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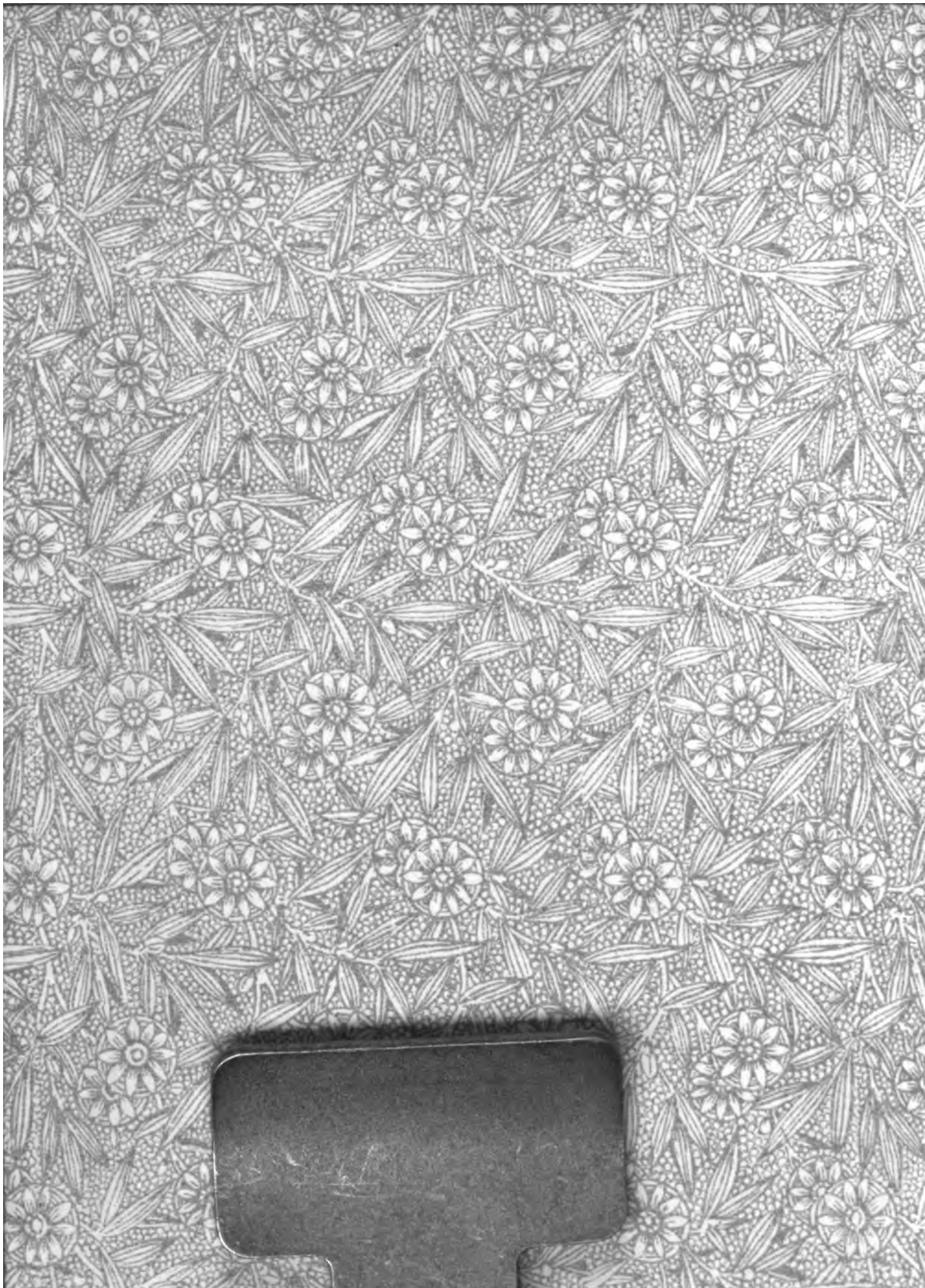
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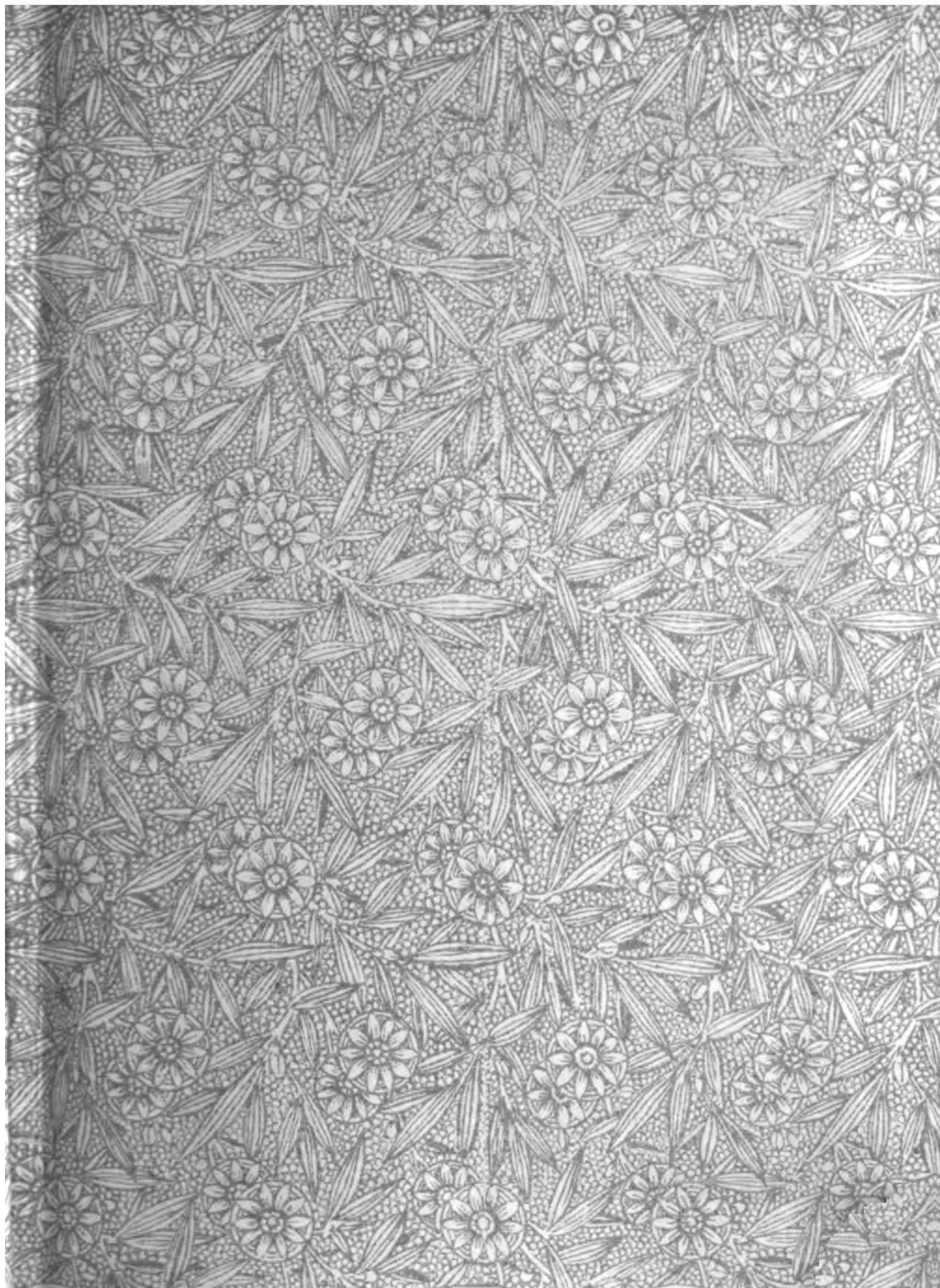
THE
SHELLEY
BIRTHDAY BOOK
AND
CALENDAR



(Percy)

B. Shelley





Johnson, f. 2.646

SHELLEY
BIRTHDAY BOOK
AND CALENDAR.





Peroy B Shully

BIRTHDAY BOOK
CALENDAR.

1880

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1880

1880



Henry J. ...

THE
SHELLEY
BIRTHDAY BOOK
AND
CALENDAR.

COMPILED AND EDITED

BY

J. R. TUTIN.

Another Orpheus sings again.

—*Hellas.*

And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

—*To a Skylark.*

LONDON:
T. FISHER UNWIN,
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1885.

~~3835.9.11~~



PRINTED BY
CHARLES HENRY BARNWELL, HULL.

TO
WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI,
THE EDITOR AND BIOGRAPHER
OF
SHELLEY,
THIS LITTLE BOOK
IS
MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
BY
THE COMPILER.

J. R. T.

PREFACE.

BIRTHDAY BOOKS having become an established institution, there can be no need to apologize for the publication of this, which is an attempt to give a collection of Shelley's best and most quotable passages; and by careful arrangement to present such a "Calendar" as can be gathered from the Poet's works in prose and verse.

It is said and believed by many that Shelley is not an author who will bear quotation. The perusal of this little book, or the careful reading of the Poet's works, will, I think, induce such to change their opinion. Nothing further need be said here of Shelley's works. They are now being estimated at their true value. If the result of my labours in the following compilation impresses its readers with an admiration of the Poet's subtle and lofty genius, I shall be amply rewarded.

The portrait of Shelley forming the frontispiece is an etching by T. Tindall Wildridge, after the portrait of the Poet by Miss Curran.

J. R. T.

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite ;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night ;
To defy Power which seems omnipotent ;
To love and bear ; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates ;
Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent ;
This, like thy glory, Titan ! is to be
Good, great, and joyous, beautiful and free ;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory !

Prom. Unbound, Act iv.

JANUARY.

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

Summer and Winter.

January 1.

TIME.

Unfathomable Sea, whose waves are years !

Ocean of Time, whose waters of deep woe
Are brackish with the salt of human tears !

Thou shoreless flood which in thy ebb and flow
Claspest the limits of mortality,

And sick of prey, yet howling on for more,
Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitable shore !

Treacherous in calm, and terrible in storm,

Who shall put forth on thee,

Unfathomable Sea ?

Time.

January 2.

LOVE.

All love is sweet,

Given or returned. Common as light is love,

And its familiar voice wearies not ever. . . .

They who inspire it most are fortunate,

. . . . but those who feel it most

Are happier still.

Prom. Unbound, Act ii. Sc. 5.

January 3.

The sense that he was greater than his kind

Had struck, methinks, his eagle spirit blind

By gazing on its own exceeding light.

Julian and Maddalo.

January 1.

January 2.

January 3.

January 4.

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

To———(*"One word is too often profaned,"*) ii.

January 5.

All of us who are worth anything, spend our
manhood in unlearning the follies, or expiating
the mistakes of our youth.

Letters from Italy, xxx.

January 6.

"THE MUSIC OF THE ROLLING WORLD."

How every pause is filled with under-notes,
Clear, silver, icy, keen awakening tones,
Which pierce the sense, and live within the soul,
As the sharp stars pierce winter's crystal air
And gaze upon themselves within the sea.

Prom. Unbound, Act iv.

Thou art speeding round the sun,
Brightest world of many a one ;
Green and azure sphere which shinest
With a light which is divinest
Among all the lamps of heaven
To whom light and life is given.

Prometheus Unbound, Act iv.

————— *January 4.* —————

————— *January 5.* —————

————— *January 6.* —————

January 7.

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

Song ("Rarely, rarely, comest thou.")

January 8.

And what art thou ? I know, but dare not speak :
Time may interpret to his silent years.
Yet in the paleness of thy thoughtful cheek,
And in the light thine ample forehead wears,
And in thy sweetest smiles and in thy tears,
And in thy gentle speech, a prophecy
Is whispered, to subdue my fondest fears :
And thro' thine eyes, even in thy soul I see
A lamp of vestal fire burning internally.

Revolt of Islam,—Dedication, xi.

January 9.

WEALTH AND LOVE.

Wealth and dominion fade into the mass
Of the great sea of human right and wrong,
When once from our possession they must pass ;
But love, though misdirected, is among
The things which are immortal, and surpass
All that frail stuff which will be—or which was.

Fragments.

January 7.

January 8.

January 9.

January 10.

We are assured
Much may be conquered, much may be endured,
Of what degrades and crushes us. We know
That we have power over ourselves to do
And suffer—*what*, we know not till we try ;
But something nobler than to live and die.

Julian and Maddalo.

January 11.

POWER.

Power, like a desolating pestilence,
Pollutes whate'er it touches ; and obedience,
Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,
Makes slaves of men, and of the human frame
A mechanized automaton.

Queen Mab, iii.

January 12.

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

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

To——— (“*I fear thy kisses gentle maiden.*”)

January 10.

January 11.

January 12.

January 13.

A man, to be greatly good, must imagine intensely and comprehensively ; he must put himself in the place of another and of many others ; the pains and pleasures of his species must become his own.

Essays and Letters from Abroad : A Defence of Poetry

January 14.

MUSIC.

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

Music, i.

January 15.

MAN'S DESTINY.

Man is a being of high aspirations, "looking both before and after," whose "thoughts wander through eternity," disclaiming alliance with transience and decay ; incapable of imagining to himself annihilation ; existing but in the future and the past ; being, not what he is, but what he has been and shall be. Whatever may be his true and final destination, there is a spirit within him at enmity with nothingness and dissolution.

Essays and Letters from Abroad : On Life.

The destiny of man can scarcely be so degraded, that he was born only to die.

Letters from Italy, lxxv.

January 13.

January 14.

January 15.

January 16.

Thought

Alone, and its quick elements, Will, Passion,
Reason, Imagination, cannot die ;
They are what that which they regard appears,
The stuff whence mutability can weave
All that it hath dominion o'er,—worlds, worms,
Empires and superstitions.

Hellas.

January 17.

Alas for Liberty !

If numbers, wealth, or unfulfilling years,
Or fate, can quell the free.

Hellas.

January 18.

The splendours of the firmament of time
May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not ;
Like stars to their appointed height they climb,
And death is a low mist which cannot blot
The brightness it may veil.

Adonais, xliv.

January 16.

January 17.

January 18.

January 19.

Worlds on worlds are rolling ever
From creation to decay,
Like the bubbles on a river,
Sparkling, bursting, borne away.

Hellas.

January 20.

THE POETRY OF ROME.

The true poetry of Rome lived in its institutions ; for whatever of beautiful, true, and majestic they contained, could have sprung only from the faculty which creates the order in which they consist.

Essays and Letters from Abroad : A Defence of Poetry.

January 21.

THE ENGLISH CEMETERY AT ROME.

To see the sun shining on its bright grass, fresh when we visited it, with the autumnal dews, and hear the whispering of the wind among the leaves of the trees which have overgrown the tomb of Cestius, and the soil which is stirring in the sun-warm earth, and to mark the tombs, mostly of women and young people who were buried there, one might, if one were to die, desire the sleep they seem to sleep. Such is the human mind, and so it peoples with its wishes, vacancy and oblivion.

Letters from Italy, xv.

SHELLEY'S ASHES INTERRED AT ROME, JAN. 21, 1823.

January 19.

January 20.

January 21.

January 22.

LORD BYRON.

The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame
Over his living head like heaven is bent.

Adonais, xxx.

Ocean
Welcomed him with such emotion
That its joy grew his, and sprung
From his lips like music flung
O'er a mighty thunder fit
Chastening terror.

BYRON, 1788. *Lines written among the Euganean Hills.*

LORD BACON.

Lord Bacon was a poet. His language has a sweet and majestic rhythm, which satisfies the sense, no less than the almost superhuman wisdom of his philosophy satisfies the intellect.

Essays and Letters from Abroad : A Defence of Poetry.
BACON, 1561.

January 23.

Joyous he was ; and hope and peace
On all who heard him did abide,
Raining like dew from his sweet talk,
As where the evening star may walk
Along the brink of the gloomy seas,
Liquid mists of splendour quiver.

Rosalind and Helen.

— *January 22.* —

— *January 23.* —

January 24.

REASON AND IMAGINATION.

Reason is the enumeration of quantities already known ; imagination is the perception of the value of those quantities, both separately and as a whole. Reason respects the differences, and imagination the similitudes of things. Reason is to imagination as the instrument to the agent, as the body to the spirit, as the shadow to the substance.

Essays and Letters from Abroad : A Defence of Poetry.

January 25.

THE POWER OF POETRY.

Poetry turns all things to loveliness ; it exalts the beauty of that which is most beautiful, and it adds beauty to that which is most deformed ; it marries exultation and horror, grief and pleasure, eternity and change ; it subdues to union under its light yoke, all irreconcilable things.

Essays and Letters from Abroad : A Defence of Poetry.

January 26.

THE FOUR AGES OF MAN.

Age's icy caves,
And Manhood's dark and tossing waves,
And Youth's smooth ocean, smiling to betray :
shadow-peopled Infancy.

Prom. Unbound, Act ii. Sc. 4.

January 24.

January 25.

January 26.

January 27.

MUSIC.

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

MOZART, 1756.

Music, ii.

January 28.

OZYMANDIAS.

I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said : Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half-sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless
things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart that
fed ;
And on the pedestal these words appear :
“ My name is Ozymandias, king of kings :
Look on my works ye mighty and despair !”
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

Sonnet, Ozymandias.

January 27.

January 28.

January 29.

TRAGEDY.

Tragedy delights by affording a shadow of the pleasure which exists in pain. This is the source also of the melancholy which is inseparable from the sweetest melody. The pleasure that is in sorrow is sweeter than the pleasure of pleasure itself. And hence the saying, "It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of mirth."

Essays and Letters from Abroad: A Defence of Poetry.

January 30.

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

Sophia

January 31.

WHAT IS LOVE?

