Complete Poems
Complete Poems

John Keats
Contents

Complete Poems 1
  Imitation of Spenser 3
  On Peace 4
  Fill for Me a Brimming Bowl 4
  To Lord Byron 5
  As from the Darkening Gloom a Silver Dove 6
  Can Death Be Sleep, When Life Is but a Dream 6
  To Chatterton 7
  Written on the Day that Mr Leigh Hunt Left Prison 7
  To Hope 8
  Ode to Apollo 9
  Lines Written on 29th May, the Anniversary of the Restoration of Charles II 11
  To Some Ladies 11
  On Receiving a Curious Shell and a Copy of Verses from the Same Ladies 12
  To Emma 13
  Song 14
  Woman! When I Behold Thee Flippant, Vain 15
  To Solitude 16
  To George Felton Mathew 16
  To —— 19
  To —— 21
  Give Me Women, Wine and Snuff 21
  Lo! I Must Tell a Tale of Chivalry 21
  Calidore. A Fragment 23
  To One Who Has Been Long in City Pent 27
  Oh, How I Love, on a Fair Summer’s Eve 28
  To a Friend Who Sent Me Some Roses 28
  To My Brother George 29
To My Brother George 29
To Charles Cowden Clarke 33
How Many Bards Gild the Lapses of Time! 36
On First Looking into Chapman’s Homer 36
To a Young Lady Who Sent Me a Laurel Crown 37
On Leaving Some Friends at an Early Hour 37
Keen, Fitful Gusts Are Whispering Here and There 38
Addressed to Haydon 38
To My Brothers 39
Addressed to —— 39
I Stood Tiptoe upon a Little Hill 40
Sleep and Poetry 46
Written in Disgust of Vulgar Superstition 57
On the Grasshopper and Cricket 57
To Kosciusko 58
To G.A. W. 58
Happy Is England! I Could Be Content 59
After Dark Vapours Have Oppressed Our Plains 59
To Leigh Hunt, Esq. 60
Written on a Blank Space at the End of Chaucer’s Tale of ‘The Floure and the Leafe’ 60
On Receiving a Laurel Crown from Leigh Hunt 61
To the Ladies Who Saw Me Crowned 61
Ode to Apollo 62
On Seeing the Elgin Marbles 63
To B.R. Haydon, with a Sonnet Written on Seeing the Elgin Marbles 63
On The Story of Rimini 64
On a Leander Gem Which Miss Reynolds, my Kind Friend, Gave Me 64
On the Sea 65
Lines 65
Stanzas 66
Hither, Hither, Love 67
The Gothic Looks Solemn 67
Think Not of It, Sweet One, So 68
Endymion 69
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>In Drear-Nighted December</td>
<td>172</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nebuchadnezzar's Dream</td>
<td>173</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Apollo to the Graces</td>
<td>174</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Mrs Reynolds's Cat</td>
<td>174</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On Seeing a Lock of Milton’s Hair: Ode</td>
<td>175</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On Sitting Down to Read King Lear Once Again</td>
<td>176</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When I Have Fears That I May Cease to Be</td>
<td>176</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, Blush Not So! Oh, Blush Not So</td>
<td>177</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hence Burgundy, Claret and Port</td>
<td>178</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God of the Meridian</td>
<td>178</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robin Hood</td>
<td>179</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lines on the Mermaid Tavern</td>
<td>181</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Time's Sea Hath Been Five Years at Its Slow Ebb</td>
<td>182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To the Nile</td>
<td>182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spenser! A Jealous Honourer of Thine</td>
<td>183</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blue! ’Tis the Life of Heaven, the Domain</td>
<td>183</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Thou, Whose Face Hath Felt the Winter’s Wind</td>
<td>184</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonnet to A—G—S—</td>
<td>184</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Extracts from an Opera</td>
<td>185</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Human Seasons</td>
<td>188</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For There’s Bishop’s Teign</td>
<td>188</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Where Be Ye Going, You Devon Maid</td>
<td>190</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Over the Hill and over the Dale</td>
<td>190</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To J.H. Reynolds, Esq.</td>
<td>191</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To J——R——</td>
<td>194</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Isabella, or The Pot of Basil</td>
<td>195</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Homer</td>
<td>211</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mother of Hermes, and Still Youthful Maia!</td>
<td>211</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Give Me Your Patience, Sister, while I Frame</td>
<td>212</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sweet, Sweet Is the Greeting of Eyes</td>
<td>213</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On Visiting the Tomb of Burns</td>
<td>213</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Meg, She Was a Gypsy</td>
<td>213</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Song about Myself</td>
<td>214</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ah, Ken Ye What I Met the Day</td>
<td>217</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Ailsa Rock</td>
<td>218</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>This Mortal Body of a Thousand Days</td>
<td>219</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All Gentle Folks Who Owe a Grudge</td>
<td>219</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Of Late Two Dainties Were before Me Placed 221
There Is a Joy in Footing Slow across a Silent Plain 221
Not Aladdin Magian 223
Upon My Life, Sir Nevis, I Am Piqued 224
Read Me a Lesson, Muse, and Speak It Loud 226
Nature Withheld Cassandra in the Skies 227
'Tis “the Witching Time of Night” 227
Welcome Joy, and Welcome Sorrow 228
Spirit Here That Reignest 230
Where’s the Poet? Show Him, Show Him 230
In Short, Convince You That However Wise 231
And What Is Love? It Is a Doll Dressed Up 233
Hyperion: A Fragment 234
Fancy 256
Ode 259
I Had a Dove, and the Sweet Dove Died 260
Hush, Hush, Tread Softly! Hush, Hush, My Dear! 260
The Eve of St Agnes 261
The Eve of St Mark 272
Gif Ye Wol Stonden, Hardie Wight 275
Why Did I Laugh Tonight? No Voice Will Tell 276
Fairy Bird’s Song 276
Fairy Song 277
When They Were Come unto the Fairies’ Court 277
The House of Mourning, Written by Mr Scott 280
He is to Wit a Melancholy Carle 280
A Dream, after Reading Dante’s Episode of Paolo and Francesca 281
La Belle Dame sans Merci 282
Song of Four Fairies 284
To Sleep 287
If by Dull Rhymes Our English Must Be Chained 287
Ode to Psyche 288
On Fame 290
On Fame 290
Two or Three Posies 291
Ode on a Grecian Urn 292
Complete Poems
Imitation of Spenser*

