

PREFACE

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

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

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

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

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

TRIGNMOUTH, April 10, 1818

ENDYMION

BOOK I

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep

A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing

A flowery band to bind us to the earth, *beauty alone sanctions life*

Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth

Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,

Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways *why, 1/2* ¹⁰

Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all, *"mortality" also*

Some shape of beauty moves away the pall

From our dark spirits. *Such the sun, the moon, Apollo & Cynthia*

Trees old, and young, sprouting a shady boon

For simple sheep; and such are daffodils

With the green world they live in; and clear rills

That for themselves a cooling covert make

'Gainst the hot season; the mid forest brake,

Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms: *a friend's words are superior* ²⁰

And such too is the grandeur of the dooms

We have imagined for the mighty dead;

All lovely tales that we have heard or read:

An endless fountain of immortal drink,

Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences *not really in the*
For one short hour; no, even as the trees *Object - but in*
That whisper round a temple become soon *magic between subject*
Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon, *& Object*

The passion poesy, glories infinite,

Haunt us till they become a cheering light

Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,

That, whether there be shine, or gloom o'er-cast,

They alway must be with us, or we die.

a flowery band to bind us

Therefore, 'tis with full happiness that I
Will trace the story of Endymion.

The very music of the name has gone
Into my being, and each pleasant scene
Is growing fresh before me as the green

Of our own vallies: so I will begin
Now while I cannot hear the city's din;

Now while the early budders are just new,
And run in mazes of the youngest hue
About old forests; while the willow trails
Its delicate amber; and the dairy pails
Bring home increase of milk. And, as the year
Grows lush in juicy stalks, I'll smoothly steer
My little boat, for many quiet hours,
With streams that deepen freshly into bowers.

Many and many a verse I hope to write,
Before the daisies, vermeil rimm'd and white,
Hide in deep herbage; and ere yet the bees
Hum about globes of clover and sweet peas,
I must be near the middle of my story.

O may no wintry season, bare and hoary,
See it half finish'd: but let Autumn bold,
With universal tinge of sober gold,

Be all about me when I make an end.

And now at once, adventuresome, I send
My herald thought into a wilderness:

There let its trumpet blow, and quickly dress
My uncertain path with green, that I may speed
Easily onward, thorough flowers and weed.

Upon the sides of Latmos was outspread
A mighty forest; for the moist earth fed
So plenteously all weed-hidden roots
Into o'er-hanging boughs, and precious fruits.

And it had gloomy shades, sequestered deep,
Where no man went; and if from shepherd's keep
A lamb stray'd far a-down those inmost glens,
Never again saw he the happy pens.

Whither his brethren, bleating with content,
Over the hills at every nightfall went.

Among the shepherds, 'twas believed ever,
That not one fleecy lamb which thus did sever

Am you b2
narrator: that
didn't really
happen

is my Phos of
Spring
(summer of
"sleep")

Romance to
Tragedy

I should
be on a
side with

In Rille
Same
The idea of
immersion
rather than
knowledge

not more so,
he would say
most - timeless
lower - seasonal

summer's
communion
union

in the end terms
this is approximation
not comprehensive

is established
as timeless

Georgia
Psyche & the
Calypsos

This is pastoral/Romance
more really than quest-Romance

From the white flock, but pass'd unworried
By angry wolf, or pard with prying head,
Until it came to some unfooted plains
Where fed the herds of Pan: aye great his gains
Who thus one lamb did lose. Paths there were many,
Winding through palmy fern, and rushes fenny,
And ivy banks; all leading pleasantly
To a wide lawn, whence one could only see
Stems thronging all around between the swell
Of turf and slanting branches: who could tell
The freshness of the space of heaven above,
Edg'd round with dark tree tops? through which a dove
Would often beat its wings, and often too
A little cloud would move across the blue.

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

A melancholy spirit well might win
Oblivion, and melt out his essence fine
Into the winds: rain-scented eglantine
Gave temperate sweets to that well-wooing sun;
The lark was lost in him; cold springs had run
To warm their chilliest bubbles in the grass;
Man's voice was on the mountains; and the mass
Of nature's lives and wonders puls'd tenfold,
To feel this sun-rise and its glories old.

Now while the silent workings of the dawn
Were busiest, into that self-same lawn
All suddenly, with joyful cries, there sped
A troop of little children garlanded;
Who gathering round the altar, seem'd to pry
Earnestly round as wishing to espy
Some folk of holiday: nor had they waited
For many moments, ere their ears were sated

an offering
to Pan, the
self-shepherd

meditated
offering
the altar
Apollo's?

NO, Pan's
germinal beauty in
sacrifice is beauty
Process

omitted
by
copy

Society ("The
kicks of his")
always in the
presence of
Apollo.

With a faint breath of music, which ev'n then
 Fill'd out its voice, and died away again.
 Within a little space again it gave
 Its airy swellings, with a gentle wave,
 To light-hung leaves, in smoothest echoes breaking
 Through copse-clad vallies,—ere their death, o'ertaking 120
 The surgy murmurs of the lonely sea.

And now, as deep into the wood as we
 Might mark a lynx's eye, there glimmered light
 Fair faces and a rush of garments white,
 Plainer and plainer showing, till at last
 Into the widest alley they all past,
 Making directly for the woodland altar.