It is that powerful attraction towards all we conceive, or fear, or hope beyond ourselves, when we find within our own thoughts the chasm of an insufficient void, and seek to awaken in all things that are, a community with what we experience within ourselves. If we reason we should be understood; if we imagine we would that the airy children of our brain were born anew within another's; if we feel we would that another's should vibrate to our own, that the beams of their eyes should kindle at once and mix and melt into our own; that lips of motionless ice should not reply to lips quivering and burning with the heart's best blood:—this is Love

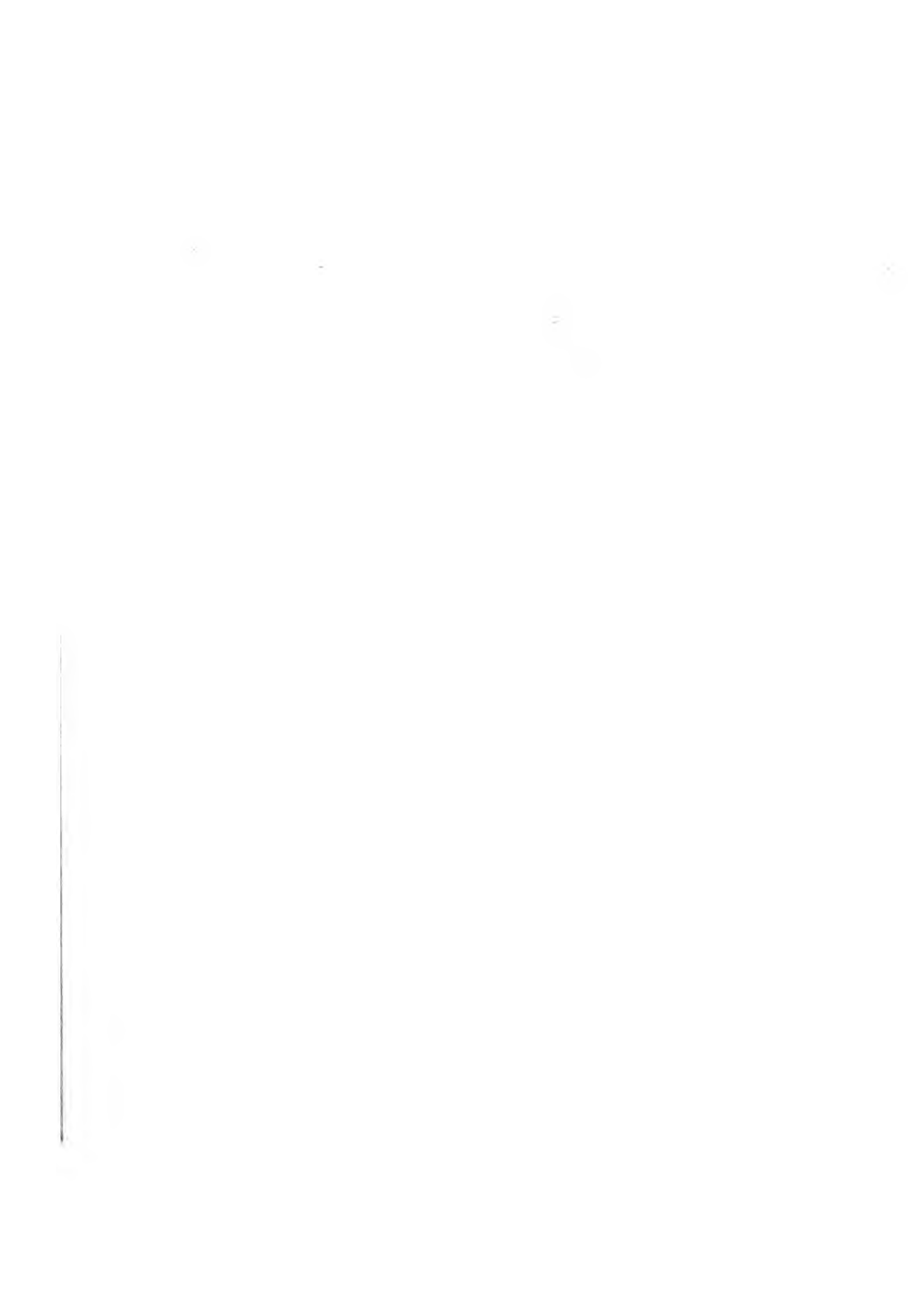
Essays and Letters from Abroad: Love.

January 29.

January 30.

January 31.

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## FEBRUARY.

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The brightest hour of unborn Spring,  
Through the winter wandering,  
Found, it seems, the halcyon Morn,  
To hoar February born ;  
Bending from Heaven, in azure mirth,  
It kissed the forehead of the Earth,  
And smiled upon the silent sea,  
And bade the frozen streams be free,  
And waked to music all their fountains,  
And breathed upon the frozen mountains,  
And like a prophetess of May,  
Strewed flowers upon the barren way.

*To Jane—The Invitation.*

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## *February 1.*

The highest moral purpose aimed at in the highest species of the drama, is the teaching the human heart, through its sympathies and antipathies, the knowledge of itself ; in proportion to the possession of which knowledge, every human being is wise, just, sincere, tolerant and kind.

*Preface to "The Cenci."*

## *February 2.*

### DESOLATION.

Desolation is a delicate thing :  
It walks not on the earth, it floats not on the air.  
But treads with killing footstep, and fans with  
    silent wing,  
The tender hopes which in their hearts the best  
    and gentlest bear ;  
Who, soothed to false repose by the fanning  
    plumes above,  
And the music-stirring motion of its soft and  
    busy feet,  
Dream visions of aërial joy, and call the monster,  
    Love,  
And wake and find the shadow Pain.

*Prom. Unbound, Act i.*

## *February 3.*

### TO MUSIC.

Silver key of the fountain of tears,  
    Where the spirit drinks till the brain is wild ;  
Softest grave of a thousand fears,  
    Where their mother, Care, like a drowsy child,  
    Is laid asleep in flowers.

MENDELSSOHN—BARTHOLDY, 1809.

*To Music.*

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*February 1.*

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*February 2.*

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*February 3.*

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## *February 4.*

The woods were in their winter sleep,  
Rocked in that repose divine  
On the wind-swept Apennine ;  
And dreaming, some of autumn past,  
And some of spring approaching fast,  
And some of April buds and showers,  
And some of songs in July bowers,  
And all of love.

*With a Guitar, to Jane.*

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## *February 5.*

We live and move and think ; but we are not the creators of our own origin and existence. We are not the arbiters of every motion of our own complicated nature ; we are not the masters of our own imaginations and moods of mental being. There is a Power by which we are surrounded, like the atmosphere in which some motionless lyre is suspended, which visits with its breath our silent chords at will.

*Essay on Christianity.*

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## *February 6.*

The fountains of divine philosophy  
Fled not his thirsting lips : and all of great  
Or good, or lovely, which the sacred past  
In truth or fable consecrates, he felt  
And knew.

*Alastor.*

---

*February 4.*

---

*February 5.*

---

*February 6.*

---



*February 7.*

But on her forehead and within her eye  
Lay beauty, which makes hearts that feed thereon  
Sick with excess of sweetness.

*The Revolt of Islam, Canto v. St. 23.*

*February 8.*

The unwilling brain  
Feigns often what it would not ; and we trust  
Imagination with such phantasies  
As the tongue dares not fashion into words.

*The Cenci, Act ii. Sc. 2.*

*February 9.*

Gentle and good and mild thou art.

*To Mary Godwin, vi.*

I love tranquil solitude,  
And such society  
As is quiet, wise and good.

*Song, ("Rarely, rarely comest thou.")*

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*February 7.*

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*February 8.*

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*February 9.*

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*February 10.*

CHARLES LAMB.

What a lovely thing is his "Rosamund Gray!" How much knowledge of the sweetest and deepest part of our nature in it! When I think of such a mind as Lamb's, when I see how unnoticed remain things of such exquisite and complete perfection, what should I hope for myself, if I had not higher objects in view than fame?

*Letters from Italy, xxii.*

CHARLES LAMB, 1775.

*February 11.*

What 'twas weak to do,  
'Tis weaker to lament, once being done ;  
Take cheer !

*The Cenci, Act v. Sc. 3.*

*February 12.*

THE GUITAR.

It talks according to the wit  
Of its companions ; and no more  
Is heard than has been felt before,  
By those who tempt it to betray  
These secrets of an elder day.

*With a Guitar, to Jane.*

— *February 10.* —

— *February 11.* —

— *February 12.* —

—

*February 13.*

VIRTUE EVER LOVELY.

Virtue, though obscured on Earth, not less  
Survives all mortal change in lasting loveliness.

*The Revolt of Islam, Canto xii. St. 37.*

*February 14.*

(ST. VALENTINE.)

I arise from dreams of thee  
In the first sweet sleep of night,  
When the winds are breathing low  
And the stars are shining bright.  
I arise from dreams of thee,  
And a spirit in my feet  
Has led me—who knows how?  
To thy chamber-window, sweet!

*The Indian Serenade, i.*

*February 15.*

The poet and the man are two different natures ;  
though they exist together, they may be uncon-  
scious of each other, and incapable of deciding  
on each other's powers and efforts, by any reflex  
act.

*Letters from Italy, 1.*

----- *February 13.* -----

----- *February 14.* -----

----- *February 15.* -----

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*February 16.*

The good want power, but to weep barren tears.  
The powerful goodness want: worse need for  
them.  
The wise want love; and those who love want  
wisdom;  
And all best things are thus confused to ill.

*Prom. Unbound, Act. i.*

*February 17.*

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

*From the Arabic, i.*

*February 18.*

TO HEAVEN.

Even thy name is as a god,  
Heaven! for thou art the abode  
Of that power which is the glass  
Wherein man his nature sees.  
Generations as they pass  
Worship thee with bended knees.  
Their unremaining gods and they  
Like a river roll away;  
Thou remainest such alway.

*Ode to Heaven.*

*February 16.* - - - -

*February 17.* - - - -

*February 18.* - - - -

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— *February 19.* —

Cameleons feed on light and air :  
Poets' food is love and fame :  
If in this wide world of care  
Poets could but find the same  
With as little toil as they,  
Would they ever change their hue  
As the light cameleons do,  
Suiting it to every ray  
Twenty times a-day ?

*An Exhortation, i.*

— *February 20.* —

Upon my heart thy accents sweet  
Of peace and pity fell like dew  
On flowers half dead;—thy lips did meet  
Mine tremblingly ; thy dark eyes threw  
Their soft persuasion on my brain,  
Charming away its dream of pain.

*To Mary Godwin, iv.*

— *February 21.* —

LIBERTY.

Thought-winged Liberty.

*Lines written among the Euganean Hills.*

Science, and Poetry, and Thought,  
Are thy Lamps ; they make the lot  
Of the dwellers in a cot  
Such, they curse their Maker not.

*The Masque of Anarchy, lxiv.*

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*February 19.*

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*February 20.*

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*February 21.*

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*February 22.*

The snow-drop, and then the violet,  
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,  
And their breath was mixed with fresh odour, sent  
From the turf.

*The Sensitive Plant, Part i.*

*February 23.*

I weep for Adonais—he is dead !  
O, weep for Adonais ! though our tears  
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head !  
And thou, sad Hour, selected from all years  
To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,  
And teach them thine own sorrow, say: “with me  
Died Adonais !”

*Adonais: An Elegy on the death of John Keats, i.*  
KEATS DIED FEB. 23, 1821.

*February 24.*

GREECE.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains  
From waves serener far ;  
A new Peneus rolls its fountains  
Against the morning-star.  
Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep  
Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

*Hellas.*

————— *February 22.* —————

————— *February 23.* —————

————— *February 24.* —————

—————

— *February 25.* —

Scythian frost in fear has met  
Spring's messengers descending from the skies.

*The Revolt of Islam, Canto vii. 37.*

All spirits are enslaved which serve things evil.

*Prom. Unbound, Act. ii. Sc. 4.*

— *February 26.* —

She moved upon this earth a shape of brightness,  
A power that from its objects scarcely drew  
One impulse of her being—in her lightness  
Most like some radiant cloud of morning dew  
Which wanders through the waste air's pathless  
blue

To nourish some far desert ; she did seem  
Beside me, gathering beauty as she grew,  
Like the bright shade of some immortal dream  
Which walks, when tempest sleeps, the wave of  
life's dark stream.

*The Revolt of Islam, Canto ii. St. 23.*

— *February 27.* —

A poet is the combined product of such internal powers as modify the nature of others ; and of such external influences as excite and sustain these powers: he is not one one but both.

Poets, not otherwise than philosophers, painters, sculptors, and musicians, are in one sense the creators, and, in another, the creations, of their age. From this subjection the loftiest do not escape.

*Preface to "Prom. Unbound."*

H. W. LONGFELLOW, 1807

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*February 25.*

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*February 26.*

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*February 27.*

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*February 28.*

Radiant Sister of the Day,  
Awake! arise! and come away!  
To the wild woods and the plains,  
To the pools where winter rains  
Image all their roof of leaves,  
Where the pine its garland weaves  
Of sapless green, and ivy dun,  
Round stems that never kiss the sun,

*To Jane—The Invitation.*

*February 29.*

Earth, ocean, air, beloved brotherhood!  
If our great Mother has imbued my soul  
With aught of natural piety to feel  
Your love, and recompense the boon with mine;  
If dewy morn, and odorous noon, and even,  
With sunset and its gorgeous ministers,  
And solemn midnight's tingling silentness;  
If Autumn's hollow sighs in the sere wood,  
And Winter robing with pure snow and crowns  
Of Starry ice the grey grass and bare boughs;  
If spring's voluptuous pantings when she breathes  
Her first sweet kisses, have been dear to me;  
If no bright bird, insect, or gentle beast  
I consciously have injured, but still loved  
And cherished these my kindred;—then forgive  
This boast, beloved brethren, and withdraw  
No portion of your wonted favour now!

*Alastor.*

February 28.

February 29.





## MARCH.

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The season when the Earth upsprings  
From slumber, as a spherèd angel's child,  
Shadowing its eyes with green and golden wings,  
Stands up before its mother bright and mild,  
Of whose soft voice the air expectant seems,—  
So stood before the Sun, which shone and smiled  
To see it rise thus joyous from its dreams,  
The fresh and radiant Earth.

*Prince Athanase, Part II.*

And from the moss violets . . . . peep,  
And dart their arrowy odour through the brain,  
Till you might faint with that delicious pain.

*Epipsychidion.*

Daisies, those pearled Arcturi of the earth,  
The constellated flower that never sets.

*The Question, ii.*

---

*March 1.*

After the slumber of the year  
The woodland violets re-appear ;  
All things revive in field or grove ;  
And sky and sea.

To———(“ *When passion’s trance is overpast*”)

---

*March 2.*

Old Winter was gone  
In his weakness back to the mountains hoar,  
And the spring came down  
From the planet that hovers upon the shore  
Where the sea of sunlight encroaches  
On the limits of wintry night.

*Ginevra.*

When the melting hoar-frost wets  
The daisy-star that never sets,  
And wind-flowers, and violets  
Which yet join not scent to hue,  
Crown the pale year weak and new.

To *Jane*—*The Invitation.*

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*March 3.*

Mighty eagle ! thou that soarest  
O'er the misty mountain forest,  
And amid the light of morning  
Like a cloud of glory hiest,  
And when night descends defiest  
The embattled tempests' warning !

To *William Godwin.*

*March 1.*

*March 2.*

*March 3.*

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*March 4.*

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They who, deluded by no generous error, instigated by no sacred thirst of doubtful knowledge, duped by no illustrious superstition, loving nothing on this earth, and cherishing no hopes beyond, yet keep aloof from sympathies of their kind, rejoicing neither in human joy nor mourning with human grief ; these and such as they, have their apportioned curse.

*Preface to "Alastor."*

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*March 5.*

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THE CLOUD.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,  
And their great pines groan aghast ;  
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,  
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.

*The Cloud, ii.*

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*March 6.*

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Though storms may break the primrose on its  
stalk,  
Though frosts may blight the freshness of its  
bloom,  
Yet Spring's awakening breath will woo the earth,  
To feed with kindest dews its favourite flower,  
That blooms in mossy banks and darksome glens,  
Lighting the greenwood with its sunny smile.

*Queen Mab, ix.*

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*March 4.*

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*March 5.*

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*March 6.*

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*March 7.*

Art thou not void of guile,  
A lovely soul formed to be blest and bless ?  
A well of sealed and secret happiness,  
Whose waters like blithe light and music are,  
Vanquishing dissonance and gloom ?

*Epipsychidion.*

*March 8.*

LOVE, THE UNIVERSE.

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

*Fragments.*

*March 9.*

I love thee ; yes, I feel  
That on the fountain of my heart a seal  
Is set, to keep its waters pure and bright  
For thee, since in those tears thou hast delight.  
We—are we not formed, as notes of music are,  
For one another, though dissimilar ;  
Such difference without discord, as can make  
Those sweetest sounds in which all spirits shake,  
As trembling leaves in a continuous air ?

*Epipsychidion.*

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*March 7.*

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*March 8.*

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*March 9.*

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## *March 10.*

His words, like arrows  
Which know no aim beyond the archer's wit,  
Strike sometimes what eludes philosophy.

*Charles I. Act i. Sc. 2.*

## *March 11.*

Poetry is indeed something divine. It is at once the centre and circumference of knowledge ; it is that which comprehends all science, and that to which all science must be referred. It is at the same time the root and blossom of all other systems of thought ; it is that from which all spring, and that which adorns all; and that which if blighted denies the fruit and the seed, and withholds from the barren world the nourishment and the succession of the scions of the tree of life.

*Essays and Letters from Abroad : A Defence of Poetry.*

## *March 12.*

SPRING.

Thou hast descended  
Cradled in tempests ; thou dost wake O Spring !  
O child of many winds ! As suddenly  
Thou comest as the memory of a dream,  
Which now is sad because it hath been sweet ;  
Like genius, or like joy, which riseth up  
As from the earth, clothing with golden clouds  
The desert of our life.

*Prom. Unbound, Act ii. Sc. 1.*

*March 10.*

*March 11.*

*March 12.*

*March 13.*

Liberal he was of soul, and frank of heart,  
And to his many friends—all loved him well—  
Whate'er he knew or felt he would impart,  
If words he found those inmost thoughts to tell.

*Prince Athanase, Part 1.*

*March 14.*

Dreams of baseless good  
Oft come and go in crowds or solitude,  
And leave no trace.