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

There the kingfisher saw his plumage bright  
Vying with fish of brilliant dye below;  
Whose silken fins and golden scales light  
Cast upward, through the waves, a ruby glow:  
There saw the swan his neck of archèd snow  
And oared himself along with majesty;  
Sparkled his jetty eyes; his feet did show  
Beneath the waves like Afric’s ebony,  
And on his back a fay reclined voluptuously.

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

And all around it dipped luxuriously  
Sloping of verdure through the glossy tide,  
Which, as it were in gentle amity,  
Rippled delighted up the flowery side;  
As if to glean the ruddy tears, it tried,  
Which fell profusely from the rose-tree stem!  
Haply it was the workings of its pride,  
In strife to throw upon the shore a gem  
Outvying all the buds in Flora’s diadem.*
On Peace*

O Peace, and dost thou with thy presence bless
The dwellings of this war-surrounded isle,
Soothing with placid brow our late distress,
Making the triple kingdom brightly smile?
Joyful I hail thy presence, and I hail
The sweet companions that await on thee;
Complete my joy – let not my first wish fail,
Let the sweet mountain nymph thy favourite be,
With England’s happiness proclaim Europa’s liberty.

O Europe, let not sceptred tyrants see
That thou must shelter in thy former state;
Keep thy chains burst, and boldly say thou art free;
Give thy kings law – leave not uncurbed the great;
So with the horrors past thou’lt win thy happier fate!