O kindly muse, let not my weak tongue fault
 In telling of this goodly company,
 Of their old piety, and of their glee:
 But let a portion of ethereal dew
 Fall on my head, and presently unmew
 My soul; that I may dare, in wayfaring,
 To stammer where old Chaucer us'd to sing.]

Leading the way, young damsels danced along,
 Bearing the burden of a shepherd song;
 Each having a white wicker over brimm'd
 With April's tender younglings: next, well trimm'd,
 A crowd of shepherds with as sunburnt looks
 As may be read of in Arcadian books;

Such as sat listening round Apollo's pipe,
 When the great deity, for earth too ripe,
 Let his divinity o'erflowing die

In music, through the vales of Thessaly:
 Some idly trail'd their sheep-hooks on the ground,
 And some kept up a shrilly mellow sound
 With ebon-tipped flutes: close after these,
 Now coming from beneath the forest trees,
 A venerable priest full soberly,

Begirt with ministring looks: alway his eye
 Stedfast upon the matted turf he kept, 150
 And after him his sacred vestments swept.
 From his right hand there swung a vase, milk-white,
 Of mingled wine, out-sparkling generous light;

vy. Bata

Chaucerian

Apollo's

special dispensation
 required for
 talking
 about people. 190

The muse
 leaves earth 190
 as a clog
 the highland vale

And in his left he held a basket full
 Of all sweet herbs that searching eye could cull:
 Wild thyme, and valley-lillies whiter still
 Than Leda's love, and cresses from the rill.
 His aged head, crowned with beechen wreath,
 Seem'd like a poll of ivy in the teeth 160

Of winter hoar. Then came another crowd
 Of shepherds, lifting in due time aloud
 Their share of the ditty. After them appear'd,
 Up-followed by a multitude that rear'd
 Their voices to the clouds, a fair wrought car,
 Easily rolling so as scarce to mar

The freedom of three steeds of dapple brown:
 Who stood therein did seem of great renown
 Among the throng. His youth was fully blown,
 Showing like Ganymede to manhood grown;
 And, for those simple times, his garments were

A chieftain king's: beneath his breast, half bare,
 Was hung a silver bugle, and between
 His nery knees there lay a boar-spear keen.

A smile was on his countenance; he seem'd,
 To common lookers on, like one who dream'd
 Of idleness in groves Elysian:

But there were some who feelingly could scan
 A lurking trouble in his nether lip,
 And see that oftentimes the reins would slip
 Through his forgotten hands: then would they sigh,
 And think of yellow leaves, of owlets' cry,
 Of logs piled solemnly.—Ah, well-a-day,
 Why should our young Endymion pine away!

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

but still Ganymede... 170

Paris as shepherd-king (prepared allusively by "Leda's love")

Menelaus (but Keats wouldn't have known Paris yet...?)

180

The "king" bit of name - vs. "sunburnt looks" above

? under Ganymede not Apollo

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

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

'O THOU, whose mighty palace roof doth hang
 From jagged trunks, and overshadoweth
 Eternal whispers, glooms, the birth, life, death

Hymn
to Pan

the fabled
touch

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

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

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

240
 Apollo has risen
 from the earth;
 Syrinx, object of
 desire, is a new poem

i.e. a principle of vital eternity

ref. the tradition of
 the salvation of
 lost sheep

270
 he appears to have
 some awareness of the
 idea of Spenserian
 labyrinth

The while they pelt each other on the crown—
With silvery oak apples, and fir cones brown—
By all the echoes that about thee ring,
Hear us, O satyr king!

'O Harkener to the loud clapping shears
While ever and anon to his shorn peers
A ram goes bleating: Winder of the horn,
When snouted wild-boars routing tender corn
Anger our huntsmen: Breather round our farms,
To keep off mildews, and all weather harms:
[Strange ministrant of undescribed sounds,
That come a swooning over hollow grounds,
And wither drearily on barren moors:
Dread opener of the mysterious doors
Leading to universal knowledge—see,
Great son of Dryope,
The many that are come to pay their vows
With leaves about their brows!

'Be still the unimaginable lodge
For solitary thinkings; such as dodge
Conception to the very bourne of heaven,
Then leave the naked brain: be still the leaven,
That spreading in this dull and clodded earth
Gives it a touch ethereal—a new birth:

Be still a symbol of immensity;
A firmament reflected in a sea;
An element filling the space between;
An unknown—but no more: we humbly screen
With uplift hands our foreheads, lowly bending,
And giving out a shout most heaven rending,
Conjure thee to receive our humble Pæan,
Upon thy Mount Lycean! a name for Apollo

Even while they brought the burden to a close,
A shout from the whole multitude arose,
That lingered in the air like dying rolls
Of abrupt thunder, when Ionian shoals
Of dolphins bob their noses through the brine.
Meantime, on shady levels, mossy fine,
Young companies nimbly began dancing

280

290

300

310

To the swift treble pipe, and humming string.
Aye, those fair living forms swam heavenly
To tunes forgotten—out of memory:
Fair creatures! whose young children's children bred
Thermopylæ its heroes—not yet dead,
But in old marbles ever beautiful.

High genitors, unconscious did they cull
Time's sweet first-fruits—they danc'd to weariness,
And then in quiet circles did they press
The hillock turf, and caught the latter end
Of some strange history, potent to send

A young mind from its bodily tenement. *mind & soul*
Or they might watch the quoit-pitchers, intent *identified*
On either side; pitying the sad death
Of Hyacinthus, when the cruel breath
Of Zephyr slew him,—Zephyr penitent, *every game exacts*
Who now, ere Phœbus mounts the firmament, a myth-tragedy
Fondles the flower amid the sobbing rain.

