

II

Thy deep eyes, a double Planet,
 Gaze the wisest into madness
 With soft clear fire,—the winds that fan it
 Are those thoughts of tender gladness 10
 Which, like zephyrs on the billow,
 Make thy gentle soul their pillow.

III

If, whatever face thou paintest
 In those eyes, grows pale with pleasure,
 If the fainting soul is faintest 15
 When it hears thy harp's wild measure,
 Wonder not that when thou speakest
 Of the weak my heart is weakest.

IV

As dew beneath the wind of morning,
 As the sea which whirlwinds waken, 20
 As the birds at thunder's warning,
As aught mute yet deeply shaken,
 As one who feels an unseen spirit
 Is my heart when thine is near it.

TO WILLIAM SHELLEY

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Works*, 1824. The fragment is included in the Harvard MS. book.]

(With what truth may I say—
 Roma! Roma! Roma!
 Non è più come era prima!)

I

My lost William, thou in whom
 Some bright spirit lived, and did
 That decaying robe consume
 Which its lustre faintly hid,—
 Here its ashes find a tomb, 5
 But beneath this pyramid
 Thou art not—if a thing divine
 Like thee can die, thy funeral shrine
 Is thy mother's grief and mine.

II

Where art thou, my gentle child? 10
 Let me think thy spirit feeds,
 With its life intense and mild,
 The love of living leaves and weeds

To William Shelley—Motto 1 may I *Harvard MS.*; I may 1824. 12 With
Harvard MS., Mrs. Shelley, 1847; Within 1824, 1839.

Among these tombs and ruins wild;—
 Let me think that through low seeds
 Of sweet flowers and sunny grass
 Into their hues and scents may pass
 A portion—

TO WILLIAM SHELLEY

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *P. W.*, 1839, 1st ed.]

THY little footsteps on the sands
 Of a remote and lonely shore;
 The twinkling of thine infant hands,
 Where now the worm will feed no more;
 Thy mingled look of love and glee
 When we returned to gaze on thee—

TO MARY SHELLEY

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *P. W.*, 1839, 2nd ed.]

MY dearest Mary, wherefore hast thou gone,
 And left me in this dreary world alone?
 Thy form is here indeed—a lovely one—
 But thou art fled, gone down the dreary road,
 That leads to Sorrow's most obscure abode;
 Thou sittest on the hearth of pale despair,
 Where
 For thine own sake I cannot follow thee.

TO MARY SHELLEY

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *P. W.*, 1839, 2nd ed.]

THE world is dreary,
 And I am weary
 Of wandering on without thee, Mary;
 A joy was erewhile
 In thy voice and thy smile,
 And 'tis gone, when I should be gone too, Mary.

ON THE MEDUSA OF LEONARDO DA VINCI IN
THE FLORENTINE GALLERY

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824.]

I

It lieth, gazing on the midnight sky,
 Upon the cloudy mountain-peak supine;
 Below, far lands are seen tremblingly;
 Its horror and its beauty are divine.

Upon its lips and eyelids seems to lie 5
Loveliness like a shadow, from which shine,
 Fiery and lurid, struggling underneath,
 The agonies of anguish and of death.

II

Yet it is less the horror than the grace
 Which turns the gazer's spirit into stone, 10
 Whereon the lineaments of that dead face
 Are graven, till the characters be grown
 Into itself, and thought no more can trace;
 'Tis the melodious hue of beauty thrown
 Athwart the darkness and the glare of pain, 15
 Which humanize and harmonize the strain.

III

And from its head as from one body grow,
 As grass out of a watery rock,
 Hairs which are vipers, and they curl and flow
 And their long tangles in each other lock, 20
 And with unending involutions show
 Their mailèd radiance, as it were to mock
 The torture and the death within, and saw
 The solid air with many a ragged jaw.

IV

And, from a stone beside, a poisonous eft 25
 Peeps idly into those Gorgonian eyes;
 Whilst in the air a ghastly bat, bereft
 Of sense, has flitted with a mad surprise
 Out of the cave this hideous light had cleft,
 And he comes hastening like a moth that hies 30
 After a taper; and the midnight sky
 Flares, a light more dread than obscurity.

V

'Tis the tempestuous loveliness of terror;
 For from the serpents gleams a brazen glare
 Kindled by that inextricable error, 35
 Which makes a thrilling vapour of the air
 Become a and ever-shifting mirror
 Of all the beauty and the terror there—
 A woman's countenance, with serpent-locks,
 Gazing in death on Heaven from those wet rocks. 40

5 seems 1839; seem 1824.
 1824; these 1839.

6 shine] shrine 1824, 1839.

26 those

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY

[Published by Leigh Hunt, *The Indicator*, December 22, 1819. Reprinted by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824. Included in the Harvard MS. book, where it is headed *An Anacreontic*, and dated 'January, 1820.' Written by Shelley in a copy of Hunt's *Literary Pocket-Book*, 1819, and presented to Sophia Stacey, December 29, 1820.]

I

THE fountains mingle with the river
 And the rivers with the Ocean,
 The winds of Heaven mix for ever
 With a sweet emotion ;
 Nothing in the world is single ;
 All things by a law divine
 In one spirit meet and mingle.
 Why not I with thine?—

5

II

See the mountains kiss high Heaven
 And the waves clasp one another ;
 No sister-flower would be forgiven
 If it disdained its brother ;
 And the sunlight clasps the earth
 And the moonbeams kiss the sea :
 What is all this sweet work worth
 If thou kiss not me ?

10

15

FRAGMENT: 'FOLLOW TO THE DEEP WOOD'S
WEEDS'

[Published by Dr. Garnett, *Relics of Shelley*, 1862.]

FOLLOW to the deep wood's weeds,
 Follow to the wild-briar dingle,
 Where we seek to intermingle,
 And the violet tells her tale
 To the odour-scented gale,
 For they two have enough to do
 Of such work as I and you.

5

Love's Philosophy—3 mix for ever 1819, Stacey MS. ; meet together, Harvard MS. 7 In one spirit meet and Stacey MS. ; In one another's being 1819, Harvard MS. 11 No sister 1824, Harvard and Stacey MSS. ; No leaf of 1819. 12 disdained its 1824, Harvard and Stacey MSS. ; disdained to kiss its 1819. 15 is all this sweet work Stacey MS. ; were these examples Harvard MS. ; are all these kissings 1819, 1824.

THE BIRTH OF PLEASURE

[Published by Dr. Garnett, *Relics of Shelley*, 1862.]

AT the creation of the Earth
 Pleasure, that divinest birth,
 From the soil of Heaven did rise,
 Wrapped in sweet wild melodies—
 Like an exhalation wreathing 5
 To the sound of air low-breathing
 Through Aeolian pines, which make
 A shade and shelter to the lake
 Whence it rises soft and slow;
 Her life-breathing [limbs] did flow 10
 In the harmony divine
 Of an ever-lengthening line
 Which enwrapped her perfect form
 With a beauty clear and warm.

FRAGMENT: LOVE THE UNIVERSE TO-DAY

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *P. W.*, 1839, 1st ed.]

AND who feels discord now or sorrow?
 Love is the universe to-day—
 These are the slaves of dim to-morrow,
 Darkening Life's labyrinthine way.

FRAGMENT: 'A GENTLE STORY OF TWO
LOVERS YOUNG'[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *P. W.*, 1839, 2nd ed.]

A GENTLE story of two lovers young,
 Who met in innocence and died in sorrow,
 And of one selfish heart, whose rancour clung
 Like curses on them; are ye slow to borrow 5
 The lore of truth from such a tale?
 Or in this world's deserted vale,
 Do ye not see a star of gladness
 Pierce the shadows of its sadness,—
 When ye are cold, that love is a light sent
 From Heaven, which none shall quench, to cheer the innocent? 10

FRAGMENT: LOVE'S TENDER ATMOSPHERE

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *P. W.*, 1839, 2nd ed.]

THERE is a warm and gentle atmosphere
 About the form of one we love, and thus
 As in a tender mist our spirits are
 Wrapped in the of that which is to us
 The health of life's own life— 5

FRAGMENT: WEDDED SOULS

[Published by Dr. Garnett, *Relics of Shelley*, 1862.]

I AM as a spirit who has dwelt
 Within his heart of hearts, and I have felt
 His feelings, and have thought his thoughts, and known
 The inmost converse of his soul, the tone
 Unheard but in the silence of his blood, 5
 When all the pulses in their multitude
 Image the trembling calm of summer seas.
 I have unlocked the golden melodies
 Of his deep soul, as with a master-key,
 And loosened them and bathed myself therein— 10
 Even as an eagle in a thunder-mist
 Clothing his wings with lightning.

FRAGMENT: 'IS IT THAT IN SOME BRIGHTER
 SPHERE'[Published by Dr. Garnett, *Relics of Shelley*, 1862.]

Is it that in some brighter sphere
 We part from friends we meet with here?
 Or do we see the Future pass
 Over the Present's dusky glass?
 Or what is that that makes us seem 5
 To patch up fragments of a dream,
 Part of which comes true, and part
 Beats and trembles in the heart?

FRAGMENT: SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY

[Published by Dr. Garnett, *Relics of Shelley*, 1862.]

Is not to-day enough? Why do I peer
 Into the darkness of the day to come?
 Is not to-morrow even as yesterday?
 And will the day that follows change thy doom?
 Few flowers grow upon thy wintry way; 5
 And who waits for thee in that cheerless home
 Whence thou hast fled, whither thou must return
 Charged with the load that makes thee faint and mourn?

FRAGMENT: 'YE GENTLE VISITATIONS OF
 CALM THOUGHT'[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *P. W.*, 1839, 1st ed.]

YE gentle visitations of calm thought—
 Moods like the memories of happier earth,
 Which come arrayed in thoughts of little worth,

Like stars in clouds by the weak winds enwrought,—
 But that the clouds depart and stars remain, 5
 While they remain, and ye, alas, depart!

FRAGMENT: MUSIC AND SWEET POETRY

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *P. W.*, 1839, 2nd ed.]

How sweet it is to sit and read the tales
 Of mighty poets and to hear the while
 Sweet music, which when the attention fails
 Fills the dim pause—

FRAGMENT: THE SEPULCHRE OF MEMORY

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *P. W.*, 1839, 1st ed.]

AND where is truth? On tombs? for such to thee
 Has been my heart—and thy dead memory
 Has lain from childhood, many a changeful year,
 Unchangingly preserved and buried there.

FRAGMENT: 'WHEN A LOVER CLASPS HIS
 FAIREST'

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *P. W.*, 1839, 2nd ed.]

I

WHEN a lover clasps his fairest,
 Then be our dread sport the rarest.
 Their caresses were like the chaff
 In the tempest, and be our laugh
 His despair—her epitaph! 5

II

When a mother clasps her child,
 Watch till dusty Death has piled
 His cold ashes on the clay;
 She has loved it many a day—
 She remains,—it fades away. 10

FRAGMENT: 'WAKE THE SERPENT NOT'

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *P. W.*, 1839, 2nd ed.]

WAKE the serpent not—lest he
 Should not know the way to go,—
 Let him crawl which yet lies sleeping
 Through the deep grass of the meadow!
 Not a bee shall hear him creeping, 5

Not a may-fly shall awaken
 From its cradling blue-bell shaken,
 Not the starlight as he's sliding
 Through the grass with silent gliding.

FRAGMENT: RAIN

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *P. W.*, 1839, 2nd ed.]

THE fitful alternations of the rain,
 When the chill wind, languid as with pain
 Of its own heavy moisture, here and there
 Drives through the gray and beamless atmosphere.

FRAGMENT: A TALE UNTOLD

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *P. W.*, 1839, 2nd ed.]

ONE sung of thee who left the tale untold,
 Like the false dawns which perish in the bursting;
 Like empty cups of wrought and daedal gold,
 Which mock the lips with air, when they are thirsting.

FRAGMENT: TO ITALY

[Published by Dr. Garnett, *Relics of Shelley*, 1862.]

As the sunrise to the night,
 As the north wind to the clouds,
 As the earthquake's fiery flight,
 Ruining mountain solitudes,
 Everlasting Italy,
 Be those hopes and fears on thee.

5

FRAGMENT: WINE OF THE FAIRIES

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *P. W.*, 1839, 1st ed.]

I AM drunk with the honey wine
 Of the moon-unfolded eglantine,
 Which fairies catch in hyacinth bowls.
 The bats, the dormice, and the moles
 Sleep in the walls or under the sward
 Of the desolate castle yard;
 And when 'tis spilt on the summer earth
 Or its fumes arise among the dew,
 Their jocund dreams are full of mirth,
 They gibber their joy in sleep; for few
 Of the fairies bear those bowls so new!

5

10

FRAGMENT: A ROMAN'S CHAMBER

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *P. W.*, 1839, 2nd ed.]

I

IN the cave which wild weeds cover
 Wait for thine aethereal lover;
 For the pallid moon is waning,
 O'er the spiral cypress hanging
 And the moon no cloud is staining.

5

II

It was once a Roman's chamber,
 Where he kept his darkest revels,
 And the wild weeds twine and clamber;
 It was then a chasm for devils.

FRAGMENT: ROME AND NATURE

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *P. W.*, 1839, 2nd ed.]

ROME has fallen, ye see it lying
 Heaped in undistinguished ruin:
 Nature is alone undying.

VARIATION OF THE SONG OF THE MOON

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *P. W.*, 1839, 1st ed.]*(Prometheus Unbound, Act IV.)*

As a violet's gentle eye
 Gazes on the azure sky
 Until its hue grows like what it beholds;
 As a gray and empty mist
 Lies like solid amethyst
 Over the western mountain it enfolds,
 When the sunset sleeps
 Upon its snow;
 As a strain of sweetest sound
 Wraps itself the wind around
 Until the voiceless wind be music too;
 As aught dark, vain, and dull,
 Basking in what is beautiful,
 Is full of light and love—

5

10

CANCELLED STANZA OF THE MASK OF
ANARCHY

[Published by H. Buxton Forman, *The Mask of Anarchy (Facsimile of Shelley's MS.)*, 1887.]

(FOR WHICH STANZAS LXVIII, LXIX HAVE BEEN SUBSTITUTED.)

FROM the cities where from caves,
Like the dead from putrid graves,
Troops of starvelings gliding come,
Living Tenants of a tomb.

NOTE BY MRS. SHELLEY

SHELLEY loved the People ; and respected them as often more virtuous, as always more suffering, and therefore more deserving of sympathy, than the great. He believed that a clash between the two classes of society was inevitable, and he eagerly ranged himself on the people's side. He had an idea of publishing a series of poems adapted expressly to commemorate their circumstances and wrongs. He wrote a few ; but, in those days of prosecution for libel, they could not be printed. They are not among the best of his productions, a writer being always shackled when he endeavours to write down to the com-

prehension of those who could not understand or feel a highly imaginative style ; but they show his earnestness, and with what heartfelt compassion he went home to the direct point of injury—that oppression is detestable as being the parent of starvation, nakedness, and ignorance. Besides these outpourings of compassion and indignation, he had meant to adorn the cause he loved with loftier poetry of glory and triumph : such is the scope of the *Ode to the Assertors of Liberty*. He sketched also a new version of our national anthem, as addressed to Liberty.

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1820

THE SENSITIVE PLANT

[Composed at Pisa, early in 1820 (dated, 'March, 1820,' in Harvard MS.), and published, with *Prometheus Unbound*, the same year: included in the Harvard College MS. book. Reprinted in the *Poetical Works*, 1839, both edd.]

PART FIRST

A SENSITIVE Plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of Night.
And the Spring arose on the garden fair, 5
Like the Spirit of Love felt everywhere;
And each flower and herb on Earth's dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.
But none ever trembled and panted with bliss
In the garden, the field, or the wilderness, 10
Like a doe in the noontide with love's sweet want,
As the companionless Sensitive Plant.
The snowdrop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
And their breath was mixed with fresh odour, sent 15
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.
Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness; 20
And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green;
And the hyacinth purple, and white, and blue, 25
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odour within the sense;
And the rose like a nymph to the bath addressed,
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast, 30
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare:

6 Like the Spirit of Love felt 1820; And the Spirit of Love felt 1839, 1st ed.; And the Spirit of Love felt 1839, 2nd ed.

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
 As a Maenad, its moonlight-coloured cup,
 Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
 Gazed through clear dew on the tender sky ; 35

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,
 The sweetest flower for scent that blows ;
 And all rare blossoms from every clime
 Grew in that garden in perfect prime. 40

And on the stream whose inconstant bosom
 Was pranked, under boughs of embowering blossom,
 With golden and green light, slanting through
 Their heaven of many a tangled hue,

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously, 45
 And starry river-buds glimmered by,
 And around them the soft stream did glide and dance
 With a motion of sweet sound and radiance.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and of moss,
 Which led through the garden along and across, 50
 Some open at once to the sun and the breeze,
 Some lost among bowers of blossoming trees,

Were all paved with daisies and delicate bells
 As fair as the fabulous asphodels,
 And flow'rets which, drooping as day drooped too, 55
 Fell into pavilions, white, purple, and blue,
 To roof the glow-worm from the evening dew.

And from this undefiled Paradise
 The flowers (as an infant's awakening eyes
 Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet 60
 Can first lull, and at last must awaken it),

When Heaven's blithe winds had unfolded them,
 As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,
 Shone smiling to Heaven, and every one
 Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun ; 65

For each one was interpenetrated
 With the light and the odour its neighbour shed,
 Like young lovers whom youth and love make dear
 Wrapped and filled by their mutual atmosphere.

But the Sensitive Plant which could give small fruit 70
 Of the love which it felt from the leaf to the root,
 Received more than all, it loved more than ever,
 Where none wanted but it, could belong to the giver,—

For the Sensitive Plant has no bright flower ;
 Radiance and odour are not its dower ;
 It loves, even like Love, its deep heart is full,
 It desires what it has not, the Beautiful! 75

The light winds which from unsustaining wings
 Shed the music of many murmurings ;
 The beams which dart from many a star
 Of the flowers whose hues they bear afar ; 80

The plumèd insects swift and free,
 Like golden boats on a sunny sea,
 Laden with light and odour, which pass
 Over the gleam of the living grass ; 85

The unseen clouds of the dew, which lie
 Like fire in the flowers till the sun rides high,
 Then wander like spirits among the spheres,
 Each cloud faint with the fragrance it bears ;

The quivering vapours of dim noontide, 90
 Which like a sea o'er the warm earth glide,
 In which every sound, and odour, and beam,
 Move, as reeds in a single stream ;

Each and all like ministering angels were
 For the Sensitive Plant sweet joy to bear, 95
 Whilst the lagging hours of the day went by
 Like windless clouds o'er a tender sky.

And when evening descended from Heaven above,
 And the Earth was all rest, and the air was all love,
 And delight, though less bright, was far more deep, 100
 And the day's veil fell from the world of sleep,

And the beasts, and the birds, and the insects were drowned
 In an ocean of dreams without a sound ;
 Whose waves never mark, though they ever impress
 The light sand which paves it, consciousness ; 105

(Only overhead the sweet nightingale
 Ever sang more sweet as the day might fail,
 And snatches of its Elysian chant
 Were mixed with the dreams of the Sensitive Plant) ;--

The Sensitive Plant was the earliest 110
 Upgathered into the bosom of rest ;
 A sweet child weary of its delight,
 The feeblest and yet the favourite,
 Cradled within the embrace of Night.

PART SECOND

There was a Power in this sweet place,
 An Eve in this Eden; a ruling Grace
 Which to the flowers, did they waken or dream,
 Was as God is to the starry scheme.

A Lady, the wonder of her kind, 5
 Whose form was upborne by a lovely mind
 Which, dilating, had moulded her mien and motion
 Like a sea-flower unfolded beneath the ocean,

Tended the garden from morn to even :
 And the meteors of that sublunar Heaven, 10
 Like the lamps of the air when Night walks forth,
 Laughed round her footsteps up from the Earth !