*Julian and Maddalo.*

*March 15.*

Whatever talents a person may possess to amuse and instruct others, be they ever so inconsiderable, he is yet bound to exert them : if his attempt be ineffectual let the punishment of an unaccomplished purpose have been sufficient ; let none trouble themselves to heap the dust of oblivion upon his efforts ; the pile they raise will betray his grave which might otherwise have been unknown.

*Preface to "Prom. Unbound."*

*March 13.*

*March 14.*

*March 15.*

*March 16.*

A DREAM OF SPRING.

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

*The Question, i.*

*March 17.*

BOCCACCIO.

How much do I admire Boccaccio ! What descriptions of nature are there in his little introductions to every new day ! It is the morning of life, stripped of that mist of familiarity which makes it obscure to us . . . . .  
He is a moral casuist, the opposite of the ready-made and worldly system of morals.

*Letters from Italy, xxiii.*

*March 18.*

We wandered to the Pine Forest  
That skirts the Ocean's foam,  
The lightest wind was in its nest,  
The tempest in its home.  
The whispering waves were half asleep,  
The clouds were gone to play,  
And on the bosom of the deep,  
The smile of Heaven lay.

*To Jane—The Recollection, ii.*

*March 16.*

*March 17.*

*March 18.*

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## March 19.

ROME.

Rome is yet the capital of the world. It is a city of palaces and temples more glorious than those which any other city contains, and of ruins more glorious than they. Seen from any of the eminences that surround it, it exhibits domes beyond domes, and palaces, and colonnades interminably, even to the horizon; interspersed with patches of desert, and mighty ruins which stand girt by their own desolation, in the midst of the fanes of living religions, and the habitations of living men, in sublime loneliness.

*Letters from Italy, xvii.*

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## March 20.

And the Spring arose on the garden fair,  
Like the Spirit of Love felt everywhere;  
And each flower and herb on Earth's dark breast,  
Rose from the dreams of its wintry nest.

*The Sensitive Plant, Part i.*

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## March 21.

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

To———(“*Music, when soft voices die.*”)

*March 19.*

*March 20.*

*March 21.*



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*March 22.*

NATURE ETERNAL.

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

*Fragments.*

SPRING.

That sweet time when winds are wooing  
All vital things that wake to bring  
News of birds and blossoming.

*Hymn to Intellectual Beauty, v.*

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*March 23.*

Man is of soul and body, formed for deeds  
Of high resolve ; on fancy's boldest wing  
To soar unwearied, fearlessly to turn  
The keenest pangs to peacefulness, and taste  
The joys which mingled sense and spirit yield.

*Queen Mab, iv.*

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*March 24.*

O, that the vain remorse which must chastise  
Crimes done, had but as loud a voice to warn  
As its keen sting is mortal to avenge !

*The Cenci, Act v. Sc. 1.*

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*March 22.*

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*March 23.*

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*March 24.*

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*March 25.*

TO A SKYLARK.

All the earth and air

With thy voice is loud,

As, when night is bare,

From one lonely cloud

The moon rains out her beams, and heaven  
is overflowed.

*To a Skylark, vi.*

---

*March 26.*

SLEEP.

Sleep was a veil uplift from heaven—

As if heaven dawned upon the world of dream—

When darkness rose on the extinguished day

Out of the eastern wilderness.

*Fragments.*

(The) sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed.

*To Night, iv.*

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*March 27.*

In their own hearts the earnest of the hope

Which made them great, the good will ever find.

*The Revolt of Islam, Canto ix. St. 27.*

*March 25.*

*March 26.*

*March 27.*

### *March 28.*

Many a fresh Spring-morn would he awaken—  
While yet the unrisen sun made glow, like iron  
Quivering in crimson fire, the peaks unshaken  
Of mountains and blue isles which did environ  
With air-clad crags that plain of land and sea,  
And  
Communed with the immeasurable world ;  
And felt his life beyond his limbs dilated,  
Till his mind grew like that it contemplated.  
*Marengli, xxii-xxiii.*

### *March 29.*

Those who inflict must suffer, for they see  
The work of their own hands, and that must be  
Our chastisement or recompense.

*Julian and Maddalo.*

### *March 30.*

#### DEATH.

The pale, the cold, and the moony smile  
Which the meteor beam of a starless night  
Sheds on a lonely and sea-girt isle,  
Ere the dawning of morn's undoubted light,  
Is the flame of life so fickle and wan  
That flits round our steps till their strength is gone.

*On Death, i.*

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*March 28.*

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*March 29.*

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*March 30.*

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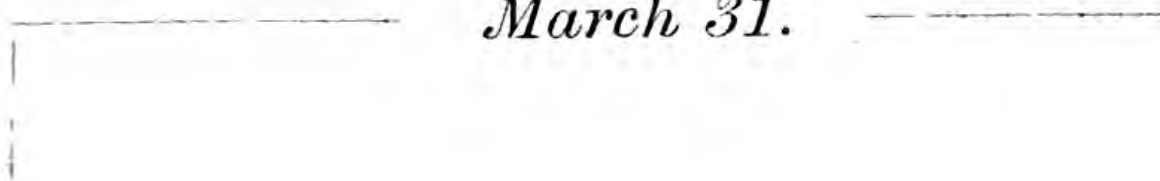
*March 31.*

SPRING.

O Spring ! of hope, and love, and youth, and  
gladness,  
Wind-wingèd emblem ! brightest, best, and fairest !  
Whence comest thou, when, with dark winter's  
sadness  
The tears that fade in sunny smiles thou sharest !  
Sister of joy ! thou art the child who wearest  
Thy mother's dying smile, tender and sweet ;  
Thy mother Autumn, for whose grave thou bearest  
Fresh flowers, and beams like flowers, with  
gentle feet,  
Disturbing not the leaves which are her winding  
sheet.

*The Revolt of Islam, Canto ix. St. 22.*

*March 31.*







# APRIL.

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Incarnate April, warning,  
With smiles and tears, Frost the Anatomy  
Into his summer grave.

*Epipsychidion.*

Behold ! Spring sweeps over the world again,  
Shedding soft dews from her ethereal wings ;  
Flowers on the mountains, fruits over the plain,  
And music on the waves and woods she flings,  
And love on all that lives and calm on lifeless  
things.

*The Revolt of Islam, Canto ix. St. 21.*

For lo ! the wintry clouds are all gone by,  
And bright Arcturus through yon pines is  
glowing,  
And far o'er southern waves immovably  
Belted Orion hangs—warm light is flowing  
From the young moon into the sunset's chasm.

*Prince Athanase, Part ii.*

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*April 1.*

April : the season at which new flowers and new thoughts spring forth upon the earth and in the mind.

*Letters from Italy, xxiii.*

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*April 2.*

The fountains mingle with the river,  
And the rivers with the ocean,  
The winds of heaven mix for ever  
With a sweet emotion ;  
Nothing in the world is single ;  
All things by a law divine  
In one another's being mingle—  
Why not I with thine ?

*Love's Philosophy, i.*

---

*April 3.*

TO A SKYLARK.  
Hail to thee, blithe spirit !  
Bird thou never wert,  
That from heaven or near it,  
Pourest thy full heart  
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

*To a Skylark, i.*

*April 1.*

*April 2.*

*April 3.*

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*April 4.*

Alas! if Love, whose smile makes this obscure  
world splendid,  
Can change, with its false times and tides,  
Like hope and terror.—  
Alas for Love!

*Hellas.*

The elms are just budding, and the warm spring  
winds bring unknown odours, all sweet, from the  
country.

*Letters from Italy, xvii.*

---

*April 5.*

One of those happy souls  
Which are the salt of the earth, and without whom  
This world would smell like what it is—a tomb ;  
Who is, what others seem.

*Letter to Maria Gisborne.*

A serious, subtle, wild, yet gentle being ;  
Graceful without design, and unforeseeing ;  
With eyes—oh! speak not of her eyes ! which seem  
Twin mirrors of Italian heaven, yet gleam  
With such deep meaning as we never see  
But in the human countenance.

*Julian and Maddalo.*

---

*April 6.*

TIME LONG PAST.

There is regret, almost remorse,  
For Time long past.  
'Tis like a child's beloved corse  
A father watches, till at last  
Beauty is like remembrance, cast  
From Time long past.

*Time Long Past, iii.*

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*April 4.*

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*April 5.*

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*April 6.*

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*April 7.*

WORDSWORTH.

Poet of Nature,  
Thou wert as a lone star, whose light did shine  
On some frail bark in winter's midnight roar :  
Thou hast like to a rock-built refuge stood  
Above the blind and battling multitude :  
In honoured poverty thy voice did weave  
Songs consecrate to truth and liberty.

*Sonnet—To Wordsworth.*

WORDSWORTH, 1770.

*April 8.*

TO THE SPIRIT OF NATURE.

Child of Light ! thy limbs are burning  
Thro' the vest which seems to hide them ;  
As the radiant lines of morning  
Thro' the clouds ere they divide them ;  
And this atmosphere divinest  
Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest.

*Prom. Unbound, Act ii. Sc. 5.*

That light whose smile kindles the Universe.

*Adonais, liv.*

*April 9.*

APOLLO.

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

*Hymn of Apollo, iv.*

*April 7.*

*April 8.*

*April 9.*



*April 10.*

SPRING.

The airs and streams renew their joyous tone ;  
The ants, the bees, the swallows re-appear ;  
Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead Seasons'  
bier ;

The amorous birds now pair in every brake,  
And build their mossy homes in field and brere ;  
And the green lizard, and the golden snake,  
Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance  
awake.

*Adonais, xviii.*

*April 11.*

Like the ghost of a dear friend dead  
Is Time long past.

A tone which is now forever fled,  
A hope which is now forever past,  
A love so sweet it could not last,  
Was Time long past.

*Time Long Past, i.*

*April 12.*

Fair as one flower adorning  
An icy wilderness.

*The Revolt of Islam, Canto i. St. 16.*

The odour from the flower is gone  
Which like thy kisses breathed on me ;  
The colour from the flower is flown  
Which glowed of thee and only thee !

*On a Faded Violet, i.*

*April 10.*

*April 11.*

*April 12.*

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*April 13.*

• The April prime,  
When all the forest tips began to burn  
With kindling green, touched by the azure clime  
Of the young year's dawn.

*The Triumph of Life.*

---

*April 14.*

NATURE MOURNS THE DEATH OF THE POET  
Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains,  
And feeds her grief with his remembered lay,  
And will no more reply to winds or fountains,  
Or amorous birds perched on the young green  
spray,  
Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing day ;  
Since she can mimic not his lips, more dear  
Than those for whose disdain she pined away  
Into a shadow of all sounds :—a drear  
Murmur, between their songs, is all the wood-  
men hear.  
Grief made the young Spring wild, and she threw  
down  
Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were,  
Or they dead leaves ; since her delight is flown,  
For whom should she have waked the sullen Year?

*Adonais, xv. xvi.*

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*April 15.*

I love all that thou lovest,  
Spirit of Delight !  
The fresh Earth in new leaves drest,  
And the starry night.

*Song, (" Rarely, rarely, comest thou.")*

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*April 13.*

*April 14.*

*April 15.*

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*April 16.*

Poetry ever communicates all the pleasure which men are capable of receiving ; it is ever still the light of life ; the source of whatever of beautiful or generous or true can have place in an evil time.

*Essays and Letters from Abroad : A Defence of Poetry.*

---

*April 17.*

A living image, which did far surpass  
In beauty that bright shape of vital stone  
Which drew the heart out of Pygmalion.

*The Witch of Atlas, xxxv.*

Praxitelean shapes, whose marble smiles  
Fill the hushed air with everlasting love.

*Prom. Unbound, Act iii. Sc. 3.*

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*April 18.*

Away, away, from men and towns,  
To the wild wood and the downs-  
To the silent wilderness  
Where the soul need not repress  
Its music, lest it should not find  
An echo in another's mind,  
While the touch of Nature's art  
Harmonises heart to heart.

*To Jane—The Invitation.*

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*April 16.*

*April 17.*

*April 18.*

*April 19.*

He came like a dream in the dawn of life,  
He fled like a shadow before its noon ;  
He is gone, and my peace is turned to strife,  
And I wander and wane like the weary moon.

*Fragments of an Unfinished Drama.*

*April 20.*

THE WORLD'S WANDERERS.

Tell me, thou star, whose wings of light  
Speed thee in thy fiery flight,  
In what cavern of the night

Will thy pinions close now ?

Tell me, moon, thou pale and grey  
Pilgrim of heaven's homeless way,  
In what depth of night or day

Seekest thou repose now ?

Weary wind, who wanderest  
Like the world's rejected guest,  
Hast thou still some secret nest

On the tree, or billow ?

*April 21.*

TIME LONG PAST.

There were sweet dreams in the night  
Of Time long past :

And, was it sadness or delight,  
Each day a shadow onward cast

Which made us wish it yet might last—  
That Time long past.

*Time Long Past, ii.*

*April 19.*

*April 20.*

*April 21.*



*April 22.*

In solitude, or that deserted state when we are surrounded by human beings and yet they sympathize not with us, we love the flowers, the grass, the waters, and the sky. In the motion of the very leaves of spring, in the blue air, there is then found a secret correspondence with our heart.

*Essays and Letters from Abroad : On Love.*

*April 23.*

SHAKESPEARE.

Perhaps Shakespeare, from the variety and comprehension of his genius, is to be considered, on the whole, as the greatest individual mind, of which we have specimens remaining.

*Essays and Letters from Abroad : On the Literature, etc. of the Athenians.*

Divinest Shakespeare's might  
Fills Avon and the world with light,  
Like omniscient power, which he  
Imaged 'mid mortality.

*Lines written among the Euganean Hills.*

SHAKESPEARE, 1564.

*April 24.*

THE POET'S EFFLUENCE.

He is made one with Nature : there is heard  
His voice in all her music, from the moan  
Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird ;  
He is a presence to be felt and known  
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,  
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move  
Which has withdrawn his being to its own ;  
Which wields the world with never wearied love,  
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

*Adonais, xlii.*

*April 22.*

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*April 23.*

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*April 24.*

— *April 25.* —

THE CLOUD.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,  
From the seas and the streams  
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid  
In their noon-day dreams.

I wield the flail of the lashing hail,  
And whiten the green plains under,  
And then again I dissolve it in rain,  
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

*The Cloud, i.*

— *April 26.* —

The mountains sweep to the plain like waves that meet in a chasm—the olive woods are as green as a sea and are waving in the wind—the shadows of the clouds are spotting the bosoms of the hills—a heron comes sailing over me—a butterfly flits near—at intervals the pines give forth their sweet and prolonged response to the wind—the myrtle bushes are in bud, and the soil beneath me is carpeted with odoriferous flowers.

*Prose Fragments.*

— *April 27.* —

Strong passion expresses itself in metaphor, borrowed from all objects alike remote or near, and casts over all the shadow of its own greatness.

*Letters from Italy, xxi.*

*April 25.*

*April 26.*

*April 27.*

*April 28.*

TO NIGHT.

Swiftly walk over the western wave,  
Spirit of Night !  
Out of the misty eastern cave,  
Where all the long and lone daylight,  
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,  
Which make thee terrible and dear,—  
Swift be thy flight !

*To Night, i.*

*April 29.*

Our many thoughts and deeds, our life and love,  
Our happiness, and all that we have been,  
Immortally must live, and burn, and move,  
When we shall be no more.

*The Revolt of Islam, Canto ix. St. 30.*

*April 30.*

The pine boughs are singing  
Old songs with new gladness,  
The billows and fountains  
Fresh music are flinging,  
Like the notes of a spirit from land and from sea.

*Prom. Unbound, Act iv.*

*April 28.*

*April 29.*

*April 30.*



## M A Y.

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Flowers beneath May's footsteps waken.  
*The Masque of Anarchy, xxxi.*

The pied wind-flowers and the tulip tall,  
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,  
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess  
Till they die of their own dear loveliness.  
*The Sensitive Plant, Part i.*

Faint oxlips ; tender blue bells, at whose birth  
The sod scarce heaved ;  
And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,  
Green cow-bind and the moonlight-coloured may,  
And cherry-blossoms.

*The Question, 2, 3.*

Daylight on its last purple cloud  
Was lingering grey, and soon her strain  
The nightingale began ; now loud,  
Climbing in circles the windless sky,  
Now dying music ; suddenly  
'Tis scattered in a thousand notes,  
And now to the hushed ear it floats  
Like field-smells known in infancy,  
Then failing, soothes the air again.  
*Rosalind and Helen.*



*May 1.*

Through wood and stream and field and hill and  
Ocean,  
A quickening life from the Earth's heart has burst,  
As it has ever done, with change and motion,  
From the great morning of the world when first  
God dawned on chaos ; in its stream immersed,  
The lamps of Heaven flash with a softer light ;  
All baser things pant with life's sacred thirst ;  
D.fuse themselves ; and spend in love's delight,  
The beauty and the joy of their renewed might.

*Adonais, xix*

*May 2.*

TO A SKYLARK.

Chorus Hymenæal,  
Or triumphal chaunt,  
Matched with thine, would be all  
But an empty vaunt, -

A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden  
want.

*To a Skylark, xiv.*

*May 3.*

His eyes were dark and deep, and the clear brow  
Which shadowed them was like the morning sky,  
The cloudless Heaven of Spring, when in their  
flow

Through the bright air, the soft winds as they blow  
Wake the green world.

*The Revolt of Islam, Canto i. St. 59.*

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*May 1.*

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*May 2.*

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*May 3.*

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*May 4.*

THE AVALANCHE.

Hark ! the rushing snow !  
The sun-awakened avalanche ! whose mass,  
Thrice sifted by the storm, had gathered there  
Flake after flake, in heaven-defying minds  
As thought by thought is piled, till some great  
truth  
Is loosened, and the nations echo round,  
Shaken to their roots, as do the mountains now.  
*Prom. Unbound, Act ii. Sc. 3.*

---

*May 5.*

What ! alive and so bold, O Earth ?  
Art thou not over-bold ?  
What ! leapest thou forth us of old  
In the light of thy morning mirth  
The last of the flock of the starry fold ?  
Ha ! leapest thou forth as of old ?  
Are not the limbs still when the ghost is fled,  
And canst thou move, Napoleon being dead ?  
*On hearing of the death of Napoleon, i.*

NAPOLEON I. DIED 5 MAY, 1821.