The archers too, upon a wider plain,
Beside the feathery whizzing of the shaft,
And the dull twanging bowstring, and the raft
Branch down sweeping from a tall ash top,
Call'd up a thousand thoughts to envelope
Those who would watch. Perhaps, the trembling knee
And frantic gape of lonely Niobe,
Poor, lonely Niobe! when her lovely young
Were dead and gone, and her caressing tongue

Lay a lost thing upon her paly lip,
And very, very deadliness did nip
Her motherly cheeks. Arous'd from this sad mood
By one, who at a distance loud halloo'd,
Uplifting his strong bow into the air,
Many might after brighter visions stare:

After the Argonauts, in blind amaze
Tossing about on Neptune's restless ways,
Until, from the horizon's vaulted side,
There shot a golden splendour far and wide,
Spangling those million poutings of the brine
With quivering ore: 'twas even an awful shine
From the exaltation of Apollo's bow;
A heavenly beacon in their dreary woe.

*incadion
ancestors of her time:
thought precedes
320 involvement
(the author's typical
pattern)*

330

340

350

*the satanic lessons
dispersed in method*

*called for
of continuous*

*The prayer takes
the form of
invocation in
this framework*

*the shepherd of the
path*

Who thus were ripe for high contemplating,
 Might turn their steps towards the sober ring
 Where sat Endymion and the aged priest
 'Mong shepherds gone in eld, whose looks increas'd
 The silvery setting of their mortal star.
 There they discours'd upon the fragile bar
 That keeps us from our homes ethereal;
 And what our duties there: to nightly call
 Vesper, the beauty-crest of summer weather;
 To summon all the downiest clouds together
 For the sun's purple couch; to emulate
 In ministring the potent rule of fate
 With speed of fire-tail'd exhalations;
 To tint her pallid cheek with bloom, who cons

Sweet poesy by moonlight: besides these,
 A world of other unguess'd offices.
 Anon they wander'd, by divine converse,
 Into Elysium; vieing to rehearse
 Each one his own anticipated bliss.

One felt heart-certain that he could not miss
 His quick gone love, among fair blossom'd boughs,
 Where every zephyr-sigh pouts, and endows
 Her lips with music for the welcoming.
 Another wish'd, mid that eternal spring,
 To meet his rosy child, with feathery sails,
 Sweeping, eye-earnestly, through almond vales:
 Who, suddenly, should stoop through the smooth wind,
 And with the balmiest leaves his temples bind;
 And, ever after, through those regions be
 His messenger, his little Mercury.

Some were athirst in soul to see again
 Their fellow huntsmen o'er the wide champaign
 In times long past; to sit with them, and talk
 Of all the chances in their earthly walk;
 Comparing, joyfully, their plenteous stores
 Of happiness, to when upon the moors,
 Benighted, close they huddled from the cold,
 And shar'd their famish'd scrips. Thus all out-told
 Their fond imaginations,—saving him
 Whose eyelids curtain'd up their jewels dim,
 Endymion: yet hourly had he striven

The comment
 upon the forward
 Oblivion
 as in the
 hands

Olympe as
 restored ideal
 society

Then Endymion
 cannot
 part a part
 his dream
 being other.

360

370

380

390

To hide the cankering venom, that had riven
 His fainting recollections. Now indeed
 His senses had swoon'd off: he did not heed
 The sudden silence, or the whispers low,
 Or the old eyes dissolving at his woe,
 Or anxious calls, or close of trembling palms,
 Or maiden's sigh, that grief itself embalms:
 But in the self-same fixed trance he kept,
 Like one who on the earth had never stept.
 Aye, even as dead still as a marble man,
 Frozen in that old tale Arabian.

Who whispers him so pantingly and close?
 Peona, his sweet sister: of all those,
 His friends, the dearest. Hushing signs she made,
 And breath'd a sister's sorrow to persuade
 A yielding up, a cradling on her care.
 Her eloquence did breathe away the curse:
 She led him, like some midnight spirit nurse

Of happy changes in emphatic dreams,
 Along a path between two little streams,—
 Guarding his forehead, with her round elbow,
 From low-grown branches, and his footsteps slow
 From stumbling over stumps and hillocks small;
 Until they came to where these streamlets fall,
 With mingled bubblings and a gentle rush,
 Into a river, clear, brimful, and flush
 With crystal mocking of the trees and sky.
 A little shallop, floating there hard by,
 Pointed its beak over the fringed bank;

And soon it lightly dipt, and rose, and sank,
 And dipt again, with the young couple's weight,
 Peona guiding, through the water straight,
 Towards a bowery island opposite:
 Which gaining presently, she steered light
 Into a shady, fresh, and ripply cove,
 Where nested was an harbour, overwove
 By many a summer's silent fingering;
 To whose cool bosom she was used to bring
 Her playmates, with their needle broidery,
 And minstrel memories of times gone by.

his Oblivion
 is actual

not even transported
 away from

Frein do he p. or taken
 for "nervosity"

the boat of Calidore:
 to be transported
 from the green
 island

But Calidore moved
 toward action, &
 Endymion
 moving away

for
 part
 made

So she was gently glad to see him laid
 Under her favourite bower's quiet shade,
 On her own couch, new made of flower leaves,
 Dried carefully on the cooler side of sheaves
 When last the sun his autumn tresses shook,
 And the tann'd harvesters rich armfuls took.
 Soon was he quieted to slumbrous rest:
 But, ere it crept upon him, he had prest
 Peona's busy hand against his lips,
 And still, a sleeping, held her finger-tips
 In tender pressure. And as a willow keeps
A patient watch over the stream that creeps
Windingly by it, so the quiet maid
Held her in peace: so that a whispering blade
 Of grass, a wailful gnat, a bee bustling
 Down in the blue-bells, or a wren light rustling
 Among sere leaves and twigs, might all be heard.