She had no companion of mortal race,
 But her tremulous breath and her flushing face
 Told, whilst the morn kissed the sleep from her eyes, 15
 That her dreams were less slumber than Paradise :

As if some bright Spirit for her sweet sake
 Had deserted Heaven while the stars were awake,
 As if yet around her he lingering were,
 Though the veil of daylight concealed him from her. 20

Her step seemed to pity the grass it pressed ;
 You might hear by the heaving of her breast,
 That the coming and going of the wind
 Brought pleasure there and left passion behind.

And wherever her aëry footstep trod, 25
 Her trailing hair from the grassy sod
 Erased its light vestige, with shadowy sweep,
 Like a sunny storm o'er the dark green deep.

I doubt not the flowers of that garden sweet
 Rejoiced in the sound of her gentle feet ; 30
 I doubt not they felt the spirit that came
 From her glowing fingers through all their frame.

She sprinkled bright water from the stream
 On those that were faint with the sunny beam ;
 And out of the cups of the heavy flowers 35
 She emptied the rain of the thunder-showers.

She lifted their heads with her tender hands,
 And sustained them with rods and osier-bands ;
 If the flowers had been her own infants, she
 Could never have nursed them more tenderly. 40

15 morn *Harvard MS.*, 1839 ; moon 1820.
 the going *Harvard MS.*, 1839.

23 and going 1820 ; and

And all killing insects and gnawing worms,
 And things of obscene and unlovely forms,
 She bore, in a basket of Indian woof,
 Into the rough woods far aloof,—

In a basket, of grasses and wild-flowers full, 45
 The freshest her gentle hands could pull
 For the poor banished insects, whose intent,
 Although they did ill, was innocent.

But the bee and the beamlike ephemeris
 Whose path is the lightning's, and soft moths that kiss 50
 The sweet lips of the flowers, and harm not, did she
 Make her attendant angels be.

And many an antenatal tomb,
 Where butterflies' dream of the life to come,
 She left clinging round the smooth and dark 55
 Edge of the odorous cedar bark.

This fairest creature from earliest Spring
 Thus moved through the garden ministering
 All the sweet season of Summertide,
 And ere the first leaf looked brown—she died! 60

PART THIRD

Three days the flowers of the garden fair,
 Like stars when the moon is awakened, were,
 Or the waves of Baiæ, ere luminous
 She floats up through the smoke of Vesuvius.

And on the fourth, the Sensitive Plant 5
 Felt the sound of the funeral chant,
 And the steps of the bearers, heavy and slow,
 And the sobs of the mourners, deep and low;

The weary sound and the heavy breath, 10
 And the silent motions of passing death,
 And the smell, cold, oppressive, and dank,
 Sent through the pores of the coffin-plank;

The dark grass, and the flowers among the grass,
 Were bright with tears as the crowd did pass; 15
 From their sighs the wind caught a mournful tone,
 And sate in the pines, and gave groan for groan.

The garden, once fair, became cold and foul,
 Like the corpse of her who had been its soul,

Which at first was lovely as if in sleep,
Then slowly changed, till it grew a heap 20
To make men tremble who never weep.

Swift Summer into the Autumn flowed,
And frost in the mist of the morning rode,
Though the noonday sun looked clear and bright,
Mocking the spoil of the secret night. 25

The rose-leaves, like flakes of crimson snow,
Paved the turf and the moss below.
The lilies were drooping, and white, and wan,
Like the head and the skin of a dying man.

And Indian plants, of scent and hue 30
The sweetest that ever were fed on dew,
Leaf by leaf, day after day,
Were massed into the common clay.

And the leaves, brown, yellow, and gray, and red,
And white with the whiteness of what is dead, 35
Like troops of ghosts on the dry wind passed;
Their whistling noise made the birds aghast.

And the gusty winds waked the winged seeds,
Out of their birthplace of ugly weeds,
Till they clung round many a sweet flower's stem, 40
Which rotted into the earth with them.

The water-blooms under the rivulet
Fell from the stalks on which they were set;
And the eddies drove them here and there,
As the winds did those of the upper air. 45

Then the rain came down, and the broken stalks
Were bent and tangled across the walks;
And the leafless network of parasite bowers
Massed into ruin; and all sweet flowers.

Between the time of the wind and the snow 50
All loathliest weeds began to grow,
Whose coarse leaves were splashed with many a speck,
Like the water-snake's belly and the toad's back.

And thistles, and nettles, and darnels rank,
And the dock, and henbane, and hemlock dank, 55
Stretched out its long and hollow shank,
And stifled the air till the dead wind stank.

19 lovely *Harvard MS.*, 1839; lively 1820. 23 of the morning 1820,
1839; of morning *Harvard MS.* 26 snow *Harvard MS.*, 1839; now 1820.
28 And lilies were drooping, white and wan *Harvard MS.* 32 Leaf
by leaf, day after day *Harvard MS.*; Leaf after leaf, day after day 1820;
Leaf after leaf, day by day 1839.

And plants, at whose names the verse feels loath,
 Filled the place with a monstrous undergrowth,
 Prickly, and pulpous, and blistering, and blue, 60
 Livid, and starred with a lurid dew.

And agarics, and fungi, with mildew and mould
 Started like mist from the wet ground cold;
 Pale, fleshy, as if the decaying dead
 With a spirit of growth had been animated! 65

Spawn, weeds, and filth, a leprous scum,
 Made the running rivulet thick and dumb,
 And at its outlet flags huge as stakes
 Dammed it up with roots knotted like water-snakes.

And hour by hour, when the air was still, 70
 The vapours arose which have strength to kill;
 At morn they were seen, at noon they were felt,
 At night they were darkness no star could melt.

And unctuous meteors from spray to spray
 Crept and flitted in broad noonday 75
 Unseen; every branch on which they alit
 By a venomous blight was burned and bit.

The Sensitive Plant, like one forbid,
 Wept, and the tears within each lid
 Of its folded leaves, which together grew, 80
 Were changed to a blight of frozen glue.

For the leaves soon fell, and the branches soon
 By the heavy axe of the blast were hewn;
 The sap shrank to the root through every pore
 As blood to a heart that will beat no more. 85

For Winter came: the wind was his whip:
 One choppy finger was on his lip:
 He had torn the cataracts from the hills
 And they clanked at his girdle like manacles;
 His breath was a chain which without a sound 90
 The earth, and the air, and the water bound;
 He came, fiercely driven, in his chariot-throne
 By the tenfold blasts of the Arctic zone.

Then the weeds which were forms of living death
 Fled from the frost to the earth beneath. 95
 Their decay and sudden flight from frost
 Was but like the vanishing of a ghost!

63 mist] mists *Harvard MS.* 96 and sudden flight] and their sudden
 flight the *Harvard MS.*

And under the roots of the Sensitive Plant
 The moles and the dormice died for want:
 The birds dropped stiff from the frozen air 100
 And were caught in the branches naked and bare.

First there came down a thawing rain
 And its dull drops froze on the boughs again;
 Then there steamed up a freezing dew
 Which to the drops of the thaw-rain grew; 105

And a northern whirlwind, wandering about
 Like a wolf that had smelt a dead child out,
 Shook the boughs thus laden, and heavy, and stiff,
 And snapped them off with his rigid griff.

When Winter had gone and Spring came back 110
 The Sensitive Plant was a leafless wreck;
 But the mandrakes, and toadstools, and docks, and darnels,
 Rose like the dead from their ruined charnels.

CONCLUSION

Whether the Sensitive Plant, or that
 Which within its boughs like a Spirit sat, 115
 Ere its outward form had known decay,
 Now felt this change, I cannot say.

Whether that Lady's gentle mind,
 No longer with the form combined
 Which scattered love, as stars do light, 120
 Found sadness, where it left delight,

I dare not guess; but in this life
 Of error, ignorance, and strife,
 Where nothing is, but all things seem,
 And we the shadows of the dream, 125

It is a modest creed, and yet
 Pleasant if one considers it,
 To own that death itself must be,
Like all the rest, a mockery.

That garden sweet, that lady fair, 130
 And all sweet shapes and odours there,
 In truth have never passed away:
 'Tis we, 'tis ours, are changed; not they.

For love, and beauty, and delight,
 There is no death nor change: their might 135
 Exceeds our organs, which endure
 No light, being themselves obscure.

98 And under] Under *Harvard MS.* 114 Whether] And if *Harvard MS.*
 118 Whether] Or if *Harvard MS.*

CANCELLED PASSAGE

[This stanza followed III. 62-65 in the *editio princeps*, 1820, but was omitted by Mrs. Shelley from all editions from 1839 onwards. It is cancelled in the Harvard MS.]

Their moss rotted off them, flake by flake,
Till the thick stalk stuck like a murderer's stake,
Where rags of loose flesh yet tremble on high,
Infecting the winds that wander by.

A VISION OF THE SEA

[Composed at Pisa early in 1820, and published with *Prometheus Unbound* in the same year. A transcript in Mrs. Shelley's handwriting is included in the Harvard MS. book, where it is dated 'April, 1820.']

'Tis the terror of tempest. The rags of the sail
Are flickering in ribbons within the fierce gale:
From the stark night of vapours the dim rain is driven,
And when lightning is loosed, like a deluge from Heaven,
She sees the black trunks of the waterspouts spin 5
And bend, as if Heaven was ruining in,
Which they seemed to sustain with their terrible mass
As if ocean had sunk from beneath them: they pass
To their graves in the deep with an earthquake of sound,
And the waves and the thunders, made silent around, 10
Leave the wind to its echo. The vessel, now tossed
Through the low-trailing rack of the tempest, is lost
In the skirts of the thunder-cloud: now down the sweep
Of the wind-cloven wave to the chasm of the deep
It sinks, and the walls of the watery vale 15
Whose depths of dread calm are unmoved by the gale,
Dim mirrors of ruin, hang gleaming about;
While the surf, like a chaos of stars, like a rout
Of death-flames, like whirlpools of fire-flowing iron,
With splendour and terror the black ship environ, 20
Or like sulphur-flakes hurled from a mine of pale fire
In fountains spout o'er it. In many a spire
The pyramid-billows with white points of brine
In the cope of the lightning inconstantly shine, 25
As piercing the sky from the floor of the sea.
The great ship seems splitting! it cracks as a tree,
While an earthquake is splintering its root, ere the blast
Of the whirlwind that stripped it of branches has passed.
The intense thunder-balls which are raining from Heaven

6 ruining *Harvard MS.*, 1839; raining 1820.
1839; sank 1820.

8 sunk *Harvard MS.*,

Have shattered its mast, and it stands black and riven, 30
 The chinks suck destruction. The heavy dead hulk
 On the living sea rolls an inanimate bulk,
 Like a corpse on the clay which is hungering to fold
 Its corruption around it. Meanwhile, from the hold,
 One deck is burst up by the waters below, 35
 And it splits like the ice when the thaw-breezes blow
 O'er the lakes of the desert! Who sit on the other?
 Is that all the crew that lie burying each other,
 Like the dead in a breach, round the foremast? Are those
 Twin tigers, who burst, when the waters arose, 40
 In the agony of terror, their chains in the hold;
 (What now makes them tame, is what then made them bold;)

Who crouch, side by side, and have driven, like a crank,
 The deep grip of their claws through the vibrating plank:—
 Are these all? Nine weeks the tall vessel had lain 45
 On the windless expanse of the watery plain,
 Where the death-darting sun cast no shadow at noon,
 And there seemed to be fire in the beams of the moon,
 Till a lead-coloured fog gathered up from the deep,
 Whose breath was quick pestilence; then, the cold sleep 50
 Crept, like blight through the ears of a thick field of corn,
 O'er the populous vessel. And even and morn,
 With their hammocks for coffins the seamen aghast
 Like dead men the dead limbs of their comrades cast
 Down the deep, which closed on them above and around, 55
 And the sharks and the dogfish their grave-clothes unbound,
 And were gluttoned like Jews with this manna rained down
 From God on their wilderness. One after one
 The mariners died; on the eve of this day,
 When the tempest was gathering in cloudy array, 60
 But seven remained. Six the thunder has smitten,
 And they lie black as mummies on which Time has written
 His scorn of the embalmer; the seventh, from the deck
 An oak-splinter pierced through his breast and his back,
 And hung out to the tempest, a wreck on the wreck. 65
 No more? At the helm sits a woman more fair
 Than Heaven, when, unbinding its star-braided hair,
 It sinks with the sun on the earth and the sea.
 She clasps a bright child on her upgathered knee;
 It laughs at the lightning, it mocks the mixed thunder 70
 Of the air and the sea, with desire and with wonder
 It is beckoning the tigers to rise and come near,
 It would play with those eyes where the radiance of fear
 Is outshining the meteors; its bosom beats high,
 The heart-fire of pleasure has kindled its eye, 75
 While its mother's is lustreless. 'Smile not, my child,

35 by *Harvard MS.*; from 1820, 1839.

61 has 1820; had 1839.

But sleep deeply and sweetly, and so be beguiled
 Of the pang that awaits us, whatever that be,
 So dreadful since thou must divide it with me!
 Dream, sleep! This pale bosom, thy cradle and bed, 80
 Will it rock thee not, infant? 'Tis beating with dread!
 Alas! what is life, what is death, what are we,
 That when the ship sinks we no longer may be?
 What! to see thee no more, and to feel thee no more?
 To be after life what we have been before? 85
 Not to touch those sweet hands? Not to look on those eyes,
 Those lips, and that hair,—all the smiling disguise
 Thou yet wearest, sweet Spirit, which I, day by day,
 Have so long called my child, but which now fades away
 Like a rainbow, and I the fallen shower?—Lo! the ship 90
 Is settling, it topples, the leeward ports dip;
 The tigers leap up when they feel the slow brine
 Crawling inch by inch on them; hair, ears, limbs, and eyne,
 Stand rigid with horror; a loud, long, hoarse cry
 Bursts at once from their vitals tremendously, 95
 And 'tis borne down the mountainous vale of the wave,
 Rebounding, like thunder, from crag to cave,
 Mixed with the clash of the lashing rain,
 Hurried on by the might of the hurricane:
 The hurricane came from the west, and passed on 100
 By the path of the gate of the eastern sun,
 Transversely dividing the stream of the storm;
 As an arrowy serpent, pursuing the form
 Of an elephant, bursts through the brakes of the waste.
 Black as a cormorant the screaming blast, 105
 Between Ocean and Heaven, like an ocean, passed,
 Till it came to the clouds on the verge of the world
 Which, based on the sea and to Heaven upcurled,
 Like columns and walls did surround and sustain
 The dome of the tempest; it rent them in twain, 110
 As a flood rends its barriers of mountainous crag:
 And the dense clouds in many a ruin and rag,
 Like the stones of a temple ere earthquake has passed,
 Like the dust of its fall, on the whirlwind are cast;
 They are scattered like foam on the torrent; and where 115
 The wind has burst out through the chasm, from the air
 Of clear morning the beams of the sunrise flow in,
 Unimpeded, keen, golden, and crystalline,
 Banded armies of light and of air; at one gate
 They encounter, but interpenetrate. 120
 And that breach in the tempest is widening away,
 And the caverns of cloud are torn up by the day,

87 all the *Harvard MS.*; all that 1820, 1839. 116 through *Harvard MS.*; from 1820, 1839. 122 cloud *Harvard MS.*, 1839; clouds 1820.

And the fierce winds are sinking with weary wings,
 Lulled by the motion and murmurings
 And the long glassy heave of the rocking sea, 125
 And overhead glorious, but dreadful to see,
 The wrecks of the tempest, like vapours of gold,
 Are consuming in sunrise. The heaped waves behold
 The deep calm of blue Heaven dilating above,
 And, like passions made still by the presence of Love, 130
 Beneath the clear surface reflecting it slide
 Tremulous with soft influence; extending its tide
 From the Andes to Atlas, round mountain and isle,
 Round sea-birds and wrecks, paved with Heaven's azure smile,
 The wide world of waters is vibrating. Where 135
 Is the ship? On the verge of the wave where it lay
 One tiger is mingled in ghastly affray
 With a sea-snake. The foam and the smoke of the battle
 Stain the clear air with sunbows; the jar, and the rattle
 Of solid bones crushed by the infinite stress 140
 Of the snake's adamantine voluminousness;
 And the hum of the hot blood that spouts and rains
 Where the gripe of the tiger has wounded the veins
 Swollen with rage, strength, and effort; the whirl and the splash
 As of some hideous engine whose brazen teeth smash 145
 The thin winds and soft waves into thunder; the screams
 And hissings crawl fast o'er the smooth ocean-streams,
 Each sound like a centipede. Near this commotion,
 A blue shark is hanging within the blue ocean,
 The fin-wingèd tomb of the victor. The other 150
 Is winning his way from the fate of his brother
 To his own with the speed of despair. Lo! a boat
 Advances; twelve rowers with the impulse of thought
 Urge on the keen keel,—the brine foams. At the stern
 Three marksmen stand levelling. Hot bullets burn 155
 In the breast of the tiger, which yet bears him on
 To his refuge and ruin. One fragment alone,—
 'Tis dwindling and sinking, 'tis now almost gone,—
 Of the wreck of the vessel peers out of the sea.
 With her left hand she grasps it impetuously, 160
 With her right she sustains her fair infant. Death, Fear,
 Love, Beauty, are mixed in the atmosphere,
 Which trembles and burns with the fervour of dread
 Around her wild eyes, her bright hand, and her head,
 Like a meteor of light o'er the waters! her child 165
 Is yet smiling, and playing, and murmuring; so smiled
 The false deep ere the storm. Like a sister and brother
 The child and the ocean still smile on each other,
 Whilst—

THE CLOUD

[Published with *Prometheus Unbound*, 1820.]

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
 From the seas and the streams;
 I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
 In their noonday dreams.
 From my wings are shaken the dews that waken 5
 The sweet buds every one,
 When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
 As she dances about the sun.
 I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
 And whiten the green plains under, 10
 And then again I dissolve it in rain,
 And laugh as I pass in thunder.
 I sift the snow on the mountains below,
 And their great pines groan aghast;
 And all the night 'tis my pillow white, 15
 While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
 Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
 Lightning my pilot sits;
 In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
 It struggles and howls at fits; 20
 Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
 This pilot is guiding me,
 Lured by the love of the genii that move
 In the depths of the purple sea;
 Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills, 25
 Over the lakes and the plains,
 Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
 The Spirit he loves remains;
 And I all the while bask in Heaven's blue smile,
 Whilst he is dissolving in rains. 30
 The sanguine Sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
 And his burning plumes outspread,
 Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
 When the morning star shines dead;
 As on the jag of a mountain crag, 35
 Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
 An eagle alit one moment may sit
 In the light of its golden wings.
 And when Sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
 Its ardours of rest and of love, 40
 And the crimson pall of eve may fall
 From the depth of Heaven above,

3 shade 1820; shades 1839.

6 buds 1839; birds 1820.

With wings folded I rest, on mine aëry nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden, 45
Whom mortals call the Moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear, 50
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent, 55
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the Sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the Moon's with a girdle of pearl; 60
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,— 65
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the Powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-coloured bow; 70
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
While the moist Earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of Earth and Water,
And the nursling of the Sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores; 75
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain when with never a stain
The pavilion of Heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams 80
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

TO A SKYLARK

[Composed at Leghorn, 1820, and published with *Prometheus Unbound* in the same year. There is a transcript in the Harvard MS.]

