

# R o m a n t i c P o e t r y A n t h o l o g y



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AP Language and Literature

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**William Blake 1757-1827**

## The Garden of Love

I went to the Garden of Love  
And saw what I never had seen  
A Chapel was built in the midst  
Where I used to play on the green.

And the gates of this Chapel were shut  
And "Thou shalt not" writ over the door  
So I turn'd to the Garden of Love  
That so many sweet flowers bore.

And I saw it was filled with graves  
And tomb-stones where flowers should be  
And Priests in black gowns were walking their rounds  
And binding with briars my joys and desires.

## Mock On, Mock On, Voltaire, Rousseau

Mock on, mock on, Voltaire, Rousseau:  
Mock on, mock on: tis all in vain!  
You throw the sand against the wind,  
And the wind blows it back again.

And every sand becomes a gem  
Reflected in the beams divine;  
Blown back they blind the mocking eye,  
But still in Israel's path they shine.

The atoms of Democritus  
And Newton's particles of light  
Are sands upon the Red Sea shore,  
Where Israel's tents do shine so bright.

## The Proverbs of Hell

In seed time learn, in harvest teach, in winter enjoy.  
Drive your cart and your plow over the bones of the dead.  
The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom.  
Prudence is a rich ugly old maid courted by Incapacity.  
He who desires but acts not breeds pestilence.  
The cut worm forgives the plow.  
Dip him in the river who loves water.  
A fool sees not the same tree that a wise man sees.  
He whose face gives no light, shall never become a star.  
Eternity is in love with the productions of time.  
The busy bee has no time for sorrow.  
The hours of folly are measur'd by the clock, but of wisdom, no clock can measure.  
All wholsom food is caught without a net or a trap.  
Bring out number weight & measure in a year of dearth.  
No bird soars too high if he soars with his own wings.  
The most sublime act is to set another before you.  
If the fool would persist in his folly he would become wise.  
Folly is the cloke of knavery.  
Shame is Pride's cloke.  
Prisons are built with stones of Law, Brothels with bricks of Religion.  
The pride of the peacock is the glory of God.  
The lust of the goat is the bounty of God.  
The wrath of the lion is the wisdom of God.  
The nakedness of woman is the work of God.  
Excess of sorrow laughs, Excess of joy weeps.  
The roaring of lions, the howling of wolves, the raging  
of the stormy sea, and the destructive sword, are  
portions of eternity too great for the eye of man.  
The fox condemns the trap, not himself.  
Joys impregnate, Sorrows bring forth.  
Let man wear the fell of the lion, woman the fleece of the sheep.  
The bird a nest, the spider a web, man friendship.  
The selfish smiling fool, & the sullen frowning fool, shall  
be both thought wise, that they may be a rod.  
What is now proved was once only imagin'd.  
The rat, the mouse, the fox, the rabbit; watch the roots,  
the lion, the tyger, the horse, the elephant, watch the fruits.  
The cistern contains: the fountain overflows.  
One thought fills immensity.  
Always be ready to speak your mind and a base man will avoid you.