O magic sleep! O comfortable bird,
 That broodest o'er the troubled sea of the mind
 Till it is hush'd and smooth! O unconfin'd
 Restraint! imprisoned liberty! great key
 To golden palaces, strange minstrelsy,
 Fountains grotesque, new trees, bespangled caves,
 Echoing grottos, full of tumbling waves
 And moonlight; aye, to all the mazy world
 Of silvery enchantment!—who, upfur'd
 Beneath thy drowsy wing a triple hour,
 But renovates and lives?—Thus, in the bower
 Endymion was calm'd to life again. his attention has
Opening his eyelids with a healthier brain, been passional
 He said: 'I feel this thine endearing love
 All through my bosom: thou art as a dove
 Trembling its closed eyes and sleeked wings
 About me; and the pearliest dew not brings
Such morning incense from the fields of May,
As do those brighter drops that twinkling stray
From those kind eyes,—the very home and haunt
Of sisterly affection. Can I want
 Aught else, ought nearer heaven, than such tears?
 Yet dry them up, in bidding hence all fears

Woman, a
 patient watch, keep
 the stream of
 thought

Again metaphorically
 the human
 nature

That, any longer, I will pass my days
 Alone and sad. No, I will once more raise
 My voice upon the mountain-heights; once more
Make my horn parley from their foreheads hoar:
 Again my trooping hounds their tongues shall loll
 Around the breathed boar: again I'll poll
 The fair-grown yew tree, for a chosen bow:
 And, when the pleasant sun is getting low,
 Again I'll linger in a sloping mead
 To hear the speckled thrushes, and see feed
 Our idle sheep. So be thou cheered, sweet,
 And, if thy lute is here, softly intreat
My soul to keep in its resolved course.

Hereat Peona, in their silver source,
 Shut her pure sorrow drops with glad exclaim,
 And took a lute, from which there pulsing came
 A lively prelude, fashioning the way
 In which her voice should wander. 'Twas a lay
 More subtle cadenced, more forest wild
 Than Dryope's lone lulling of her child;
 And nothing since has floated in the air
 So mournful strange. Surely some influence rare
 Went, spiritual, through the damsel's hand;
 For still, with Delphic emphasis, she spann'd
 The quick invisible strings, even though she saw
 Endymion's spirit melt away and thaw
 Before the deep intoxication.
 But soon she came, with sudden burst, upon
 Her self-possession—swung the lute aside,
 And earnestly said: 'Brother, 'tis vain to hide
 That thou dost know of things mysterious,
 Immortal, starry; such alone could thus
 Weigh down thy nature. Hast thou sinn'd in aught
 Offensive to the heavenly power? Caught
 A Paphian dove upon a message sent?
 Thy deathful bow against some deer-herd bent
 Sacred to Dian? Haply, thou hast seen
Her naked limbs among the alders green;
And that, alas! is death. No, I can trace
 Something more high-perplexing in thy face!

shepherd / hunter
 480 not
 shepherd / hunter

inspired by Apollo,
 her verse has the
 melancholy of
 social
 poetry

510
 Oetaon's another
 Oetaon

Endymion look'd at her, and press'd her hand,
 And said, 'Art thou so pale, who wast so bland
 And merry in our meadows? How is this?
 Tell me thine ailment: tell me all amiss!—
 Ah! thou hast been unhappy at the change
 Wrought suddenly in me. What indeed more strange? 520
 Or more complete to overwhelm surmise?
 Ambition is no sluggard: 'tis no prize,
 That toiling years would put within my grasp,
 That I have sighed for: with so deadly gasp *but only for*
No man e'er panted for a mortal love. *in Belle Dame*
 So all have set my heavier grief above
 These things which happen. Rightly have they done:
 I, who still saw the horizontal sun
 Heave his broad shoulder o'er the edge of the world, 530
 Out-facing Lucifer, and then had hurl'd
 My spear aloft, as signal for the chace—
 I, who, for very sport of heart, would race
 With my own steed from Araby; pluck down
 A vulture from his towery perching; frown
 A lion into growling, loth retire—
 To lose, at once, all my toil-breeding fire,
 And sink thus low! but I will ease my breast
 Of secret grief, here in this bowery nest.