HAIL to thee, blithe Spirit!
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from Heaven, or near it,
 Pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art. 5

Higher still and higher
 From the earth thou springest
 Like a cloud of fire;
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest. 10

In the golden lightning
 Of the sunken sun,
 O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
 Thou dost float and run;
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun. 15

The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight;
 Like a star of Heaven,
 In the broad daylight
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight, 20

Keen as are the arrows
 Of that silver sphere,
 Whose intense lamp narrows
 In the white dawn clear
 Until we hardly see—we feel that it is there. 25

All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud,
 As, when night is bare,
 From one lonely cloud
 The moon rains out her beams, and Heaven is overflowed. 30

What thou art we know not;
 What is most like thee?
 From rainbow clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see
 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody. 35

Like a Poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
 Singing hymns unbidden,
 Till the world is wrought
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not: 40

Like a high-born maiden
 In a palace-tower,
 Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour
 With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower: 45

Like a glow-worm golden
 In a dell of dew,
 Scattering un beholden
 Its aëreal hue
 Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view! 50

Like a rose embowered
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflowered,
 Till the scent it gives
 Makes faint with too much sweet those heavy-wingèd thieves: 55

Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
 Rain-awakened flowers,
 All that ever was
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass: 60

Teach us, Sprite or Bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine:
 I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine. 65

Chorus Hymeneal,
 Or triumphal chant,
 Matched with thine would be all
 But an empty vaunt,
 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want. 70

What objects are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain?
 What fields, or waves, or mountains?
 What shapes of sky or plain?
 What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain? 75

With thy clear keen joyance
 Languor cannot be:
 Shadow of annoyance
 Never came near thee:
 Thou lovest—but ne'er knew love's sad satiety. 80

Waking or asleep,
 Thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep
 Than we mortals dream,
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream? 85

We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not:
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught;
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought. 90

Yet if we could scorn
 Hate, and pride, and fear;
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joy we ever should come near. 95

Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground! 100

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow
 The world should listen then—as I am listening now. 105

ODE TO LIBERTY

[Composed early in 1820, and published, with *Prometheus Unbound*, in the same year. A transcript in Shelley's hand of lines 1-21 is included in the Harvard MS. book, and amongst the Boscombe MSS. there is a fragment of a rough draft (Garnett). For further particulars concerning the text see Editor's Notes.]

Yet, Freedom, yet, thy banner, torn but flying,
 Streams like a thunder-storm against the wind.—BYRON.

I

A GLORIOUS people vibrated again
 The lightning of the nations: Liberty
 From heart to heart, from tower to tower, o'er Spain,
 Scattering contagious fire into the sky,
 Gleamed. My soul spurned the chains of its dismay, 5
 And in the rapid plumes of song
 Clothed itself, sublime and strong,

4 into] unto *Harvard MS.*

(As a young eagle soars the morning clouds among,
 Hovering in verse o'er its accustomed prey;
 Till from its station in the Heaven of fame
 The Spirit's whirlwind rapped it, and the ray
 Of the remotest sphere of living flame
 Which paves the void was from behind it flung,
 As foam from a ship's swiftness, when there came
 A voice out of the deep: I will record the same.

10

15

II

The Sun and the serenest Moon sprang forth:
 The burning stars of the abyss were hurled
 Into the depths of Heaven. The daedal earth,
 That island in the ocean of the world,
 Hung in its cloud of all-sustaining air:
 But this divinest universe
 Was yet a chaos and a curse,
 For thou wert not: but, power from worst producing worse,
 The spirit of the beasts was kindled there,
 And of the birds, and of the watery forms,
 And there was war among them, and despair
 Within them, raging without truce or terms:
 The bosom of their violated nurse
 Groaned, for beasts warred on beasts, and worms on worms,
 And men on men; each heart was as a hell of storms.

20

25

30

III

Man, the imperial shape, then multiplied
 His generations under the pavilion
 Of the Sun's throne: palace and pyramid,
 Temple and prison, to many a swarming million
 Were, as to mountain-wolves their ragged caves.
 This human living multitude
 Was savage, cunning, blind, and rude,
 For thou wert not; but o'er the populous solitude,
 Like one fierce cloud over a waste of waves,
 Hung Tyranny; beneath, sate deified
 The sister-pest, congregator of slaves;
 Into the shadow of her pinions wide
 Anarchs and priests, who feed on gold and blood
 Till with the stain their inmost souls are dyed,
 Drove the astonished herds of men from every side.

35

40

45

IV

The nodding promontories, and blue isles,
 And cloud-like mountains, and dividuous waves
 Of Greece, basked glorious in the open smiles
 Of favouring Heaven: from their enchanted caves
 Prophetic echoes flung dim melody.

50

On the unapprehensive wild
 The vine, the corn, the olive mild,
 Grew savage yet, to human use unreconciled;
 And, like unfolded flowers beneath the sea,
 Like the man's thought dark in the infant's brain, 55
 Like aught that is which wraps what is to be,
 Art's deathless dreams lay veiled by many a vein
 Of Parian stone; and, yet a speechless child,
 Verse murmured, and Philosophy did strain
 Her lidless eyes for thee; when o'er the Aegean main 60

V

Athens arose: a city such as vision
 Builds from the purple crags and silver towers
 Of battlemented cloud, as in derision
 Of kingliest masonry: the ocean-floors
 Pave it; the evening sky pavilions it; 65
 Its portals are inhabited
 By thunder-zonèd winds, each head
 Within its cloudy wings with sun-fire garlanded,—
 A divine work! Athens, diviner yet,
 Gleamed with its crest of columns, on the will 70
 Of man, as on a mount of diamond, set;
 For thou wert, and thine all-creative skill
 Peopled, with forms that mock the eternal dead
 In marble immortality, that hill
 Which was thine earliest throne and latest oracle. 75

VI

Within the surface of Time's fleeting river
 Its wrinkled image lies, as then it lay
 Immovably unquiet, and for ever
 It trembles, but it cannot pass away!
 The voices of thy bards and sages thunder 80
 With an earth-awakening blast
 Through the caverns of the past:
 (Religion veils her eyes; Oppression shrinks aghast:)
 A wingèd sound of joy, and love, and wonder,
 Which soars where Expectation never flew, 85
 Rending the veil of space and time asunder!
 One ocean feeds the clouds, and streams, and dew;
 One Sun illumines Heaven; one Spirit vast
 With life and love makes chaos ever new,
 As Athens doth the world with thy delight renew. 90

VII

Then Rome was, and from thy deep bosom fairest,
 Like a wolf-cub from a Cadmaean Maenad¹,

¹ See the *Bacchae* of Euripides.—[SHELLEY'S NOTE.]

She drew the milk of greatness, though thy dearest
 From that Elysian food was yet unweanèd ;
 And many a deed of terrible uprightnes
 By thy sweet love was sanctified ; 95
 And in thy smile, and by thy side,
 Saintly Camillus lived, and firm Atilius died.
 But when tears stained thy robe of vestal whiteness,
 And gold profaned thy Capitolian throne, 100
 Thou didst desert, with spirit-wingèd lightness,
 The senate of the tyrants : they sunk prone
 Slaves of one tyrant : Palatinus sighed
 Faint echoes of Ionian song ; that tone
 Thou didst delay to hear, lamenting to disown. 105

VIII

From what Hyrcanian glen or frozen hill,
 Or piny promontory of the Arctic main,
 Or utmost islet inaccessible,
 Didst thou lament the ruin of thy reign,
 Teaching the woods and waves, and desert rocks, 110
 And every Naiad's ice-cold urn,
 To talk in echoes sad and stern
 Of that sublimest lore which man had dared unlearn ?
 For neither didst thou watch the wizard flocks
 Of the Scald's dreams, nor haunt the Druid's sleep. 115
 What if the tears rained through thy shattered locks
 Were quickly dried ? for thou didst groan, not weep,
 When from its sea of death, to kill and burn,
 The Galilean serpent forth did creep,
 And made thy world an undistinguishable heap. 120

IX

A thousand years the Earth cried, 'Where art thou ?'
 And then the shadow of thy coming fell
 On Saxon Alfred's olive-cinctured brow :
 And many a warrior-peopled citadel,
 Like rocks which fire lifts out of the flat deep, 125
 Arose in sacred Italy,
 Frowning o'er the tempestuous sea
 Of kings, and priests, and slaves, in tower-crowned majesty ;
 That multitudinous anarchy did sweep
 And burst around their walls, like idle foam, 130
 Whilst from the human spirit's deepest deep
 Strange melody with love and awe struck dumb
 Dissonant arms ; and Art, which cannot die,
 With divine wand traced on our earthly home
 Fit imagery to pave Heaven's everlasting dome. 135

113 lore 1839 ; love 1820.

116 shattered] scattered *cj.* Rossetti.

134 wand 1820 ; want 1839.

X

Thou huntress swifter than the Moon! thou terror
 Of the world's wolves! thou bearer of the quiver,
 Whose sunlike shafts pierce tempest-wingèd Error,
 As light may pierce the clouds when they dissever
 In the calm regions of the orient day! 140

Luther caught thy wakening glance;
 Like lightning, from his leaden lance
 Reflected, it dissolved the visions of the trance
 In which, as in a tomb, the nations lay;
 And England's prophets hailed thee as their queen, 145
 In songs whose music cannot pass away,
 Though it must flow forever: not unseen
 Before the spirit-sighted countenance
 Of Milton didst thou pass, from the sad scene
 Beyond whose night he saw, with a dejected mien. 150

XI

The eager hours and unreluctant years
 As on a dawn-illumined mountain stood,
 Trampling to silence their loud hopes and fears,
 Darkening each other with their multitude,
 And cried aloud, 'Liberty!' Indignation 155

Answered Pity from her cave;
 Death grew pale within the grave,
 And Desolation howled to the destroyer, Save!
 When like Heaven's Sun girt by the exhalation
 Of its own glorious light, thou didst arise, 160
 Chasing thy foes from nation unto nation
 Like shadows: as if day had cloven the skies
 At dreaming midnight o'er the western wave,
 Men started, staggering with a glad surprise,
 Under the lightnings of thine unfamiliar eyes. 165

XII

Thou Heaven of earth! what spells could pall thee then
 In ominous eclipse? a thousand years
 Bred from the slime of deep Oppression's den,
 Dyed all thy liquid light with blood and tears,
 Till thy sweet stars could weep the stain away; 170

How like Bacchanals of blood
 Round France, the ghastly vintage, stood
 Destruction's sceptred slaves, and Folly's mitred brood!
 When one, like them, but mightier far than they,
 The Anarch of thine own bewildered powers, 175
 Rose: armies mingled in obscure array,
 Like clouds with clouds, darkening the sacred bowers
 Of serene Heaven. He, by the past pursued,
 Rests with those dead, but unforgotten hours,
 Whose ghosts scare victor kings in their ancestral towers. 180

XIII

England yet sleeps : was she not called of old ?
 Spain calls her now, as with its thrilling thunder
 Vesuvius wakens Aetna, and the cold
 Snow-craggs by its reply are cloven in sunder :
 O'er the lit waves every Aeolian isle 185
 From Pithecusa to Pelorus
 Howls, and leaps, and glares in chorus :
 They cry, 'Be dim ; ye lamps of Heaven suspended o'er us !'
 Her chains are threads of gold, she need but smile
 And they dissolve ; but Spain's were links of steel, 190
 Till bit to dust by virtue's keenest file.
 Twins of a single destiny ! appeal
 To the eternal years enthroned before us
 In the dim West ; impress us from a seal,
 All ye have thought and done ! Time cannot dare conceal.

XIV

Tomb of Arminius ! render up thy dead 196
 Till, like a standard from a watch-tower's staff,
 His soul may stream over the tyrant's head ;
 Thy victory shall be his epitaph,
 Wild Bacchanal of truth's mysterious wine, 200
 King-deluded Germany,
 His dead spirit lives in thee.
 Why do we fear or hope ? thou art already free !
 And thou, lost Paradise of this divine
 And glorious world ! thou flowery wilderness ! 205
 Thou island of eternity ! thou shrine
 Where Desolation, clothed with loveliness,
 Worships the thing thou wert ! O Italy,
 Gather thy blood into thy heart ; repress
 The beasts who make their dens thy sacred palaces. 210

XV

Oh, that the free would stamp the impious name
 Of KING into the dust ! or write it there,
 So that this blot upon the page of fame
 Were as a serpent's path, which the light air 215
 Erases, and the flat sands close behind !
 Ye the oracle have heard :
 Lift the victory-flashing sword,
 And cut the snaky knots of this foul gordian word,
 Which, weak itself as stubble, yet can bind 220
 Into a mass, irrefragably firm,
 The axes and the rods which awe mankind ;

194 us] as *cj. Forman.*
 CHRIST *cj. Swinburne.*

212 KING *Boscombe MS.* ; * * * * 1820, 1839 ;

The sound has poison in it, 'tis the sperm
 Of what makes life foul, cankerous, and abhorred ;
 Disdain not thou, at thine appointed term,
 To set thine armèd heel on this reluctant worm. 225

XVI

Oh, that the wise from their bright minds would kindle
 Such lamps within the dome of this dim world,
 That the pale name of PRIEST might shrink and dwindle
 Into the hell from which it first was hurled,
 A scoff of impious pride from fiends impure ; 230
 Till human thoughts might kneel alone,
 Each before the judgement-throne
 Of its own aweless soul, or of the Power unknown !
 Oh, that the words which make the thoughts obscure
 From which they spring, as clouds of glimmering dew 235
 From a white lake blot Heaven's blue portraiture,
 Were stripped of their thin masks and various hue
 And frowns and smiles and splendours not their own,
 Till in the nakedness of false and true
 They stand before their Lord, each to receive its due ! 240

XVII

He who taught man to vanquish whatsoever
 Can be between the cradle and the grave
 Crowned him the King of Life. Oh, vain endeavour !
 If on his own high will, a willing slave,
 He has enthroned the oppression and the oppressor. 245
 What if earth can clothe and feed
 Amplest millions at their need,
 And power in thought be as the tree within the seed ?
 Or what if Art, an ardent intercessor,
 Driving on fiery wings to Nature's throne, 250
 Checks the great mother stooping to caress her,
 And cries : ' Give me, thy child, dominion
 Over all height and depth ' ? if Life can breed
 New wants, and wealth from those who toil and groan,
 Rend of thy gifts and hers a thousandfold for one ! 255

XVIII

Come thou, but lead out of the inmost cave
 Of man's deep spirit, as the morning-star
 Beckons the Sun from the Eoan wave,
 Wisdom. I hear the pennons of her car
 Self-moving, like cloud charioted by flame ; 260
 Comes she not, and come ye not,
 Rulers of eternal thought,
 To judge, with solemn truth, life's ill-apportioned lot ?

249 Or 1839 ; O, 1820.

250 Driving 1820 ; Diving 1839.

Blind Love, and equal Justice, and the Fame
 Of what has been, the Hope of what will be? 265
 O Liberty! if such could be thy name
 Wert thou disjoined from these, or they from thee:
 If thine or theirs were treasures to be bought
 By blood or tears, have not the wise and free
 Wept tears, and blood like tears?—The solemn harmony 270

XIX

Paused, and the Spirit of that mighty singing
 To its abyss was suddenly withdrawn;
 Then, as a wild swan, when sublimely winging
 Its path athwart the thunder-smoke of dawn,
 Sinks headlong through the aëreal golden light 275
 On the heavy-sounding plain,
 When the bolt has pierced its brain;
 As summer clouds dissolve, unburthened of their rain;
 As a far taper fades with fading night,
 As a brief insect dies with dying day,— 280
 My song, its pinions disarrayed of might,
 Drooped; o'er it closed the echoes far away
 Of the great voice which did its flight sustain,
 As waves which lately paved his watery way
 Hiss round a drowner's head in their tempestuous play. 285

CANCELLED PASSAGE OF THE ODE TO LIBERTY

[Published by Dr. Garnett, *Relics of Shelley*, 1862.]

WITHIN a cavern of man's trackless spirit
 Is throned an Image, so intensely fair
 That the adventurous thoughts that wander near it
 Worship, and as they kneel, tremble and wear
 The splendour of its presence, and the light 5
 Penetrates their dreamlike frame
 Till they become charged with the strength of flame.

TO ———

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824.]

I

I FEAR thy kisses, gentle maiden,
 Thou needest not fear mine;
 My spirit is too deeply laden
 Ever to burthen thine.

II

I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion,
 Thou needest not fear mine; 5
 Innocent is the heart's devotion
 With which I worship thine.

ARETHUSA

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824, and dated by her 'Pisa, 1820.' There is a fair draft amongst the Shelley MSS. at the Bodleian Library. See Mr. C. D. Locock's *Examination, &c.*, 1903, p. 24.]

I

ARETHUSA arose
 From her couch of snows
 In the Acroceraunian mountains,—
 From cloud and from crag,
 With many a jag, 5
 Shepherding her bright fountains.
 She leapt down the rocks,
 With her rainbow locks
 Streaming among the streams;—
 Her steps paved with green 10
 The downward ravine
 Which slopes to the western gleams;
 And gliding and springing
 She went, ever singing,
 In murmurs as soft as sleep; 15
 The Earth seemed to love her,
 And Heaven smiled above her,
 As she lingered towards the deep.

II

Then Alpheus bold,
 On his glacier cold, 20
 With his trident the mountains strook;
 And opened a chasm
 In the rocks—with the spasm
 All Erymanthus shook.
 And the black south wind 25
 It unsealed behind
 The urns of the silent snow,
 And earthquake and thunder
 Did rend in sunder
 The bars of the springs below. 30

And the beard and the hair
 Of the River-god were
 Seen through the torrent's sweep,
 As he followed the light
 Of the fleet nymph's flight
 To the brink of the Dorian deep. 35

III

'Oh, save me! Oh, guide me!
 And bid the deep hide me,
 For he grasps me now by the hair!'
 The loud Ocean heard, 40
 To its blue depth stirred,
 And divided at her prayer;
 And under the water
 The Earth's white daughter
 Fled like a sunny beam; 45
 Behind her descended
 Her billows, unblended
 With the brackish Dorian stream:—
 Like a gloomy stain
 On the emerald main 50
 Alpheus rushed behind,—
 As an eagle pursuing
 A dove to its ruin
 Down the streams of the cloudy wind.

IV

Under the bowers 55
 Where the Ocean Powers
 Sit on their pearlèd thrones;
 Through the coral woods
 Of the weltering floods,
 Over heaps of unvalued stones; 60
 Through the dim beams
 Which amid the streams
 Weave a network of coloured light;
 And under the caves,
 Where the shadowy waves 65
 Are as green as the forest's night:—
 Outspeeding the shark,
 And the sword-fish dark,
 Under the Ocean's foam,
 And up through the rifts 70
 Of the mountain clifts
 They passed to their Dorian home.

31 And the *B.*; The 1824.69 Ocean's *B.*; ocean 1824.

v

And now from their fountains
 In Enna's mountains,
 Down one vale where the morning basks, 75
 Like friends once parted
 Grown single-hearted,
 They ply their watery tasks.
 At sunrise they leap
 From their cradles steep 80
 In the cave of the shelving hill;
 At noontide they flow
 Through the woods below
 And the meadows of asphodel;
 And at night they sleep 85
 In the rocking deep
 Beneath the Ortygian shore;—
 Like spirits that lie
 In the azure sky
 When they love but live no more. 90

SONG OF PROSERPINE

WHILE GATHERING FLOWERS ON THE PLAIN OF ENNA

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *P. W.*, 1839, 1st ed. There is a fair draft amongst the Shelley MSS. at the Bodleian Library. See Mr. C. D. Locock's *Examination, &c.*, 1903, p. 24.]

I

SACRED Goddess, Mother Earth,
 Thou from whose immortal bosom
 Gods, and men, and beasts have birth,
 Leaf and blade, and bud and blossom,
 Breathe thine influence most divine 5
 On thine own child, Proserpine.

II

If with mists of evening dew
 Thou dost nourish these young flowers
 Till they grow, in scent and hue, 10
 Fairest children of the Hours,
 Breathe thine influence most divine
 On thine own child, Proserpine.

HYMN OF APOLLO

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824. There is a fair draft amongst the Shelley MSS. at the Bodleian. See Mr. C. D. Locock's *Examination*, &c., 1903, p. 25.]

I

THE sleepless Hours who watch me as I lie,
 Curtained with star-inwoven tapestries
 From the broad moonlight of the sky,
 Fanning the busy dreams from my dim eyes,—
 Waken me when their Mother, the gray Dawn, 5
 Tells them that dreams and that the moon is gone.

II

Then I arise, and climbing Heaven's blue dome,
 I walk over the mountains and the waves,
 Leaving my robe upon the ocean foam;
 My footsteps pave the clouds with fire; the caves 10
 Are filled with my bright presence, and the air
 Leaves the green Earth to my embraces bare.

III

The sunbeams are my shafts, with which I kill
 Deceit, that loves the night and fears the day;
 All men who do or even imagine ill 15
 Fly me, and from the glory of my ray
 Good minds and open actions take new might,
 Until diminished by the reign of Night.

