know not a finer image than the comparison of a poet unable to express his high feelings to a sick eagle looking at the sky, where he must have remembered his former towerings amid the blaze of dazzling sunbeams, in the pure expanse of glittering clouds; now and then passing angels, on heavenly errands, lying at the will of the wind with moveless wings, or pitching downward with a fiery rush, eager and intent on objects of their seeking . . .

I feel deeply the high and enthusiastic praise with which you have spoken of me in the first sonnet. Be assured you shall never repent it. The time shall come, if God spare my life, when you will remember it with delight.

God bless you!
B. R. HAYDON.

This letter concerning the sonnets printed at pages 219-20 of the present volume is from that extremely interesting book Benjamin Robert Haydon: Correspondence and Table-Talk (1876). It occurs in Volume II, at page 2.
VIII.

THREE SONNETS FROM LEIGH HUNT'S
FOLIAGE.

To — ——, M.D.

ON HIS GIVING ME A LOCK OF MILTON'S HAIR.

I FELT my spirit leap, and look at thee
Through my changed colour with glad grateful stare,
When after shewing us this glorious hair,
Thou didst turn short, and bending pleasantly
With gracious hand gav'st the great lock to me.
An honouring gift indeed! which I will wear
About me, while I breathe this strenuous air,
That nursed his Apollonian tresses free.
I'll wear it, not as my inherited due,
(For there is one, whom had he kept his art
For Freedom still, nor left her for the crew
Of lucky slaves in his misgiving heart,
I would have begged thy leave to give it to)
Yet not without some claims, though far apart.

No apology is necessary for giving these sonnets by way of appendix to Keats's poem on the same lock of hair, printed at pages 249 to 251 of the present volume; but I regret the absence of details concerning the history of the lock of hair. Up to the time of sending these sheets to press, I have not succeeded in recovering Hunt's account of what may be called the pedigree of the lock, or in ascertaining the present whereabouts of the hair. Mr.
IT lies before me there, and my own breath
Stirs it's thin outer threads, as though beside
The living head I stood in honoured pride,
Talking of lovely things that conquer death.
Perhaps he pressed it once, or underneath
Ran his fine fingers, when he leant, blank-eyed,
And saw, in fancy, Adam and his bride
With their heaped locks, or his own Delphic wreath.
There seems a love in hair, though it be dead.
It is the gentlest, yet the strongest thread
Of our frail plant,—a blossom from the tree
Surviving the proud trunk ;—as if it said,
Patience and Gentleness is Power. In me
Behold affectionate eternity.

A LIBERAL taste, and a wise gentleness
Have ever been the true physician's dower,
As still is visible in the placid power
Of those old Grecian busts; and helps to bless
The balmy name of Haller, and the address

Thornton Hunt had it; but the family has lost sight of it. A reference to "Milton's hair" in a letter from Mr. Robert Browning to Leigh Hunt, published in the Correspondence, Volume II, page 267, led me to apply to the living poet for information. Mr. Browning tells me that he still possesses "a very small portion" of the lock, given to himself and Mrs. Browning by Hunt at Hammersmith on the 13th of July 1856. "He detached it with trem-
Of cordial Garth; and him in Cowley's bower,
Harvey; and Milton's own exotic flower,
Young Deodati, plucked from his caress.
To add to these an ear for the sweet hold
Of music, and an eye, ay and a hand
For forms which the smooth Graces tend and follow,
Shews thee indeed true offspring of the bland
And vital god, whom she of happy mould,
The Larissæan beauty, bore Apollo.
THE "NILE" SONNETS OF LEIGH HUNT AND PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE NILE.

It flows through old hush'd Ægypt and its sands,
Like some grave mighty thought threading a dream;
And times and things, as in that vision, seem
Keeping along it their eternal stands—
Caves, pillars, pyramids, the shepherd bands
That roam'd through the young world, the glory extreme
Of high Sesostris, and that southern beam,
The laughing queen that caught the world's great hands.
Then comes a mightier silence, stern and strong,
As of a world left empty of its throng,
And the void weighs on us; and then we wake,
And hear the fruitful stream lapsing along
'Twixt villages, and think how we shall take
Our own calm journey on for human sake.

HUNT.

TO THE NILE.

Month after month the gather'd rains descend,
Drenching yon secret Æthiopian dells,

Hunt's sonnet is from Foliage,—Shelley's from the Library Edition of his works.
And from the Desert's ice-girt pinnacles,
Where Frost and Heat in strange embraces blend
On Atlas, fields of moist snow half depend.
Girt there with blasts and meteors, Tempest dwells
By Nile's aërial urn, with rapid spells
Urging its waters to their mighty end.
O'er Egypt's land of memory floods are level,
And they are thine, O Nile! and well thou knowest
That soul-sustaining airs and blasts of evil,
And fruits and poisons spring where'er thou flowest.
Beware, O man! for knowledge must to thee,
Like the great flood to Egypt, ever be.

SHELLEY.
X.

SONNET FROM THE GARDEN OF FLORENCE
&c.,

BY JOHN HAMILTON REYNOLDS,

the subject of Keats's sonnet, "Blue! 'Tis the life of heaven," &c.

Sweet poets of the gentle antique line,
That made the hue of beauty all eterne;
And gave earth's melodies a silver turn,—
Where did you steal your art so right divine?—
Sweetly ye memoried every golden twine
Of your ladies' tresses:—teach me how to spurn
Death's lone decaying and oblivion stern
From the sweet forehead of a lady mine.