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*May 6.*

LOVE, BEAUTY, AND DELIGHT ETERNAL.

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

*The Sensitive Plant,—Conclusion.*

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*May 4.*

*May 5.*

*May 6.*

*May 7.*

A RECOLLECTION.

There seemed from the remotest seat  
Of the wide mountain waste,  
To the soft flower beneath our feet,  
A magic circle traced,  
A spirit interfused around,  
A thrilling silent life,  
To momentary peace it bound  
Our mortal nature's strife.

*To Jane—The Recollection, iv.*

Nature was the poet, whose harmony held our  
spirits more breathless than that of the divinest.

*Letters from Geneva, iv.*

*May 8.*

DANTE.

The poetry of Dante may be considered as the  
bridge thrown over the stream of time, which  
unites the modern and ancient world. . . .

His  
very words are instinct with spirit; each is as  
a spark, a burning atom of inextinguishable  
thought; and many yet lie covered in the ashes  
of their birth, and pregnant with a lightning  
which has yet found no conductor.

*Essays and Letters from Abroad: A Defence of Poetry.*

DANTE ALIGHIERI, 1265.

*May 7.*

*May 8.*

## May 9.

### INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY.

The awful shadow of some unseen Power  
Floats though unseen among us ; visiting  
This various world with as inconstant wing  
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower ;  
Like moonbeams that behind some piny mountain  
shower,  
It visits with inconstant glance  
Each human heart and countenance ;  
Like hues and harmonies of evening,  
Like clouds in starlight widely spread,  
Like memory of music fled,  
Like aught that for its grace may be  
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.

*Hymn to Intellectual Beauty, i.*

## May 10.

It is sweet to feel the beauties of nature in every pulsation, in every nerve—but it is far sweeter to be able to express this feeling to one who loves you. To feel all that is divine in the green-robed earth and the starry sky is a penetrating yet vivid pleasure which, when it is over, presses like the memory of misfortune ; but if you can express those feelings—if secure of sympathy . . . you can pour forth into another's most attentive ear the feelings by which you are entranced, there is an exultation of spirit in the utterance—a glory of happiness which far transcends all human transports, and seems to invest the soul as the saints are with light, with a halo untainted, holy and undying.

*Prose Fragments.*

*May 9.*

*May 10.*



*May 11.*

Thoughts of great deeds were mine, dear Friend,  
when first

The clouds which wrap this world from youth  
did pass.

I do remember well the hour which burst

My spirit's sleep : a fresh May-dawn it was.

*The Revolt of Islam, Dedication, St. iii.*

*May 12.*

PAINTINGS.

How evanescent are paintings ! . . . Those  
of Zeuxis and Apelles are no more.

The material part indeed, of their works must perish, but they survive in the mind of man, and the remembrances connected with them are transmitted from generation to generation. The poet embodies them in his creations ; the systems of philosophers are modelled to gentleness by their contemplation ; opinion, that legislator, is infected with their influence ; men become better and wiser ; and the unseen seeds are perhaps thus sown, which shall produce a plant more excellent even than that from which they fell.

*Letters from Italy, xiii.*

DANTE G. ROSSETTI, 1828.

*May 11.*

*May 12.*

*May 13.*

THE GUITAR.

It had learnt all harmonies  
Of the plains and of the skies,  
Of the forests and the mountains,  
And the many-voicèd fountains ;  
The clearest echoes of the hills,  
The softest notes of falling rills,  
The melodies of birds and bees,  
The murmuring of summer seas,  
And pattering rain, and breathing dew,  
And airs of evening ; and it knew  
That seldom-heard mysterious sound,  
Which driven on its diurnal round  
As it floats through boundless day  
Our world enkindles on its way.

*With a Guitar, to Jane.*

*May 14.*

Wilt thou forget the happy hours  
Which we buried in Love's sweet bowers,  
Heaping over their corpses cold  
Blossoms and leaves instead of mould ?  
Blossoms which were the joys that fell,  
And leaves, the hopes that yet remain.

*The Past, i.*

Such affection and unbroken faith  
As temper life's worst bitterness.

*The Cenci, Act iii. Sc. 1.*

*May 13.*

*May 14.*

*May 15.*

THE WOODS.

And the gloom divine is all around ;  
And underneath is the mossy ground.  
There the voluptuous Nightingales,  
Are awake through all the broad noon-day.

Sounds overflow the listener's brain  
So sweet, that joy is almost pain.

*Prom. Unbound, Act ii. Sc. 2.*

*May 16.*

A POET'S RETREAT.

In a dell 'mid lawny hills,  
Which the wild sea-murmur fills,  
And soft sunshine, and the sound  
Of old forests echoing round,  
And the light and smell divine  
Of all flowers that breathe and shine.  
We may live so happy there,  
That the spirits of the air  
Envyng us, may even entice  
To our healing paradise  
The polluting multitude.

*Lines Written among the Euganean Hills.*

*May 17.*

O Thou, who plumed with strong desire  
Wouldst float above the earth, beware !  
A shadow tracks thy flight of fire—  
Night is coming !  
Bright are the regions of the air,  
And among the winds and beams  
It were delight to wander there—  
Night is coming !

*The Two Spirits.*

*May 15.*

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*May 16.*

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*May 17.*

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*May 18.*

The great secret of morals is love ; or a going out of our own nature, and an identification of ourselves with the beautiful which exists in thought, action, or person, not our own.

*Essays and Letters from Abroad : A Defence of Poetry.*

*May 19.*

Were life a charnel where  
Hope lay confined with Despair ;  
Yet were truth a sacred lie ;  
Love were Lust—If Liberty  
Lent not life its soul of light,  
Hope its iris of delight.  
Truth its prophet's robe to wear,  
Love its power to give and bear.

*Hellas.*

*May 20.*

THE RIVULET.

The rivulet  
Wanton and wild, through many a green ravine  
Beneath the forest flowed. Sometimes it fell  
Among the moss, with hollow harmony  
Dark and profound. Now on the polished stones  
It danced ; like childhood laughing as it went ;  
Then, through the plain in tranquil wanderings  
crept,  
Reflecting every herb and drooping bud  
That overhung its quietness.

*Alastor.*

*May 18.*

*May 19.*

*May 20.*



## May 21.

PLATO.

Plato is eminently the greatest among the Greek philosophers.

(He) exhibits the rare union of close and subtle logic, with the pythian enthusiasm of poetry, melted by the splendour and harmony of his periods into one irresistible stream of musical impressions, which hurry the persuasions onward, as in a breathless career. His language is that of an immortal spirit, rather than a man

*Preface to "The Banquet of Plato."*

PLATO, B.C. 429

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## May 22.

DAWN.

My coursers are fed with the lightning.

They drink of the whirlwind's stream,  
And when the red morning is bright'ning

They bathe in the fresh sunbeam ;

They have strength for their swiftness I deem.

*Prom Unbound, Act ii. Sc. 4.*

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## May 23.

We will entangle buds and flowers and beams  
Which twinkle on the fountain's brim, and make  
Strange combinations out of common things,  
Like human babes in their brief innocence

*Prom. Unbound, Act iii. Sc. 3.*

Earth wears  
The blosmy Spring's star-bright investiture,—  
A vision which aught sad from sadness might  
allure.

*The Revolt of Islam, Canto iv. St 32.*

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*May 21.*

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*May 22.*

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*May 23.*

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*May 24.*

She was made  
My sole associate, and her willing feet  
Wandered with mine where earth and ocean  
meet,  
Beyond the aërial mountains whose vast cells  
The unreposing billows ever beat,  
Through forests wide and old, and lawny dells,  
Where boughs of incense droop over the emerald  
wells.

*The Revolt of Islam, Canto ii. St. 25.*

*May 25.*

JUSTICE.

What call ye *justice*? is there one who ne'er  
In secret thought has wished another's ill?—  
Are ye all pure? let those stand forth who hear,  
And tremble not. Shall they insult and kill,  
If such they be? their mild eyes can they fill  
With the false anger of the hypocrite?  
Alas, such were not pure—the chastened will  
Of virtue sees that justice is the light  
Of love, and not revenge, and terror and despite.

*The Revolt of Islam, Canto v. St. 34.*

*May 26.*

How glorious art thou, Earth! and if thou be  
The shadow of some Spirit lovelier still,  
Though evil stain its work, and it should be  
Like its creation, weak yet beautiful,  
I could fall down and worship that and thee.  
Even now my heart adoreth. Wonderful!

*Prom. Unbound, Act ii. Sc. 3.*

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*May 24.*

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*May 25.*

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*May 26.*

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*May 27.*

I have heard those more skilled in spirits say,  
The bubbles, which enchantment of the sun  
Sucks from the pale faint water-flowers that pave  
The oozy bottom of clear lakes and pools,  
Are the pavilions where such dwell and float  
Under the green and golden atmosphere  
Which noon-tide kindles through the woven  
leaves.

*Prom. Unbound, Act ii Sc. 2.*

*May 28.*

THOMAS MOORE.

From her wilds Ierne\* sent  
The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong.  
And love taught grief to fall like music from his  
tongue.

*Adonais, xxx.*

THOMAS MOORE, 1780.

*May 29.*

A child most infantine,  
Yet wandering far beyond that innocent age  
In all but its sweet looks and mien divine.

*The Revolt of Islam, Canto ii. St. 22*

A lovelier toy sweet Nature never made.

*Julian and Maddalo.*

\* Ireland.

*May 27.*

*May 28.*

*May 29.*

*May 30.*

GREECE.

Greece and her foundations are  
Built below the tide of war,  
Based on the crystalline sea  
Of thought and its eternity ;  
Her citizens, imperial spirits,  
Rule the present from the past ;  
On all this world of men inherits  
Their seal is set.

*Hellas.*

*May 31.*

MIND.

The everlasting universe of things  
Flows through the mind, and rolls its rapid waves,  
Now dark—now glittering—now reflecting gloom—  
Now lending splendour, where from secret springs  
The source of human thought its tribute brings  
Of waters,—with a sound but half its own,  
Such as a feeble brook will oft assume  
In the wild woods, among the mountains lone,  
Where waterfalls around it leap for ever,  
Where woods and winds contend, and a vast river  
Over its rocks ceaselessly bursts and raves.

*Mont Blanc, i.*

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*May 30.*

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*May 31.*

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## J U N E.

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It was the azure time of June,  
When the skies are deep in the stainless noon,  
And the warm and fitful breezes shake  
The fresh green leaves of the hedge-row brier ;  
And there were odours then to make  
The very breath we did respire  
A liquid element, whereon  
Our spirits, like delighted things ,  
That walk the air on subtle wings,  
Floated and mingled far away,  
'Mid the warm winds of the sunny day.  
And when the evening star came forth  
Above the curve of the new bent moon,  
And light and sound ebbed from the earth,  
Like the tide of the full and weary sea  
To the depths of its own tranquillity,  
Our natures to its own repose  
Did the earth's breathless sleep attune.

*Rosalind and Helen.*

*June 1.*

Sweet June,  
Whose sunny hours from morning until noon  
Went creeping through the day with silent feet,  
Each with its load of pleasure, slow yet sweet ;  
Like the long years of blest Eternity  
Never to be developed.

*Fiordispina.*

A meadow-gale of June mingles the fragrance of  
all the flowers of the field, and adds a quickening  
and harmonising spirit of its own which endows  
the sense with a power of sustaining its extreme  
delight.

*Essays and Letters from Abroad : A Defence of Poetry.*

*June 2.*

A gentle heart enjoys what it confers,  
Even as it suffers that which it inflicts,  
Though Justice guides the stroke.

*Charles I. Scene 2.*

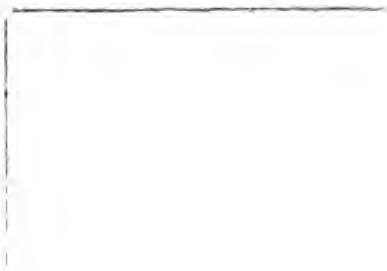
*June 3.*

VENICE.

Underneath Day's azure eyes  
Ocean's nursling, Venice lies,—  
A peopled labyrinth of walls,  
Amphitrite's destined halls,  
Which her hoary sire now paves  
With his blue and beaming waves.

Sun-girt City, thou hast been  
Ocean's child, and then his queen.

*Lines written among the Euganean Hills.*



*June 1.*



*June 2.*



*June 3.*



*June 4.*

TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY.

Let thy power, which like the truth  
Of nature on my passive youth  
Descended, to my onward life supply  
Its calm, to one who worships thee,  
And every form containing thee,  
Whom, SPIRIT fair, thy spells did bind  
To tear himself, and love all human kind.

*Hymn to Intellectual Beauty, vii.*

*June 5.*

THE ISLE.

There was a little lawny islet  
By anemone and violet,  
Like mosaic, paven :  
And its roof was flowers and leaves  
Which the summer's breath enweaves,  
Where nor sun nor showers nor breeze  
Pierce the pines and tallest trees,  
Each a gem engraven.  
Girt by many an azure wave  
With which the clouds and mountains pave  
A lake's blue chasm.

*The Isle.*

*June 6.*

The sweetest flowers are ever frail and rare,  
And love and freedom blossom but to wither ;  
And good and ill like vines entangled are,  
So that their grapes may oft be plucked together.

*Marengli, x.*

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*June 4.*

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*June 5.*

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*June 6.*

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*June 7.*

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

*To William Shelley, 1.*

WM. SHELLEY, died June 7, 1819

*June 8.*

TO THE SPIRIT OF NATURE.

Fair are others : none beholds Thee ;  
But thy voice sounds low and tender  
Like the fairest, for it folds thee  
From the sight, that liquid splendour ;  
And all feet, yet see thee never,—  
As I feel now, lost for ever !

*Prom. Unbound, Act ii. Sc. 5.*

*June 9.*

I have no life, Constantia, now, but thee,  
Whilst, like the world-surrounding air, thy song  
Flows on, and fills all things with melody.—  
Now is thy voice a tempest swift and strong,  
On which, like one in trance upborne,  
Secure o'er rocks and waves I sweep,  
Rejoicing like a cloud of morn.

*To Constantia, singing, iv*

Sweet as a singing rain of silver dew.

*Prom. Unbound, Act iv.*

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*June 7.*

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*June 8.*

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*June 9.*

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*June 10.*

HOMER.

As a poet, Homer must be acknowledged to excel Shakspeare in the truth, the harmony, the sustained grandeur, the satisfying completeness of his images, their exact fitness to the illustration, and to that to which they belong.

*Essays and Letters from Abroad: On the Literature, etc., of the Athenians.*

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*June 11.*

POETRY.

Poetry redeems from decay the visitations of the divinity in man.

*Essays and Letters from Abroad: A Defence of Poetry.*

Poesy's unfailing river  
Which through Albion winds for ever  
Lashing with melodious wave  
Many a sacred poet's grave.

*Lines written among the Euganean Hills.*

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*June 12.*

I have heard friendly sounds from many a tongue  
Which was not human—the lone Nightingale  
Has answered me with her most soothing song,  
Out of her ivy bower, when I sate pale  
With grief and sighed beneath; from many a dale  
The antelopes who flock'd for food have spoken  
With happy sounds, and motions, that avail  
Like man's own speech.

*The Revolt of Islam, Canto x. St. 2.*

————— *June 10.* —————

————— *June 11.* —————

————— *June 12.* —————

—————

*June 13.*

THE DAWN.

The pale stars are gone !  
For the sun, their swift shepherd,  
To their folds them compelling,  
In the depths of the dawn,  
Hastes, in meteor-eclipsing array, and they flee  
Beyond his blue dwelling,  
As fawns flee the leopard.

*Prom. Unbound, Act iv.*

And far on high the keen sky-cleaving mountains  
From icy spires of sun-like radiance fling  
The dawn, as lifted ocean's dazzling spray,  
From some Atlantic islet scattered up,  
Spangles the wind with lamp-like water-drops.

*Prom Unbound, Act ii. Sc. 3.*

*June 14.*

In the great war between the old and young  
I, who have white hairs and a tottering body,  
Will keep at least blameless neutrality.

*The Cenci, Act ii. Sc. 2.*

*June 15.*

Alas, that love should be a blight and snare  
To those who seek all sympathies in one !

*The Revolt of Islam, Dedication, St. 6.*

On the withering flower  
The killing sun smiles brightly: on a cheek  
The life can burn in blood even while the heart  
may break.

*Adonais, xxxii.*

*June 13.*

*June 14.*

*June 15.*

*June 16.*

Revenge and Wrong bring forth their kind,  
The foul cubs like their parents are,  
Their den is in the guilty mind,  
And Conscience feeds them with despair.

*Hellas.*

*June 17.*

MUTABILITY.

The flower that smiles to-day  
To-morrow dies ;  
All that we wish to stay,  
Tempts and then flies.  
What is this world's delight ?  
Lightning that mocks the night,  
Brief even as bright.

*Mutability, ("The flower that smiles to-day,") i.*

*June 18.*

Yon sun  
Lights it the great alone ? Yon silver beams  
Sleep they less sweetly on the cottage thatch,  
Than on the dome of Kings ?

*Queen Mab, iii.*

In the windless heaven of June,  
Amid the splendour-wingèd stars, the moon  
Burns inextinguishably beautiful.

*Epipsychidion.*

*June 16.*

*June 17.*

*June 18.*

## June 19.

Deep her eyes, as are  
Two openings of unfathomable night  
Seen through a tempest's cloven roof;—her hair  
Dark—the dim brain whirls dizzy with delight,  
Picturing her form.

*The Witch of Atlas, v.*

Glowing at once with love and loveliness.

*Epipsychidion.*

## June 20.

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

*To Edward Williams, v.*

## June 21.

The swallow summer comes again.

*Remembrance, ii.*

“UNIVERSAL PAN.”