IV

I feed the clouds, the rainbows and the flowers 20
 With their aethereal colours; the moon's globe
 And the pure stars in their eternal bowers
 Are cinctured with my power as with a robe;
 Whatever lamps on Earth or Heaven may shine
 Are portions of one power, which is mine.

V

I stand at noon upon the peak of Heaven, 25
 Then with unwilling steps I wander down
 Into the clouds of the Atlantic even;
 For grief that I depart they weep and frown:
 What look is more delightful than the smile
 With which I soothe them from the western isle? 30

VI

I am the eye with which the Universe
 Beholds itself and knows itself divine;

32 itself divine] it is divine B.

All harmony of instrument or verse,
 All prophecy, all medicine is mine,
 All light of art or nature;—to my song 35
 Victory and praise in its own right belong.

HYMN OF PAN

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824. There is a fair draft amongst the Shelley MSS. at the Bodleian. See Mr. C. D. Locock's *Examination*, &c., 1903, p. 25.]

I

FROM the forests and highlands
 We come, we come;
 From the river-girt islands,
 Where loud waves are dumb
 Listening to my sweet pipings. 5
 The wind in the reeds and the rushes,
 The bees on the bells of thyme,
 The birds on the myrtle bushes,
 The cicale above in the lime,
 And the lizards below in the grass, 10
 Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was,
 Listening to my sweet pipings.

II

Liquid Peneus was flowing,
 And all dark Tempe lay
 In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing 15
 The light of the dying day,
 Speeded by my sweet pipings.
 The Sileni, and Sylvans, and Fauns,
 And the Nymphs of the woods and the waves,
 To the edge of the moist river-lawns, 20
 And the brink of the dewy caves,
 And all that did then attend and follow,
 Were silent with love, as you now, Apollo,
 With envy of my sweet pipings.

III

I sang of the dancing stars, 25
 I sang of the daedal Earth,
 And of Heaven—and the giant wars,
 And Love, and Death, and Birth,—
 And then I changed my pipings,—
 Singing how down the vale of Maenalus 30

34 is B.; are 1824. 36 its *cj.* Rossetti, 1870, B.; their 1824.
 of Pan—5, 12 Listening to] Listening B.

I pursued a maiden and clasped a reed.
 Gods and men, we are all deluded thus!
 It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed:
 All wept, as I think both ye now would,
 If envy or age had not frozen your blood,
 At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.

35

THE QUESTION

[Published by Leigh Hunt (with the title, *A Dream*, and the signature Σ) in *The Literary Pocket-Book*, 1822. Reprinted by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824. Copies exist in the Harvard MS. book, amongst the Boscombe MSS., and amongst the Ollier MSS.]

I

I DREAMED that, as I wandered by the way,
 Bare Winter suddenly was changed to Spring,
 And gentle odours led my steps astray,
 Mixed with a sound of waters murmuring
 Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay
 Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling
 Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,
 But kissed it and then fled, as thou mightest in dream.

5

II

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,
 Daisies, those pearled Arcturi of the earth,
 The constellated flower that never sets;
 Faint oxslips; tender bluebells, at whose birth
 The sod scarce heaved; and that tall flower that wets—
 Like a child, half in tenderness and mirth—
 Its mother's face with Heaven's collected tears,
 When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.

10

15

III

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,
 Green cowbind and the moonlight-coloured may,
 And cherry-blossoms, and white cups, whose wine
 Was the bright dew, yet drained not by the day;
 And wild roses, and ivy serpentine,
 With its dark buds and leaves, wandering astray;
 And flowers azure, black, and streaked with gold,
 Fairer than any wakened eyes behold.

20

IV

And nearer to the river's trembling edge
 There grew broad flag-flowers, purple pranked with white,

25

14 Like . . . mirth *Harvard MS.*, *Boscombe MS.*; wanting in *Ollier MS.*, 1824, 1839. 15 Heaven's collected *Harvard MS.*, *Ollier MS.*, 1822; Heaven-collected 1824, 1839.

And starry river buds among the sedge,
 And floating water-lilies, broad and bright,
 Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge
 With moonlight beams of their own watery light; 30
 And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep green
 As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.

v

Methought that of these visionary flowers
 I made a nosegay, bound in such a way
 That the same hues, which in their natural bowers 35
 Were mingled or opposed, the like array
 Kept these imprisoned children of the Hours
 Within my hand,—and then, elate and gay,
 I hastened to the spot whence I had come,
 That I might there present it!—Oh! to whom? 40

THE TWO SPIRITS: AN ALLEGORY

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824.]

First Spirit.

O THOU, who plumed with strong desire
 Wouldst float above the earth, beware!
 A Shadow tracks thy flight of fire—
 Night is coming!

Bright are the regions of the air, 5
 And among the winds and beams
 It were delight to wander there—
 Night is coming!

Second Spirit.

The deathless stars are bright above; 10
 If I would cross the shade of night,
 Within my heart is the lamp of love,
 And that is day!

And the moon will smile with gentle light
 On my golden plumes where'er they move;
 The meteors will linger round my flight, 15
 And make night day.

First Spirit.

But if the whirlwinds of darkness waken
 Hail, and lightning, and stormy rain;
 See, the bounds of the air are shaken— 20
 Night is coming!

The red swift clouds of the hurricane
 Yon declining sun have overtaken,
 The clash of the hail sweeps over the plain—
 Night is coming!

2 Wouldst 1839; Would 1824.

Second Spirit.

I see the light, and I hear the sound ; 25
 I'll sail on the flood of the tempest dark,
 With the calm within and the light around
 Which makes night day :
 And thou, when the gloom is deep and stark,
 Look from thy dull earth, slumber-bound, 30
 My moon-like flight thou then mayst mark
 On high, far away.

Some say there is a precipice
 Where one vast pine is frozen to ruin
 O'er piles of snow and chasms of ice 35
 Mid Alpine mountains ;
 And that the languid storm pursuing
 That wingèd shape, for ever flies
 Round those hoar branches, aye renewing
 Its aëry fountains. 40

Some say when nights are dry and clear,
 And the death-dews sleep on the morass,
 Sweet whispers are heard by the traveller,
 Which make night day :
 And a silver shape like his early love doth pass 45
 Upborne by her wild and glittering hair,
 And when he awakes on the fragrant grass,
 He finds night day.

ODE TO NAPLES¹

[Composed at San Juliano di Pisa, August 17-25, 1820 ; published in *Posthumous Poems*, 1824. There is a copy, 'for the most part neat and legible,' amongst the Shelley MSS. at the Bodleian Library. See Mr. C. D. Locock's *Examination, &c.*, 1903, pp. 14-18.]

EPODE I a

I stood within the City disinterred² ;
 And heard the autumnal leaves like light footfalls
 Of spirits passing through the streets ; and heard
 The Mountain's slumberous voice at intervals
 Thrill through those roofless halls ; 5.

31 moon-like 1824 ; moonlight 1839. 44 make] makes 1824, 1839.

¹ The Author has connected many recollections of his visit to Pompeii and Baiae with the enthusiasm excited by the intelligence of the proclamation of a Constitutional Government at Naples. This has given a tinge of picturesque and descriptive imagery to the introductory Epodes which depict these scenes, and some of the majestic feelings permanently connected with the scene of this animating event.—[SHELLEY'S NOTE.]

² Pompeii.—[SHELLEY'S NOTE.]

The oracular thunder penetrating shook
 The listening soul in my suspended blood;
 I felt that Earth out of her deep heart spoke—
 I felt, but heard not:—through white columns glowed
 The isle-sustaining ocean-flood, 10
 A plane of light between two heavens of azure!
 Around me gleamed many a bright sepulchre
 Of whose pure beauty, Time, as if his pleasure
 Were to spare Death, had never made erasure;
 But every living lineament was clear 15
 As in the sculptor's thought; and there
 The wreaths of stony myrtle, ivy, and pine,
 Like winter leaves o'ergrown by moulded snow,
 Seemed only not to move and grow
 Because the crystal silence of the air 20
 Weighed on their life; even as the Power divine
 Which then lulled all things, brooded upon mine.

EPODE II a

Then gentle winds arose
 With many a mingled close
 Of wild Aeolian sound, and mountain-odours keen; 25
 And where the Baian ocean
 Welters with airlike motion,
 Within, above, around its bowers of starry green,
 Moving the sea-flowers in those purple caves,
 Even as the ever stormless atmosphere 30
 Floats o'er the Elysian realm,
 It bore me, like an Angel, o'er the waves
 Of sunlight, whose swift pinnace of dewy air
 No storm can overwhelm.
 I sailed, where ever flows 35
 Under the calm Serene
 A spirit of deep emotion
 From the unknown graves
 Of the dead Kings of Melody¹. 40
 Shadowy Aornos darkened o'er the helm
 The horizontal aether; Heaven stripped bare
 Its depth over Elysium, where the prow
 Made the invisible water white as snow;
 From that Typhaean mount, Inarime, 45
 There streamed a sunbright vapour, like the standard
 Of some aethereal host;
 Whilst from all the coast,
 Louder and louder, gathering round, there wandered

25 odours B.; odour 1824.
 bright B.; sunlit 1824.

42 depth B.; depths 1824.

45 sun-

¹ Homer and Virgil.—[SHELLEY'S NOTE.]

Over the oracular woods and divine sea
 Propheesyings which grew articulate—
 They seize me—I must speak them!—be they fate! 50

STROPHE I

Naples! thou Heart of men which ever pantest
 Naked, beneath the lidless eye of Heaven!
 Elysian City, which to calm enchantest
 The mutinous air and sea! they round thee, even 55
 As sleep round Love, are driven!
 Metropolis of a ruined Paradise
 Long lost, late won, and yet but half regained!
 Bright Altar of the bloodless sacrifice,
 Which armèd Victory offers up unstained 60
 To Love, the flower-enchained!
 Thou which wert once, and then didst cease to be,
 Now art, and henceforth ever shalt be, free,
 If Hope, and Truth, and Justice can avail,—
 Hail, hail, all hail! 65

STROPHE II

Thou youngest giant birth
 Which from the groaning earth
 Leap'st, clothed in armour of impenetrable scale!
 Last of the Intercessors!
 Who 'gainst the Crowned Transgressors 70
 Pleadest before God's love! Arrayed in Wisdom's mail,
 Wave thy lightning lance in mirth
 Nor let thy high heart fail,
 Though from their hundred gates the leagued Oppressors
 With hurried legions move! 75
 Hail, hail, all hail!

ANTISTROPHE I *a*

What though Cimmerian Anarchs dare blaspheme
 Freedom and thee? thy shield is as a mirror
 To make their blind slaves see, and with fierce gleam 80
 To turn his hungry sword upon the wearer;
 A new Actæon's error
 Shall theirs have been—devoured by their own hounds!
 Be thou like the imperial Basilisk
 Killing thy foe with unapparent wounds! 85
 Gaze on Oppression, till at that dread risk
 Aghast she pass from the Earth's disk:
 Fear not, but gaze—for freemen mightier grow,
 And slaves more feeble, gazing on their foe:—
 If Hope, and Truth, and Justice may avail, 90
 Thou shalt be great—All hail!

ANTISTROPHE II α

From Freedom's form divine,
 From Nature's inmost shrine,
 Strip every impious gawd, rend Error veil by veil ;
 O'er Ruin desolate,
 O'er Falsehood's fallen state, 95
 Sit thou sublime, unawed ; be the Destroyer pale !
 And equal laws be thine,
 And wingèd words let sail,
 Freightèd with truth even from the throne of God :
 That wealth, surviving fate, 100
 Be thine.—All hail !

ANTISTROPHE I β

Didst thou not start to hear Spain's thrilling paeon
 From land to land re-echoed solemnly,
 Till silence became music ? From the Aeaean¹
 To the cold Alps, eternal Italy 105
 Starts to hear thine ! The Sea
 Which paves the desert streets of Venice laughs
 In light and music ; widowed Genoa wan
 By moonlight spells ancestral epitaphs,
 Murmuring, 'Where is Doria ?' fair Milan, 110
 Within whose veins long ran
 The viper's² palsyng venom, lifts her heel
 To bruise his head. The signal and the seal
 (If Hope and Truth and Justice can avail)
 Art thou of all these hopes.—O hail ! 115

ANTISTROPHE II β

Florence ! beneath the sun,
 Of cities fairest one,
 Blushes within her bower for Freedom's expectation :
 From eyes of quenchless hope
 Rome tears the priestly cope, 120
 As ruling once by power, so now by admiration,—
 An athlete stripped to run
 From a remoter station
 For the high prize lost on Philippi's shore :—
 As then Hope, Truth, and Justice did avail, 125
 So now may Fraud and Wrong ! O hail !

EPODE I β

Hear ye the march as of the Earth-born Forms
 Arrayed against the ever-living Gods ?
 The crash and darkness of a thousand storms
 Bursting their inaccessible abodes 130

¹ Aeaëa, the island of Circe.—[SHELLEY'S NOTE.]

² The viper was the armorial device of the Visconti, tyrants of Milan.
 —[SHELLEY'S NOTE.]

Of crags and thunder-clouds?
 See ye the banners blazoned to the day,
 Inwrought with emblems of barbaric pride?
 Dissonant threats kill Silence far away,
 The serene Heaven which wraps our Eden wide 135
 With iron light is dyed;
 The Anarchs of the North lead forth their legions
 Like Chaos o'er creation, uncreating;
 An hundred tribes nourished on strange religions
 And lawless slaveries,—down the aëreal regions 140
 Of the white Alps, desolating,
 Famished wolves that bide no waiting,
 Blotting the glowing footsteps of old glory,
 Trampling our columned cities into dust,
 Their dull and savage lust 145
 On Beauty's corse to sickness satiating—
 They come! The fields they tread look black and hoary
 With fire—from their red feet the streams run gory!

EPODE II β

Great Spirit, deepest Love!
 Which rulest and dost move 150
 All things which live and are, within the Italian shore;
 Who spreadest Heaven around it,
 Whose woods, rocks, waves, surround it;
 Who sittest in thy star, o'er Ocean's western floor;
 Spirit of beauty! at whose soft command 155
 The sunbeams and the showers distil its foison
 From the Earth's bosom chill;
 Oh, bid those beams be each a blinding brand
 Of lightning! bid those showers be dews of poison! 160
 Bid the Earth's plenty kill!
 Bid thy bright Heaven above,
 Whilst light and darkness bound it,
 Be their tomb who planned
 To make it ours and thine! 165
 Or, with thine harmonizing ardours fill
 And raise thy sons, as o'er the prone horizon
 Thy lamp feeds every twilight wave with fire—
 Be man's high hope and unextinct desire
 The instrument to work thy will divine! 170
 Then clouds from sunbeams, antelopes from leopards,
 And frowns and fears from thee,
 Would not more swiftly flee
 Than Celtic wolves from the Ausonian shepherds.—
 Whatever, Spirit, from thy starry shrine 175
 Thou yieldest or withholdest, oh, let be
 This city of thy worship ever free!

143 old 1824; lost B.

147 black 1824; blue B.

AUTUMN: A DIRGE

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824.]

I

THE warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is wailing,
The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are dying,
And the Year

On the earth her death-bed, in a shroud of leaves dead,
Is lying. 5

Come, Months, come away,

From November to May,

In your saddest array ;

Follow the bier

Of the dead cold Year, 10

And like dim shadows watch by her sepulchre.

II

The chill rain is falling, the nipped worm is crawling,

The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knelling

For the Year ;

The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards each gone 15

To his dwelling ;

Come, Months, come away ;

Put on white, black, and gray ;

Let your light sisters play—

Ye, follow the bier 20

Of the dead cold Year,

And make her grave green with tear on tear.

THE WANING MOON

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824.]

AND like a dying lady, lean and pale,

Who totters forth, wrapped in a gauzy veil,

Out of her chamber, led by the insane

And feeble wanderings of her fading brain,

The moon arose up in the murky East, 5

A white and shapeless mass—

TO THE MOON

[Published (I) by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824, (II) by
W. M. Rossetti, *Complete P. W.*, 1870.]

I

ART thou pale for weariness

Of climbing heaven and gazing on the earth,

Wandering companionless

Among the stars that have a different birth,—

And ever changing, like a joyless eye
That finds no object worth its constancy?

5

II

Thou chosen sister of the Spirit,
That gazes on thee till in thee it pities . . .

DEATH

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824.]

I

DEATH is here and death is there,
Death is busy everywhere,
All around, within, beneath,
Above is death—and we are death.

II

Death has set his mark and seal
On all we are and all we feel,
On all we know and all we fear,

5

III

First our pleasures die—and then
Our hopes, and then our fears—and when
These are dead, the debt is due,
Dust claims dust—and we die too.

10

IV

All things that we love and cherish,
Like ourselves must fade and perish;
Such is our rude mortal lot—
Love itself would, did they not.

15

LIBERTY

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824.]

I

THE fiery mountains answer each other;
Their thunderings are echoed from zone to zone;
The tempestuous oceans awake one another,
And the ice-rocks are shaken round Winter's throne,
When the clarion of the Typhoon is blown.

5

II

From a single cloud the lightening flashes,
Whilst a thousand isles are illumined around,
Earthquake is trampling one city to ashes,
An hundred are shuddering and tottering; the sound
Is bellowing underground.

10

Liberty—4 zone *edd.* 1824, 1839; throne *later edd.*

III

But keener thy gaze than the lightning's glare,
 And swifter thy step than the earthquake's tramp;
 Thou deafenest the rage of the ocean; thy stare
 Makes blind the volcanoes; the sun's bright lamp
 To thine is a fen-fire damp.

15

IV

From billow and mountain and exhalation
 The sunlight is darted through vapour and blast;
 From spirit to spirit, from nation to nation,
 From city to hamlet thy dawning is cast,—
 And tyrants and slaves are like shadows of night
 In the van of the morning light.

20

SUMMER AND WINTER

[Published by Mrs. Shelley in *The Keepsake*, 1829. Mr. C. W. Frederickson of Brooklyn possesses a transcript in Mrs. Shelley's handwriting.]

It was a bright and cheerful afternoon,
 Towards the end of the sunny month of June,
 When the north wind congregates in crowds
 The floating mountains of the silver clouds
 From the horizon—and the stainless sky
 Opens beyond them like eternity.
 All things rejoiced beneath the sun; the weeds,
 The river, and the corn-fields, and the reeds;
 The willow leaves that glanced in the light breeze,
 And the firm foliage of the larger trees.

5

10

It was a winter such as when birds die
 In the deep forests; and the fishes lie
 Stiffened in the translucent ice, which makes
 Even the mud and slime of the warm lakes
 A wrinkled clod as hard as brick; and when,
 Among their children, comfortable men
 Gather about great fires, and yet feel cold:
 Alas, then, for the homeless beggar old!

15

THE TOWER OF FAMINE

[Published by Mrs. Shelley in *The Keepsake*, 1829. Mr. C. W. Frederickson of Brooklyn possesses a transcript in Mrs. Shelley's handwriting.]

AMID the desolation of a city,
 Which was the cradle, and is now the grave
 Of an extinguished people,—so that Pity

Summer and Winter—11 birds die 1839; birds do die 1829.

Weeps o'er the shipwrecks of Oblivion's wave,
 There stands the Tower of Famine. It is built 5
 Upon some prison-homes, whose dwellers rave

For bread, and gold, and blood: Pain, linked to Guilt,
 Agitates the light flame of their hours,
 Until its vital oil is spent or spilt.

There stands the pile, a tower amid the towers 10
 And sacred domes; each marble-ribbèd roof,
 The brazen-gated temples, and the bowers

Of solitary wealth,—the tempest-proof
 Pavilions of the dark Italian air,—
 Are by its presence dimmed—they stand aloof, 15

And are withdrawn—so that the world is bare;
 As if a spectre wrapped in shapeless terror
 Amid a company of ladies fair

Should glide and glow, till it became a mirror 20
 Of all their beauty, and their hair and hue,
 The life of their sweet eyes, with all its error,
 Should be absorbed, till they to marble grew.

AN ALLEGORY

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824.]

I

A PORTAL as of shadowy adamant
 Stands yawning on the highway of the life
 Which we all tread, a cavern huge and gaunt;
 Around it rages an unceasing strife
 Of shadows, like the restless clouds that haunt 5
 The gap of some cleft mountain, lifted high
 Into the whirlwinds of the upper sky.

