

**SELECTIONS  
FROM KEATS**

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Selections from Keats by John Keats

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**JOHN KEATS**

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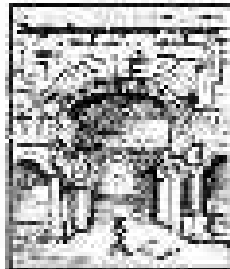


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LONDON

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS

BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL

GLASGOW, MANCHESTER, AND NEW YORK

1879

## PREFATORY NOTE.

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THE present volume has been carefully prepared, in the case of poems published during Keats' lifetime, from the author's own text. The posthumous pieces included are edited from the best sources.

I have endeavoured to give the whole of the Poet's work of real value, excepting a few fine pieces which are still copyright. "Endymion" has not, previously, been adequately represented in selection. This portion of the volume will, I doubt not, be acceptable to many who have neither the time nor the inclination to read that Poem in its entirety.

It will be seen that I have included all the pieces contained in Keats' volume of 1820 entitled "Lamia, Isabella, The Eve of St. Agnes, and other Poems;" and I have

followed the author's own arrangement in the case of these pieces. The poems selected from the volume published in 1817 also follow Keats' arrangement. The posthumous pieces given are, as nearly as ascertainable, arranged in the chronological order of their composition.

This little volume contains several poems not included in any other non-copyright edition.

J. R. TUTIN.





## SELECTIONS FROM KEATS.

FROM *POEMS* (PUBLISHED 1817).

*Imitation.*

*TO LEIGH HUNT, ESQ.*

GLORY and Loveliness have passed away ;  
For if we wander out in early morn,  
No wreathed incense do we see upborne  
Into the east, to meet the smiling day ;  
No crowd of nymphs soft-voiced and young,  
and gay,  
In woven baskets bringing ears of corn,  
Roses, and pinks, and violets, to adorn  
The shrine of Flora in her early May.  
But there are left delights as high as these,  
And I shall ever bless my destiny,  
That in a time when under pleasant trees  
Pan is no longer sought, I feel a free,  
A leafy luxury, seeing I could please  
With these poor offerings, a man like thee.

1817.

"I STOOD TIPTOE UPON A LITTLE  
HILL."

"Places of nestling green for Poets made."  
—*Story of Rimini*,

I stood tiptoe upon a little hill,  
The air was cooling, and so very still,  
That the sweet buds which with a modest  
pride  
Pell droopingly, in slanting curve aside,  
Their scanty leaved, and finely tapering stems,  
Had not yet lost those starry diadems  
Caught from the early sobbing of the morn:  
The clouds were pure and white as flocks new  
shorn,  
And fresh from the clear brook; sweetly they  
slept  
On the blue fields of heaven, and then there  
crept  
A little noiseless noise among the leaves,  
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves:  
For not the faintest motion could be seen  
Of all the shades that slanted o'er the green,  
There was wide wand'ring for the greediest  
eye,  
To peer about upon variety:  
Far round the horizon's crystal air to skim,  
And trace the dwindled edgings of its brim;  
To picture out the quaint, and curious bending

Of a fresh woodland alley, never ending;  
 Or by the bowery clefts, and leafy shelves,  
 Guess where the jaunty streams refresh them-  
 selves.

I gazed awhile, and felt as light, and free  
 As though the fanning wings of Mercury  
 Had played upon my heels: I was light-  
 hearted,

And many pleasures to my vision started;  
 So I straightway began to pluck a posy  
 Of luxuries bright, milky, soft, and rosy.

A bush of May flowers with the bees about  
 them;

Ah, sure no tasteful nook would be without  
 them!

And let a lush laburnum oversweep them,

And let long grass grow round the roots to  
 keep them

Moist, cool and green; and shade the violets,  
 That they may bind the moss in leafy nois.

A filbert hedge with wild briar overtwined,

And clumps of woodbine taking the soft wind

Upon their summer thrones; there too  
 should be

The frequent chequer of a youngling tree,

That with a score of light green brethren  
 shoots

From the quaint mossiness of aged roots;