Through the adamant  
Of the deep mountains, through the trackless air,  
He passed out of his everlasting lair  
Where the quick heart of the great world doth  
pant.

*The Witch of Atlas, ix.*

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*June 19.*

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*June 20.*

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*June 21.*

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*June 22.*

SUMMER.

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

*Summer and Winter.*

The warm breath of June . . . lingers in the lawny  
groves, subduing all to softness.

*The Assassins.*

*June 23.*

TO A SKYLARK.

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

*To a Skylark, xx.*

*June 22.*

*June 23.*

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*June 24.*

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There is a cave  
All overgrown with trailing odorous plants  
Which curtain out the day with leaves and flowers,  
And paved with veined emerald, and a fountain  
Leaps in the midst with an awakening sound.  
From its curved roof the mountain's frozen tears  
Like snow, or silver, or long diamond spires,  
Hang downward, raining forth a doubtful light:  
And there is heard the ever-moving air,  
Whispering without from tree to tree, and birds,  
And bees ; and all around are mossy seats,  
And the rough walls are clothed with long soft  
grass ;  
A simple dwelling which shall be our own ;  
Where we will sit and talk of time and change.  
As the world ebbs and flows, ourselves unchanged.

*Prom. Unbound, Act iii. Sc. 3.*

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*June 25.*

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The Rose that drinks the fountain dew  
In the pleasant air of noon,  
Grows pale and blue with altered hue—  
In the gaze of the nightly moon ;  
For the planet of frost, so cold and bright,  
Makes it wan with her borrowed light.

*To Constantia, i.*

*June 24.*

*June 25.*

*June 26.*

Her dark and intricate eyes  
Orb within orb, deeper than sleep or death,  
Absorbed the glories of the burning skies,  
Which, mingling with her heart's deep ecstacies,  
Burst from her looks and gestures ;—and a light  
Of liquid tenderness, like love, did rise  
From her whole frame,—an atmosphere which  
quite  
Arrayed her in its beams, tremulous and soft  
and bright.

*The Revolt of Islam, Canto xi. St. 5.*

*June 27.*

POETRY IMMORTALIZES.

Poetry makes immortal all that is best and most  
beautiful in the world.

*Essays and Letters from Abroad : A Defence of Poetry.*

*June 28.*

It is because we enter into the meditations, de-  
signs and destinies of something beyond ourselves,  
that the contemplation of the ruins of human  
power excites an elevating sense of awfulness and  
beauty. It is therefore, that the ocean, the gla-  
cier, the cataract, the tempest, the volcano, have  
each a spirit which animates the extremities of  
our frame with tingling joy. It is therefore, that  
the singing of birds, and the motion of leaves, the  
sensation of the odorous earth beneath, and the  
freshness of the living wind around is sweet.  
And this is Love.

*Essays and Letters from Abroad : The Coliseum.*

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*June 26.*

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*June 27.*

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*June 28.*

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*June 29.*

Alas for Virtue ! when  
Torments or contumely, or the sneers  
Of erring judging men  
Can break the heart where it abides.

*Hellas.*

*June 30.*

Her dark and deepening eyes  
Which as twin phantoms of one star that lies  
O'er a dim well, move, though the star reposes.

Her marble brow, and eager lips, like roses,  
With their own fragrance pale, which spring but  
half uncloses.

*The Revolt of Islam, Canto vi. St. 33.*

*June 29.*

*June 30.*





# JULY.

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The sweet season of summer tide.

*The Sensitive Plant, Part i.*

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

*Fragments.*

And the Rose like a nymph to the bath address,  
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,  
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air  
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare.

*The Sensitive Plant, Part i.*

And floating water-lilies, broad and bright,  
Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge  
With moonlight beams of their own watery light.

*The Question, iv.*

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*July 1.*

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A SUMMER-EVENING CHURCHYARD.

The dead are sleeping in their sepulchres ;  
And, mouldering as they sleep, a thrilling sound,  
Half sense, half thought, among the darkness stirs,  
Breathed from their wormy beds all living things  
    around,  
And mingling with the still night and mute sky  
Its awful hush is felt inaudibly.

*A Summer-Evening Churchyard, Lechlade, iv.*

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*July 2.*

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Sun-light truth  
Flashed on his visionary youth,  
And filled him, not with love, but faith,  
And hope, and courage mute in death ;  
For love and life in him were twins  
Born at one birth.

*Rosalind and Helen.*

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*July 3.*

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

*To Emilia Viviani.*

*July .1*

*July 2.*

*July 3.*

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*July 4.*

Love, Hope, Desire, and Fear ;

—At one birth these four were born  
With the world's forgotten morn,  
And from Pleasure still they hold  
All it circles, as of old.  
When, as summer lures the swallow,  
Pleasure lures the heart to follow—  
O weak heart of little wit !  
The fair hand that wounded it,  
Seeking like a panting hare,  
Refuge in the lynx's lair,  
Love, Desire, Hope, and Fear,  
Ever will be near.

*Love, Hope, Desire and Fear*

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*July 5.*

In lonely glens, amid the roar of rivers,  
When the dim nights were moonless, have I  
known  
Joys which no tongue can tell ; my pale lip  
quivers  
When thought revisits them.

*The Revolt of Islam, Canto i. St. 46.*

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*July 6.*

When the lamp is shattered,  
The light in the dust lies dead—  
When the cloud is scattered,  
The rainbow's glory is shed.  
When the lute is broken,  
Sweet tones are remembered not ;  
When the lips have spoken,  
Loved accents are soon forgot.

*Lines, ("When the lamp is shattered.")*

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*July 4.*

*July 5.*

*July 6.*

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*July 7.*

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Why is the reflection in that canal more beautiful than the objects it reflects? The colours are more vivid, and yet blended with more harmony; the openings from within into the soft and tender colours of the distant wood, and the intersection of the mountain lines, surpass and misrepresent truth.

*Prose Fragments.*

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*July 8.*

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A pard-like Spirit beautiful and swift.

*Adonais, xxxii.*

The massy earth and spherèd skies are riven !  
I am borne darkly, fearfully afar ;  
Whilst burning from the inmost veil of Heaven,  
The soul of Adonais, like a star,  
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

*Adonais, lv.*

SHELLEY, drowned July 8, 1822.

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*July 9.*

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THE TWO HALCYONS.

I cannot tell my joy, when o'er a lake  
Upon a drooping bough with night-shade twined,  
I saw two azure halcyons clinging downward  
And thinning one bright bunch of amber berries,  
With quick long beaks, and in the deep there lay  
Those lovely forms imaged as in a sky.

*Prom. Unbound, Act iii. Sc. 4.*

*July 7.*

*July 8.*

*July 9.*



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## July 10.

### SUMMER EVENING.

O summer eve ! with power divine, bestowing  
On thine own bird the sweet enthusiasm  
Which overflows in notes of liquid gladness,  
Filling the sky like light ! How many a spasm  
Of fevered brains oppressed with grief and madness  
Were lulled by thee, delightful nightingale !

*Prince Athanase, Part ii.*

When evening descended from heaven above,  
And the earth was all rest, and the air was all love,  
And delight, though less bright, was far more deep,  
And the day's veil fell from the world of sleep.

*The Sensitive Plant, Part i.*

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## July 11.

### WHAT A POEM IS.

A poem is the very image of life expressed in its eternal truth.

*Essays and Letters from Abroad : A Defence of Poetry.*

The imagination is a faculty not less imperial and essential to the happiness and dignity of the human being, than the reason.

*Prose Fragments.*

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## July 12.

### GREECE.

If Greece must be  
A wreck, yet shall its fragments re-assemble,  
And build themselves again impregnably  
In a diviner clime,  
To Amphionic music, on some Cape sublime,  
Which frowns above the idle foam of Time.

*Hellas*

*July 10.*

*July 11.*

*July 12.*

*July 13.*

A SUMMER MORNING.

Day had awakened all things that be,—  
The lark and the thrush and the swallow free,  
    And the milkmaid's song and the mower's scythe,  
And the matin-bell and the mountain bee :  
Fire-flies were quenched on the dewy corn,  
    Glow-worms went out on the river's brim,  
    Like lamps which a student forgets to trim :  
The beetle forgot to wind his horn,  
    The crickets were still in the meadow and hill :  
Like a flock of rooks at a farmer's gun  
Night's dreams and terrors, every one,  
Fled from the brains which are their prey  
From the lamp's death to the morning ray.

*The Boat on the Serchio.*

*July 14.*

TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY.

Spirit of BEAUTY, that dost consecrate  
    With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon  
    Of human thought or form, where art thou gone ?  
Why dost thou pass away and leave our state,  
This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate ?  
    Ask why the sunlight not for ever  
    Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain river ;  
Why aught should fail and fade that once is shewn.

*Hymn to Intellectual Beauty, ii.*

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*July 13.*

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*July 14.*

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*July 15.*

TO NIGHT.

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

*To Night, iii.*

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*July 16.*

The sun comes forth, and many reptiles spawn ;  
He sets, and each ephemeral insect then  
Is gathered into death without a dawn,  
And the immortal stars awake again ;  
So is it in the world of living men :  
A god-like mind soars forth, in its delight  
Making earth bare and veiling heaven, and when  
It sinks, the swarms that dimmed or shared its light  
Leave to its kindred lamps the spirit's awful night.

*Adonais, xxix.*

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*July 17.*

TO A SKYLARK.

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

*To a Skylark, xiii.*

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*July 15.*

*July 16.*

*July 17.*

*July 18.*

Come, be happy !- lie thee down  
On the fresh grass newly mown,  
Where the grasshopper doth sing  
Merrily—one joyous thing  
In a world of sorrowing !

*Misery, v.*

*July 19.*

Mind from its object differs most in this :  
Evil from good ; misery from happiness ;  
The baser from the nobler ; the impure  
And frail, from what is clear and must endure.  
If you divide suffering and dross, you may  
Diminish till it is consumed away ;  
If you divide pleasure and love and thought,  
Each part exceeds the whole ; and we know not  
How much, while any yet remains unshared,  
Of pleasure may be gained, of sorrow spared.

*Epipsychidion.*

*July 20.*

PETRARCH.

The love from Petrarch's urn  
Yet amid yon hills doth burn,  
A quenchless lamp by which the heart  
Sees things unearthly.

*Lines written among the Euganean Hills.*

PETRARCH, 1304.

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*July 18.*

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*July 19.*

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*July 20.*

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*July 21.*

THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

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

*The Sensitive Plant, Part i.*

*July 22.*

THE POET.

He will watch from dawn to gloom  
The lake-reflected sun illumine  
The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom,  
Nor heed nor see what things they be —  
But from these create he can  
Forms more real than living Man,  
Nurslings of Immortality.

*Prom. Unbound, Act i*

*July 23.*

Wouldst thou behold the future ?—ask and have !  
Knock and it shall be opened—look, and lo !  
The coming age is shadowed on the past,  
As on a glass.

*Hellas.*

*July 21.*

*July 22.*

*July 23.*

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*July 24.*

We are as clouds that veil the midnight moon ;  
How restlessly they speed, and gleam, and quiver,  
Streaking the darkness radiantly !—yet soon  
Night closes round, and they are lost for ever.

*Mutability, ("We are as clouds.") i.*

How vain is it to think that words can penetrate  
the mystery of our being ! Rightly used they may  
make evident our ignorance to ourselves, and this  
is much.

*Essays and Letters from Abroad : On Life.*

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*July 25.*

LONDON.

London, that great sea, whose ebb and flow  
At once is deaf and loud, and on the shore  
Vomits its wrecks, and still howls on for more.  
Yet in its depth what treasures !

*Letter to Maria Gisborne.*

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*July 26.*

I would not climb the imperial throne ;  
'Tis built on ice which fortune's sun  
Thaws in the height of noon.  
Then farewell King, yet were I one,  
Care would not come so soon.  
Would he and I were far away  
Keeping flocks on Himalay !

*Fragments.*

*July 24.*

*July 25.*

*July 26.*

*July 27.*

THE CLOUD.

I am the daughter of Earth and Water,  
And the nursling of the Sky :  
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;  
I change, but I cannot die.

*The Cloud, vi.*

*July 28.*

TWILIGHT.

The young moon has fed  
Her exhausted horn  
With the sunset's fire :  
The weak day is dead,  
But the night is not born ;  
And, like loveliness panting with wild desire,  
While it trembles with fear and delight,  
Hesperus flies from awakening night,  
And pants in its beauty and speed with light  
Fast-flashing, soft, and bright.

*Hellas.*

Twilight, ascending slowly from the east,  
Entwined in duskier wreaths her braided locks  
O'er the fair front and radiant eyes of Day.

*Alastor.*

*July 27.*

*July 28.*

*July 29.*

A SEA CALM.

The evening was most clear  
And beautiful, and there the sea I found  
Calm as a cradled child in dreamless slumber bound.

*The Revolt of Islam, Canto i., St. 15.*

I sat, and saw the vessels glide  
Over the ocean bright and wide,  
Like spirit-wingèd chariots sent  
O'er some serenest element,  
For ministrations strange and far.

*Lines written in the Bay of Lerici.*

*July 30.*

Life may change, but it may fly not ;  
Hope may vanish, but can die not ;  
Truth be veiled, but still it burneth ;  
Love repulsed,—but it returneth !

*Hellas.*

The mighty frame of the wonderful and lovely world is the food of your contemplation, and living beings who resemble your own nature, and are bound to you by similarity of sensations, are destined to be the nutriment of your affection ; united, they are the consummation of the widest hopes your mind can contain. Ye can expend thus no labour on mechanism consecrated to luxury and pride. How abundant will not be your progress in all that truly ennobles and extends human nature !

*Essay on Christianity.*

*July 29.*

*July 30.*

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*July 31.*

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THE FLIGHT OF THE HOURS.

The rocks are cloven, and through the purple  
night

I see cars drawn by rainbow-wingèd steeds  
Which trample the dim winds : in each there  
stands

A wild-eyed charioteer urging their flight.  
Some look behind, as fiends pursued them there,  
And yet I see no shapes but the keen stars :  
Others, with burning eyes, lean forth, and drink  
With eager lips the wind of their own speed,  
As if the thing they loved fled on before,  
And now, even now, they clasped it. Their  
bright locks

Stream like a comet's flashing hair : they all  
Sweep onward.

*Demogorgon.* These are the immortal Hours,  
Of whom thou didst demand. One waits for thee.

*Prom. Unbound, Act ii. Sc. 4.*

The cold pale Hour  
Rich in reversion of impending death.

*Hellas*

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*July 31.*

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# AUGUST.

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## SUMMER EVENING.

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

*Evening—Ponte a Mare, Pisa, iv.*

I see a chaos of green leaves and fruit  
Built round dark caverns, even to the root  
Of the living stems who feed them—in whose  
bowers  
There sleep in their dark dew the folded flowers ;  
Beyond, the surface of the unsickled corn  
Trembles not in the slumbering air ; and, borne  
In circles quaint and ever-changing dance,  
Like wingéd stars the fireflies flash and glance,  
Pale in the open moonshine ; but each one  
Under the dark trees seems a little sun,  
A meteor tamed, a fixed star gone astray  
From the silver regions of the milky way.

*Letter to Maria Gisborne.*

---

## August 1.

### HATE.

Hate, that shapeless fiendly thing  
Of many names, all evil, some divine,  
Whom self-contempt arms with a mortal sting ;  
Which, when the heart its snaky folds intwine  
Is wasted quite, and when it doth repine  
To gorge such bitter prey, on all beside  
It turns with ninefold rage, as with its twine  
When Amphisbæna some fair bird has tied,  
Soon o'er the putrid mass he threats on every side.

*The Revolt of Islam, Canto viii. St. 21.*

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## August 2.

### LOVE.

True love in this differs from gold and clay,  
That to divide is not to take away.  
Love is like understanding, that grows bright,  
Gazing on many truths . . . . .  
. . . . . Narrow  
The heart that loves, the brain that contemplates,  
The life that wears, the spirit that creates  
One object, and one form, and builds thereby  
A sepulchre for its eternity.

*Epipsychidion.*

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## August 3.

### A SUMMER EVENING.

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

*Evening, Ponte a Mare, Pisa, i.*

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————— *August 1.* —————

————— *August 2.* —————

————— *August 3.* —————

—————

### *August 4.*

'Midst others of less note, came one frail Form,  
A phantom among men ; companionless  
As the last cloud of an expiring storm,  
Whose thunder is its knell ; he, as I guess,  
Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness,  
Actæon-like, and now he fled astray  
With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,  
And his own thoughts, along that rugged way,  
Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and  
their prey.

*Adonais, xxxi.*

SHELLEY, 1792.

### *August 5.*

A story of particular facts is as a mirror which  
obscures and distorts that which should be beau-  
tiful : poetry is a mirror which makes beautiful  
that which is distorted.

*Essays and Letters from Abroad : A Defence of Poetry.*

TENNYSON, 1809.

### *August 6.*

APOLLO.

I am the eye with which the Universe  
Beholds itself and knows itself divine ;  
All harmony of instrument or verse,  
All prophecy, all medicine are mine,  
All light of art or nature ;—to my song  
Victory and praise in their own right belong.

*Hymn of Apollo, vi.*

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*August 4.*

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*August 5.*

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*August 6.*

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*August 7.*

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Seraph of Heaven ! too gentle to be human,  
Veiling beneath that radiant form of Woman  
All that is insupportable in thee  
Of light, and love, and immortality !

*Epipsychidion.*

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*August 8.*

---

LIFE.

What is life ? Thoughts and feelings arise with or without our will, and we employ words to express them. We are born, and our birth is unremembered, and our infancy remembered but in fragments. We live, and in living we lose the apprehension of life.

*Essays and Letters from Abroad : On Life.*

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*August 9.*

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

*Death, (" Death is here and death is there,") iv.*

*August 7.*

*August 8.*

*August 9.*

---

*August 10.*

---

Of hatred I am proud,—with scorn content ;  
Indifference, that once hurt me, now is grown  
Itself indifferent.

But, not to speak of love, pity alone  
Can break a spirit already more than bent.