II

And many pass it by with careless tread,
 Not knowing that a shadowy . . . 10
 Tracks every traveller even to where the dead
 Wait peacefully for their companion new;
 But others, by more curious humour led,
 Pause to examine;—these are very few,
 And they learn little there, except to know 15
 That shadows follow them where'er they go.

The Tower of Famine—7 For] With 1829.
 passed *edd.* 1824, 1839.

An Allegory—8 pass *Rossetti*;

THE WORLD'S WANDERERS

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824.]

I

TELL me, thou Star, whose wings of light
 Speed thee in thy fiery flight,
 In what cavern of the night
 Will thy pinions close now?

II

Tell me, Moon, thou pale and gray
 Pilgrim of Heaven's homeless way,
 In what depth of night or day
 Seekest thou repose now?

5

III

Weary Wind, who wanderest
 Like the world's rejected guest,
 Hast thou still some secret nest
 On the tree or billow?

10

SONNET ✓

[Published by Leigh Hunt, *The Literary Pocket-Book*, 1823. There is a transcript amongst the Ollier MSS., and another in the Harvard MS. book.]

YE hasten to the grave! What seek ye there,
 Ye restless thoughts and busy purposes
 Of the idle brain, which the world's livery wear?
 O thou quick heart, which pantest to possess
 All that pale Expectation feigneth fair!
 Thou vainly curious mind which wouldest guess
 Whence thou didst come, and whither thou must go,
 And all that never yet was known would know—
 Oh, whither hasten ye, that thus ye press,
 With such swift feet life's green and pleasant path,
 Seeking, alike from happiness and woe,
 A refuge in the cavern of gray death?
 O heart, and mind, and thoughts! what thing do you
 Hope to inherit in the grave below?

5

10

LINES TO A REVIEWER

[Published by Leigh Hunt, *The Literary Pocket-Book*, 1823. These lines, and the *Sonnet* immediately preceding, are signed Σ in the *Literary Pocket-Book*.]

ALAS, good friend, what profit can you see
 In hating such a hateless thing as me?

Sonnet—1 grave *Ollier MS.*; dead *Harvard MS.*, 1823, *edd.* 1824, 1839.
 5 pale *Expectation Ollier MS.*; anticipation *Harvard MS.*, 1823, *edd.* 1824,
 1839. 7 must *Harvard MS.*, 1823; mayst 1824; mayest *edd.* 1839.
 8 all that *Harvard MS.*, 1823; that which *edd.* 1824, 1839. would
Harvard MS., 1823; wouldst *edd.* 1839.

There is no sport in hate where all the rage
 Is on one side: in vain would you assuage
 Your frowns upon an unresisting smile,
 In which not even contempt lurks to beguile
 Your heart, by some faint sympathy of hate.
 Oh, conquer what you cannot satiate!
 For to your passion I am far more coy
 Than ever yet was coldest maid or boy
 In winter noon. Of your antipathy
 If I am the Narcissus, you are free
 To pine into a sound with hating me.

FRAGMENT OF A SATIRE ON SATIRE

[Published by Edward Dowden, *Correspondence of Robert Southey and Caroline Bowles*, 1880.]

If gibbets, axes, confiscations, chains,
 And racks of subtle torture, if the pains
 Of shame, of fiery Hell's tempestuous wave,
 Seen through the caverns of the shadowy grave,
 Hurling the damned into the murky air
 While the meek blest sit smiling; if Despair
 And Hate, the rapid bloodhounds with which Terror
 Hunts through the world the homeless steps of Error,
 Are the true secrets of the commonweal
 To make men wise and just; . . .
 And not the sophisms of revenge and fear,
 Bloodier than is revenge . . .
 Then send the priests to every hearth and home
 To preach the burning wrath which is to come,
 In words like flakes of sulphur, such as thaw
 The frozen tears . . .
 If Satire's scourge could wake the slumbering hounds
 Of Conscience, or erase the deeper wounds,
 The leprous scars of callous Infamy;
 If it could make the present not to be,
 Or charm the dark past never to have been,
 Or turn regret to hope; who that has seen
 What Southey is and was, would not exclaim,
 'Lash on!' be the keen verse dipped in flame;
 Follow his flight with wingèd words, and urge
 The strokes of the inexorable scourge
 Until the heart be naked, till his soul
 See the contagion's spots foul;
 And from the mirror of Truth's sunlike shield,

Lines to a Reviewer—3 where *edd.* 1824, 1839; when 1823.

From which his Parthian arrow . . . 30
 Flash on his sight the spectres of the past,
 Until his mind's eye paint thereon—
 Let scorn like yawn below,
 And rain on him like flakes of fiery snow.
 This cannot be, it ought not, evil still— 35
 Suffering makes suffering, ill must follow ill.
 Rough words beget sad thoughts, and, beside,
 Men take a sullen and a stupid pride
 In being all they hate in others' shame,
 By a perverse antipathy of fame. 40
 'Tis not worth while to prove, as I could, how
 From the sweet fountains of our Nature flow
 These bitter waters; I will only say,
 If any friend would take Southey some day,
 And tell him, in a country walk alone, 45
 Softening harsh words with friendship's gentle tone,
 How incorrect his public conduct is,
 And what men think of it, 'twere not amiss.
 Far better than to make innocent ink—

GOOD-NIGHT

[Published by Leigh Hunt over the signature Σ, *The Literary Pocket-Book*, 1822. It is included in the Harvard MS. book, and there is a transcript by Shelley in a copy of *The Literary Pocket-Book*, 1819, presented by him to Miss Sophia Stacey, Dec. 29, 1820. (See *Love's Philosophy* and *Time Long Past*.) Our text is that of the *editio princeps*, 1822, with which the Harvard MS. and *P. P.*, 1824, agree. The variants of the Stacey MS., 1820, are given in the footnotes.]

I
 GOOD-NIGHT? ah! no; the hour is ill
 Which severs those it should unite;
 Let us remain together still,
 Then it will be *good* night.

II 5
 How can I call the lone night good,
 Though thy sweet wishes wing its flight?
 Be it not said, thought, understood—
 Then it will be—*good* night.

III
 To hearts which near each other move 10
 From evening close to morning light,
 The night is good; because, my love,
 They never *say* good-night.

1 Good-night? no, love! the night is ill *Stacey MS.* 5 How were
 the night without thee good *Stacey MS.* 9 The hearts that on each
 other beat *Stacey MS.* 11 Have nights as good as they are sweet
Stacey MS. 12 But never *say* good-night *Stacey MS.*

BUONA NOTTE

[Published by Medwin, *The Angler in Wales, or Days and Nights of Sportsmen*, 1834. The text is revised by Rossetti from the Boscombe MS.]

I

'BUONA notte, buona notte!'—Come mai
La notte sarà buona senza te?
Non dirmi buona notte,—chè tu sai,
La notte sà star buona da per sè.

II

Solingo, scura, cupa, senza speme,
La notte quando Lilla m'abbandona;
Pei cuori chi si batton insieme
Ogni notte, senza dirla, sarà buona.

III

Come male buona notte si suona
Con sospiri e parole interrotte!—
Il modo di aver la notte buona
E mai non di dir la buona notte.

ORPHEUS

[Published by Dr. Garnett, *Relics of Shelley*, 1862; revised and enlarged by Rossetti, *Complete P. W. of P. B. S.*, 1870.]

A. Not far from hence. From yonder pointed hill,
Crowned with a ring of oaks, you may behold
A dark and barren field, through which there flows,
Sluggish and black, a deep but narrow stream,
Which the wind ripples not, and the fair moon
Gazes in vain, and finds no mirror there.
Follow the herbless banks of that strange brook
Until you pause beside a darksome pond,
The fountain of this rivulet, whose gush
Cannot be seen, hid by a rayless night
That lives beneath the overhanging rock
That shades the pool—an endless spring of gloom,
Upon whose edge hovers the tender light,
Trembling to mingle with its paramour,—
But, as Syrinx fled Pan, so night flies day,
Or, with most sullen and regardless hate,
Refuses stern her heaven-born embrace,
On one side of this jagged and shapeless hill
There is a cave, from which there eddies up
A pale mist, like aëreal gossamer,

Buona Notte—2 sarà] sia 1834.
Quanto 1834.

4 buona] bene 1834.

Orpheus—16, 17 1870 only.

9 Come]

Whose breath destroys all life—awhile it veils
 The rock—then, scattered by the wind, it flies
 Along the stream, or lingers on the clefts,
 Killing the sleepy worms, if aught bide there.
 Upon the beetling edge of that dark rock 25
 There stands a group of cypresses; not such
 As, with a graceful spire and stirring life,
 Pierce the pure heaven of your native vale,
 Whose branches the air plays among, but not
 Disturbs, fearing to spoil their solemn grace; 30
 But blasted and all wearily they stand,
 One to another clinging; their weak boughs
 Sigh as the wind buffets them, and they shake
 Beneath its blasts—a weatherbeaten crew!

Chorus. What wondrous sound is that, mournful and faint,
 But more melodious than the murmuring wind 36
 Which through the columns of a temple glides?

A. It is the wandering voice of Orpheus' lyre,
 Borne by the winds, who sigh that their rude king
 Hurries them fast from these air-feeding notes; 40
 But in their speed they bear along with them
 The waning sound, scattering it like dew
 Upon the startled sense.

Chorus. Does he still sing?
 Methought he rashly cast away his harp
 When he had lost Eurydice.

A. Ah, no! 45
 Awhile he paused. As a poor hunted stag
 A moment shudders on the fearful brink
 Of a swift stream—the cruel hounds press on
 With deafening yell, the arrows glance and wound,—
 He plunges in: so Orpheus, seized and torn 50
 By the sharp fangs of an insatiate grief,
 Maenad-like waved his lyre in the bright air,
 And wildly shrieked 'Where she is, it is dark!'
 And then he struck from forth the strings a sound
 Of deep and fearful melody. Alas! 55
 In times long past, when fair Eurydice
 With her bright eyes sat listening by his side,
 He gently sang of high and heavenly themes.
 As in a brook, fretted with little waves .
 By the light airs of spring—each riplet makes 60
 A many-sided mirror for the sun,
 While it flows musically through green banks,
 Ceaseless and pauseless, ever clear and fresh,
 So flowed his song, reflecting the deep joy
 And tender love that fed those sweetest notes, 65

24 1870 only.

45-55 Ah, no! . . . melody 1870 only.

The heavenly offspring of ambrosial food.
 But that is past. Returning from drear Hell,
 He chose a lonely seat of unhewn stone,
 Blackened with lichens, on a herbless plain.
 Then from the deep and overflowing spring 70
 Of his eternal ever-moving grief
 There rose to Heaven a sound of angry song.
 'Tis as a mighty cataract that parts
 Two sister rocks with waters swift and strong,
 And casts itself with horrid roar and din 75
 Adown a steep; from a perennial source
 It ever flows and falls, and breaks the air
 With loud and fierce, but most harmonious roar,
 And as it falls casts up a vaporous spray
 Which the sun clothes in hues of Iris light. 80
 Thus the tempestuous torrent of his grief
 Is clothed in sweetest sounds and varying words
 Of poesy. Unlike all human works,
 It never slackens, and through every change
 Wisdom and beauty and the power divine 85
 Of mighty poesy together dwell,
 Mingling in sweet accord. As I have seen
 A fierce south blast tear through the darkened sky,
 Driving along a rack of wingèd clouds,
 Which may not pause, but ever hurry on, 90
 As their wild shepherd wills them, while the stars,
 Twinkling and dim, peep from between the plumes.
 Anon the sky is cleared, and the high dome
 Of serene Heaven, starred with fiery flowers,
 Shuts in the shaken earth; or the still moon 95
 Swiftly, yet gracefully, begins her walk,
 Rising all bright behind the eastern hills.
 I talk of moon, and wind, and stars, and not
 Of song; but, would I echo his high song,
 Nature must lend me words ne'er used before, 100
 Or I must borrow from her perfect works,
 To picture forth his perfect attributes.
 He does no longer sit upon his throne
 Of rock upon a desert herbless plain,
 For the evergreen and knotted ilexes, 105
 And cypresses that seldom wave their boughs,
 And sea-green olives with their grateful fruit,
 And elms dragging along the twisted vines,
 Which drop their berries as they follow fast,
 And blackthorn bushes with their infant race 110
 Of blushing rose-blooms; beeches, to lovers dear,
 And weeping willow trees; all swift or slow,

As their huge boughs or lighter dress permit,
 Have circled in his throne, and Earth herself
 Has sent from her maternal breast a growth 115
 Of starlike flowers and herbs of odour sweet,
 To pave the temple that his poesy
 Has framed, while near his feet grim lions couch,
 And kids, fearless from love, creep near his lair.
 Even the blind worms seem to feel the sound. 120
 The birds are silent, hanging down their heads,
 Perched on the lowest branches of the trees ;
 Not even the nightingale intrudes a note
 In rivalry, but all entranced she listens.

FIORDISPINA

[Published in part (ll. 11-30) by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824 ; in full (from the Boscombe MS.) by Dr. Garnett, *Relics of Shelley*, 1862.]

THE season was the childhood of sweet June,
 Whose sunny hours from morning until noon
 Went creeping through the day with silent feet,
 Each with its load of pleasure ; slow yet sweet ;
 Like the long years of blest Eternity 5
 Never to be developed. Joy to thee,
 Fiordispina and thy Cosimo,
 For thou the wonders of the depth canst know
 Of this unfathomable flood of hours,
 Sparkling beneath the heaven which embowers— 10

They were two cousins, almost like to twins,
 Except that from the catalogue of sins
 Nature had rased their love—which could not be
 But by dissevering their nativity.
 And so they grew together like two flowers 15
 Upon one stem, which the same beams and showers
 Lull or awaken in their purple prime,
 Which the same hand will gather—the same clime
 Shake with decay. This fair day smiles to see
 All those who love—and who e'er loved like thee, 20
 Fiordispina ? Scarcely Cosimo,
 Within whose bosom and whose brain now glow
 The ardours of a vision which obscure
 The very idol of its portraiture.
 He faints, dissolved into a sea of love ; 25
 But thou art as a planet sphered above ;
 But thou art Love itself—ruling the motion

113 huge 1870 ; long 1862. 116 starlike 1870 ; starry 1862. odour
 1862 ; odours 1870. *Fiordispina*—11 to 1824 ; two edd. 1839. 20 e'er
 1862 ; ever edd. 1824, 1839. 25 sea ed. 1862 ; sense edd. 1824, 1839.

Of his subjected spirit: such emotion
 Must end in sin and sorrow, if sweet May
 Had not brought forth this morn—your wedding-day. 30

‘Lie there; sleep awhile in your own dew,
 Ye faint-eyed children of the Hours,’
 Fiordispina said, and threw the flowers
 Which she had from the breathing—

A table near of polished porphyry. 35
 They seemed to wear a beauty from the eye
 That looked on them—a fragrance from the touch
 Whose warmth checked their life; a light such
 As sleepers wear, lulled by the voice they love,
 which did reprove 40

The childish pity that she felt for them,
 And a remorse that from their stem
 She had divided such fair shapes made
 A feeling in the which was a shade
 Of gentle beauty on the flowers: there lay 45
 All gems that make the earth’s dark bosom gay.

rods of myrtle-buds and lemon-blooms,
 And that leaf tinted lightly which assumes
 The livery of unremembered snow—
 Violets whose eyes have drunk— 50

Fiordispina and her nurse are now
 Upon the steps of the high portico;
 Under the withered arm of Media
 She flings her glowing arm

step by step and stair by stair, 55
 That withered woman, gray and white and brown—
 More like a trunk by lichens overgrown
 Than anything which once could have been human.
 And ever as she goes the palsied woman

‘How slow and painfully you seem to walk,
 Poor Media! you tire yourself with talk.’ 60

‘And well it may,
 Fiordispina, dearest—well-a-day!
 You are hastening to a marriage-bed;
 I to the grave!’—‘And if my love were dead, 65
 Unless my heart deceives me, I would lie
 Beside him in my shroud as willingly
 As now in the gay night-dress Lilla wrought.’

‘Fie, child! Let that unseasonable thought
 Not be remembered till it snows in June; 70

FRAGMENT: 'THE VIEWLESS AND INVISIBLE
CONSEQUENCE'[Published by Rossetti, *Complete P. W. of P. B. S.*, 1870.]

THE viewless and invisible Consequence
 Watches thy goings-out, and comings-in,
 And . . . hovers o'er thy guilty sleep,
 Unveiling every new-born deed, and thoughts
 More ghastly than those deeds—

5

FRAGMENT: A SERPENT-FACE

[Published by Rossetti, *Complete P. W. of P. B. S.*, 1870.]

HIS face was like a snake's—wrinkled and loose
 And withered—

FRAGMENT: DEATH IN LIFE

[Published by Dr. Garnett, *Relics of Shelley*, 1862.]

MY head is heavy, my limbs are weary,
 And it is not life that makes me move.

FRAGMENT: 'SUCH HOPE, AS IS THE SICK
DESPAIR OF GOOD'[Published by Dr. Garnett, *Relics of Shelley*, 1862.]

SUCH hope, as is the sick despair of good,
 Such fear, as is the certainty of ill,
 Such doubt, as is pale Expectation's food
 Turned while she tastes to poison, when the will
 Is powerless, and the spirit . . .

5

FRAGMENT: 'ALAS! THIS IS NOT WHAT
I THOUGHT LIFE WAS'[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *P. W.*, 1839, 1st ed. This fragment
is joined by Forman with that immediately preceding.]

ALAS! this is not what I thought life was.
 I knew that there were crimes and evil men,
 Misery and hate; nor did I hope to pass
 Untouched by suffering, through the rugged glen.

among the lanes whose myrtle-hedges were the bowers of the fire-flies, that we heard the carolling of the skylark which inspired one of the most beautiful of his poems. He addressed the letter to Mrs. Gisborne from this house, which was hers: he had made his study of the workshop of her son, who was an engineer. Mrs. Gisborne had been a friend of my father in her younger days. She was a lady of great accomplishments, and charming from her frank and affectionate nature. She had the most intense love of knowledge, a delicate and trembling sensibility, and preserved freshness of mind after a life of considerable adversity. As a favourite friend of my father, we had sought her with eagerness; and the most open and cordial friendship was established between us.

Our stay at the Baths of San Giuliano was shortened by an accident. At the foot of our garden ran the canal that communicated between the Serchio and the Arno. The Serchio overflowed its banks, and, breaking its bounds, this canal also overflowed; all this part of the country is below the level of its rivers, and the consequence was that it was speedily flooded. The rising waters filled the Square of the Baths, in the lower part of which our house was situated. The canal overflowed in the garden behind; the rising waters on either side at last burst open the doors, and, meeting in the house, rose to the

height of six feet. It was a picturesque sight at night to see the peasants driving the cattle from the plains below to the hills above the Baths. A fire was kept up to guide them across the ford; and the forms of the men and the animals showed in dark relief against the red glare of the flame, which was reflected again in the waters that filled the Square.

We then removed to Pisa, and took up our abode there for the winter. The extreme mildness of the climate suited Shelley, and his solitude was enlivened by an intercourse with several intimate friends. Chance cast us strangely enough on this quiet half-unpeopled town; but its very peace suited Shelley. Its river, the near mountains, and not distant sea, added to its attractions, and were the objects of many delightful excursions. We feared the south of Italy, and a hotter climate, on account of our child; our former bereavement inspiring us with terror. We seemed to take root here, and moved little afterwards; often, indeed, entertaining projects for visiting other parts of Italy, but still delaying. But for our fears on account of our child, I believe we should have wandered over the world, both being passionately fond of travelling. But human life, besides its great unalterable necessities, is ruled by a thousand lilliputian ties that shackle at the time, although it is difficult to account afterwards for their influence over our destiny.

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1821

DIRGE FOR THE YEAR ✓

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824, and dated January 1, 1821.]