The golden clusters of enamouring hair
Glow'd in poetic pictures sweetly well;—
Why should not tresses dusk, that are so fair
On the live brow, have an eternal spell
In poesy?—dark eyes are dearer far
Than orbs that mock the hyacinthine-bell.

See page 257 of this volume.
XI.

SONNET BY PIERRE RONSARD.

NATURE, ornant Cassandre, qui deuoit
De sa douceur forcer les plus rebelles,
La composa de cent beautez nouvelles,
Que dès mille ans en espargne elle auoit:—
De tous les biens qu' Amour au Ciel couuoit
Comme un tresor cherement sous ses ailes,
Elle enrichit les graces immortelles
De son bel oeil qui les Dieux esmouuoit.—
Du Ciel à peine elle estoit descenduë
Quand ie la vey, quand mon asme esperduë
En deuent folle, et d'un si poignant trait,
Amour coula ses beautez en mes veines,
Qu' autres plaisirs ie ne sens que mes peines
Ny autre bien qu' adorer son portrait.

This sonnet, Keats's translation from which is given at pages 317-18 of the present volume, is the second in Les Amours de Cassandre. Cassandre, it should be explained, was, as Lord Houghton records in the Life, Letters &c., “a damosel of Blois,” beloved of Master Peter Ronsard.
XII.

ON LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCY;
REMARKS BY LEIGH HUNT,
published in The Indicator for the 10th of May 1820.

Among the pieces printed at the end of Chaucer’s works, and attributed to him, is a translation, under this title, of a poem of the celebrated Alain Chartier, Secretary to Charles the Sixth and Seventh. It was the title which suggested to a friend the verses at the end of our present number. We wish Alain could have seen them. He would have found a Troubadour air for them, and sung them to La Belle Dame Agnes Sorel, who was however not Sans Mercy. The union of the imaginative and the real is very striking throughout, particularly in the dream. The wild gentleness of the rest of the thoughts and of the music are alike old; and they are also alike young; for love and imagination are always young, let them bring with them what times and accompaniments they may. If we take real flesh and blood with us, we may throw ourselves, on the facile wings of our sympathy, into what age we please. It is only by trying to feel, as well as to fancy, through the medium of a costume, that writers become mere fleshless masks and cloaks,—things like the trophies of the ancients, when they hung up the empty armour of an enemy. A hopeless lover would still feel these verses, in spite of the introduction of something unearthly. Indeed any lover, truly touched, or
any body capable of being so, will feel them; because love itself resembles a visitation; and the kindest looks, which bring with them an inevitable portion of happiness because they seem happy themselves, haunt us with a spell-like power, which makes us shudder to guess at the sufferings of those who can be fascinated by unkind ones.

People however need not be much alarmed at the thought of such sufferings now-a-days; not at least in some countries. Since the time when ladies, and cavaliers, and poets, and the lovers of nature, felt that humanity was a high and not a mean thing, love in general has become either a grossness or a formality. The modern systems of morals would ostensibly divide women into two classes, those who have no charity, and those who have no restraint; while men, poorly conversant with the latter, and rendered indifferent to the former, acquire bad ideas of both. Instead of the worship of Love, we have the worship of Mammon; and all the difference we can see between the sufferings attending on either is, that the sufferings from the worship of Love exalt and humanize us, and those from the worship of Mammon debase and brutalize. Between the delights there is no comparison.—Still our uneasiness keeps our knowledge going on.

A word or two more of Alain Chartier's poem. "M. Aleyn," saith the argument, "secretary to the king of France, framed this dialogue between a gentleman and a gentlewoman, who finding no mercy at her hand, dieth for sorrow." We know not in what year Chartier was born; but he must have lived to a good age, and written this poem in his youth, if Chaucer translated it; for he died in 1449, and Chaucer, an old man, in 1400. The beginning however, as well as the goodness of the version, looks as if our countryman had done it; for he
APPENDIX.

speaks of the translation's having been enjoined him by way of penance; and the Legend of Good Women was the result of a similar injunction, in consequence of his having written some stories not so much to the credit of the sex! He,—who as he represents, had written infinite things in their praise! But the Court-ladies, it seems, did not relish the story of Troilus and Cressida. The exordium, which the translator has added, is quite in our poet's manner. He says, that he rose one day, not well awaked; and thinking how he should best enter upon his task, he took one of his morning walks,

Till I came to a lusty green valley
Full of flowers, to see a great pleasaunce;
And so, boldly, (with their benign sufferance
Which read this book, touching this mattère)
Thus I began, if it please you to hear.

Master Aleyn's dialogue, which is very long, will not have much interest except for those who are in the situation of his lover and belle Dame; but his introduction of it, his account of his riding abroad, thinking of his lost mistress,—his hearing music in a garden and being pressed by some friends who saw him to come in,—is all extremely lively and natural. At his entrance, the ladies, "every one by one," bade him welcome "a great deal more than he was worthy." They are waited upon, at their repast, not by "deadly servants," but by gentlemen and lovers; of one of whom he proceeds to give a capital picture.

Emong all other, one I gan espy,
Which in great thought ful often came and went
As one that had been ravished utterly:
In his language not greatly diligent,
His countenance he kept with great turment,
But his desire farre passed his reason,
For ever his eye went after his entent,
Full many a time, when it was no season.
To make chere, sore himself he pains,
And outwardly he feigned great gladnesse;
To sing also, by force he was constrained,
For no pleasance, but very shamefastnesse;
For the complaint of his most heavinesse
Came to his voice.¹

¹ After this extract Hunt gives Keats’s poem, with the remark “But to return to our other Belle Dame.”