Every thing possible to be believ'd is an image of truth.  
 The eagle never lost so much time, as when he submitted to learn of the crow.  
 The fox provides for himself, but God provides for the lion  
 Think in the morning, Act in the noon, Eat in the evening, Sleep in the night.  
 He who has suffered you to impose on him knows you.  
 As the plow follows words, so God rewards prayers.  
 The tigers of wrath are wiser than the horses of instruction  
 Expect poison from the standing water.  
 You never know what is enough unless you know more than enough.  
 Listen to the fools reproach! it is a kingly title!  
 The eyes of fire, the nostrils of air, the mouth of war the beard of earth.  
 The weak in courage is strong in cunning.  
 The apple tree never asks the beech how he shall grow,  
 nor the lion the horse, how he shall take his prey.  
 The thankful receiver bears a plentiful harvest.  
 If others had not been foolish, we should be so  
 The soul of sweet delight, can never be defil'd  
 When thou seest an Eagle, thou seest a portion of Genius, lift up thy head  
 As the caterpillar chooses the fairest leaves to lay  
     her eggs on, so the priest lays his curse on the fairest joys.  
 To create a little flower is the labour of ages.  
 Damn braces: Bless relaxes.  
 The best wine is the oldest, the best water the newest.  
 Prayers plow not. Praises reap not!  
 Joys laugh not! Sorrows weep not!  
 The head Sublime, the heart Pathos, the genitals Beauty, the hands & feet Proportion.  
 As the air to a bird or the sea to a fish, so is contempt to the contemptible.  
 The crow wish'd every thing was black, the owl, that every thing was white.  
 Exhuberance is Beauty.  
 If the lion was advised by the fox, he would bew cunning.  
 Improvement makes strait roads, but the crooked roads  
     without Improvement, are roads of Genius.  
 Sooner murder an infant in its cradle than nurse unacted desires.  
 Where man is not nature is barren  
 Truth can never be told so as to be understood, and not believ'd.  
 Enough! or Too much

**William Wordsworth 1770-1850**

**The World Is Too Much With Us; Late and Soon**

The world is too much with us; late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:  
Little we see in Nature that is ours;  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!  
The Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;  
The winds that will be howling at all hours,  
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;  
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;  
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be  
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;  
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

**Ode: Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood**

*The child is father of the man;  
And I could wish my days to be  
Bound each to each by natural piety.*  
(Wordsworth, "My Heart Leaps Up")

There was a time when meadow, grove, and streams,  
The earth, and every common sight,  
To me did seem  
Apparelled in celestial light,  
The glory and the freshness of a dream.  
It is not now as it hath been of yore;--  
Turn wheresoe'er I may,  
By night or day.  
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The Rainbow comes and goes,  
And lovely is the Rose,  
The Moon doth with delight  
Look round her when the heavens are bare,  
Waters on a starry night  
Are beautiful and fair;  
The sunshine is a glorious birth;

But yet I know, where'er I go,  
That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,  
And while the young lambs bound  
As to the tabor's sound,  
To me alone there came a thought of grief:  
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,  
And I again am strong:  
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;  
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;  
I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,  
The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,  
And all the earth is gay;  
Land and sea  
Give themselves up to jollity,  
And with the heart of May  
Doth every Beast keep holiday;--  
Thou Child of Joy,  
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy Shepherd-boy.

Ye bless'd creatures, I have heard the call  
Ye to each other make; I see  
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;  
My heart is at your festival,  
My head hath its coronal,  
The fullness of your bliss, I feel--I feel it all.  
Oh evil day! if I were sullen  
While Earth herself is adorning,  
This sweet May-morning,  
And the Children are culling  
On every side,  
In a thousand valleys far and wide,  
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,  
And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm:--  
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!  
--But there's a Tree, of many, one,  
A single field which I have looked upon,  
Both of them speak of something that is gone;  
The Pansy at my feet  
Doth the same tale repeat:  
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?  
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:  
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,  
    Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
    And cometh from afar:  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
    And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
    From God, who is our home:  
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!  
Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
    Upon the growing Boy,  
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,  
    He sees it in his joy;  
The Youth, who daily farther from the east  
    Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,  
    And by the vision splendid  
    Is on his way attended;  
At length the Man perceives it die away,  
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;  
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,  
And, even with something of a Mother's mind,  
    And no unworthy aim,  
    The homely Nurse doth all she can  
To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,  
    Forget the glories he hath known,  
And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,  
A six years' Darling of a pigmy size!  
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,  
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,  
With light upon him from his father's eyes!  
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,  
Some fragment from his dream of human life,  
Shaped by himself with newly-learn'd art  
    A wedding or a festival,  
    A mourning or a funeral;  
    And this hath now his heart,  
And unto this he frames his song:  
    Then will he fit his tongue  
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;  
    But it will not be long