I

ORPHAN Hours, the Year is dead,
Come and sigh, come and weep!
Merry Hours, smile instead,
For the Year is but asleep.
See, it smiles as it is sleeping,
Mocking your untimely weeping. 5

II

As an earthquake rocks a corpse
In its coffin in the clay,
So White Winter, that rough nurse,
Rocks the death-cold Year to-day; 10
Solemn Hours! wail aloud
For your mother in her shroud.

III

As the wild air stirs and sways
The tree-swung cradle of a child,
So the breath of these rude days 15
Rocks the Year:—be calm and mild,
Trembling Hours, she will arise
With new love within her eyes.

IV

January gray is here,
Like a sexton by her grave; 20
February bears the bier,
March with grief doth howl and rave,
And April weeps—but, O ye Hours!
Follow with May's fairest flowers.

TO NIGHT ✓

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824. There is a transcript in the Harvard MS. Book.]

I

SWIFTLY walk o'er the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where, all the long and lone daylight,

To Night—1 o'er *Harvard MS.*; over *edd.* 1824, 1839.

Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear,—
Swift be thy flight! 5

II

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
Star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day; 10
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long-sought!

III

When I arose and saw the dawn, 15
I sighed for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turned to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest, 20
I sighed for thee.

IV

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
Wouldst thou me?
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noontide bee, 25
Shall I nestle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me?—And I replied,
No, not thee!

V

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon— 30
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon! 35

TIME

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824.]

UNFATHOMABLE Sea! whose waves are years,
Ocean of Time, whose waters of deep woe
Are brackish with the salt of human tears!
Thou shoreless flood, which in thy ebb and flow
Claspest the limits of mortality, 5
And sick of prey, yet howling on for more,

Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitable shore ;
 Treacherous in calm, and terrible in storm,
 Who shall put forth on thee,
 Unfathomable Sea ?

10

LINES

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824.]

I

FAR, far away, O ye
 Halcyons of Memory,
 Seek some far calmer nest
 Than this abandoned breast !
 No news of your false spring
 To my heart's winter bring,
 Once having gone, in vain
 Ye come again.

5

II

Vultures, who build your bowers
 High in the Future's towers,
 Withered hopes on hopes are spread !
 Dying joys, choked by the dead,
 Will serve your beaks for prey
 Many a day.

10

FROM THE ARABIC : AN IMITATION

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824. There is an intermediate draft amongst the Bodleian MSS. See Locoek, *Examination*, &c., 1903, p. 13.]

I

My faint spirit was sitting in the light
 Of thy looks, my love ;
 It panted for thee like the hind at noon
 For the brooks, my love.
 Thy barb whose hoofs outspeed the tempest's flight
 Bore thee far from me ;
 My heart, for my weak feet were weary soon,
 Did companion thee.

5

II

Ah ! fleeter far than fleetest storm or steed,
 Or the death they bear,
 The heart which tender thought clothes like a dove
 With the wings of care ;

10

From the Arabic—5 hoofs] feet B. 7 were] grew B. 9 Ah!] O B.

In the battle, in the darkness, in the need,
 Shall mine cling to thee,
 Nor claim one smile for all the comfort, love,
 It may bring to thee. 15

TO EMILIA VIVIANI

[Published, i. by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824; ii. 1 by Dr. Garnett, *Relics of Shelley*, 1862; ii. 2, 3 by H. Buxton Forman, *P. W. of P. B. S.*, 1876.]

I

MADONNA, wherefore hast thou sent to me
 Sweet-basil and mignonette?
 Embleming love and health, which never yet
 In the same wreath might be.
 Alas, and they are wet! 5
 Is it with thy kisses or thy tears?
 For never rain or dew
 Such fragrance drew
 From plant or flower—the very doubt endears
 My sadness ever new, 10
 The sighs I breathe, the tears I shed for thee.

II

Send the stars light, but send not love to me,
 In whom love ever made
 Health like a heap of embers soon to fade—

THE FUGITIVES

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824.]

I

THE waters are flashing,
 The white hail is dashing,
 The lightnings are glancing,
 The hoar-spray is dancing—
 Away! 5

The whirlwind is rolling,
 The thunder is tolling,
 The forest is swinging,
 The minster bells ringing—
 Come away! 10

The Earth is like Ocean,
 Wreck-strewn and in motion :
 Bird, beast, man and worm
 Have crept out of the storm—
 Come away!

15

II

'Our boat has one sail,
 And the helmsman is pale ;—
 A bold pilot I trow,
 Who should follow us now,'—
 Shouted he—

20

And she cried : 'Ply the oar!
 Put off gaily from shore!'—
 As she spoke, bolts of death
 Mixed with hail, specked their path
 O'er the sea.

25

And from isle, tower and rock,
 The blue beacon-cloud broke,
 And though dumb in the blast,
 The red cannon flashed fast
 From the lee.

30

III

And 'Fear'st thou?' and 'Fear'st thou?'
 And 'Seest thou?' and 'Hear'st thou?'
 And 'Drive we not free
 O'er the terrible sea,
 I and thou?'

35

One boat-cloak did cover
 The loved and the lover—
 Their blood beats one measure,
 They murmur proud pleasure
 Soft and low ;—

40

While around the lashed Ocean,
 Like mountains in motion,
 Is withdrawn and uplifted,
 Sunk, shattered and shifted
 To and fro.

45

IV

In the court of the fortress
 Beside the pale portress,
 Like a bloodhound well beaten
 The bridegroom stands, eaten
 By shame ;

50

28 And though] Though *edd.* 1839.

On the topmost watch-turret,
As a death-boding spirit,
Stands the gray tyrant father,
To his voice the mad weather
Seems tame ;

55

And with curses as wild
As e'er clung to child,
He devotes to the blast,
The best, loveliest and last
Of his name!

60

TO ——— (Very fine).

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824.]

MUSIC, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.
Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed ;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

5

SONG (very fine.)

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824. There is
a transcript in the Harvard MS. book.]

I

RARELY, rarely, comest thou,
Spirit of Delight !
Wherefore hast thou left me now
Many a day and night ?
Many a weary night and day
'Tis since thou art fled away.

5

II

How shall ever one like me
Win thee back again ?
With the joyous and the free
Thou wilt scoff at pain.
Spirit false ! thou hast forgot
All but those who need thee not.

10

III

As a lizard with the shade
Of a trembling leaf,
Thou with sorrow art dismayed ;
Even the sighs of grief

15

Reproach thee, that thou art not near,
And reproach thou wilt not hear.

IV

Let me set my mournful ditty
To a merry measure;
Thou wilt never come for pity,
Thou wilt come for pleasure;
Pity then will cut away
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

20

V

I love all that thou lovest,
Spirit of Delight!
The fresh Earth in new leaves dressed,
And the starry night;
Autumn evening, and the morn
When the golden mists are born.

25

30

VI

I love snow, and all the forms
Of the radiant frost;
I love waves, and winds, and storms,
Everything almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

35

VII

I love tranquil solitude,
And such society
As is quiet, wise, and good;
Between thee and me
What difference? but thou dost possess
The things I seek, not love them less.

40

VIII

I love Love—though he has wings,
And like light can flee,
But above all other things,
Spirit, I love thee—
Thou art love and life! Oh, come,
Make once more my heart thy home.

45

MUTABILITY

extremely fine.

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824. There is
a fair draft amongst the Boscombe MSS.]

I

THE flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow dies;
All that we wish to stay
Tempt and then flies.

What is this world's delight?
 Lightning that mocks the night,
 Brief even as bright. 5

II

Virtue, how frail it is!
 Friendship how rare!
 Love, how it sells poor bliss 10
 For proud despair!
 But we, though soon they fall,
 Survive their joy, and all
 Which ours we call.

III

Whilst skies are blue and bright, 15
 Whilst flowers are gay,
 Whilst eyes that change ere night
 Make glad the day;
 Whilst yet the calm hours creep,
 Dream thou—and from thy sleep 20
 Then wake to weep.

LINES WRITTEN ON HEARING THE NEWS OF
 THE DEATH OF NAPOLEON

[Published with *Hellas*, 1821.]

WHAT! alive and so bold, O Earth?
 Art thou not overbold?
 What! leapest thou forth as of old
 In the light of thy morning mirth,
 The last of the flock of the starry fold? 5
 Ha! leapest thou forth as of old?
 Are not the limbs still when the ghost is fled,
 And canst thou move, Napoleon being dead?

How! is not thy quick heart cold?
 What spark is alive on thy hearth? 10
 How! is not *his* death-knell knolled?
 And livest *thou* still, Mother Earth?
 Thou wert warming thy fingers old
 O'er the embers covered and cold
 Of that most fiery spirit, when it fled— 15
 What, Mother, do you laugh now he is dead?

Mutability—9 how *Boscombe MS.*; too *edd.* 1824, 1839.
 they fall] though soon we or so soon they *cj.* *Rossetti.*

12 though soon

‘Who has known me of old,’ replied Earth,
 ‘Or who has my story told?
 It is thou who art overbold.’
 And the lightning of scorn laughed forth
 As she sung, ‘To my bosom I fold
 All my sons when their knell is knolled,
 And so with living motion all are fed,
 And the quick spring like weeds out of the dead.

‘Still alive and still bold,’ shouted Earth,
 ‘I grow bolder and still more bold.
 The dead fill me ten thousandfold
 Fuller of speed, and splendour, and mirth.
 I was cloudy, and sullen, and cold,
 Like a frozen chaos uprolled,
 Till by the spirit of the mighty dead
 My heart grew warm. I feed on whom I fed.

‘Ay, alive and still bold,’ muttered Earth,
 ‘Napoleon’s fierce spirit rolled,
 In terror and blood and gold,
 A torrent of ruin to death from his birth.
 Leave the millions who follow to mould
 The metal before it be cold;
 And weave into his shame, which like the dead
 Shrouds me, the hopes that from his glory fled.’

SONNET: POLITICAL GREATNESS

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824. There is a transcript, headed *Sonnet to the Republic of Benevento*, in the Harvard MS. book.]

NOR happiness, nor majesty, nor fame,
 Nor peace, nor strength, nor skill in arms or arts,
 Shepherd those herds whom tyranny makes tame;
 Verse echoes not one beating of their hearts,
 History is but the shadow of their shame,
 Art veils her glass, or from the pageant starts
 As to oblivion their blind millions fleet,
 Staining that Heaven with obscene imagery
 Of their own likeness. What are numbers knit
 By force or custom? Man who man would be,
 Must rule the empire of himself; in it
 Must be supreme, establishing his throne
 On vanquished will, quelling the anarchy
 Of hopes and fears, being himself alone.

THE AZIOLA

[Published by Mrs. Shelley in *The Keepsake*, 1829.]

I

‘Do you not hear the Aziola cry?
Methinks she must be nigh,
Said Mary, as we sate
In dusk, ere stars were lit, or candles brought;
And I, who thought
This Aziola was some tedious woman,
Asked, ‘Who is Aziola?’ How elate
I felt to know that it was nothing human,
No mockery of myself to fear or hate:
And Mary saw my soul,
And laughed, and said, ‘Disquiet yourself not;
’Tis nothing but a little downy owl.’

II

Sad Aziola! many an eventide
Thy music I had heard
By wood and stream, meadow and mountain-side,
And fields and marshes wide,—
Such as nor voice, nor lute, nor wind, nor bird,
The soul ever stirred;
Unlike and far sweeter than them all.
Sad Aziola! from that moment I
Loved thee and thy sad cry.

A LAMENT ✓

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824.]

I

O WORLD! O life! O time!
On whose last steps I climb,
Trembling at that where I had stood before;
When will return the glory of your prime?
No more—Oh, never more!

II

Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight;
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar,
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
No more—Oh, never more!

The Aziola—4 ere stars] ere the stars *edd.* 1839.
19 them] they *edd.* 1839.

9 or] and *edd.* 1839.

REMEMBRANCE

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824, where it is entitled *A Lament*. Three MS. copies are extant: The Trelawny MS. (*Remembrance*), the Harvard MS. (*Song*) and the Houghton MS.—the last written by Shelley on a flyleaf of a copy of *Adonais*.]

I

SWIFTER far than summer's flight—
 Swifter far than youth's delight—
 Swifter far than happy night,
 Art thou come and gone—
 As the earth when leaves are dead, 5
 As the night when sleep is sped,
 As the heart when joy is fled,
 I am left lone, alone.

II

The swallow summer comes again—
 The owlet night resumes her reign— 10
 But the wild-swan youth is fain
 To fly with thee, false as thou.—
 My heart each day desires the morrow;
 Sleep itself is turned to sorrow;
 Vainly would my winter borrow 15
 Sunny leaves from any bough.

III

Lilies for a bridal bed—
 Roses for a matron's head—
 Violets for a maiden dead—
 Pansies let *my* flowers be: 20
 On the living grave I bear
 Scatter them without a tear—
 Let no friend, however dear,
 Waste one hope, one fear for me.

TO EDWARD WILLIAMS

[Published in Ascham's edition of the *Poems*, 1834. There is a copy amongst the Trelawny MSS.]

I

THE serpent is shut out from Paradise.
 The wounded deer must seek the herb no more
 In which its heart-cure lies:
 The widowed dove must cease to haunt a bower

Remembrance—5-7 So edd. 1824, 1839, *Trelawny MS.*, *Harvard MS.*; As the wood when leaves are shed, As the night when sleep is fled, As the heart when joy is dead *Houghton MS.* 13 So edd. 1824, 1839, *Harvard MS.*, *Houghton MS.*; My heart to-day desires to-morrow *Trelawny MS.* 20 So edd. 1824, 1839, *Harvard MS.*, *Houghton MS.*; Sadder flowers find for me *Trelawny MS.* 24 one hope, one fear] a hope, a fear *Trelawny MS.*

Like that from which its mate with feignèd sighs
 Fled in the April hour. 5
 I too must seldom seek again
 Near happy friends a mitigated pain.

II

Of hatred I am proud,—with scorn content;
 Indifference, that once hurt me, now is grown 10
 Itself indifferent;
 But, not to speak of love, pity alone
 Can break a spirit already more than bent.
 The miserable one
 Turns the mind's poison into food,— 15
 Its medicine is tears,—its evil good.

III

Therefore, if now I see you seldomer,
 Dear friends, dear *friend!* know that I only fly
 Your looks, because they stir
 Griefs that should sleep, and hopes that cannot die: 20
 The very comfort that they minister
 I scarce can bear, yet I,
 So deeply is the arrow gone,
 Should quickly perish if it were withdrawn.

IV

When I return to my cold home, you ask 25
 Why I am not as I have ever been.
 You spoil me for the task
 Of acting a forced part in life's dull scene,—
 Of wearing on my brow the idle mask
 Of author, great or mean, 30
 In the world's carnival. I sought
 Peace thus, and but in you I found it not.

V

Full half an hour, to-day, I tried my lot
 With various flowers, and every one still said,
 'She loves me—loves me not.' 35
 And if this meant a vision long since fled—
 If it meant fortune, fame, or peace of thought—
 If it meant,—but I dread
 To speak what you may know too well:
 Still there was truth in the sad oracle. 40

10 Indifference, which once hurt me, is now grown *Trelawny MS.*
 18 Dear friends, dear *friend Trelawny MS., 1839, 2nd ed.; Dear gentle*
friend 1834, 1839, 1st ed. 26 ever] lately *Trelawny MS.* 28 in
Trelawny MS.; on 1834, edd. 1839.

VI

The crane o'er seas and forests seeks her home ;
 No bird so wild but has its quiet nest,
 When it no more would roam ;
 The sleepless billows on the ocean's breast
 Break like a bursting heart, and die in foam, 45
 And thus at length find rest :
 Doubtless there is a place of peace
 Where *my* weak heart and all its throbs will cease.

VII

I asked her, yesterday, if she believed
 That I had resolution. One who *had* 50
 Would ne'er have thus relieved
 His heart with words,—but what his judgement bade
 Would do, and leave the scorner unrelieved.
 These verses are too sad
 To send to you, but that I know, 55
 Happy yourself, you feel another's woe.

TO ———

(extremely fine)[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824.]

I

ONE word is too often profaned
 For me to profane it,
 One feeling too falsely disdained
 For thee to disdain it ;
 One hope is too like despair 5
 For prudence to smother,
 And pity from thee more dear
 Than that from another.

II

I can give not what men call love,
 But wilt thou accept not 10
 The worship the heart lifts above
 And the Heavens reject not,—
 The desire of the moth for the star,
 Of the night for the morrow,
 The devotion to something afar 15
 From the sphere of our sorrow ?

43 When 1839, 2nd ed. ; Whence 1834, 1839, 1st ed.
 2nd ed. ; shall 1834, 1839, 1st ed.

2nd ed. ; unretrieved 1834, 1839, 1st ed.

48 will 1839,
 53 unrelieved Trelawny MS., 1839,

54 are] were Trelawny MS.

TO ———

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824. There is a Boscombe MS.]

I

WHEN passion's trance is overpast,
 If tenderness and truth could last,
 Or live, whilst all wild feelings keep
 Some mortal slumber, dark and deep,
 I should not weep, I should not weep! 5

II

It were enough to feel, to see,
 Thy soft eyes gazing tenderly,
 And dream the rest—and burn and be
 The secret food of fires unseen,
 Couldst thou but be as thou hast been. 10

III

After the slumber of the year
 The woodland violets reappear;
 All things revive in field or grove,
 And sky and sea, but two, which move
 And form all others, life and love. 15

A BRIDAL SONG

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824.]

I

THE golden gates of Sleep unbar
 Where Strength and Beauty, met together,
 Kindle their image like a star
 In a sea of glassy weather!
 Night, with all thy stars look down,— 5
 Darkness, weep thy holiest dew,—
 Never smiled the inconstant moon
 On a pair so true.
 Let eyes not see their own delight;—
 Haste, swift Hour, and thy flight 10
 Oft renew.

II

Fairies, sprites, and angels, keep her!
 Holy stars, permit no wrong!
 And return to wake the sleeper,
 Dawn,—ere it be long! 15
 O joy! O fear! what will be done
 In the absence of the sun!
 Come along!

To ——— —15 form *Boscombe MS.*; for *edd.* 1824, 1839.

EPITHALAMIUM

ANOTHER VERSION OF THE PRECEDING

[Published by Medwin, *Life of Shelley*, 1847.]

NIGHT, with all thine eyes look down!
 Darkness shed its holiest dew!
 When ever smiled the inconstant moon
 On a pair so true?
 Hence, coy hour! and quench thy light,
 Lest eyes see their own delight!
 Hence, swift hour! and thy loved flight
 Oft renew.

Boys.

O joy! O fear! what may be done
 In the absence of the sun? 10
 Come along!
 The golden gates of sleep unbar!
 When strength and beauty meet together,
 Kindles their image like a star
 In a sea of glassy weather. 15
 Hence, coy hour! and quench thy light,
 Lest eyes see their own delight!
 Hence, swift hour! and thy loved flight
 Oft renew.

Girls.

O joy! O fear! what may be done 20
 In the absence of the sun?
 Come along!
 Fairies! sprites! and angels, keep her!
 Holiest powers, permit no wrong!
 And return, to wake the sleeper, 25
 Dawn, ere it be long.
 Hence, swift hour! and quench thy light,
 Lest eyes see their own delight!
 Hence, coy hour! and thy loved flight
 Oft renew. 30

Boys and Girls.

O joy! O fear! what will be done
 In the absence of the sun?
 Come along!

ANOTHER VERSION OF THE SAME

[Published by Rossetti, *Complete P. W. of P. B. S.*, 1870, from the Trelawny MS. of Edward Williams's play, *The Promise: or, A Year, a Month, and a Day.*]

Boys Sing.

NIGHT! with all thine eyes look down!
 Darkness! weep thy holiest dew!
 Never smiled the inconstant moon
 On a pair so true.
 Haste, coy hour! and quench all light, 5
 Lest eyes see their own delight!
 Haste, swift hour! and thy loved flight
 Oft renew!

Girls Sing.

Fairies, sprites, and angels, keep her!
 Holy stars! permit no wrong! 10
 And return, to wake the sleeper,
 Dawn, ere it be long!
 O joy! O fear! there is not one
 Of us can guess what may be done
 In the absence of the sun:— 15
 Come along!

Boys.