*To Edward Williams, ii.*

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*August 11.*

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Thou art fair, and few are fairer  
Of the nymphs of earth or ocean ;  
They are robes that fit the wearer —  
Those soft limbs of thine, whose motion  
Ever falls and shifts and glances  
As the life within them dances.

*Sophia, i.*

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*August 12.*

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ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Southey, though far from being a man of great reasoning powers, is a great man. He has all that characterises the poet ; great eloquence, though obstinacy in opinion, which arguments are the last things that can shake.

*Letter to Miss Hitchener, December 26, 1811.*

SOUTHEY, 1774.

*August 10.*

*August 11.*

*August 12.*

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*August 13.*

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The star-light smile of children, the sweet looks  
Of women, the fair breast from which I fed,  
The murmur of the unreposing brooks,  
And the green light which, shifting overhead,  
Some tangled bower of vines around me shed,  
The shells on the sea-sand, and the wild flowers,  
The lamp-light through the rafters cheerly spread,  
And on the twining flax—in life's young hours  
These sights and sounds did nurse my spirit's  
folded powers.

*The Revolt of Islam, Canto ii. St. 1.*

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*August 14.*

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Most wretched men  
Are cradled into poetry by wrong ;  
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.

*Julian and Maddalo.*

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*August 15.*

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NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

I hated thee, fallen tyrant ! I did groan  
To think that a most unambitious slave,  
Like thou, should dance and revel on the grave  
Of Liberty. Thou mightst have built thy throne  
Where it had stood even now : thou didst prefer  
A frail and bloody pomp, which time has swept  
In fragments towards oblivion.

*Feelings of a Republican on the fall of Bonaparte.*

NAPOLEON I. 1769.

*August 13.*

*August 14.*

*August 15.*

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*August 16.*

Men of England, Heirs of Glory,  
Heroes of nnwritten story,  
Nurslings of one mighty mother,  
Hopes of her, and one another !

Rise, like Lions after slumber,  
In unvanquishable number,  
Shake your chains to earth like dew  
Which in sleep had fall'n on you.  
Ye are many, they are few.

*The Masque of Anarchy, xxxvii-xxxviii.*

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*August 17.*

Heaven's light for ever shines, Earth's shadows  
fly ;  
Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,  
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,  
Until Death tramples it to fragments.

*Adonais, lii.*

---

*August 18.*

Must then that peerless form  
Which love and admiration cannot view  
Without a beating heart, those azure veins  
Which steal like streams along a field of snow,  
That lovely outline, which is fair  
As breathing marble, perish ?  
Must putrefaction's breath  
Leave nothing of this heavenly sight  
But loathsomeness and ruin ?

*Queen Mab, i.*

*August 16.*

*August 17.*

*August 18.*



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*August 19.*

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THE GRAVE.

Peace is in the grave.  
The grave hides all things beautiful and good.

*Prom. Unbound, Act i.*

Oh ! whither hasten ye, that thus ye press  
With such swift feet life's green and pleasant  
path,  
Seeking alike from happiness and woe  
A refuge in the cavern of grey death ?  
O heart and mind and thoughts ! what thing do  
you  
Hope to inherit in the grave below ?

*Sonnet, ("Ye hasten to the dead : what seek ye there.")*

---

*August 20.*

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SELFISHNESS AND BENEVOLENCE.

Selfishness is the offspring of ignorance and mistake ; it is the portion of unreflecting infancy, and savage solitude, or of those whom toil or evil occupations have blunted or rendered torpid ; disinterested benevolence is the product of a cultivated imagination, and has an intimate connection with all the arts which add ornament, or dignity, or power, or stability to the social state of man.

*Essays and Letters from Abroad : Speculations on Morals.*

*August 19.*

*August 20.*

---

*August 21.*

I *loved*—alas ! our life is love ;  
But when we cease to breath and move  
I do suppose love ceases too.  
I *thought*, but not as now I do,  
Keen thoughts and bright of linked lore,  
Of all that men had thought before,  
And all that Nature shows, and more.

*Song for "Tasso," i.*

---

*August 22.*

LOVE'S REWARD.

Love's very pain is sweet ;  
But its reward is in the world divine,  
Which, if not here, it builds beyond the grave.

*Epipsychidion.*

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*August 23.*

Thine eyes are like the deep, blue, boundless  
    heaven  
Contracted to two circles underneath  
Their long, fine lashes ; dark, far, measureless,  
Orb within orb, and line through line inwoven.

*Prom. Unbound, Act ii. Sc. 1.*

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*August 21.*

*August 22.*

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*August 23.*

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*August 24.*

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The good and mighty of departed ages  
Are in their graves, the innocent and free,  
Heroes, and Poets, and prevailing Sages,  
Who leave the vesture of their majesty  
To adorn and clothe this naked world ;—and we  
Are like to them—such perish, but they leave  
All hope, or love, or truth, or liberty,  
Whose forms their mighty spirits could conceive  
To be a rule and law to ages that survive.

*The Revolt of Islam, Canto ix. St. 28.*

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*August 25.*

---

Truth, who wanderest lone and unbefriended,  
If thou canst veil thy lie-consuming mirror  
Before the dazzled eyes of Error,  
Alas for thee ! Image of the Above !

*Hellas.*

---

*August 26.*

---

A Paradise  
Of happy truth upon his forehead low  
Lay, making wisdom lovely, in the guise  
Of earth-awakening morn upon the brow  
Of star-deserted heaven, while ocean gleams below.

*Fragments.*

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*August 24.*

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*August 25.*

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*August 26.*

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*August 27.*

Now the last day of many days

The loveliest and the last, is dead.  
Rise, Memory, and write its praise !  
It seemed as if the hour were one  
Sent from beyond the skies,  
Which scattered from above the sun  
A light of Paradise.  
And still I felt the centre of  
The magic circle there,  
Was one fair form that filled with love  
The lifeless atmosphere.

*To Jane—The Recollection, i, ii, iv.*

*August 28.*

GOETHE'S "FAUST."

I have been reading over and over again Faust, and always with sensations which no other composition excites. It deepens the gloom and augments the rapidity of ideas, and would therefore seem to me an unfit study for any person who is a prey to the reproaches of memory, and the delusions of an imagination not to be restrained. And yet the pleasure of sympathising with emotions known only to few, although they derive their sole charm from despair, and the scorn of the narrow good we can attain in our present state, seems more than to ease the pain which belongs to them.

*Letters from Italy, lxi.*

GOETHE, 1749.

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*August 27.*

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*August 28.*

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*August 29.*

HOPE.

Through the sunset of hope,  
Like the shapes of a dream,  
What Paradise islands of glory gleam!

*Hellas.*

Hope, . . . she who can borrow  
For poor to-day, from rich to-morrow.

*Love, Hope, Desire, and Fear.*

Hope will make thee young, for Hope and Youth  
Are children of one mother, Love.

*The Revolt of Islam, Canto viii. St. 27.*

*August 30.*

They say that thou wert lovely from thy birth,  
Of glorious parents, thou aspiring Child.  
I wonder not—for One then left this earth  
Whose life was like a setting planet mild,  
Which clothed thee in the radiance undefiled  
Of its departing glory; still her fame  
Shines on thee, through the tempests dark and  
wild  
Which shake these latter days; and thou canst  
claim  
The shelter from thy Sire, of an immortal name.

*The Revolt of Islam,—Dedication, St. 13.*

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT SHELLEY, 1797.

————— *August 29.* —————

————— *August 30!* —————

—————

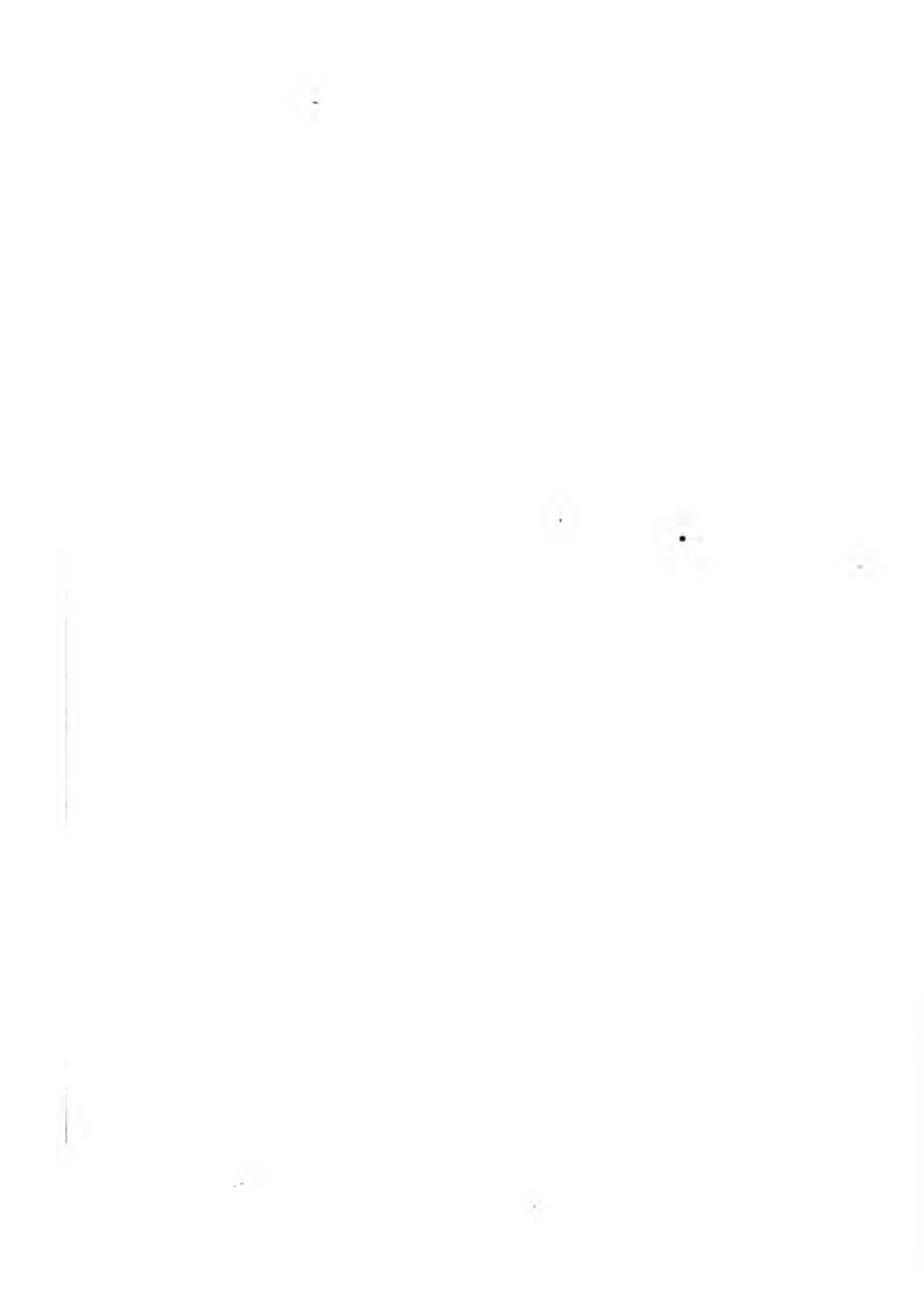
*August 31.*

A ROCK AND CHASM.

I remember  
Two miles on this side of the fort, the road  
Crosses a deep ravine ; 'tis rough and narrow,  
And winds with short turns down the precipice ;  
And in its depth there is a mighty rock,  
Which has, from unimaginable years,  
Sustained itself with terror and with toil  
Over a gulph, and with the agony  
With which it clings seems slowly coming down ;  
Even as a wretched soul hour after hour  
Clings to the mass of life ; yet clinging, leans ;  
And leaning, makes more dark the dread abyss  
In which it fears to fall : beneath this crag  
Huge as despair, as if in weariness,  
The melancholy mountain yawns—below,  
You hear but see not an impetuous torrent  
Raging among the caverns, and a bridge  
Crosses the chasm ; and high above there grow,  
With intersecting trunks, from crag to crag,  
Cedars, and yews, and pines ; whose tangled hair  
Is matted in one solid roof of shade  
By the dark ivy's twine. At noon-day here  
'Tis twilight, and at sunset blackest night.

*The Cenci, Act iii. Sc. 1.*

*August 31.*



# SEPTEMBER.

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Swift summer into the autumn flowed.

*The Sensitive Plant, Part iii.*

There is a harmony  
In Autumn, and a lustre in its sky,  
Which thro' the summer is not heard or seen,  
As if it could not be, as if it had not been!

*Hymn to Intellectual Beauty, vii.*

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*September 1.*

How beautiful this night ! the balmiest sigh,  
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,  
Were discord to the speaking quietude  
That wraps this moveless scene.

*Queen Mab, iii.*

*September 2.*

TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY.

Man were immortal and omnipotent,  
Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,  
Keep with thy glorious train firm state within  
his heart.

*Hymn to Intellectual Beauty, iv.*

*September 3.*

Throughout this varied and eternal world,  
Soul is the only element, the block  
That for uncounted ages has remained.  
The moveless pillar of a mountain's weight  
Is active, living spirit. Every grain  
Is sentient both in unity and part,  
And the minutest atom comprehends  
A world of loves and hatreds.

*Queen Mab, iv.*

---

*September 1.*

*September 2.*

*September 3.*

---



*September 4.*

The keen stars were twinkling,  
And the fair moon was rising among them,  
Dear Jane !

The guitar was tinkling,  
But the notes were not sweet till you sung them  
Again.

As the moon's soft splendour,  
O'er the faint cold starlight of heaven  
Is thrown,  
So your voice most tender  
To the strings without soul had then given  
Its own.

*To Jane ("The keen stars were twinkling")*

*September 5.*

I know  
That Love makes all things equal : I have heard  
By mine own heart this joyous truth averred :  
The spirit of the worm beneath the sod,  
In love and worship, blends itself with God.

*Epipsychidion*

*September 4.*

*September 5.*

— *September 6.* —

The stars will awaken,  
Though the moon sleep a full hour later  
To night ;  
No leaf will be shaken  
Whilst the dews of your melody scatter  
Delight.

Though the sound overpowers,  
Sing again, with your dear voice revealing  
A tone  
Of some world far from ours,  
Where music, and moonlight, and feeling  
Are one.

*To Jane ("The keen stars were twinkling.")*

— *September 7.* —

TO THE SPIRIT OF NATURE.

Life of life ! thy lips enkindle  
With their love the breath between them ;  
And thy smiles before they dwindle  
Make the cold air fire ; then screen them  
In those looks, where whoso gazes  
Faints entangled in their mazes.

*Prom. Unbound, Act. ii. Sc. 4.*

That Beauty in which all things work and move.

*Adonais, liv.*

September 6.

September 7.

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*September 8.*

---

WHAT POETRY IS.

Poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds.

*Essays and Letters from Abroad: A Defence of Poetry.*

Ariosto . is entertaining and graceful, and *sometimes* a poet. . . . Where is the gentle seriousness, the delicate sensibility, the calm and sustained energy, without which true greatness cannot be ?

*Letters from Italy, vi.*

ARIOSTO, 1474.

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*September 9.*

---

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

*Love's Philosophy, ii*

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*September 10.*

---

An adept in the difficult lore  
Of Greek and Frank philosophy ; thou numberest  
The flowers, and thou measurest the stars ;  
Thou severest element from element ;  
Thy spirit is present in the past, and sees  
The birth of this old world through all its cycles  
Of desolation and of loveliness.

*Hellas.*

September 8.

September 9.

September 10.

\_\_\_\_\_

— *September 11.* —

One of sweet and earnest looks,  
Whose soft smiles to his dark and night-like eyes  
Were as the clear and ever-living brooks  
Are to the obscure fountains whence they rise,  
Showing how pure they are.

*Fragments.*

— *September 12.* —

THE MIND.

The enterprises, and the effects of the human mind are something more than stupendous; the works of nature are material and tangible; we have a half insight into their kind, and in many instances we predict their effects with certainty. But mind seems to govern the world without visible or substantial means. Its birth is unknown; its action and influence unperceived; and its being seems eternal.

*The Shelley Papers: On the Revival of Literature.*

— *September 13.* —

TO THE WEST WIND.

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 Baiæ'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!

*Ode to the West Wind, iii.*

*September 11.*

*September 12.*

*September 13.*



September 14.

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

*Fragments.*

September 15.

DAWN AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

The point of one white star is quivering still  
Deep in the orange light of widening morn  
Beyond the purple mountains : thro' a chasm  
Of wind-divided mist the darker lake  
Reflects it : now it wanes : it gleams again  
As the waves fade, and as the burning threads  
Of woven cloud unravel in pale air :  
'Tis lost ! and thro' yon peaks of cloudlike snow  
The roseate sun-light quivers.

*Prom. Unbound, Act ii. Sc. 1.*

September 16.

Spirit of Nature ! here !  
In this interminable wilderness  
Of worlds, at whose immensity  
Even soaring fancy staggers,  
Here is thy fitting temple.  
Yet not the lightest leaf  
That quivers to the passing breeze  
Is less instinct with thee.

*Queen Mab, i.*

----- *September 14.* -----

----- *September 15.* -----

----- *September 16.* -----

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September 17.

I love all waste  
And solitary places ; where we taste  
The pleasure of believing what we see  
Is boundless, as we wish our souls to be.

*Julian and Maddalo.*

September 18.

Who in the gentleness of thy sweet youth  
Hast never trodden on a worm, or bruised  
A living flower, but thou hast pitied it.

*The Cenci, Act iii. Sc. 1.*

September 19.

TO NIGHT.

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

*To Night, ii.*

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*September 17.*

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*September 18.*

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*September 19.*

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— *September 20.* —

A wonder of this earth  
Where there is little of transcendent worth,  
Like one of Shakespeare's women.

*Julian and Maddalo.*

Perhaps we should be dull were we not chidden,  
Paradise fruits are sweetest when forbidden.  
Folly can season Wisdom, Hatred Love.

*Fragments.*

— *September 21.* —

Nought may endure but Mutability.

