The purpose of this monograph is to assess the relative intellectual power in the poetry of Percy Bysshe Shelley and John Keats as determined by the positions and classes of adjectives.

For the purpose of this paper, fourteen subclasses of adjectives are defined: the proper adjective, the adjective of touch, the adjective of smell, the adjective of taste, the adjective of color, the adjective of shape, the adjective of age, the adjective of location, the adjective of climate, the adjective of balance, the adjective
of motion, the adjective of size, the adjective of value, and the adjectives derived from verbs.

These adjectives in the fourteen hundred lines represent a random choice from poems by each poet. Each adjective placed in one of the fourteen subclasses is considered as to its prenominal or postnominal position.

In the assessment of the adjectives for frequency, subclass, and position, the following poems of Keats were used: "Isabella", "Ode to a Nightingale", "Lamia" Part I, "The Eve of Saint Agnes", "O Solitude! If I Must With Thee Dwell", "How Many Bards Gild the Lapses of Time!", and "To One Who Has Been Long in City Pent". The following poems by Shelley were selected by random sampling: "Alastor", "Adonais", "The Cloud", and "To A Skylark".

Each poem is followed by a detailed explanation of the adjectival distribution and the interpretations to be made in terms of the subclasses of adjectivals. The total adjectivals found in the work of each artist is considered separately as to subclasses and frequency, and some interpretations are offered.

A comparative analysis of the subclasses of adjectives with respect to their frequency in the selected poems of the two poets, Keats and Shelley, is followed by
an attempt to explain the significance(s) of the occurrences.

In order to lessen the subjectivity of the approach, Robson's theory is applied to the subclass listed as "value". This category is further subdivided into attitudinal and cognitive subclasses as a means of avoiding total subjectivity in the "value" subclassification.

Through using the more objective evaluation of Robson's method, it is found that the differential is over eighteen per cent in favor of intellectually-oriented value words for Shelley.

It is to be noted, however, that while the fifteen per cent obtained through a subjective decision and the eighteen percent through a more objective method give some solid basis for making conclusions, the Robson method can be considered somewhat arbitrary. However, the method does not favor one poet rather than another.

The work accomplished indicates that it would be best used as a "checking" device--as method.

Accepted by: [Signature]

Chairman
RELATIVE INTELLECTUAL POWER IN THE POETRY OF
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY AND JOHN KEATS
AS DETERMINED BY THE RELATIVE POSITIONS
AND CLASSES OF ADJECTIVES

A Monograph
Presented to
the Faculty of the Graduate School
Morehead State University

In Partial Fulfillment
of the Requirements for the Degree
Master of Arts

by
Francis A. Turner
April 1973
Accepted by the faculty of the School of Humanities, Morehead State University, in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Master of Arts degree.

[Signature]
Director of Thesis

Master's Committee: [Signature], Chairman

April 30, 1973
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CHAPTER I

NATURE OF THE MONOGRAPH, PROCEDURE, PREVIOUS WORK, PURPOSE, AND SPECIFIC ELEMENTS TO BE PROVEN, AND ESSENTIAL DEFINITIONS

I. NATURE OF THE MONOGRAPH

In this monograph, the writer will make an assessment of the Relative Intellectual Power in the Poetry of Percy Bysshe Shelley and John Keats as Determined by the Relative Positions and Classes of Adjectives in Poems Chosen at Random.

Although each of the two, Shelley and Keats, lived and wrote during the English Romantic Literary Period, and although each, together with Lord Byron, constituted the second generation of English Romantic poets in nineteenth century English literature, it is believed that each varied in his poetic art in appealing to the personality of the reader. That is, the expressive nature of the aesthetic object as written by Byron, Keats, and Shelley appears to differ with respect to intellectual force.

Lord Byron's poetry is omitted from consideration in the monograph because of the satiric-romantic
structure of his poetry and because of necessity to
limit the scope and length of the monograph. The poetry
of Keats and that of Shelley, written at the same period
when the poets were enjoying relatively the same age while
writing, are better subjects for comparison. The spirit of
the age was essentially a romantic one. While there are al-
ways writers holding back the advance of the spirit and
while there are always writers—during the dominant spirit
of the ages—looking forward to the next age, Keats and
Shelley and their art remained and remain in one central
direction—the romantic one.

Admitting there are many varieties of romanticism,
one sees that both Keats and Shelley operated within the
central tenets that characterize the romantic expression.
Nevertheless, there are so many numerous comments on the
poetic art of Keats and Shelley which indicate the more
powerful intellectualization of the subject matter of Shelley
as compared to and contrasted with the art of Keats that
the comments appear to be of common literary knowledge.