Ere this be thrown aside,  
And with new joy and pride  
The little Actor cons another part;  
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"  
With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,  
That Life brings with her in her equipage;  
As if his whole vocation  
Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie  
Thy Soul's immensity;  
Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep  
Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,  
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,  
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,--  
Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!  
On whom those truths do rest,  
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,  
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;  
Thou, over whom thy Immortality  
Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,  
A Presence which is not to be put by;  
Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might  
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,  
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke  
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,  
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?  
Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,  
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,  
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

O joy! that in our embers  
Is something that doth live,  
That Nature yet remembers  
What was so fugitive!  
The thought of our past years in me doth breed  
Perpetual benediction: not indeed  
For that which is most worthy to be blest;  
Delight and liberty, the simple creed  
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,  
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:--  
Not for these I raise  
The song of thanks and praise  
But for those obstinate questionings

Of sense and outward things,  
Fallings from us, vanishings;  
Blank misgivings of a Creature  
Moving about in worlds not realised,  
High instincts before which our mortal Nature  
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:  
    But for those first affections,  
    Those shadowy recollections,  
    Which, be they what they may  
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,  
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing;  
    Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make  
Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,  
    To perish never;  
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,  
    Nor Man nor Boy,  
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
Can utterly abolish or destroy!  
    Hence in a season of calm weather  
    Though inland far we be,  
Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea  
    Which brought us hither,  
    Can in a moment travel thither,  
And see the Children sport upon the shore,  
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song!  
    And let the young Lambs bound  
    As to the tabor's sound!  
We in thought will join your throng,  
    Ye that pipe and ye that play,  
    Ye that through your hearts to-day  
    Feel the gladness of the May!  
What though the radiance which was once so bright  
Be now for ever taken from my sight,  
    Though nothing can bring back the hour  
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;  
    We will grieve not, rather find  
    Strength in what remains behind;  
    In the primal sympathy  
    Which having been must ever be;  
    In the soothing thoughts that spring

Out of human suffering;  
In the faith that looks through death,  
In years that bring the philosophic mind.  
And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,  
Forebode not any severing of our loves!  
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;  
I only have relinquished one delight  
To live beneath your more habitual sway.  
I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,  
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;  
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day  
Is lovely yet;  
The Clouds that gather round the setting sun  
Do take a sober colouring from an eye  
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;  
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.  
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,  
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,  
To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

**Samuel Taylor Coleridge 1772-1834**

**Kubla Khan**

Or, A Vision In A Dream A Fragment

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
A stately pleasure-dome decree :  
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
Through caverns measureless to man  
Down to a sunless sea.  
So twice five miles of fertile ground  
With walls and towers were girdled round :  
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,  
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree ;  
And here were forests ancient as the hills,  
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh ! that deep romantic chasm which slanted  
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !  
A savage place! as holy and enchanted  
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted

By woman wailing for her demon-lover!  
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,  
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,  
A mighty fountain momentarily was forced :  
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst  
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,  
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail :  
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever  
It flung up momentarily the sacred river.  
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion  
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,  
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,  
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean :  
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far  
Ancestral voices prophesying war !  
    The shadow of the dome of pleasure  
    Floated midway on the waves ;  
    Where was heard the mingled measure  
    From the fountain and the caves.  
It was a miracle of rare device,  
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !

    A damsel with a dulcimer  
    In a vision once I saw :  
    It was an Abyssinian maid,  
    And on her dulcimer she played,  
    Singing of Mount Abora.  
    Could I revive within me  
    Her symphony and song,  
    To such a deep delight 'twould win me,  
That with music loud and long,  
I would build that dome in air,  
That sunny dome ! those caves of ice !  
And all who heard should see them there,  
And all should cry, Beware ! Beware !  
His flashing eyes, his floating hair !  
Weave a circle round him thrice,  
And close your eyes with holy dread,  
For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

*Excerpt from The Aeolian Harp*

And what if all of animated nature  
Be but organic Harps diversly fram'd,  
That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps  
Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,  
At once the Soul of each, and God of all?