*Mutability, ("We are as clouds.")*

Where Athens, Rome, and Sparta stood  
There is a moral desert now.

*Queen Mab, ii.*

— *September 22.* —

The golden gates of Sleep unbar  
Where Strength and Beauty, met together,  
Kindle their image like a star  
In a sea of glassy weather !  
Night, with all thy stars look down,—  
Darkness, weep thy holiest dew,—  
Never smiled the inconstant moon  
On a pair so true.

*A Bridal Song, i.*

*September 20.*

*September 21.*

*September 22.*

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*September 23.*

SUPERSTITION.

Superstition, of whatever kind, whether earthly or divine, has hitherto been the weight which clogged man to earth, and prevented his genius from soaring aloft amid its native skies.

*The Shelley Papers : On the Revival of Literature.*

Thou taintest all thou lookest upon ! The stars,  
Which on thy cradle beamed so brightly sweet,  
Were gods to the distempered playfulness  
Of thy untutored infancy.

*Superstition.*

---

*September 24.*

Her looks were sweet as Heaven's when loveliest  
In Autumn eyes.

*The Revolt of Islam, Canto v. St. 50.*

Autumn's evening meets me soon,  
Leading the infantine moon,  
And that one star which to her  
Almost seems to minister  
Half the crimson light she brings  
From the sunset's radiant springs.

*Lines written among the Euganean Hills.*

---

*September 25.*

MUTABILITY.

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

*Mutability (" The Flower that smiles to-day.") ii.*

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*September 23.*

*September 24.*

*September 25.*



— *September 26.* —

THE POET.

Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses,  
But feeds on the aërial kisses  
Of shapes that haunt thought's wildernesses.

*Prom. Unbound, Act i.*

— *September 27.* —

The beauty of delight makes lovers glad,  
Gazing on one another.

*Prom. Unbound, Act i.*

Although she absent were,  
Memory gave me all of her  
That even Fancy dares to claim.

*Lines written in the Bay of Lerici.*

— *September 28.* —

A great poem is a fountain for ever overflowing with the waters of wisdom and delight ; and after one person and one age has exhausted all its divine effluence which their peculiar relations enable them to share, another and yet another succeeds, and new relations are ever developed, the source of an unforeseen and an unconceived delight.

*Essays and Letters from Abroad : A Defence of Poetry.*

— *September 26.* —

— *September 27.* —

— *September 28.* —

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*September 29.*

Thy gentle words  
Are sweeter even than freedom long desired  
And long delayed.

*Prom. Unbound, Act iii. Sc. 3.*

Words are but holy as the deeds they cover.

*The Cenci, Act ii. Sc. 2.*

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*September 30.*

Nor happiness, nor majesty, nor fame,  
Nor peace, nor strength, nor skill in arms or arts,  
Shepherd those herds whom tyranny makes tame;  
Verse echoes not one beating of their hearts:  
History is but the shadow of their shame;  
Art veils her glass, or from the pageant starts  
As to oblivion their blind millions fleet.  
Staining that Heaven with obscene imagery  
Of their own likeness.

*Sonnet: Political Greatness.*

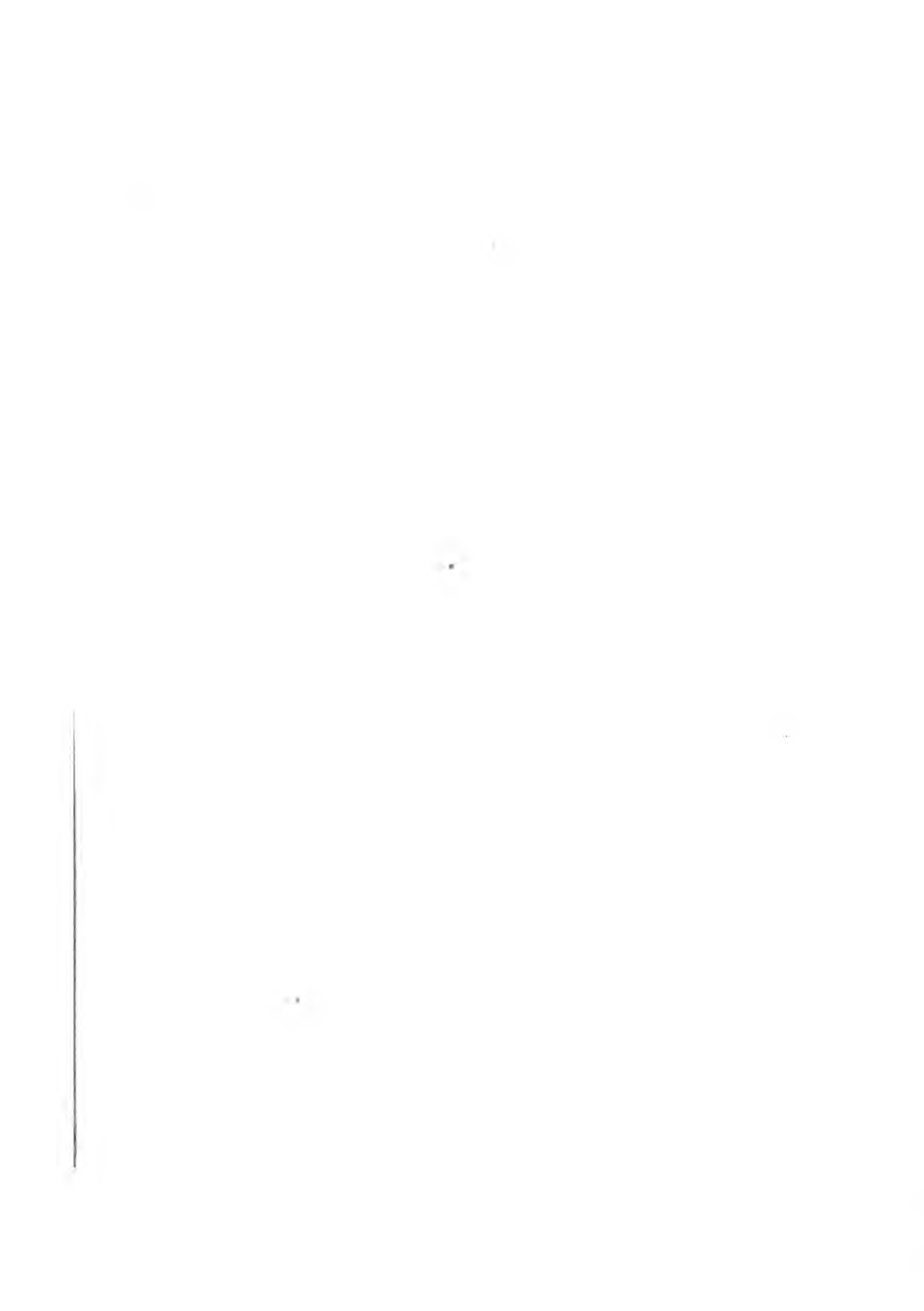
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----- *September 29.* -----

----- *September 30.* -----

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## OCTOBER.

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'Tis the noon of Autumn's glow,  
When a soft and purple mist  
Like a vaporous amethyst,  
Or an air-dissolvèd star  
Mingling light and fragrance, far  
From the curved horizon's bound  
To the point of heaven's profound,  
Fills the overflowing sky ;  
And the plains that silent lie  
Underneath ; the leaves unsodden  
Where the infant Frost has trodden  
With his morning-wingéd feet,  
Whose bright print is gleaming yet ;  
And the red and golden vines,  
Piercing with their trellised lines  
The rough, dark-skirted wilderness.

*Lines written among the Euganean Hills.*

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## October 1.

### LIFE, A MIRACLE.

Life, the great miracle, we admire not, because it is so miraculous. It is well that we are thus shielded by the familiarity of what is at once so certain and so unfathomable, from an astonishment which would otherwise absorb and overawe the functions of that which is its object.

*Essays and Letters from Abroad : On Life.*

## October 2.

“TIME” IN “THE MASQUE OF ANARCHY.”

*(Hope loquitur.)*

“ My father Time is weak and grey  
With waiting for a better day ;  
See how idiot-like he stands,  
Fumbling with his palsied hands !

“ He has had child after child,  
And the dust of death is piled  
Over every one but me—  
Misery ! oh, Misery !”

*The Masque of Anarchy, xxiii-xxiv.*

## October 3.

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

*Song, (“ Rarely, rarely, comest thou.”)*

—————

*October 1.*

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*October 2.*

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*October 3.*

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*October 4.*

TO-MORROW.

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

*To-morrow, i.*

---

*October 5.*

Heaven's ebon vault,  
Studded with stars unutterably bright,  
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur  
rolls,  
Seems like a canopy which Love has spread  
To curtain her sleeping world.

*Queen Mab, iv.*

Pinnacled . . . in the intense inane.

*Prom. Unbound, Act iii. Sc. 4.*

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*October 6.*

DEATH AND SLEEP.

How wonderful is Death,  
Death and his brother Sleep !  
One, pale as yonder waning moon,  
With lips of lurid blue ;  
The other, rosy as the morn  
When throned on ocean's wave,  
It blushes o'er the world :  
Yet both so passing wonderful !

*Queen Mab, i.*

Death is the veil which those who live call life :  
They sleep, and it is lifted.

*Prom. Unbound, Act iii. Sc. 3.*

*October 4.*

*October 5.*

*October 6.*

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*October 7.*

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Let us laugh, and make our mirth,  
At the shadows of the earth ;  
As dogs bay the moonlight clouds  
Which, like spectres wrapped in shrouds,  
Pass o'er night in multitudes.

*Misery, xii.*

---

*October 8.*

---

Your breath is like soft music, your words are  
The echo of a voice which on my heart  
Sleeps like a melody of early days.

*Fragments of an unfinished Drama.*

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*October 9.*

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Her voice did quiver as we parted,  
Yet knew I not that heart was broken  
From which it came, and I departed  
Heeding not the words then spoken.  
Misery—O Misery,  
This world is all too wide for thee.

*On Fanny Godwin.*

DIED (BY HER OWN HAND,) OCT. 9, 1817.

October 7.

October 8.

October 9.

*October 10.*

Who loved and pitied all things, and could moan  
For woes which others hear not, and could see  
The absent with a glass of phantasy.

*Julian and Maddalo.*

*October 11.*

It is a woe "too deep for tears," when all  
Is reft at once, when some surpassing Spirit,  
Whose light adorned the world around it, leaves  
Those who remain behind not sobs or groans,  
The passionate tumult of a clinging hope :  
But pale despair and cold tranquillity,  
Nature's vast frame, the web of human things,  
Birth and the grave that are not as they were.

*Alastor.*

*October 12.*

THE BIRTH OF PLEASURE.

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

*The Birth of Pleasure.*

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*October 10.*

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*October 11.*

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*October 12.*

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*October 13.*

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

*To a Skylark, xviii.*

Bend thy soul in prayer,  
And like a suppliant in some gorgeous fane,  
Let the will kneel within thy haughty heart.

*Prom. Unbound, Act i.*

*October 14.*

To analyse their own and other minds.  
Such self-anatomy shall teach the will  
Dangerous secrets : for it tempts our powers,  
Knowing what must be thought, and may be done,  
Into the depth of darkest purposes.

*The Cenci, Act ii. Sc. 2.*

What is passing in the heart of another, rarely  
escapes the observation of one who is a strict an-  
atomist of his own.

*Letters from Italy, liv.*

*October 13.*

*October 14.*



## October 15.

Poetry lifts the veil from the hidden beauty of the world, and makes familiar objects be as if they were not familiar ; it reproduces all that it represents, and the impersonations clothed in its Elysian light stand thenceforward in the minds of those who have once contemplated them, as memorials of that gentle and exalted content which extends itself over all thoughts and actions with which it coexists.

*Essays and Letters from Abroad : A Defence of Poetry.*

VIRGIL, B.C. 70

## October 16.

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

*Good-night, i.*

## October 17.

### THE MODERN GREEK.

The modern Greek is the descendant of those glorious beings whom the imagination almost refuses to figure to itself as belonging to our kind ; and he inherits much of their sensibility, their rapidity of conception, their enthusiasm, and their courage.

*Preface to "Hellas."*

*October 15.*

*October 16.*

*October 17.*

October 18.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

His fine wit

Makes such a wound, the knife is lost in it ;  
A strain too learnèd for a shallow age,  
Too wise for selfish bigots ; let his page  
Which charms the chosen spirits of the time,  
Fold itself up for the serener clime  
Of years to come, and find its recompense  
In that just expectation.

*Letter to Maria Gisborne.*

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK, 1785.

October 19.

LEIGH HUNT.

One more gentle, honourable, innocent and brave ;  
one of more exalted toleration for all who do  
and think evil, and yet himself more free from  
evil ; one who knows better how to receive, and  
how to confer a benefit, though he must ever  
confer far more than he can receive ; one of  
simpler, and, in the highest sense of the word, of  
purer life and manners, I never knew.

*The Cenci,—Dedication to Leigh Hunt.*

LEIGH HUNT, 1784.

October 18.

October 19.

*October 20.*

TO THE MOON.

Art thou pale for weariness  
Of climbing heaven, and gazing on the earth,  
Wandering companionless  
Among the stars that have a different birth, —  
And ever-changing, like a joyless eye  
That finds no object worth its constancy ?

*To the Moon, (" Art thou pale for weariness.") i.*

That orbèd maiden, with white fire laden,  
Whom mortals call the Moon.

*The Cloud, iv*

*October 21.*

COLERIDGE.

Coleridge ;—he who sits obscure  
In the exceeding lustre and the pure  
Intense irradiation of a mind,  
Which, with its own internal lightning blind,  
Flags wearily through darkness and despair—  
A cloud-encircled meteor of the air,  
A hooded eagle among blinking owls.

*Letter to Maria Gisborne.*

S. T. COLERIDGE, 1772.

*October 20.*

*October 21.*

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*October 22.*

THE GUITAR.

From you he only dares to crave,  
For his service and his sorrow,  
A smile to-day, a song to-morrow.

*With a Guitar, to Jane.*

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*October 23.*

TO THE WEST WIND.

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 wingèd 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.

*Ode to the West Wind, i.*

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*October 24.*

LIBERTY.

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

*Liberty, iii.*

*October 22.*

*October 23.*

*October 12.*



*October 25.*

SUPERSTITION.

To the mind both humane and philosophical, there cannot exist a greater subject of grief, than the reflection of how much superstition has retarded the progress of intellect, and consequently the happiness of man.

*The Shelley Papers : On the Revival of Literature.*

*October 26.*

Day after day, when the year wanes, the frosts  
Strip its green crown of leaves, till all is bare.

*The Revolt of Islam, Canto x. St. 17.*

Frost in the mist of the morning rode,  
Though the noonday-sun looked clear and bright,  
Mocking the spoil of the secret night.

*The Sensitive Plant, Part iii.*

*October 27.*

FRIENDSHIP.

It is a sweet thing, friendship, a dear balm,  
A happy and auspicious bird of calm,  
Which rides o'er life's ever tumultuous Ocean ;  
A God that broods o'er chaos in commotion ;  
A flower which fresh as Lapland roses are,  
Lifts its bold head into the world's frore air,  
And blooms most radiantly when others die,  
Health, hope, and youth, and brief prosperity.

*Fragments*

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*October 25.*

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*October 26.*

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*October 27.*

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October 28.

The chill rain is falling, the nipt worm is crawling,  
The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knelling  
For the year ;  
The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards  
each gone  
To his dwelling.

*Autumn, A Dirge, ii.*

October 29.

Spur thee to the goal  
Where virtue fixes universal peace,  
And midst the ebb and flow of human things  
Shows somewhat stable, somewhat certain still,  
A light-house o'er the wild of dreary waves.

*Queen Mab, viii.*

October 30.

TO THE WEST WIND.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is :  
                                                          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 ?

*Ode to the West Wind, v.*

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*October 28.*

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*October 29.*

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*October 30.*

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October 31.

KEATS.

Till the Future dares  
Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be  
An echo and a light unto eternity !

*Adonais ; An Elegy on the Death of John Keats, i.*  
JOHN KEATS, 1795.

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*October 31.*

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## NOVEMBER.

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

And the year  
On the earth her death-bed, in a shroud of leaves  
dead,

Is lying.  
Come, months, come away,  
From November to May,  
In your saddest array ;  
Follow the bier  
Of the dead cold year,  
And like dim shadows watch by her sepulchre.

*Autumn: A Dirge, i.*

The late leaves of autumn shiver and rustle in  
the stream of the inconstant wind, as it were,  
like the step of ghosts.

*Letters from Italy, xvi.*



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*November 1.*

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Too long  
We gaze on danger through a mist of fear,  
And multiply upon our shattered hopes  
The images of ruin. Come what will !  
To-morrow and to-morrow are as lamps  
Set in our path to light us to the edge,  
Through rough and smooth ; nor can we suffer  
aught  
Which he inflicts not in whose hand we are.

*Hellas.*

---

*November 2.*

---

ROME.

Rome is a city, as it were, of the dead, or rather of those who cannot die, and who survive the puny generations which inhabit and pass over the spot which they have made sacred to eternity.

*Letters from Italy, xv.*

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*November 3.*

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

*The Sensitive Plant, Part ii.*

————— *November 1.* —————

----- *November 2.* -----

----- *November 3.* -----

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*November 4.*

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

*A Lament, i.*

The flood of time is rolling on ;  
*We* stand upon its brink, whilst *they* are gone  
To glide in peace down death's mysterious stream.  
Have ye done well ?

*The Revolt of Islam, Canto xii. St. 27.*

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*November 5.*

To be a poet is to apprehend the true and the beautiful, in a word, the good which exists in the relation, subsisting, first between existence and perception, and secondly between perception and expression.

*Essays and Letters from Abroad : A Defence of Poetry.*

---

*November 6.*

I know  
The past, and thence I will essay to glean  
A warning for the future, so that man  
May profit by his errors, and derive  
Experience from his folly :  
For, when the power of imparting joy  
Is equal to the will, the human soul  
Requires no other heaven.

*Queen Mab, iii.*

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*November 4.*

*November 5.*

*November 6.*

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*November 7.*

POETS—A CAMELEONIC RACE.