'This river does not see the naked sky,
 Till it begins to progress silverly
 Around the western border of the wood, *i.e. into the*
 Whence, from a certain spot, its winding flood *night which flanks*
 Seems at the distance like a crescent moon: *the stream so*
 And in that nook, the very pride of June, *overseen by*
 Had I been used to pass my weary eyes;
 The rather for the sun unwilling leaves *Hesperus*
 So dear a picture of his sovereign power, *Apollon's, I was*
 And I could witness his most kingly hour, *dedicate to*
 When he doth tighten up the golden reins, *Apollo* 530
 And paces leisurely down amber plains
 His snorting four. Now when his chariot last
 Its beams against the zodiac-lion cast,
 There blossom'd suddenly a magic bed
 Of sacred ditamy, and poppies red:

At which I wondered greatly, knowing well
 That but one night had wrought this flowery spell;
 And, sitting down close by, began to muse
 What it might mean. Perhaps, thought I, Morpheus,
 In passing here, his owlet pinions shook; 560
 Or, it may be, ere matron Night uptook
 Her ebon urn, young Mercury, by stealth,
 Had dipt his rod in it: such garland wealth
 Came not by common growth. Thus on I thought,
 Until my head was dizzy and distraught.
 Moreover, through the dancing poppies stole
A breeze, most softly lulling to my soul;
 And shaping visions all about my sight
 Of colours, wings, and bursts of spangly light;
 The which became more strange, and strange, and dim, 570
 And then were gulph'd in a tumultuous swim:
 And then I fell asleep. Ah, can I tell
 The enchantment that afterwards befel?
 Yet it was but a dream: yet such a dream
 That never tongue, although it overteem
 With mellow utterance, like a cavern spring,
 Could figure out and to conception bring
 All I beheld and felt. Methought I lay
Watching the zenith, where the milky way
Among the stars in virgin splendour pours; 580
And travelling my eye, until the doors
Of heaven appear'd to open for my flight,
I became loth and fearful to alight
From such high soaring by a downward glance:
 So kept me steadfast in that airy trance,
 Spreading imaginary pinions wide. *Marsyas wings for the poet*
 When, presently, the stars began to glide, *of Hood's Epithet*
 And faint away, before my eager view:
 At which I sigh'd that I could not pursue,
 And dropt my vision to the horizon's verge;
 And lo! from opening clouds, I saw emerge 590
 The loveliest moon, that ever silver'd o'er
 A shell for Neptune's goblet: she did soar
 So passionately bright, my dazzled soul *again: the passionate*
 Commingling with her argent spheres did roll *offusion*
 Through clear and cloudy, even when she went

Ex Descent

At last into a dark and vapoury tent—
 Whereat, methought, the lidless-eyed train
 Of planets all were in the blue again.
 To commune with those orbs, once more I rais'd
 My sight right upward: but it was quite dazed
 By a bright something, sailing down apace,
 Making me quickly veil my eyes and face:
 Again I look'd, and, O ye deities,
 Who from Olympus watch our destinies!
 Whence that completed form of all completeness?
 Whence came that high perfection of all sweetness?
 Speak, stubborn earth, and tell me where, O where
 Hast thou a symbol of her golden hair? *apollonian qualities*
 Not oat-sheaves drooping in the western sun;
 Not—thy soft hand, fair sister! let me shun
 Such follying before thee—yet she had,
 Indeed, locks bright enough to make me mad;
 And they were simply gordian'd up and braided, *simples mundities*
 Leaving, in naked comeliness, unshaded,
 Her pearl round ears, white neck, and orb'd brow;
 The which were blended in, I know not how,
 With such a paradise of lips and eyes,
 Blush-tinted cheeks, half smiles, and faintest sighs,
 That, when I think thereon, my spirit clings
 And plays about its fancy, till the stings
 Of human neighbourhood evenom all.
 Unto what awful power shall I call?
 To what high fane?—Ah! see her hovering feet,
 More bluely vein'd, more soft, more whitely sweet
 Than those of sea-born Venus, when she rose
 From out her cradle shell. The wind out-blows
 Her scarf into a fluttering pavillion;
 'Tis blue, and over-spangled with a million
 Of little eyes, as though thou wert to shed
 Over the darkest, lushest blue-bell bed,
 Handfuls of daisies.'—'Endymion, how strange!
 Dream within dream!'—'She took an airy range,
 And then, towards me, like a very maid,
 Came blushing, waning, willing, and afraid,
 And press'd me by the hand: Ah! 'twas too much;
 Methought I fainted at the charmed touch,

600

610

620

630

The question of colouring

At this point he would not have seen the Book cells

a bad choice! Paris, for Venus is born in Paris.

He hasn't said this

perpetually living in already retreated state of consciousness: a heaven within a dream within a dream

Earth was unquestionably this antichrist nation of kissing the ground...

she brings the sky with her

Descent previous 71

Yet held my recollection, even as one
Who dives three fathoms where the waters run
Gurgling in beds of coral: for anon,
 I felt upmounted in that region
 Where falling stars dart their artillery forth,
 And eagles struggle with the buffeting north
 That balances the heavy meteor-stone;—
 Felt too, I was not fearful, nor alone,
 But lapp'd and lull'd along the dangerous sky.
 Soon, as it seem'd, we left our journeying high,
 And straightway into frightful eddies swoop'd;
 Such as aye muster where grey time has scoop'd
 Huge dens and caverns in a mountain's side;
 There hollow sounds arous'd me, and I sigh'd
 To faint once more by looking on my bliss—
 I was distracted; madly did I kiss—
 The wooing arms which held me, and did give
 My eyes at once to death: but 'twas to live,
 To take in draughts of life from the gold fount
 Of kind and passionate looks; to count, and count
 The moments, by some greedy help that seem'd
 A second self, that each might be redeem'd
 And plunder'd of its load of blessedness.
 Ah, desperate mortal! I e'en dar'd to press
 Her very cheek against my crowned lip,
 And, at that moment, felt my body dip
Into a warmer air: a moment more,
 Our feet were soft in flowers. There was store
 Of newest joys upon that alp. Sometimes
 A scent of violets, and blossoming limes,
 Loiter'd around us; then of honey cells,
 Made delicate from all white-flower bells;
 And once, above the edges of our nest,
 An arch face peep'd,—an Oread as I guess'd.

