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# POEMS OF JOHN KEATS

《济慈诗集》

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## A SONG ABOUT MYSELF

by John Keats

## I.

There was a naughty boy,  
A naughty boy was he,  
He would not stop at home,  
He could not quiet be-  
He took  
In his knapsack  
A book  
Full of vowels  
And a shirt  
With some towels,  
A slight cap  
For night cap,  
A hair brush,  
Comb ditto,  
New stockings  
For old ones  
Would split O!  
This knapsack  
Tight at's back  
He rivetted close  
And followed his nose  
To the north,  
To the north,  
And follow'd his nose  
To the north.

## II.

There was a naughty boy  
And a naughty boy was he,  
For nothing would he do  
But scribble poetry-  
He took  
An ink stand  
In his hand  
And a pen  
Big as ten  
In the other,  
And away  
In a pother  
He ran  
To the mountains  
And fountains  
And ghostes  
And postes  
And witches  
And ditches  
And wrote  
In his coat  
When the weather  
Was cool,  
Fear of gout,  
And without  
When the weather  
Was warm-  
Och the charm  
When we choose  
To follow one's nose  
To the north,  
To the north,

To follow one's nose

To the north!

III.

There was a naughty boy

And a naughty boy was he,

He kept little fishes

In washing tubs three

In spite

Of the might

Of the maid

Nor afraid

Of his Granny-good-

He often would

Hurly burly

Get up early

And go

By hook or crook

To the brook

And bring home

Miller's thumb,

Tittlebat

Not over fat,

Minnows small

As the stall

Of a glove,

Not above

The size

Of a nice

Little baby's

Little fingers-

O he made

'Twas his trade  
Of fish a pretty kettle  
A kettle-  
A kettle  
Of fish a pretty kettle  
A kettle!

IV.

There was a naughty boy,  
And a naughty boy was he,  
He ran away to Scotland  
The people for to see-  
There he found  
That the ground  
Was as hard,  
That a yard  
Was as long,  
That a song  
Was as merry,  
That a cherry  
Was as red,  
That lead  
Was as weighty,  
That fourscore  
Was as eighty,  
That a door  
Was as wooden  
As in England-  
So he stood in his shoes  
And he wonder'd,  
He wonder'd,  
He stood in his

Shoes and he wonder'd.

THE END

1816

CHARACTER OF CHARLES BROWN

by John Keats

I.

He is to weet a melancholy carle:  
Thin in the waist, with bushy head of hair  
As hath the seeded thistle when in parle  
It holds the Zephyr, ere it sendeth fair  
Its light balloons into the summer air;  
Therto his beard had not begun to bloom,  
No brush had touch'd his chin or razor sheer;  
No care had touch'd his cheek with mortal doom,  
But new he was and bright as scarf from Persian loom.

II.

Ne cared he for wine, or half-and-half;  
Ne cared he for fish or flesh or fowl,  
And sauces held he worthless as the chaff,  
He 'sdeigned the swine-head at the wassail-bowl;  
Ne with lewd ribbalds sat he cheek by jowl,  
Ne with sly Lemans in the scorner's chair;  
But after water-brooks this Pilgrim's soul  
Panted, and all his food was woodland air  
Though he would oft-times feast on gilliflowers rare.

III.

The slang of cities in no wise he knew,  
Tipping the wink to him was heathen Greek;  
He sipp'd no olden Tom or ruin blue,  
Or nantz or cherry-brandy drank full meek  
By many a damsel hoarse and rouge of cheek;  
Nor did he know each aged watchman's beat,  
Nor in obscured purlieus would he seek  
For curled Jewesses with ankles neat,  
Who as they walk abroad make tinkling with their feet.

THE END

1816

DEDICATION [OF POEMS, 1817] TO LEIGH HUNT, ESQ.

by John Keats

Glory and loveliness have pass'd 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 voic'd 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.

THE END

1816

ENDYMION: A POETIC ROMANCE

by John Keats

PREFACE

"The stretched metre of an antique song"

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS CHATTERTON

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 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.

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.

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.

TEIGNMOUTH,

April 10, 1818

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,  
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth  
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,  
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways  
Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,  
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall  
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,  
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:  
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  
For one short hour; no, even as the trees  
That whisper round a temple become soon  
Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,  
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'ercast,  
They always must be with us, or we die.

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  
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  
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  
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 falter  
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,  
And after him his sacred vestments swept.  
From his right hand there swung a vase, milk-white,  
Of mingled wine, out-sparkling generous light;  
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  
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 nervy 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,  
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  
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-  
In desolate places, where dank moisture breeds  
The pipy hemlock to strange overgrowth;  
Bethinking thee, how melancholy loth