Poets—the best of them, are a very cameleonic race ; they take the colour not only of what they feed on, but of the very leaves under which they pass.

*Letters from Italy, xlix.*

---

*November 8.*

ETERNITY.

Eternity, where recorded time,  
Even all that we imagine, age on age,  
Seems but a point, and the reluctant mind  
Flags, wearily in its unending flight,  
Till it sink, dizzy, blind, lost, shelterless.

*Prom. Unbound, Act i.*

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*November 9.*

“JOVE’S WORLD-WANDERING HERALD, MERCURY.”

See, where thro’ the azure chasm  
Of yon forked and snowy hill  
Trampling the slant winds on high  
With golden-sandalled feet, that glow  
Under plumes of purple dye,  
Like rose-ensanguined ivory,  
A Shape comes now,  
Stretching on high from his right hand  
A serpent-cinctured wand.

*Prom. Unbound, Act i.*

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*November 7.*

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*November 8.*

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*November 9.*

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— *November 10.* —

MAHOMET.

The moon of Mahomet  
Arose, and it shall set :  
While blazoned as on heaven's immortal noon  
The cross leads generations on.

*Hellas.*

MAHOMET, 570.

— *November 11.* —

Reason cannot know  
What sense can neither feel nor thought conceive :

We know not whence we live,  
Or why, or how ; or what mute Power may give  
Their being to each plant and star and beast,  
Or even these thoughts.

*The Revolt of Islam, Canto ix. St. 33.*

— *November 12.* —

FEARLESSNESS.

The deed is done,  
And what may follow now regards not me,  
I am as universal as the light ;  
Free as the earth-surrounding air ; as firm  
As the world's centre. Consequence, to me,  
Is as the wind which strikes the solid rock,  
But shakes it not.

*The Cenci, Act iv. Sc. 4.*

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*November 10.*

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*November 11.*

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*November 12.*

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*November 13.*

None than he a purer heart could have,  
Or that loved good more for itself alone ;  
Of nought in heaven or earth was he the slave

*Prince Athanase, Part i.*

*November 14.*

SILENCE AND DEATH.

The fire of those soft orbs has ceased to burn,  
And Silence, too enamoured of that voice,  
Locks its mute music in her rugged cell.

*Alastor.*

That calm sleep  
Whence none may wake, where none shall weep.

*Hellas.*

*November 15.*

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

*Lines, ("Far, far away, O ye.")*

————— *November 13.* —————

----- *November 14.* -----

----- *November 15.* -----

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*November 16.*

A DIRGE.

Rough wind, that moanest loud  
Grief too sad for song ;  
Wild wind, when sullen cloud  
Knells all the night long ;  
Sad storm, whose tears are vain,  
Bare woods, whose branches strain,  
Deep caves and dreary main,  
Wail, for the world's wrong !

*A Dirge.*

---

*November 17.*

It is our will  
Which thus enchains us to permitted ill.  
We might be otherwise ; we might be all  
We dream of happy, high, majestic.  
Where is the beauty, love, and truth we seek,  
But in our minds ?

*Julian and Maddalo.*

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*November 18.*

TO ONE SINGING.

My spirit like a charmèd bark doth swim  
Upon the liquid waves of thy sweet singing,  
Far away into the regions dim  
Of rapture—as a boat, with swift sails winging  
Its way adown some many-winding river.

*Fragments.*

————— *November 16.* —————

————— *November 17.* —————

————— *November 18.* —————

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*November 19.*

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LOVE.

The mind selects among those who most resemble it that which is most its archetype and instinctively fills up the interstices of the imperfect image, in the same manner as the imagination moulds and completes the shape in the clouds, or in the fire, into a resemblance of whatever form, animal building, &c., happens to be present to it.

*The Shelley Papers: Love.*

Familiar acts are beautiful through love.

*Prom. Unbound, Act iv.*

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*November 20.*

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

*To Edward Williams, vi.*

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*November 21.*

---

Gentleness, Virtue, Wisdom, and Endurance,  
These are the seals of that most firm assurance  
Which bars the pit over Destruction's strength.

*Prom. Unbound, Act iv.*

*November 19.*

*November 20.*

*November 21.*

— *November 22.* —

VENICE.

Venice is a wonderfully fine city. The approach to it over the Laguna, with its domes and turrets glittering in a long line over the blue waves, is one of the finest architectural delusions in the world. It seems to have, and literally it has, its foundations in the sea. The silent streets are paved with water, and you hear nothing but the dashing of the oars, and the occasional cries of the gondolieri.

*Letters from Italy, xi.*

— *November 23.* —

Lift not the painted veil which those who live  
Call Life.

I knew one who had lifted it—he sought,  
For his lost heart was tender, things to love,  
But found them not, alas ! nor was there aught  
The world contains, the which he could approve.  
Through the unheeding many he did move,  
A splendour among shadows, a bright blot  
Upon this gloomy scene, a Spirit that strove  
For truth, and like the Preacher found it not.

*Sonnet, (" Lift not the painted veil.")*

JAMES THOMSON,\* (" B.V.") 1834.

— *November 24.* —

Men must reap the things they sow,  
Force from force must ever flow,  
Or worse ; but 'tis a bitter woe  
That love or reason cannot change  
The despot's rage, the slave's revenge.

*Lines written among the Euganean Hills.*

\* Author of " The City of Dreadful Night," &c.

— *November 22.* —

— *November 23.* —

— *November 24.* —

— —



*November 25.*

THE POWER OF POETRY.

The most unfailing herald, companion, and follower of the awakening of a great people to work a beneficial change in opinion or institution, is poetry.

*Essays and Letters from Abroad : A Defence of Poetry.*

*November 26.*

THE WANING MOON.

And, like a dying lady, lean and pale,  
Who totters forth, wrapt in a gauzy veil,  
Out of her chamber, led by the insane  
And feeble wanderings of her fading brain,  
The moon arose up in the murky east  
A white and shapeless mass.

*The Waning Moon.*

*November 27.*

The curse of this life is that whatever is once known can never be unknown. You inhabit a spot, which before you inhabit it is as indifferent to you as any other spot upon earth. and when, persuaded by some necessity, you think to leave it, you leave it not; it clings to you, and with memories of things, which in your experience of them, gave no such promise, revenges your desertion.

*Letters from Italy, iii.*

*November 25.*

*November 26.*

*November 27.*

*November 28.*

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

*Fragments.*

WILLIAM BLAKE, 1757.

*November 29.*

TO DELIGHT.

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

*Song, ("Rarely, rarely comest thou") ii.*

*November 30.*

The wintry hedge was black,  
The green grass was not seen,  
The birds did rest  
On the bare thorn's breast,  
Whose roots beside the pathway track,  
Had bound their folds o'er many a crack  
Which the frost had made between.

*Lines, ("The cold earth slept below") ii.*

The winds of Autumn fade,  
Expiring in the frore and foggy air.

*The Revolt of Islam, Canto ix. St. 25.*

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*November 28.*

---

*November 29.*

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*November 30.*

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## DECEMBER.

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For Winter came : the wind was his whip ;  
One choppy finger was on his lip :  
He had torn the cataracts from the hills,  
And they clanked at his girdle like manacles ;

His breath was a chain that without a sound  
The earth, and the air, and the water bound ;  
He came, fiercely driven in his chariot-throne  
By the ten-fold blasts of the arctic zone.

*The Sensitive Plant, Part iii.*

---

*December 1.*

---

There is one road  
To peace, and that is truth, which follow ye!  
Love sometimes leads astray to misery.

*Julian and Maddalo.*

Fearless he was, and scorning all disguise,  
What he dared do or think, though men might  
start,  
He spoke with mild yet unaverted eyes.

*Prince Athanase, Part i.*

---

*December 2.*

---

POETS ARE PROPHETS.

Poets are the hierophants of an unapprehended  
inspiration; the mirrors of the gigantic shadows  
which futurity casts upon the present. . . . .  
Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the  
world.

*Essays and Letters from Abroad: A Defence of Poetry.*

---

*December 3.*

---

A SONG.

A widow bird sate mourning for her love  
Upon a wintry bough;  
The frozen wind crept on above,  
The freezing stream below.

There was no leaf upon the forest bare,  
No flower upon the ground,  
And little motion in the air  
Except the mill-wheel's sound.

*Charles I., Scene 5.*

---

*December 1.*

*December 2.*

*December 3.*



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*December 4.*

---

Among those who attempt to exist without human sympathy, the pure and tender-hearted perish through the intensity and passion of their search after its communities, when the vacancy of their spirit suddenly makes itself felt. . . . Those who love not their fellow-beings, live unfruitful lives, and prepare for their old age a miserable grave.

*Preface to "Alastor."*

---

*December 5*

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

*Fragments.*

---

*December 6.*

---

Her hair was brown, her spheréd eyes were brown,  
And in their dark and liquid moisture swam,  
Like the dim orb of the eclipsèd moon ;  
Yet when the spirit flashed beneath, there came  
The light from them, as when tears of delight  
Double the western planet's serene flame.

*Prince Athanase.*

---

*December 4.*

*December 5.*

*December 6.*

---

*December 7.*

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

*A Lament, ii.*

---

*December 8.*

THE LOVE OF FAME.

The love of fame is frequently no more than a desire that the feelings of others should confirm, illustrate, and sympathise with, our own. In this respect it is allied with all that draws us out of ourselves. It is the "last infirmity of noble minds."

*Essays and Letters from Abroad : Speculations on Morals, i.*

---

*December 9.*

MILTON.

He died,  
Who was the Sire of an immortal strain,  
Blind, old, and lonely, when his country's pride,  
The priest, the slave, and the liberticide,  
Trampled and mocked with many a loathèd rite  
Of lust and blood ; he went, unterrified,  
Into the gulph of death ; but his clear Sprite  
Yet reigns o'er earth ; the third among the sons  
of light.

*Adonais, iv.*

MILTON, 1608.

*December 7.*

*December 8.*

*December 9.*

---

*December 10.*

---

A poet, as he is the author to others of the highest wisdom, pleasure, virtue and glory, so he ought personally to be the happiest, the best, the wisest, and the most illustrious of men. As to his glory, let time be challenged to declare whether the fame of any other institutor of human life be comparable to that of a poet.

*Essays and Letters from Abroad : A Defence of Poetry.*

---

*December 11.*

---

Who would love May flowers  
If they succeeded not to Winter's flaw ;  
Or day unchanged by night ; or joy itself  
Without the touch of sorrow ?

*Charles I., Scene 1.*

How young art thou in this old age of time !  
How green in this grey world !

*Charles I., Scene 1.*

---

*December 12.*

---

Yon gentle hills,  
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow ;  
Yon darksome rocks whence icicles depend,  
So stainless that their white and glittering spires  
Tinge not the moon's pure beam ; yon castled  
steep,

Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower  
So idly, that rapt fancy deemeth it  
A metaphor of peace ; all form a scene  
Where musing solitude might love to lift  
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness ;  
Where silence undisturbed might watch alone,  
So cold, so bright, so still.

*Queen Mab, iv.*

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————— *December 10.* —————

————— *December 11.* —————

————— *December 12.* —————



*December 13.*

I could lie down like a tired child,  
And weep away the life of care  
Which I have borne, and yet must bear,  
Till death like sleep might steal on me,  
And I might feel in the warm air  
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea  
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.  
*Stanzas written in dejection, near Naples, (Dec 1818.) iv.*

*December 14.*

A SHIPWRECK.

The great ship seems splitting ! it cracks as a tree,  
While an earthquake is splintering its root, ere  
the blast  
Of the whirlwind that stript it of branches has  
past.  
The intense thunder-balls which are raining from  
heaven  
Have shattered its mast, and it stands black and  
riven.  
The chinks suck destruction. The heavy dead  
hulk  
On the living sea rolls an inanimate bulk,  
Like a corpse on the clay which is hungering to  
fold  
Its corruption around it. Meanwhile, from the  
hold,  
One deck is burst up from the waters below,  
And it splits like the ice when the thaw-breezes  
blow  
O'er the lakes of the desert.

*A Vision of the Sea.*

————— *December 13.* —————

————— *December 14.* —————

—————



*December 15.*

Thine own heart—it is a paradise  
Which everlasting Spring has made its own :  
And, while drear Winter fills the naked skies,  
Sweet streams of sunny thought, and flowers fresh  
blown,  
Are there, and weave their sounds and odours  
into one.

*The Revolt of Islam, Canto ix. St. 26.*

*December 16.*

PLATO.

Plato was essentially a poet—the truth and splendour of his imagery, and the melody of his language, are the most intense that it is possible to conceive. He rejected the measure of the epic, dramatic, and lyrical forms, because he sought to kindle a harmony in thoughts divested of shape and action, and he forbore to invent any regular plan of rhythm which would include, under determinate forms, the varied pauses of his style.

*Essays and Letters from Abroad : A Defence of Poetry.*

*December 17.*

TO MUSIC.

No, Music, thou art not “ the food of Love,”  
Unless Love feeds upon its own sweet self,  
Till it becomes all Music murmurs of.

BEETHOVEN, 1770

*Fragments.*

*December 15.*

*December 16.*

*December 17.*

---

*December 18.*

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

*Fragments.*

Senseless is the breast, and cold,  
Which relenting love would fold ;  
Bloodless are the veins and chill,  
Which the pulse of pain did fill ;  
Every little living nerve  
That from bitter words did swerve  
Round the tortured lips and brow  
Is like a sapless leaflet now  
Frozen upon December's bough.

*Lines written among the Euganean Hills.*

---

*December 19.*

A woman more fair  
Than heaven, when unbinding its star-braided hair  
It sinks with the sun on the earth and the sea.

*A Vision of the Sea.*

---

*December 20.*

The darkest of December's hours  
Was raving  
The birds were shivering in their leafless bowers,  
The fish were frozen in the pools.

*The Zucca, xi.*

Too happy they, whose pleasure sought  
Extinguishes all sense and thought  
Of the regret that pleasure leaves, —  
Destroying life alone, not peace !

*Lines written in the Bay of Lerici.*

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— *December 18.* —

— *December 19.* —

— *December 20.* —

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---

*December 21.*

The grass may grow in winter weather  
As soon as hate in me.

*Lines to a Critic, i*

Worse than a bloody hand is a hard heart.

*The Cenci, Act v. Sc. 2.*

---

*December 22.*

Time flows on, places are changed ; friends who  
were with us are no longer with us ; yet what  
has been seems yet to be, but barren and stripped  
of life.

*Letters from Italy, iii.*

---

*December 23.*

THE DAWN OF LIBERTY.

A thousand years the Earth cried, "where art  
thou ?"

And then the shadow of thy coming fell  
On Saxon Alfred's olive-cinctured brow.

*Ode to Liberty, ix.*

Can man be free if woman be a slave ?

*The Revolt of Islam, Canto ii. St. 43.*

*December 21.*

*December 22.*

*December 23.*

*December 24.*

Swift as the radiant shapes of sleep  
From one whose dreams are Paradise  
Fly, when the fond wretch wakes to weep,  
And Day peers forth with her blank eyes ;  
So fleet, so faint, so fair,  
The Powers of earth and air  
Fled from the folding star of Bethlehem.

*Hellas.*

*December 25.*

(CHRISTMAS DAY).

A power from the unknown God,  
A Promethean conqueror came ;  
Like a triumphal path he trod,  
The thorns of death and shame.

*Hellas.*

How many meet, who never yet have met,  
To part too soon, but never to forget.

*Ginevra.*

*December 26.*

(Poetry) makes us the inhabitant of a world to which the familiar world is a chaos. It reproduces the common universe of which we are portions and percipients, and it purges from our inward sight the film of familiarity, which obscures from us the wonder of our being. It compels us to feel that which we perceive, and to imagine that which we know.

*Essays and Letters from Abroad : A Defence of Poetry.*

Poetry is a mimetic art.

*Preface to "Prom. Unbound."*

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*December 24.*

---

*December 25.*

---

*December 26.*

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*December 27.*

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All things together grow  
Through which the harmony of love can pass.

*The Witch of Atlas, xxxv.*

Of his wit  
And wisdom, you'll cry out when you are bit.  
He is a pearl within an oyster shell,  
One of the richest of the deep.

*Letter to Maria Gisborne.*

---

*December 28.*

---

Man who man would be  
Must rule the empire of himself ! in it  
Must be supreme, establishing his throne  
On vanquished will, quelling the anarchy  
Of hopes and fears, being himself alone.

*Sonnet: Political Greatness.*

---

*December 29.*

---

Yes, from the records of my youthful state,  
And from the lore of bards and sages old,

Have I collected language to unfold  
Truth to my countrymen ; from shore to shore  
Doctrines of human power my words have told ;  
They have been heard, and men aspire to more  
Than they have ever gained or ever lost of yore.

*The Revolt of Islam, Canto iv. St. 12.*

W. E. GLADSTONE, 1809.

---

*December 27.*

*December 28.*

*December 29.*

*December 30.*

Once the hungry Hours were hounds  
Which chased the Day like a bleeding deer,  
And it limped and stumbled with many wounds  
Through the nightly dells of the desert year.  
But now—oh ! weave the mystic measure  
Of music and dance and shapes of light !  
Let the Hours, and the spirits of might and  
pleasure,  
Like the clouds and sunbeams, unite.  
*Prom. Unbound, Act iv.*

*December 31.*

HORACE SMITH.

Wit and sense,  
Virtue and human knowledge ; all that might  
Make this dull world a business of delight,  
Are all combined in Horace Smith.  
*Letter to Maria Gisborne.*

HORACE SMITH, 1779.

Orphan hours, the year is dead :  
Come and sigh, come and weep !  
Merry hours, smile instead  
For the year is but asleep :  
See, it smiles as it is sleeping,  
Mocking your untimely weeping.

January grey is here  
Like a sexton by her grave,  
February bears the bier,  
March with grief doth howl and rave ;  
And April weeps—but, O ye hours !  
Follow with May's fairest flowers.  
*Dirge for the Year, i. iv.*

*December 30.*

*December 31.*



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