Oh! linger long, thou envious eastern lamp
 In the damp
 Caves of the deep!

Girls.

Nay, return, Vesper! urge thy lazy car! 20
 Swift unbar
 The gates of Sleep!

Chorus.

The golden gate of Sleep unbar,
 When Strength and Beauty, met together, 25
 Kindle their image, like a star
 In a sea of glassy weather.
 May the purple mist of love
 Round them rise, and with them move,
 Nourishing each tender gem
 Which, like flowers, will burst from them. 30
 As the fruit is to the tree
 May their children ever be!

LOVE, HOPE, DESIRE, AND FEAR

[Published by Dr. Garnett, *Relics of Shelley*, 1862.]

AND many there were hurt by that strong boy,
 His name, they said, was Pleasure,
 And near him stood, glorious beyond measure,
 Four Ladies who possess all empery
 In earth and air and sea, 5
 Nothing that lives from their award is free.
 Their names will I declare to thee,
 Love, Hope, Desire, and Fear,
 And they the regents are
 Of the four elements that frame the heart, 10
 And each diversely exercised her art
 By force or circumstance or sleight
 To prove her dreadful might
 Upon that poor domain.
 Desire presented her [false] glass, and then 15
 The spirit dwelling there
 Was spellbound to embrace what seemed so fair
 Within that magic mirror,
 And dazed by that bright error,
 It would have scorned the [shafts] of the avenger, 20
 And death, and penitence, and danger,
 Had not then silent Fear
 Touched with her palsying spear,
 So that as if a frozen torrent
 The blood was curdled in its current; 25
 It dared not speak, even in look or motion,
 But chained within itself its proud devotion.
 Between Desire and Fear thou wert
 A wretched thing, poor heart! 30
 Sad was his life who bore thee in his breast,
 Wild bird for that weak nest.
 Till Love even from fierce Desire it bought,
 And from the very wound of tender thought
 Drew solace, and the pity of sweet eyes
 Gave strength to bear those gentle agonies, 35
 Surmount the loss, the terror, and the sorrow.
 Then Hope approached, she who can borrow
 For poor to-day, from rich to-morrow.
 And Fear withdrew, as night when day
 Descends upon the orient ray, 40

And after long and vain endurance
 The poor heart woke to her assurance.
 —At one birth these four were born
 With the world's forgotten morn,
 And from Pleasure still they hold
 All it circles, as of old.

45

When, as summer lures the swallow,
 Pleasure lures the heart to follow—
 O weak heart of little wit!
 The fair hand that wounded it,
 Seeking, like a panting hare,
 Refuge in the lynx's lair,
 Love, Desire, Hope, and Fear,
 Ever will be near.

50

FRAGMENTS WRITTEN FOR HELLAS

[Published by Dr. Garnett, *Relics of Shelley*, 1862.]

I

FAIREST of the Destinies,
 Disarray thy dazzling eyes:
 Keener far thy lightnings are
 Than the wingèd [bolts] thou bearest,
 And the smile thou wearest
 Wraps thee as a star
 Is wrapped in light.

5

II—(extremely fine)

Could Arethuse to her forsaken urn
 From Alpheus and the bitter Doris run,
 Or could the morning shafts of purest light
 Again into the quivers of the Sun
 Be gathered—could one thought from its wild flight
 Return into the temple of the brain
 Without a change, without a stain,—
 Could aught that is, ever again
 Be what it once has ceased to be,
 Greece might again be free!

10

15

III

A star has fallen upon the earth
 Mid the benighted nations,
 A quenchless atom of immortal light,
 A living spark of Night,
 A cresset shaken from the constellations.

20

Swifter than the thunder fell
 To the heart of Earth, the well
 Where its pulses flow and beat, 25
 And unextinct in that cold source
 Burns, and on course
 Guides the sphere which is its prison,
 Like an angelic spirit pent
 In a form of mortal birth, 30
 Till, as a spirit half-arisen
 Shatters its charnel, it has rent,
 In the rapture of its mirth,
 The thin and painted garment of the Earth,
 Ruining its chaos—a fierce breath 35
 Consuming all its forms of living death.

FRAGMENT: 'I WOULD NOT BE A KING'

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *P. W.*, 1839, 2nd ed.] ✓

I WOULD not be a king—enough
 Of woe it is to love;
 The path to power is steep and rough,
 And tempests reign above.
 I would not climb the imperial throne; 5
 'Tis built on ice which fortune's sun
 Thaws in the height of noon.
 Then farewell, king, yet were I one,
 Care would not come so soon.
 Would he and I were far away 10
 Keeping flocks on Himalay!

GINEVRA

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824, and dated 'Pisa, 1821.']

WILD, pale, and wonder-stricken, even as one
 Who staggers forth into the air and sun
 From the dark chamber of a mortal fever,
 Bewildered, and incapable, and ever 5
 Fancying strange comments in her dizzy brain
 Of usual shapes, till the familiar train
 Of objects and of persons passed like things
 Strange as a dreamer's mad imaginings,
 Ginevra from the nuptial altar went; 10
 The vows to which her lips had sworn assent

Rung in her brain still with a jarring din,
Deafening the lost intelligence within.

And so she moved under the bridal veil,
Which made the paleness of her cheek more pale,
And deepened the faint crimson of her mouth, 15
And darkened her dark locks, as moonlight doth,—
And of the gold and jewels glittering there
She scarce felt conscious,—but the weary glare
Lay like a chaos of unwelcome light,
Vexing the sense with gorgeous undelight, 20
A moonbeam in the shadow of a cloud
Was less heavenly fair—her face was bowed,
And as she passed, the diamonds in her hair
Were mirrored in the polished marble stair
Which led from the cathedral to the street; 25
And ever as she went her light fair feet
Erased these images.

The bride-maidens who round her thronging came,
Some with a sense of self-rebuke and shame,
Envyng the unenviable; and others 30
Making the joy which should have been another's
Their own by gentle sympathy; and some
Sighing to think of an unhappy home:
Some few admiring what can ever lure
Maidens to leave the heaven serene and pure 35
Of parents' smiles for life's great cheat; a thing
Bitter to taste, sweet in imagining.

But they are all dispersed—and, lo! she stands
Looking in idle grief on her white hands,
Alone within the garden now her own; 40
And through the sunny air, with jangling tone,
The music of the merry marriage-bells,
Killing the azure silence, sinks and swells;—
Absorbed like one within a dream who dreams
That he is dreaming, until slumber seems 45
A mockery of itself—when suddenly
Antonio stood before her, pale as she.
With agony, with sorrow, and with pride,
He lifted his wan eyes upon the bride,
And said—'Is this thy faith?' and then as one 50
Whose sleeping face is stricken by the sun
With light like a harsh voice, which bids him rise
And look upon his day of life with eyes
Which weep in vain that they can dream no more,

22 Was] Were *cf.* *Rossetti.* 26 ever 1824; even *edd.* 1839. 37 Bitter
edd. 1839; Better 1824.

Ginevra saw her lover, and forbore 55
 To shriek or faint, and checked the stifling blood
 Rushing upon her heart, and unsubdued
 Said—'Friend, if earthly violence or ill,
 Suspicion, doubt, or the tyrannic will
 Of parents, chance or custom, time or change, 66
 Or circumstance, or terror, or revenge,
 Or wildered looks, or words, or evil speech,
 With all their stings and venom can impeach
 Our love,—we love not:—if the grave which hides
 The victim from the tyrant, and divides 65
 The cheek that whitens from the eyes that dart
 Imperious inquisition to the heart
 That is another's, could dissever ours,
 We love not.'—'What! do not the silent hours
 Beckon thee to Gherardi's bridal bed? 70
 Is not that ring'—a pledge, he would have said,
 Of broken vows, but she with patient look
 The golden circle from her finger took,
 And said—'Accept this token of my faith,
 The pledge of vows to be absolved by death; 75
 And I am dead or shall be soon—my knell
 Will mix its music with that merry bell,
 Does it not sound as if they sweetly said
 "We toll a corpse out of the marriage-bed"?
 The flowers upon my bridal chamber strewn 80
 Will serve unfaded for my bier—so soon
 That even the dying violet will not die
 Before Ginevra.' The strong fantasy
 Had made her accents weaker and more weak,
 And quenched the crimson life upon her cheek, 85
 And glazed her eyes, and spread an atmosphere
 Round her, which chilled the burning noon with fear,
 Making her but an image of the thought
 Which, like a prophet or a shadow, brought
 News of the terrors of the coming time. 90
 Like an accuser branded with the crime
 He would have cast on a beloved friend,
 Whose dying eyes reproach not to the end
 The pale betrayer—he then with vain repentance
 Would share, he cannot now avert, the sentence— 95
 Antonio stood and would have spoken, when
 The compound voice of women and of men
 Was heard approaching; he retired, while she
 Was led amid the admiring company
 Back to the palace,—and her maidens soon 100
 Changed her attire for the afternoon,

And left her at her own request to keep
 An hour of quiet and rest:—like one asleep
 With open eyes and folded hands she lay,
 Pale in the light of the declining day.

105

Meanwhile the day sinks fast, the sun is set,
 And in the lighted hall the guests are met;
 The beautiful looked lovelier in the light
 Of love, and admiration, and delight
 Reflected from a thousand hearts and eyes,
 Kindling a momentary Paradise.

110

This crowd is safer than the silent wood,
 Where love's own doubts disturb the solitude;

On frozen hearts the fiery rain of wine
 Falls, and the dew of music more divine

115

Tempers the deep emotions of the time
 To spirits cradled in a sunny clime:—
 How many meet, who never yet have met,
 To part too soon, but never to forget.

How many saw the beauty, power and wit
 Of looks and words which ne'er enchanted yet;

120

But life's familiar veil was now withdrawn,
 As the world leaps before an earthquake's dawn,
 And unprophetic of the coming hours,

The matin winds from the expanded flowers

125

Scatter their hoarded incense, and awaken
 The earth, until the dewy sleep is shaken

From every living heart which it possesses,
 Through seas and winds, cities and wildernesses,

As if the future and the past were all

130

Treasured i' the instant;—so Gherardi's hall

Laughed in the mirth of its lord's festival,

Till some one asked—'Where is the Bride?' And then

A bride'smaid went,—and ere she came again

A silence fell upon the guests—a pause

135

Of expectation, as when beauty awes

All hearts with its approach, though unbeheld;

Then wonder, and then fear that wonder quelled;—

For whispers passed from mouth to ear which drew

The colour from the hearer's cheeks, and flew

140

Louder and swifter round the company;

And then Gherardi entered with an eye

Of ostentatious trouble, and a crowd

Surrounded him, and some were weeping loud.

They found Ginevra dead! if it be death

145

To lie without motion, or pulse, or breath,

129 winds] lands *cj.* Forman; waves, sands or strands *cj.* Rossetti.

With waxen cheeks, and limbs cold, stiff, and white,
 And open eyes, whose fixed and glassy light
 Mocked at the speculation they had owned.
 If it be death, when there is felt around 150
 A smell of clay, a pale and icy glare,
 And silence, and a sense that lifts the hair
 From the scalp to the ankles, as it were
 Corruption from the spirit passing forth,
 And giving all it shrouded to the earth, 155
 And leaving as swift lightning in its flight
 Ashes, and smoke, and darkness: in our night
 Of thought we know thus much of death,—no more
 Than the unborn dream of our life before
 Their barks are wrecked on its inhospitable shore. 160
 The marriage feast and its solemnity
 Was turned to funeral pomp—the company,
 With heavy hearts and looks, broke up; nor they
 Who loved the dead went weeping on their way
 Alone, but sorrow mixed with sad surprise 165
 Loosened the springs of pity in all eyes,
 On which that form, whose fate they weep in vain,
 Will never, thought they, kindle smiles again.
 The lamps which, half extinguished in their haste,
 Gleamed few and faint o'er the abandoned feast, 170
 Showed as it were within the vaulted room
 A cloud of sorrow hanging, as if gloom
 Had passed out of men's minds into the air.
 Some few yet stood around Gherardi there,
 Friends and relations of the dead,—and he, 175
 A loveless man, accepted torpidly
 The consolation that he wanted not;
 Awe in the place of grief within him wrought.
 Their whispers made the solemn silence seem
 More still—some wept, . . . 180
 Some melted into tears without a sob,
 And some with hearts that might be heard to throb
 Leaned on the table, and at intervals
 Shuddered to hear through the deserted halls
 And corridors the thrilling shrieks which came 185
 Upon the breeze of night, that shook the flame
 Of every torch and taper as it swept
 From out the chamber where the women kept;—
 Their tears fell on the dear companion cold
 Of pleasures now departed; then was knolled 190
 The bell of death, and soon the priests arrived,
 And finding Death their penitent had shrived,
 Returned like ravens from a corpse whereon

A vulture has just feasted to the bone.
 And then the mourning women came.— 195

THE DIRGE.

Old winter was gone
 In his weakness back to the mountains hoar,
 And the spring came down
 From the planet that hovers upon the shore
 Where the sea of sunlight encroaches 200
 On the limits of wintry night;—
 If the land, and the air, and the sea,
 Rejoice not when spring approaches,
 We did not rejoice in thee,
 Ginevra! 205
 She is still, she is cold
 On the bridal couch,
 One step to the white deathbed,
 And one to the bier,
 And one to the charnel—and one, oh where? 210
 The dark arrow fled
 In the noon.

Ere the sun through heaven once more has rolled,
 The rats in her heart
 Will have made their nest, 215
 And the worms be alive in her golden hair,
 While the Spirit that guides the sun,
 Sits throned in his flaming chair,
 She shall sleep.

EVENING: PONTE AL MARE, PISA

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824. There is
 a draft amongst the Boscombe MSS.]

I
 THE sun is set; the swallows are asleep;
 The bats are flitting fast in the gray air;
 The slow soft toads out of damp corners creep,
 And evening's breath, wandering here and there
 Over the quivering surface of the stream, 5
 Wakes not one ripple from its summer dream.

II
 There is no dew on the dry grass to-night,
 Nor damp within the shadow of the trees;
 The wind is intermitting, dry, and light;
 And in the inconstant motion of the breeze 10
 The dust and straws are driven up and down,
 And whirled about the pavement of the town.

Evening, &c.—6 summer 1839, 2nd ed.; silent 1824, 1839, 1st ed.

III

Within the surface of the fleeting river
 The wrinkled image of the city lay,
 Immovably unquiet, and forever 15
 It trembles, but it never fades away ;
 Go to the . . .
 You, being changed, will find it then as now.

IV

The chasm in which the sun has sunk is shut 20
 By darkest barriers of cinereous cloud,
 Like mountain over mountain huddled—but
 Growing and moving upwards in a crowd,
 And over it a space of watery blue,
 Which the keen evening star is shining through.

THE BOAT ON THE SERCHIO

[Published in part (ll. 1-61, 88-118) by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824; revised and enlarged by Rossetti, *Complete P. W. of P. B. S.*, 1870.]

OUR boat is asleep on Serchio's stream,
 Its sails are folded like thoughts in a dream,
 The helm sways idly, hither and thither ;
 Dominic, the boatman, has brought the mast,
 And the oars, and the sails ; but 'tis sleeping fast, 5
 Like a beast, unconscious of its tether.

The stars burnt out in the pale blue air,
 And the thin white moon lay withering there ;
 To tower, and cavern, and rift, and tree,
 The owl and the bat fled drowsily. 10
 Day had kindled the dewy woods,
 And the rocks above and the stream below,
 And the vapours in their multitudes,
 And the Apennine's shroud of summer snow,
 And clothed with light of aëry gold 15
 The mists in their eastern caves uprolled.

Day had awakened all things that be,
 The lark and the thrush and the swallow free,
 And the milkmaid's song and the mower's scythe, 20
 And the matin-bell and the mountain bee :
 Fireflies were quenched on the dewy corn,
 Glow-worms went out on the river's brim,
 Like lamps which a student forgets to trim :
 The beetle forgot to wind his horn,

Evening, &c.—20 cinereous *Boscombe MS.* ; enormous *edd.* 1824, 1839.

The crickets were still in the meadow and hill: 25
 Like a flock of rooks at a farmer's gun
 Night's dreams and terrors, every one,
 Fled from the brains which are their prey
 From the lamp's death to the morning ray.

All rose to do the task He set to each, 30
 Who shaped us to His ends and not our own;
 The million rose to learn, and one to teach
 What none yet ever knew or can be known.
 And many rose

Whose woe was such that fear became desire;— 35
 Melchior and Lionel were not among those;
 They from the throng of men had stepped aside,
 And made their home under the green hill-side.
 It was that hill, whose intervening brow

Screens Lucca from the Pisan's envious eye, 40
 Which the circumfluous plain waving below,
 Like a wide lake of green fertility,
 With streams and fields and marshes bare,
 Divides from the far Apennines—which lie
 Islanded in the immeasurable air. 45

'What think you, as she lies in her green cove,
 Our little sleeping boat is dreaming of?'
 'If morning dreams are true, why I should guess
 That she was dreaming of our idleness,
 And of the miles of watery way 50
 We should have led her by this time of day.'—

'Never mind,' said Lionel,
 'Give care to the winds, they can bear it well
 About yon poplar-tops; and see
 The white clouds are driving merrily, 55
 And the stars we miss this morn will light
 More willingly our return to-night.—
 How it whistles, Dominic's long black hair!
 List, my dear fellow; the breeze blows fair:
 Hear how it sings into the air—' 60

—'Of us and of our lazy motions,'
 Impatiently said Melchior,
 'If I can guess a boat's emotions;
 And how we ought, two hours before,
 To have been the devil knows where.' 65

58-61 List, my dear fellow, the breeze blows fair;
 How it scatters Dominic's long black hair!
 Singing of us, and our lazy motions,
 If I can guess a boat's emotions.'—*edd.* 1824, 1839.

61-67 *Rossetti places these lines conjecturally between ll. 51 and 52.*

And then, in such transalpine Tuscan
 As would have killed a Della-Cruscan,

 So, Lionel according to his art
 Weaving his idle words, Melchior said:
 'She dreams that we are not yet out of bed; 70
 We'll put a soul into her, and a heart
 Which like a dove chased by a dove shall beat.'

.
 'Ay, heave the ballast overboard,
 And stow the eatables in the aft locker.'
 'Would not this keg be best a little lowered?' 75
 'No, now all's right.' 'Those bottles of warm tea—
 (Give me some straw)—must be stowed tenderly;
 Such as we used, in summer after six,
 To cram in greatcoat pockets, and to mix
 Hard eggs and radishes and rolls at Eton, 80
 And, couched on stolen hay in those green harbours
 Farmers called gaps, and we schoolboys called arbour,
 Would feast till eight.'

.
 With a bottle in one hand,
 As if his very soul were at a stand, 85
 Lionel stood—when Melchior brought him steady:—
 'Sit at the helm—fasten this sheet—all ready!'

The chain is loosed, the sails are spread,
 The living breath is fresh behind,
 As, with dews and sunrise fed, 90
 Comes the laughing morning wind;—
 The sails are full, the boat makes head
 Against the Serchio's torrent fierce,
 Then flags with intermitting course,
 And hangs upon the wave, and stems 95
 The tempest of the
 Which fervid from its mountain source
 Shallow, smooth and strong doth come,—
 Swift as fire, tempestuously
 It sweeps into the affrighted sea; 100
 In morning's smile its eddies coil,
 Its billows sparkle, toss and boil,
 Torturing all its quiet light
 Into columns fierce and bright.

The Serchio, twisting forth 105
 Between the marble barriers which it clove
 At Ripafratta, leads through the dread chasm

The wave that died the death which lovers love,
 Living in what it sought; as if this spasm
 Had not yet passed, the toppling mountains cling, . 110
 But the clear stream in full enthusiasm
 Pours itself on the plain, then wandering
 Down one clear path of effluence crystalline
 Sends its superfluous waves, that they may fling
 At Arno's feet tribute of corn and wine; 115
 Then, through the pestilential deserts wild
 Of tangled marsh and woods of stunted pine,
 It rushes to the Ocean.

MUSIC ✓

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824.]

I

I PANT for the music which is divine,
 My heart in its thirst is a dying flower;
 Pour forth the sound like enchanted wine,
 Loosen the notes in a silver shower;
 Like a herbless plain, for the gentle rain, 5
 I gasp, I faint, till they wake again.