640

650

660

670

To rise, as if face of sublime process

a roller-coaster

The descent involved, of course, is a pre-admitted fall - the angels mate w/ man

down 670 up simultaneously

'Why did I dream that sleep o'er-power'd me
 In midst of all this heaven? Why not see,
 Far off, the shadows of his pinions dark,
 And stare them from me? But no, like a spark
 That needs must die, although its little beam
 Reflects upon a diamond, my sweet dream

Fell into nothing—into stupid sleep.
 And so it was, until a gentle creep,
 A careful moving caught my waking ears,
 And up I started: Ah! my sighs, my tears,
 My clenched hands:—for lo! the poppies hung
 Dew-dabbled on their stalks, the ouzel sung
 A heavy ditty, and the sullen day
 Had chidden herald Hesperus away, *a dream, Peon,*
With leaden looks: the solitary breeze *of descent and of the West*
 Bluster'd, and slept, and its wild self did tease
 With wayward melancholy; and I thought,
 Mark me, Peona! that sometimes it brought
 Faint fare-thee-wells, and sigh-shrilled adieus!—
 Away I wander'd—all the pleasant hues
 Of heaven and earth had faded: deepest shades
 Were deepest dungeons; heaths and sunny glades
 Were full of pestilent light; our taintless rills
 Seem'd sooty, and o'er-spread with upturn'd gills
 Of dying fish; the vermeil rose had blown
 In frightful scarlet, and its thorns out-grown
 Like spiked aloe. If an innocent bird
 Before my heedless footsteps stirr'd, and stirr'd
 In little journeys, I beheld in it
 A disguis'd demon, missioned to knit
 My soul with under darkness; to entice
 My stumblings down some monstrous precipice:
 Therefore I eager followed, and did curse
 The disappointment. Time, that aged nurse,
 Rock'd me to patience. Now, thank gentle heaven!
 These things, with all their comfortings, are given
 To my down-sunken hours, and with thee,
 Sweet sister, help to stem the ebbing sea
 Of weary life.'

Thus ended he, and both
 Sat silent: for the maid was very loth
 To answer; feeling well that breathed words
 Would all be lost, unheard, and vain as swords
 Against the enchased crocodile, or leaps
 Of grasshoppers against the sun. She weeps
 And wonders; struggles to devise some blame;
 To put on such a look as would say, Shame

all thoughts of
 Beauty

got his eye on
 her wrong
 kind

and then even
 of implicit
 contrast

On this poor weakness! but, for all her strife,
 She could as soon have crush'd away the life
 From a sick dove. At length, to break the pause,
 She said with trembling chance: 'Is this the cause?
 This all? Yet it is strange, and sad, alas!
 That one who through this middle earth should pass
 Most like a sojourning demi-god, and leave
 His name upon the harp-string, should achieve
 No higher bard than simple maidenhood,
 Singing alone, and fearfully,—how the blood
 Left his young cheek; and how he used to stray
 He knew not where; and how he would say, *nay,*
 If any said 'twas love: and yet 'twas love;
 What could it be but love? How a ring-dove
 Let fall a sprig of yew tree in his path;
 And how he died: and then, that love doth scathe
 The gentle heart, as northern blasts do roses;
 And then the ballad of his sad life closes
 With sighs, and an alas!—Endymion! *be a hero*
 Be rather in the trumpet's mouth,—anon
 Among the winds at large—that all may hearken!
 Although, before the crystal heavens darken,
 I watch and dote upon the silver lakes
 Pictur'd in western cloudiness, that takes
 The semblance of gold rocks and bright gold sands,
 Islands, and creeks, and amber-fretted strands
 With horses prancing o'er them, palaces
 And towers of amethyst,—would I so tease
 My pleasant days, because I could not mount
 Into those regions? The Morphean fount
Of that fine element that visions, dreams,
And fitful whims of sleep are made of, streams
 Into its airy channels with so subtle,
 So thin a breathing, not the spider's shuttle,
 Circed a million times within the space
 Of a swallow's nest-door, could delay a trace,
 A tinting of its quality: how light
 Must dreams themselves be; seeing they're more slight
 Than the mere nothing that engenders them!
 Then wherefore sully the entrusted gem
 Of high and noble life with thoughts so sick?

(check page
 on "middle
 earth")

be a hero

Macbeth

The magician
B. "volitant" 74
Cric "

ENDYMION

Why pierce high-fronted honour to the quick
For nothing but a dream? Hereat the youth
Look'd up: a conflicting of shame and ruth
Was in his plaited brow: yet, his eyelids
Widened a little, as when Zephyr bids
A little breeze to creep between the fans
Of careless butterflies: amid his pains
He seem'd to taste a drop of manna-dew,
Full palatable; and a colour grew
Upon his cheek, while thus he lifeful spake.