Is it correct to assert that Shelley's art is
more intellectualized than the art of Keats? If it is
correct, there may well be objective methods of determining
relative intellectualization. For example, one could assess
the relative incidence of balanced, clausal, and phrasal
statements of each in terms of adjectives--nouns--and verbs--as was done by Josephine Miles. Or, one can assess the numbers and positions of Latinate verbs in terms of prefixes and suffixes. Verbs with powerful Latin prefixing tend to slow and to draw out or to drag out the statements, leaving more time for thought patterning. Or, there can be more shifting of adverbs to the left and adjectives to the right, with the resultant decreasing of emotive impact and the increasing of intellectual impacts.

The position taken, for this monograph, is that since the art examined is that of poetry, it is better to assess the nature and scope of adjectives.

Linguists divide the adjectives into different subclasses with respect to kind and position to the left of the noun, and, to a much lesser extent, to the right of the noun, or nongual. For the purpose of this monograph, fourteen subclasses of adjectives are defined: the proper adjective, the adjective of touch, the adjective of smell, the adjective of taste, the adjective of color, the adjective of shape, the adjective of age, the adjective of location, the adjective of climate, the

adjective of balance, the adjective of motion, the adjective of size, the adjective of value, and the adjectives derived from verbs.

In assessing adjectives found in the prenominal position as to subclass and frequency, it is best to use poems chosen by random from the art of Keats and Shelley. They are used to the extent of having some fourteen hundred lines (1400) by each of the two poets.

The following poems by Keats were selected by random sampling: "Isabella," "Ode to a Nightingale," "Lamia," "The Eve of St. Agnes," "O Solitude! If I Must With Thee Dwell," "How Many Bards Gild the Lapses of Time!" and "To One Who Has Been Long in City Pent." The following poems by Shelley were selected by random sampling: "Alastor," "Adonais," "The Cloud," and "To a Skylark." These poems are analyzed as to the frequency and positioning of adjectives.

II. PROCEDURE

The monograph contains six chapters. The first chapter details the nature of the monograph, the procedure(s) in developing the monograph, a statement of previous work done in the field, and the purposes and elements to be proven. The first chapter also contains
essential definitions that are to hold for the consideration of the positions taken in the monograph.

Chapter Two contains a detailed explanation of the adjectival distribution and the interpretations to be made in terms of the subclasses of adjectivals.

Chapter Three contains the results of the analysis as applied to the poems chosen from Shelley's art. A brief statement as to the nature of each of the poems follows. The poems, written out in each instance, are marked for the adjectivals and for their subclassing. There is a brief summary as to the frequency and kind of adjectivals in each poem, and as to the grand total for Shelley's poems.

Chapter Four contains the results of the analysis applied to poems selected from the art of John Keats. Each poem is given a brief description. Each poem is handled in the same fashion as that applied to the poetry of Shelley. Then, too, a summary as to the adjectivals in each of the poems selected from Keats is given, and a further grand total for the adjectivals is set out.

Chapter Five contains a comparative analysis of the subclasses of adjectives with respect to their frequency in the selected poems of the two poets, Keats and Shelley. An attempt to explain the significance(s)
of the occurrences for each subclass is made. Some attention is also given to the adjectives which occur in the postnominal position. The chapter is both descriptive and interpretative, with the interpretations coming from the descriptive matter.

Chapter Six contains a final evaluation of the purposes of the monograph in terms of the evidence resulting from the work in the Chapters Three, Four, and Five. One question that must be answered is whether the adjectives, themselves, evidence the intellectual-emotive ratio in the poetry or whether they intensify a position already held. For example, do the adjectives reveal emotional supports that each poet might have for supporting his position, emotive, or intellectual?

III. PREVIOUS WORK IN THE FIELD

Intensive investigation of the availability of works related to the language of Shelley and Keats in Dissertation Abstracts, Monographs, Social Studies and Humanities Index, MLA International Bibliography, and A Critical Bibliography of the New Stylistics Applied to Romance Literature reveals no evidence that work of the exact nature of this monograph has been done in the English language.
Although much material is available on the art of Shelley and Keats, the scholarly stress is on the study of structure, symbolism, imagery, phonology and theme. No work has as yet been done in regard to evaluation or interpretation by close study of the number, position and subclassification of the adjectives.

The study most closely-related to this monograph in substance is that of Josephine Miles who has done an analysis of the periods of English poetic history based on the phrasal and clausal structure of the sentence and on the pattern of their sequence.

Miles, in developing a method of distinguishing modes according to the relationship between adjectives, nouns, and verbs, classifies the phrasal mode as one containing many adjectival and phrasal modifications. The clausal mode is primarily predicative with active verbs and clausal modifications. The third form, the balance between phrasal and clausal, contains an equal number of phrases and clauses. To determine the mode of a sentence, one must count the adjectives, verbs and nouns and set up a ratio among them. One thousand lines of the work of two hundred poets were examined. Keats is credited with a phrasal style, his ratio being 12A-17N-8V in ten lines of poetry. The cryptical figures
indicate the number of adjectives, nouns and verbs in ten lines. Shelley's lines have a ratio of $9A = 19N - 8V$; thus, Miles places Shelley's work in the balanced mode. The stress of her work, however, is not on adjectivals, but on sentence structure.