II

Let me drink of the spirit of that sweet sound,
 More, oh more,—I am thirsting yet;
 It loosens the serpent which care has bound
 Upon my heart to stifle it; 10
 The dissolving strain, through every vein,
 Passes into my heart and brain.

III

As the scent of a violet withered up,
 Which grew by the brink of a silver lake,
 When the hot noon has drained its dewy cup, 15
 And mist there was none its thirst to slake—
 And the violet lay dead while the odour flew
 On the wings of the wind o'er the waters blue—

IV

As one who drinks from a charmed cup
 Of foaming, and sparkling, and murmuring wine, 20
 Whom, a mighty Enchantress filling up,
 Invites to love with her kiss divine . . .

112 then *Boscombe MS.*; until *edd.* 1824, 1839. 114 superfluous
Boscombe MS.; clear *edd.* 1824, 1839. 117 pine *Boscombe MS.*; fir *edd.*
 1824, 1839. *Music*—16 mist 1824; tank 1839, 2nd *ed.*

SONNET TO BYRON

[Published by Medwin, *The Shelley Papers*, 1832 (ll. 1-7), and *Life of Shelley*, 1847 (ll. 1-9, 12-14). Revised and completed from the Boscombe MS. by Rossetti, *Complete P. W. of P. B. S.*, 1870.]

[I AM afraid these verses will not please you, but]
 If I esteemed you less, Envy would kill
 Pleasure, and leave to Wonder and Despair
 The ministration of the thoughts that fill
 The mind which, like a worm whose life may share
 A portion of the unapproachable, 5
 Marks your creations rise as fast and fair
 As perfect worlds at the Creator's will.
 But such is my regard that nor your power
 To soar above the heights where others [climb],
 Nor fame, that shadow of the unborn hour 10
 Cast from the envious future on the time,
 Move one regret for his unhonoured name
 Who dares these words:—the worm beneath the sod
 May lift itself in homage of the God.

FRAGMENT¹ ON KEATS

WHO DESIRED THAT ON HIS TOMB SHOULD BE INSCRIBED—

'HERE lieth One whose name was writ on water.'
 But, ere the breath that could erase it blew,
 Death, in remorse for that fell slaughter,
 Death, the immortalizing winter, flew
 Athwart the stream,—and time's printless torrent grew 5
 A scroll of crystal, blazoning the name
 Of Adonais!

FRAGMENT: 'METHOUGHT I WAS A BILLOW
 IN THE CROWD'

[Published by Rossetti, *Complete P. W. of P. B. S.*, 1870.]

METHOUGHT I was a billow in the crowd
 Of common men, that stream without a shore,
 That ocean which at once is deaf and loud;
 That I, a man, stood amid many more

Sonnet to Byron—1 you *ed.* 1870; him 1832; thee 1847. 4 *So ed.* 1870; My soul which as a worm may haply share 1832; My soul which even as a worm may share 1847. 6 your *ed.* 1870; his 1832; thy 1847. 8, 9 *So ed.* 1870; wanting 1832;

But not the blessings of thy happier lot,
 Nor thy well-won prosperity, and fame 1847.

10, 11 *So ed.* 1870; wanting 1832, 1847. 12-14 *So* 1847, *ed.* 1870; wanting 1832.

¹ Published by Mrs. Shelley, *P. W.*, 1839, 1st ed.—Ed.

By a wayside . . . , which the aspect bore 5
 Of some imperial metropolis,
 Where mighty shapes—pyramid, dome, and tower—
 Gleamed like a pile of crags—

TO-MORROW

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824.]

WHERE art thou, beloved To-morrow?
 When young and old, and strong and weak,
 Rich and poor, through joy and sorrow,
 Thy sweet smiles we ever seek,—
 In thy place—ah! well-a-day! 5
 We find the thing we fled—To-day.

STANZA ✓

[Published by Rossetti; *Complete P. W. of P. B. S.*, 1870. Con-
 nected by Dowden with the preceding.]

IF I walk in Autumn's even
 While the dead leaves pass,
 If I look on Spring's soft heaven,—
Something is not there which was.
Winter's wondrous frost and snow,
Summer's clouds, where are they now?

*Mais où sont les neiges
 d'autour?
 VILLON.*

FRAGMENT: A WANDERER ○

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *P. W.*, 1839, 1st ed.]

HE wanders, like a day-appearing dream,
 Through the dim wildernesses of the mind;
 Through desert woods and tracts, which seem
 Like ocean, homeless, boundless, unconfined.

FRAGMENT: LIFE ROUNDED WITH SLEEP

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *P. W.*, 1839, 2nd ed.]

THE babe is at peace within the womb;
 The corpse is at rest within the tomb:
 We begin in what we end.

FRAGMENT: 'I FAINT, I PERISH WITH MY
 LOVE!'

[Published by Rossetti, *Complete P. W. of P. B. S.*, 1870.]

I FAINT, I perish with my love! I grow
 Frail as a cloud whose [splendours] pale
 Under the evening's ever-changing glow:
 I die like mist upon the gale,
 And like a wave under the calm I fail. 5

FRAGMENT: THE LADY OF THE SOUTH

[Published by Rossetti, *Complete P. W. of P. B. S.*, 1870.]

FAINT with love, the Lady of the South
 Lay in the paradise of Lebanon
 Under a heaven of cedar boughs: the drouth
 Of love was on her lips; the light was gone
 Out of her eyes—

5

FRAGMENT: ZEPHYRUS THE AWAKENER

[Published by Rossetti, *Complete P. W. of P. B. S.*, 1870.]

COME, thou awakener of the spirit's ocean,
 Zephyr, whom to thy cloud or cave
 No thought can trace! speed with thy gentle motion!

FRAGMENT: RAIN

[Published by Rossetti, *Complete P. W. of P. B. S.*, 1870.]

THE gentleness of rain was in the wind.

FRAGMENT: 'WHEN SOFT WINDS AND SUNNY
 SKIES'[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *P. W.*, 1839, 1st ed.]

WHEN soft winds and sunny skies
 With the green earth harmonize,
 And the young and dewy dawn,
 Bold as an unhunted fawn,
 Up the windless heaven is gone,—
 Laugh—for ambushed in the day,—
 Clouds and whirlwinds watch their prey.

5

FRAGMENT: 'AND THAT I WALK THUS
 PROUDLY CROWNED'[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *P. W.*, 1839, 1st ed.]

AND that I walk thus proudly crowned withal
 Is that 'tis my distinction; if I fall,
 I shall not weep out of the vital day,
 To-morrow dust, nor wear a dull decay.

FRAGMENT: 'THE RUDE WIND IS SINGING'

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *P. W.*, 1839, 1st ed.]

THE rude wind is singing
 The dirge of the music dead;
 The cold worms are clinging
 Where kisses were lately fed.

FRAGMENT: 'GREAT SPIRIT'

[Published by Rossetti, *Complete P. W. of P. B. S.*, 1870.]

GREAT Spirit whom the sea of boundless thought
Nurtures within its unimagined caves,
In which thou sittest sole, as in my mind,
Giving a voice to its mysterious waves—

FRAGMENT: 'O THOU IMMORTAL DEITY'

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *P. W.*, 1839, 2nd ed.]

O THOU immortal deity
Whose throne is in the depth of human thought,
I do adjure thy power and thee
By all that man may be, by all that he is not,
By all that he has been and yet must be! 5

FRAGMENT: THE FALSE LAUREL AND THE TRUE

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *P. W.*, 1839, 1st ed.]

'WHAT art thou, Presumptuous, who profanest
The wreath to mighty poets only due,
Even whilst like a forgotten moon thou wanest?
Touch not those leaves which for the eternal few
Who wander o'er the Paradise of fame, 5
In sacred dedication ever grew:
One of the crowd thou art without a name.'
'Ah, friend, 'tis the false laurel that I wear;
Bright though it seem, it is not the same
As that which bound Milton's immortal hair; 10
Its dew is poison; and the hopes that quicken
Under its chilling shade, though seeming fair,
Are flowers which die almost before they sicken.'

FRAGMENT: MAY THE LIMNER

[This and the three following Fragments were edited from *MS. Shelley D 1* at the Bodleian Library and published by Mr. C. D. Locock, *Examination, &c.*, Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1903. They are printed here as belonging probably to the year 1821.]

WHEN May is painting with her colours gay
The landscape sketched by April her sweet twin

FRAGMENT: BEAUTY'S HALO

[Published by Mr. C. D. Locock, *Examination, &c.*, 1903.]

THY beauty hangs around thee like
 Splendour around the moon—
 Thy voice, as silver bells that strike
 Upon

FRAGMENT: 'THE DEATH KNELL IS RINGING'¹[Published by Mr. C. D. Locock, *Examination, &c.*, 1903.]

THE death knell is ringing
 The raven is singing
 The earth worm is creeping
 The mourners are weeping
 Ding dong, bell—

5

FRAGMENT: 'I STOOD UPON A HEAVEN-
CLEAVING TURRET'

I STOOD upon a heaven-cleaving turret
 Which overlooked a wide Metropolis—
 And in the temple of my heart my Spirit
 Lay prostrate, and with parted lips did kiss
 The dust of Desolations [altar] hearth—
 And with a voice too faint to falter
 It shook that trembling fanè with its weak prayer
 'Twas noon,—the sleeping skies were blue
 The city

5

NOTE ON POEMS OF 1821, BY MRS. SHELLEY

My task becomes inexpressibly painful as the year draws near that which sealed our earthly fate, and each poem, and each event it records, has a real or mysterious connexion with the fatal catastrophe. I feel that I am incapable of putting on paper the history of those times. The heart of the man, abhorred of the poet, who could

‘peep and botanize
 Upon his mother's grave,’
 does not appear to me more inex-

plicably framed than that of one who can dissect and probe past woes, and repeat to the public ear the groans drawn from them in the throes of their agony.

The year 1821 was spent in Pisa, or at the Baths of San Giuliano. We were not, as our wont had been, alone; friends had gathered round us. Nearly all are dead, and, when Memory recurs to the past, she wanders among tombs. The genius, with all his blighting errors and mighty

¹ ‘This reads like a study for *Autumn, A Dirge*’ (Locock). Might it not be part of a projected *Fit v.* of *The Fugitives*?—ED.

powers; the companion of Shelley's ocean-wanderings, and the sharer of his fate, than whom no man ever existed more gentle, generous, and fearless; and others, who found in Shelley's society, and in his great knowledge and warm sympathy, delight, instruction, and solace; have joined him beyond the grave. A few survive who have felt life a desert since he left it. What misfortune can equal death? Change can convert every other into a blessing, or heal its sting—death alone has no cure. It shakes the foundations of the earth on which we tread; it destroys its beauty; it casts down our shelter; it exposes us bare to desolation. When those we love have passed into eternity, 'life is the desert and the solitude' in which we are forced to linger—but never find comfort more.

There is much in the *Adonais* which seems now more applicable to Shelley himself than to the young and gifted poet whom he mourned. The poetic view he takes of death, and the lofty scorn he displays towards his calumniators, are as a prophecy on his own destiny when received among immortal names, and the poisonous breath of critics has vanished into emptiness before the fame he inherits.

Shelley's favourite taste was boating; when living near the Thames or by the Lake of Geneva, much of his life was spent on the water. On the shore of every lake or stream or sea near which he dwelt, he had a boat moored. He had latterly enjoyed this pleasure again. There are no pleasure-boats on the Arno; and

the shallowness of its waters (except in winter-time, when the stream is too turbid and impetuous for boating) rendered it difficult to get any skiff light enough to float. Shelley, however, overcame the difficulty; he, together with a friend, contrived a boat such as the huntsmen carry about with them in the Maremma, to cross the sluggish but deep streams that intersect the forests,—a boat of laths and pitched canvas. It held three persons; and he was often seen on the Arno in it, to the horror of the Italians, who remonstrated on the danger, and could not understand how any one could take pleasure in an exercise that risked life. 'Ma va per la vita!' they exclaimed. I little thought how true their words would prove. He once ventured, with a friend, on the glassy sea of a calm day, down the Arno and round the coast to Leghorn, which, by keeping close in shore, was very practicable. They returned to Pisa by the canal, when, missing the direct cut, they got entangled among weeds, and the boat upset; a wetting was all the harm done, except that the intense cold of his drenched clothes made Shelley faint. Once I went down with him to the mouth of the Arno, where the stream, then high and swift, met the tideless sea, and disturbed its sluggish waters. It was a waste and dreary scene; the desert sand stretched into a point surrounded by waves that broke idly though perpetually around; it was a scene very similar to Lido, of which he had said—

'I love all waste
And solitary places; where we
taste

The pleasure of believing what we
 see
 Is boundless, as we wish our souls
 to be :
 And such was this wide ocean, and
 this shore
 More barren than its billows.'

Our little boat was of greater use, unaccompanied by any danger, when we removed to the Baths. Some friends lived at the village of Pugnano, four miles off, and we went to and fro to see them, in our boat, by the canal ; which, fed by the Serchio, was, though an artificial, a full and picturesque stream, making its way under verdant banks, sheltered by trees that dipped their boughs into the murmuring waters. By day, multitudes of ephemera darted to and fro on the surface ; at night, the fireflies came out among the shrubs on the banks ; the cicale at noon-day kept up their hum ; the aziola cooed in the quiet evening. It was a pleasant summer, bright in all but Shelley's health and inconstant spirits ; yet he enjoyed himself greatly, and became more and more attached to the part of the country where chance appeared to cast us. Sometimes he projected taking a farm situated on the height of one of the near hills, surrounded by chestnut and pine woods, and overlooking a wide extent of country : or settling still farther in the maritime Apennines, at Massa. Several of his slighter and unfinished poems were inspired by these scenes, and by the companions around us. It is the nature of that poetry, however, which overflows from the soul oftener to express sorrow and regret than joy ; for it is when oppressed by the weight

of life, and away from those he loves, that the poet has recourse to the solace of expression in verse.

Still, Shelley's passion was the ocean ; and he wished that our summers, instead of being passed among the hills near Pisa, should be spent on the shores of the sea. It was very difficult to find a spot. We shrank from Naples from a fear that the heats would disagree with Percy : Leghorn had lost its only attraction, since our friends who had resided there were returned to England ; and, Monte Nero being the resort of many English, we did not wish to find ourselves in the midst of a colony of chance travellers. No one then thought it possible to reside at Via Reggio, which latterly has become a summer resort. The low lands and bad air of Maremma stretch the whole length of the western shores of the Mediterranean, till broken by the rocks and hills of Spezia. It was a vague idea, but Shelley suggested an excursion to Spezia, to see whether it would be feasible to spend a summer there. The beauty of the bay enchanted him. We saw no house to suit us ; but the notion took root, and many circumstances, enchained as by fatality, occurred to urge him to execute it.

He looked forward this autumn with great pleasure to the prospect of a visit from Leigh Hunt. When Shelley visited Lord Byron at Ravenna, the latter had suggested his coming out, together with the plan of a periodical work in which they should all join. Shelley saw a prospect of good for the fortunes of his friend, and pleasure in his society ; and

instantly exerted himself to have the plan executed. He did not intend himself joining in the work: partly from pride, not wishing to have the air of acquiring readers for his poetry by associating it with the compositions of more popular writers; and also because he might feel shackled in the free expression of his opinions, if any friends were to be compromised. By those opinions, carried even

to their utmost extent, he wished to live and die, as being in his conviction not only true, but such as alone would conduce to the moral improvement and happiness of mankind. The sale of the work might meanwhile, either really or supposedly, be injured by the free expression of his thoughts; and this evil he resolved to avoid.

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1822

THE ZUCCA

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824, and dated 'January, 1822.' There is a copy amongst the Boscombe MSS.]

I

SUMMER was dead and Autumn was expiring,
 And infant Winter laughed upon the land
 All cloudlessly and cold;—when I, desiring
 More in this world than any understand,
 Wept o'er the beauty, which, like sea retiring, 5
 Had left the earth bare as the wave-worn sand
 Of my lorn heart, and o'er the grass and flowers
 Pale for the falsehood of the flattering Hours.

II

Summer was dead, but I yet lived to weep
 The instability of all but weeping; 10
 And on the Earth lulled in her winter sleep
 I woke, and envied her as she was sleeping.
 Too happy Earth! over thy face shall creep
 The wakening vernal airs, until thou, leaping
 From unremembered dreams, shalt see 15
 No death divide thy immortality.

III

I loved—oh, no, I mean not one of ye,
 Or any earthly one, though ye are dear
 As human heart to human heart may be;—
 I loved, I know not what—but this low sphere 20

And all that it contains, contains not thee,
 Thou, whom, seen nowhere, I feel everywhere.
 From Heaven and Earth, and all that in them are,
 Veiled art thou, like a star.

24

IV

By Heaven and Earth, from all whose shapes thou flowest,
 Neither to be contained, delayed, nor hidden ;
 Making divine the loftiest and the lowest,
 When for a moment thou art not forbidden
 To live within the life which thou bestowest ;
 And leaving noblest things vacant and chidden,
 Cold as a corpse after the spirit's flight,
 Blank as the sun after the birth of night.

30

V

In winds, and trees, and streams, and all things common,
 In music and the sweet unconscious tone
 Of animals, and voices which are human,
 Meant to express some feelings of their own ;
 In the soft motions and rare smile of woman,
 In flowers and leaves, and in the grass fresh-shown,
 Or dying in the autumn, I the most
 Adore thee present or lament thee lost.

35

40

VI

And thus I went lamenting, when I saw
 A plant upon the river's margin lie,
 Like one who loved beyond his nature's law,
 And in despair had cast him down to die ;
 Its leaves, which had outlived the frost, the thaw
 Had blighted ; like a heart which hatred's eye
 Can blast not, but which pity kills ; the dew
 Lay on its spotted leaves like tears too true.

45

VII

The Heavens had wept upon it, but the Earth
 Had crushed it on her unmaternal breast

50

VIII

I bore it to my chamber, and I planted
 It in a vase full of the lightest mould ;
 The winter beams which out of Heaven slanted
 Fell through the window-panes, disrobed of cold,

23 So *Boscombe MS.* ; Dim object of my soul's idolatry *ed. 1824.* 24 star
Boscombe MS. ; wanting *ed. 1824.* 38 grass fresh *Boscombe MS.* ; fresh grass
ed. 1824. 46 like *Boscombe MS.* ; as *ed. 1824.*

Upon its leaves and flowers; the stars which panted
 In evening for the Day, whose car has rolled
 Over the horizon's wave, with looks of light
 Smiled on it from the threshold of the night. 55

IX

The mitigated influences of air
 And light revived the plant, and from it grew
 Strong leaves and tendrils, and its flowers fair, 60
 Full as a cup with the vine's burning dew,
 O'erflowed with golden colours; an atmosphere
 Of vital warmth enfolded it anew,
 And every impulse sent to every part
 The unbeheld pulsations of its heart. 65

X

Well might the plant grow beautiful and strong,
 Even if the air and sun had smiled not on it;
 For one wept o'er it all the winter long
 Tears pure as Heaven's rain, which fell upon it 70
 Hour after hour; for sounds of softest song
 Mixed with the stringèd melodies that won it
 To leave the gentle lips on which it slept,
 Had loosed the heart of him who sat and wept.

XI

Had loosed his heart, and shook the leaves and flowers 75
 On which he wept, the while the savage storm
 Waked by the darkest of December's hours
 Was raving round the chamber hushed and warm;
 The birds were shivering in their leafless bowers,
 The fish were frozen in the pools, the form 80
 Of every summer plant was dead . . .
 Whilst this . . .

THE MAGNETIC LADY TO HER PATIENT

[Published by Medwin, *The Athenæum*, August 11, 1832. There
 is a copy amongst the Trelawny MSS.]

I

'SLEEP, sleep on! forget thy pain;
 My hand is on thy brow,
 My spirit on thy brain;
 My pity on thy heart, poor friend;

68 air and sun *Boscombe MS.*; sun and air *ed.* 1824.
Trelawny MS., 1839, 2nd *ed.*; Sleep on 1832, 1839, 1st *ed.*