**Percy Bysshe Shelley 1792-1822**

England 1819

An old, mad, blind, despis'd, and dying king,  
Princes, the dregs of their dull race, who flow  
Through public scorn--mud from a muddy spring,  
Rulers who neither see, nor feel, nor know,  
But leech-like to their fainting country cling,  
Till they drop, blind in blood, without a blow,  
A people starv'd and stabb'd in the untill'd field,  
An army, which liberticide and prey  
Makes as a two-edg'd sword to all who wield,  
Golden and sanguine laws which tempt and slay,  
Religion Christless, Godless--a book seal'd,  
A Senate--Time's worst statute unrepeal'd,  
Are graves, from which a glorious Phantom may  
Burst, to illumine our tempestuous day.

Ode to the West Wind

I

O wild West Wind; thou breath of Autumn's being,  
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead  
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,  
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,  
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,  
Each like a corpse within its grave, until  
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill  
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)  
With living hues and odors plain and hill:

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;  
Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh, hear!

## II

Thou on whose stream, mid the steep sky's commotion,  
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,  
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread  
On the blue surface of thine aery surge,  
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge  
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,  
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night  
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,  
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere  
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: oh, hear!

## III

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams  
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,  
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,  
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers  
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers  
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them!  
Thou For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below  
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear  
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,  
And tremble and despoil themselves: oh, hear!

#### IV

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear; |  
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;  
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free  
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even  
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over Heaven,  
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed  
Scarce seemed a vision; I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.  
Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!  
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed  
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

#### V

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:  
What if my leaves are falling like its own!  
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,  
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,  
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe  
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!  
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth  
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!  
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O, Wind,  
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind!

**John Keats 1795-1821**

### Ode to A Nightingale

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains  
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,  
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains  
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:  
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,  
But being too happy in thine happiness,--  
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees  
In some melodious plot  
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,  
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been  
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,  
Tasting of Flora and the country green,  
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!  
O for a beaker full of the warm South,  
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,  
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,  
And purple-stained mouth;  
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,  
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:  
Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget  
What thou among the leaves hast never known,  
The weariness, the fever, and the fret  
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;  
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,  
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;  
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow  
And leaden-eyed despairs,  
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,  
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.  
Away! away! for I will fly to thee,  
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,  
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,



Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:  
 Already with thee! tender is the night,  
 And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,  
 Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;  
 But here there is no light,  
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown  
 Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.  
 I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,  
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,  
 But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet  
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows  
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;  
 White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;  
 Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves;  
 And mid-May's eldest child,  
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,  
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.  
 Darkling I listen; and, for many a time  
 I have been half in love with easeful Death,  
 Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,  
 To take into the air my quiet breath;  
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die,  
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,  
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad  
 In such an ecstasy!  
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain--  
 To thy high requiem become a sod.  
 Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!  
 No hungry generations tread thee down;  
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard  
 In ancient days by emperor and clown:  
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path  
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,  
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn;  
 The same that oft-times hath  
 Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam  
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.  
 Forlorn! the very word is like a bell  
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self!  
 Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well  
 As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf.  
 Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades  
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,

Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep  
In the next valley-glades:  
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?  
Fled is that music:--Do I wake or sleep?

## Ode on Melancholy

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

But when the melancholy fit shall fall  
Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,  
That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,  
And hides the green hill in an April shroud;  
Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,  
Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,  
Or on the wealth of globed peonies;  
Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,  
Imprison her soft hand, and let her rave,  
And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die;  
And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips  
Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh,  
Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips:  
Ay, in the very temple of Delight  
Veiled Melancholy has her sovran shrine,  
Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue  
Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine:  
His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,  
And be among her cloudy trophies hung.