“Fill for Me a Brimming Bowl”*  

*What wondrous beauty! From this moment
I efface from my mind all women.*

TERENCE*

Fill for me a brimming bowl
And let me in it drown my soul:
But put therein some drug, designed
To banish woman from my mind:
For I want not the stream inspiring
That heats the sense with lewd desiring,
But I want as deep a draught
As e’er from Lethe’s waves was quaffed;
From my despairing breast to charm
The image of the fairest form
That e’er my revelling eyes beheld,
That e’er my wandering fancy spelled.
‘Tis vain! Away I cannot chase
The melting softness of that face,
The beaminess of those bright eyes,
That breast – earth’s only paradise.

My sight will never more be blessed,
For all I see has lost its zest,
Nor with delight can I explore
The classic page, the Muse’s lore.

Had she but known how beat my heart,
And with one smile relieved its smart,
I should have felt a sweet relief,
I should have felt “the joy of grief”.*

Yet as a Tuscan mid the snow
Of Lapland thinks on sweet Arno,
Even so for ever shall she be
The halo of my memory.

To Lord Byron*

Byron, how sweetly sad thy melody!
Attuning still the soul to tenderness,
As if soft Pity, with unusual stress,
Had touched her plaintive lute, and thou, being by,
Hadst caught the tones, nor suffered them to die.
O’ershading sorrow doth not make thee less
Delightful: thou thy griefs dost dress
With a bright halo, shining beamily,
As when a cloud a golden moon doth veil,
Its sides are tinged 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!
“As from the Darkening Gloom
a Silver Dove”*

As from the darkening gloom a silver dove
Upsoars, and darts into the eastern light,
On pinions that naught moves but pure delight,
So fled thy soul into the realms above,
Regions of peace and everlasting love;
Where happy spirits, crowned 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 choir
In melodies that even heaven fair
Fill with superior bliss, or, at desire
Of the omnipotent Father, cleavest the air
On holy message sent – what pleasures higher?
Wherefore does any grief our joy impair?

“Can Death Be Sleep, When Life
Is but a Dream”*

I
Can death be sleep, when life is but a dream,
And scenes of bliss pass as a phantom by?
The transient pleasures as a vision seem,
And yet we think the greatest pain’s to die.

II
How strange it is that man on earth should roam
And lead a life of woe, but not forsake
His rugged path; nor dare he view alone
His future doom, which is but to awake.
To Chatterton*

O Chatterton, how very sad thy fate!  
Dear child of sorrow – son of misery!  
How soon the film of death obscured that eye  
Whence Genius wildly flashed and high debate.  
How soon that voice, majestic and elate,  
Melted in dying murmurs! 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 – naught thy hymning mars,  
Above the ingrate world and human fears.  
On earth the good man base detraction bars  
From thy fair name, and waters it with tears.

Written on the Day that  
Mr Leigh Hunt Left Prison*

What though, for showing truth to flattered state,  
Kind Hunt was shut in prison, yet has he,  
In his immortal spirit, been as free  
As the sky-searching lark, and as elate.  
Minion of grandeur, think you he did wait?  
Think you he naught but prison walls did see,  
Till, so unwilling, thou unturned’st the key?  
Ah, no, far happier, nobler was his fate!  
In Spenser’s halls he strayed, and bowers fair,  
Culling enchanted flowers, and he flew  
With daring Milton through the fields of air:  
To regions of his own his genius true  
Took happy flights. Who shall his fame impair  
When thou art dead, and all thy wretched crew?
When by my solitary hearth I sit,
    And hateful thoughts enwrap my soul in gloom;
When no fair dreams before my “mind’s eye”* flit,
    And the bare heath of life presents no bloom;
Sweet Hope, ethereal balm upon me shed,
    And wave thy silver pinions o’er my head.

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

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

Whene’er the fate of those I hold most dear
    Tells to my fearful breast a tale of sorrow,
O bright-eyed Hope, my morbid fancy cheer;
    Let me awhile thy sweetest comforts borrow:
      Thy heaven-born radiance around me shed,
    And wave thy silver pinions o’er my head!

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

In the long vista of the years to roll,
    Let me not see our country’s honour fade:
Oh, let me see our land retain her soul,
ODE TO APOLLO

Her pride, her freedom— and not freedom’s shade.  
From thy bright eyes unusual brightness shed—  
Beneath thy pinions canopy my head!