Although Josephine Miles' *Eras and Modes in English Poetry* does not have the central focus of the purpose of this paper, her definition of the adjectival for the purpose of her analysis is pertinent to the assessment of adjectivals to be made in this study.

In the Miles work nouns functioning as adjectivals are counted as nouns. Thus, the phrase "glass house" is counted as two nouns, the part of speech being determined by the structure of the word, rather than by function. However, the adjectivals derived from verbs are classed as adjectives, a functional classification. In this paper the same criterion as that of Miss Miles is applied:

One way to distinguish a "true" adjective is to ask whether it can be rendered in the comparative degree, either by inflection or the use of a function word, (fine, finer; interesting, more interesting) or whether it can be translated into a sentence with this construction: The interesting story is very interesting. In these ways an adjective can be differentiated from a noun.

---

2Miles, op. cit., pp. 218-226.
adjunct construction (like income tax). One cannot say (and call it English), "The income tax is very income," nor can one say "the tax is more income," or the "tax is incomer."³

The quotation, the opinion of Walker Gibson, describes the criteria used to define the adjectival for this paper.

IV. PURPOSES AND SPECIFIC ELEMENTS TO BE PROVEN

It is to be accepted that the adjective can be broken down into subclasses which can stand in specific locations with respect to each other. This assertion can be tested descriptively. The adjectives can stand to the left and right of nouns, a statement which can, again, be tested descriptively.

It is to be proven that these subclasses can be filled with specific words, and that statement, again, is to be tested descriptively.

It is to be proven now that the poetry of Keats and Shelley has adjectivals that can fill some or all of the subclasses and that the total number of adjectives--over all--and the total number of adjectives for each

subclass will be the same, greater, or less, as the case may be, for the total number of lines, for each poet—Keats and Shelley.

Are the subclasses such that their being filled does give weight or credence to intellectual force, or weight or credence to emotive force? The answer must be part descriptive and part interpretative. Then to be proven is whether the adjective is a good sign to signal, point to, or mark intellectual or emotive force.

The adjective is defined, for this monograph, at least, as that part of speech which points to, marks, or signals some quality or attribute of the noun or nounal before which it stands or after which it stands. The term "adjectival" refers to "being used as an adjective." Parts of speech which are uniquely one by structure can function as other parts of speech. For example, all words which end with the suffix /-ing/ in English are verbs by structure. But words can function as other parts of speech. "Interesting" can, as a verb by structure, function as an adjective. Thus "interesting" as a subclass of adjectives is functioning as an adjective when appearing before or after a noun(al).

A "nounal" is that which can be a pure noun, or that which functions as a noun. It is important to note
that the subject of a sentence, the object of a verb, or the object of a preposition does not have to be a noun by structure, but can be one by function.

"The guilty will be punished" finds "guilty" which is an adjective by structure functioning as a nounal, in being the subject. "He punished the lazy" finds the adjective "lazy" functioning as the direct object. "The cries of the needy" finds the adjective "needy" functioning as the object of the preposition "of." Thus, a nounal is that noun or other part of speech used as a noun. Then, the classes of adjectives include adjectivals with all subclasses standing to the left or right of nouns or nounals. Then, there is the matter of literary philosophy in terms of "romantic," "naturalistic," and "rational."

In "romanticism" the position taken, essentially, is that the final vote is given to the imagination, with the emotive responses being deepened. In short, "matter" is in the heart. In "naturalism" the vote is given to the sensorial aspects of nature, with the heart and mind in matter. In "rationalism" the final vote is given to the intellect, with both matter and heart being in the mind.
In short, for the purpose of this monograph, the position held is that Keats and Shelley are essentially romantic in nature. In Appendix I the qualities of romanticism are stated. It is held here that Keats and Shelley, as to their poetic art, have the majority of these qualities at the heart of their poetry.

The course of the monograph is to be considered within the contexts of the definitions given. The next chapter, Chapter Two, sets out in some detail the nature of the adjectivals in the prenominal and postnominal positions. First, the nature of the (N-I) position is detailed, and then the sequence of subclasses running in order with respect to each other is set. Examples for each are given.
CHAPTER II

ADJECTIVAL CLASSIFICATION

As the purpose of the paper is to evaluate the relative emotive and intellectual force of the art of Shelley and Keats as evidenced by the quantity, subclasses and positions of the adjectivals, the slot-filling approach is most appropriate.