760
like the hair
of Cynthia - a
step toward
I think by?

The argument
Dun: P. 5. not
a dream

'Peona! ever have I long'd to slake
My thirst for the world's praises: nothing base,
No merely slumberous phantasm, could unlace
The stubborn canvas for my voyage prepar'd—
Though now 'tis tatter'd; leaving my bark bar'd
And sullenly drifting: yet my higher hope
Is of too wide, too rainbow-large a scope,
To fret at myriads of earthly wrecks.

770

Wherein lies happiness? In that which beck
Our ready minds to fellowship divine,
A fellowship with essence; till we shine
Full alchemiz'd, and free of space. Behold
The clear religion of heaven! Fold

a free of space
780

A rose leaf round thy finger's taperness,
And soothe thy lips; list, when the airy stress
Of music's kiss impregnates the free winds,
And with a sympathetic touch unbinds
Æolian magic from their lucid wombs:
Then old songs waken from enclouded tombs;
Old ditties sigh above their father's grave;
Ghosts of melodious prophecyings rave
Round every spot where trod Apollo's foot;
Bronze clarions awake, and faintly bruit,
Where long ago a giant battle was;
And, from the turf, a lullaby doth pass
In every place where infant Orpheus slept.
Feel we these things?—that moment have we stept
Into a sort of oneness, and our state
Is like a floating spirit's. But there are
Richer entanglements, enthrallments far

noneness
here through
the medium chiefly
of music 790

BOOK I

More self-destroying, leading, by degrees,
To the chief intensity: the crown of these
Is made of love and friendship, and sits high
Upon the forehead of humanity.

800
The peak of
steps

All its more ponderous and bulky worth
Is friendship, whence there ever issues forth
A steady splendour; but at the tip-top,
There hangs by unseen film, an orb'd drop
Of light, and that is love: its influence,
Thrown in our eyes, genders a novel sense,

i.e. a sixth sense?

At which we start and fret; till in the end,
Melting into its radiance, we blend,
Mingle, and so become a part of it,—
Nor with aught else can our souls interknit
So wingedly: when we combine therewith,
Life's self is nourish'd by its proper pith,

810

And we are nurtured like a pelican brood.
Aye, so delicious is the unsating food,
That men, who might have tower'd in the van
Of all the congregated world, to fan
And winnow from the coming step of time
All chaff of custom, wipe away all slime

Unbested

Horizon B
rebellion
The Kostaskeo
model

Left by men-slugs and human serpentry,
Have been content to let occasion die.
Whilst they did sleep in love's gysium.
And, truly, I would rather be struck dumb,
Than speak against this ardent listlessness:
For I have ever thought that it might bless
The world with benefits unknowingly;
As does the nightingale, upperched high,
And cloister'd among cool and bunched leaves—
She sings but to her love, nor e'er conceives
How tiptoe Night holds back her dark-grey hood.
Just so may love, although 'tis understood

This is why he
couldn't join the
talk of the
elders.

830

The mere commingling of passionate breath,
Produce more than our searching witnesseth:
What I know not: but who, of men, can tell

Platoniz
conception here

That flowers would bloom, or that green fruit would swell
To melting pulp, that fish would have bright mail,
The earth its dower of river, wood, and vale,
The meadows runnels, runnels pebble-stones,

The seed its harvest, or the lute its tones,
Tones ravishment, or ravishment its sweet,
If human souls did never kiss and greet?

*love is beauty's
thump beyond love
all beauty is
reflection.*

'Now, if this earthly love has power to make
Men's being mortal, immortal; to shake
Ambition from their memories, and brim
Their measure of content: what merest whim,
Seems all this poor endeavour after fame,
To one, who keeps within his stedfast aim
A love immortal, an immortal too.
Look not so wilder'd; for these things are true,
And never can be born of atomies 850
That buzz about our slumbers, like brain-flies,
Leaving us fancy-sick. No, no, I'm sure, *no proof*
My restless spirit never could endure
To brood so long upon one luxury,
Unless it did, though fearfully, espy
A hope beyond the shadow of a dream.
My sayings will the less obscured seem,
When I have told thee how my waking sight
Has made me scruple whether that same night
Was pass'd in dreaming. Hearken, sweet Peona!
Beyond the matron-temple of Latona,
Which we should see but for these darkening boughs,
Lies a deep hollow, from whose ragged brows
Bushes and trees do lean all round athwart
And meet so nearly, that with wings outtraught
And spreaded tail, a vulture could not glide
Past them, but he must brush on every side.
Some moulder'd steps lead into this cool cell,
Far as the slabbed margin of a well,
Whose patient level peeps its crystal eye
Right upward, through the bushes, to the sky.
Oft have I brought thee flowers, on their stalks set
Like vestal primroses, but dark velvet
Edges them round, and they have golden pits:
'Twas there I got them, from the gaps and slits
In a mossy stone, that sometimes was my seat,
When all above was faint with mid-day heat.
And there in strife no burning thoughts to heed,