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

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

Ode to Apollo*

In thy western halls of gold,  
When thou sittest in thy state,  
Bards, that erst sublimely told  
Heroic deeds and sung of fate,  
With fervour seize their adamantine lyres,  
Whose chords are solid rays, and twinkle radiant fires.

There Homer with his nervous* arms  
Strikes the twanging harp of war,  
And even the western splendour warms,  
While the trumpets sound afar:  
But, what creates the most intense surprise,  
His soul looks out through renovated eyes.

Then, through thy temple wide, melodious swells  
The sweet majestic tone of Maro’s lyre:*  
The soul delighted on each accent dwells—  
Enraptured dwells— not daring to respire,  
The while he tells of grief around a funeral pyre.
'Tis awful silence then again,
   Expectant stand the spheres,
   Breathless the laurelled peers,
Nor move till ends the lofty strain,
Nor move till Milton’s tuneful thunders cease
And leave once more the ravished heavens in peace.

Thou biddest Shakespeare 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.

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 Aeolian lyre
Enchantment softly breathe, and tremblingly expire.

Next thy Tasso’s ardent numbers
   Float along the pleasèd air,
Calling youth from idle slumbers,
   Rousing them from Pleasure’s lair –
Then o’er the strings his fingers gently move,
And melt the soul to pity and to love.

But when Thou joinest with the Nine*
And all the powers of song combine,
   We listen here on earth:
The dying tones that fill the air
   And charm the ear of evening fair,
From thee, great god of bards, receive their heavenly birth.
GREAT POETS SERIES

Each volume is based on the most authoritative text, and reflects Alma’s commitment to provide affordable editions with valuable insight into the great poets’ works.

MORE POETRY TITLES


WWW.ALMABOOKS.COM/POETRY
ALMA CLASSICS

ALMA CLASSICS aims to publish mainstream and lesser-known European classics in an innovative and striking way, while employing the highest editorial and production standards. By way of a unique approach the range offers much more, both visually and textually, than readers have come to expect from contemporary classics publishing.

LATEST TITLES PUBLISHED BY ALMA CLASSICS

398  William Makepeace Thackeray, Vanity Fair
399  Jules Verne, A Fantasy of Dr Ox
400  Anonymous, Beowulf
401  Oscar Wilde, Selected Plays
402  Alexander Trocchi, The Holy Man and Other Stories
403  Charles Dickens, David Copperfield
404  Cyrano de Bergerac, A Voyage to the Moon
405  Jack London, White Fang
406  Antonin Artaud, Heliogabalus, or The Anarchist Crowned
407  John Milton, Paradise Lost
408  James Fenimore Cooper, The Last of the Mohicans
409  Charles Dickens, Mugby Junction
410  Robert Louis Stevenson, Kidnapped
411  Paul Éluard, Selected Poems
412  Alan Burns, Dreamerika!
413  Thomas Hardy, Jude the Obscure
414  Virginia Woolf, Flush
415  Abbé Prevost, Manon Lescaut
416  William Blake, Selected Poems
417  Alan Riddell, Eclipse: Concrete Poems
418  William Wordsworth, The Prelude and Other Poems
419  Tobias Smollett, The Expedition of Humphry Clinker
420  Pablo Picasso, The Three Little Girls and Desire Caught by the Tail
421  Nikolai Gogol, The Government Inspector
422  Rudyard Kipling, Kim
423  Jean-Paul Sartre, Politics and Literature
424  Matthew Lewis, The Monk
425  Ambrose Bierce, The Devil’s Dictionary
426  Frances Hodgson Burnett, A Little Princess
427  Walt Whitman, Leaves of Grass
428  Daniel Defoe, Moll Flanders
429  Mary Wollstonecraft, The Vindications
430  Anonymous, The Song of Roland
431  Edward Lear, The Owl and the Pussycat and Other Nonsense Poetry
432  Anton Chekhov, Three Years
433  Fyodor Dostoevsky, Uncle’s Dream

www.almaclassics.com