*again the
tears in heart
pressure and marks
death simultaneous*

again

I'd bubble up the water through a reed;
So reaching back to boy-hood: make me ships
Of moulted feathers, touchwood, alder chips,
With leaves stuck in them; and the Neptune be
Of their petty ocean. Oftener, heavily,
When love-lorn hours had left me less a child,
I sat contemplating the figures wild
Of o'er-head clouds melting the mirror through.
Upon a day, while thus I watch'd, by flew
A cloudy Cupid, with his bow and quiver;
So plainly character'd, no breeze would shiver
The happy chance: so happy, I was fain 880
To follow it upon the open plain.
And, therefore, was just going; when, behold!
A wonder, fair as any I have told—
The same bright face I tasted in my sleep,
Smiling in the clear well. My heart did leap
Through the cool depth.—It moved as if to flee—
I started up, when lo! refreshfully
There came upon my face in plenteous showers
Dew-drops, and dewy buds, and leaves, and flowers, 890
Wrapping all objects from my smothered sight,
Bathing my spirit in a new delight.
Aye, such a breathless honey-feel of bliss
Alone preserved me from the drear abyss
Of death, for the fair form had gone again. *sublimated sexuality*
Pleasure is oft a visitant; but pain *even further back: infantile regression*
Clings cruelly to us, like the gnawing sloth
On the deer's tender haunches: late, and loth,
'Tis scar'd away by slow returning pleasure,
How sickening, how dark the dreadful leisure 910
Of weary days, made deeper exquisite,
By a fore-knowledge of unslumbrous night!
Like sorrow came upon me, heavier still,
Than when I wander'd from the poppy hill:
And a whole age of lingering moments crept
Sluggishly by, ere more contentment swept
Away at once the deadly yellow spleen. *masturbatory consummation*
Yes, thrice have I this fair enchantment seen; *post-ovulation depression*
Once more been tortured with renewed life.
When last the wintry gusts gave over strife 920

hint of narcissus

"moribidity"

With the conquering sun of spring, and left the skies
 Warm and serene, but yet with moistened eyes
 In pity of the shatter'd infant buds,—
 That time thou didst adorn, with amber studs,
 My hunting cap, because I laugh'd and smil'd,
 Chatted with thee, and many days exil'd
 All torment from my breast;—'twas even then,
 Straying about, yet, coop'd up in the den
 Of helpless discontent,—hurling my lance
 From place to place, and following at chance,
 At last, by hap, through some young trees it struck,
 And, plashing among bedded pebbles, stuck
 In the middle of a brook,—whose silver ramble
 Down twenty little falls, through reeds and bramble,
 Tracing along, it brought me to a cave,
 Whence it ran brightly forth, and white did lave
 The nether sides of mossy stones and rock,—
 'Mong which it gurgled blythe adieus, to mock
 Its own sweet grief at parting. Overhead,
 Hung a lush screen of drooping weeds, and spread
 Thick, as to curtain up some wood-nymph's home,
 "Ah! impious mortal, whither do I roam?"
 Said I, low voic'd: "Ah, whither! 'Tis the grot
 "Of Proserpine, when Hell, obscure and hot,
 "Doth her resign; and where her tender hands
 "She dabbles, on the cool and sluicy sands:
 "Or 'tis the cell of Echo, where she sits,
 "And babbles thorough silence, till her wits
 "Are gone in tender madness, and anon,
 "Faints into sleep, with many a dying tone
 "Of sadness. O that she would take my vows,
 "And breathe them sighingly among the boughs,
 "To sue her gentle ears for whose fair head,
 "Daily, I pluck sweet flowerets from their bed,
 "And weave them dyingly—send honey-whispers
 "Round every leaf, that all those gentle lispers
 "May sigh my love unto her pitying!
 "O charitable Echo! hear, and sing
 "This ditty to her!—tell her"—so I stay'd
 My foolish tongue, and listening, half afraid,
 Stood stupefied with my own empty folly,

again this
 whole
 sequence

a lot of course
 the aimless
 hunter...
 930

940

950

960

And blushing for the freaks of melancholy.
 Salt tears were coming, when I heard my name
 Most fondly lipp'd, and then these accents came:
 "Endymion! the cave is secreter
 "Than the isle of Delos. Echo hence shall stir
 "No sighs but sigh-warm kisses, or light noise
 "Of thy combing hand, the while it travelling' cloys
 "And trembles through my labyrinthine hair."
 At that oppress'd I hurried in.—Ah! where
 Are those swift moments? Whither are they fled?
 I'll smile no more, Peona; nor will wed
 Sorrow the way to death; but patiently
 Bear up against it: so farewell, sad sigh;
 And come instead demurest meditation.
 To occupy me wholly, and to fashion
 My pilgrimage for the world's dusky brink.
 No more will I count over, link by link,
 My chain of grief: no longer strive to find
 A half-forgetfulness in mountain wind
 Blustering about my ears: aye, thou shalt see,
 Dearest of sisters, what my life shall be;
 What a calm round of hours shall make my days.
 There is a paly flame of hope that plays
 Where'er I look: but yet, I'll say 'tis naught—
 And here I bid it die. Have not I caught,
 Already, a more healthy countenance?
 By this the sun is setting; we may chance
 Meet some of our near-dwellers with my car.

Peona again

970

980

always the "social
 thought" is
 reminiscence
 990

This said, he rose, faint-smiling like a star
 Through autumn mists, and took Peona's hand:
 They stept into the boat, and launch'd from land.

BOOK II

O SOVEREIGN power of love! O grief! O balm!
 All records, saving thine, come cool, and calm,
 And shadowy, through the mist of passed years:
 For others, good or bad, hatred and tears
 Have become indolent; but touching thine,
 One sigh doth echo, one poor sob doth pine,