Consequently, some stress has been placed on the slot-filling method of the linguist since this method is the simplest. Of course, there are such constructions NN: "brick wall", "rose garden", "stone fence", and "glass house". NN combinations establish the (N-1) position, not the adjectival (N-2).

Adjectivals derived from verbs, traditionally called participles, are included in the count since verbs imply strength in the English language and often carry powerful emotive or intellectual force.

This position is justified by the fact that pure nouns do not change their qualities when combined with other nouns as in "glass house", while verbs, when inflected and placed as adjectivals not only lose their original function, but also describe an attribute of the nounal which they accompany. In the sentence,
"The government fell," consider the connotations of "fell." The verb "fell", the past tense of "fall" is defined as "to come down suddenly." Now, consider the participial in the sentence, "The fallen government was supplanted." The verbal "fallen" carries the notions of degradation, disgrace, impotence, and rejection.

Thus, although neither the pure noun nor the participial meets the "seems very test," the participial is used because of its ability to change both in structure and function. The noun adjunct, however, is rejected in that it retains both its original structure and function.

The linguistic definition of the adjectival considered is that of linguist Nelson Francis. The adjective, he contends, represents a class of words so constructed as to have the "elusive ability to fit into both the environments left blank in a structure such as:

\[
\text{the . . . man seems very . . . }\]

Such a test is capable of determining all adjectives by structure. The word "yellow" conforms to the pattern as "The yellow cat seems very yellow," indicating

---

that the word "yellow" is an adjective. "The tired man seems very tired" is another example. Francis also divides adjectives into two groups: base adjectives and derived adjectives. The first of these groups, base adjectives, contains words which are mostly of one syllable, though some have two or three.

Since the standards for determining adjectives were established by the method of Nelson Francis and, to some degree, that of Owen Thomas, attention will now be given to a somewhat detailed discussion of the linguistic view of the adjectival position in the structure of language.

There are four basic patterns in the English sentence. These four patterns do not concern this discussion other than to note that each basic sentence contains four positions, with the last optional. The first position is for the subject; the second, for the verb; the third, for the verb completer; and, the fourth, is optional, for the adverb.

```
1 She  2 plays  3 the harp  4 well
```

Note that the adverb is optional but does have a position in the basic structure of a sentence, while the adjective is not included. However, when each element of
the sentence is placed in its natural position, the second place to the left of the noun is reserved for the adjective.

In an effort to describe the language, linguists have developed a method called "slot filling." By this method, each part of speech has its place in a basic sentence. Symbols are necessary to the system, but they are not complex. Essential symbols are the following:

\[ S \rightarrow \text{Nominal} + \text{VP} \]

Sentence equals nominal plus verb phrase.

N -- simple subject

(N-1) -- the first slot to the left of the noun
(N-2) -- the second slot to the left of the noun

It follows that slots to the right of the noun are labeled (N+1), filled by an adverb; (N+2), filled by a prepositional phrase. As this monograph is concerned with adjectivals, the (N-2) position is the only slot pertinent to the purpose.

The following is a list of the subclasses of adjectivals to be used in the assessment of the adjectives in the 2800 lines taken at random from the poetry of Shelley and Keats.
1. (N-2 Verb) . . . . interesting, delayed
2. (N-2 Value) . . . . good, bad
3. (N-2 Size) . . . . small, large
4. (N-2 Motion) . . . . slow, swift
5. (N-2 Balance) . . . . even, sure
6. (N-2 Climate) . . . . dewy, damp
7. (N-2 Location) . . . . heavenly, earthly
8. (N-2 Age) . . . . old, young
9. (N-2 Shape) . . . . long, short
10. (N-2 Color) . . . . blue, dim
11. (N-2 Taste) . . . . pungent, sweet
12. (N-2 Smell) . . . . spicy
13. (N-2 Touch) . . . . soft, gentle
14. (N-2 Proper) . . . . Olympian

This must be modified by taking into account the fact that there are other nouns than the subject: object of prepositions, direct objects, appositives, indirect objects; but for this paper all adjectives will be counted as (N-2).

Although linguists recognize at least seven subclasses of adjectives, the subclasses here have been redivided into fourteen categories in order to study the denotations and connotations of each more closely. If the evaluation
of the relative intellectualization of the art of Shelley and Keats can be based or even partially-based on the adjectivals, a careful examination of each adjectival is necessary before it is classified. Thus, the subclasses were chosen to include as nearly as possible all the sensory, emotive and intellectual attitudes, experiences and ideas possible to the two artists in the same time and place.

In illustrating the process of definition, sub-classification and position of the adjectivals, the writer selected ten lines at random from the works of John Milton and Samuel Coleridge. Each work is considered separately.

"L'Allegro"

1 Hence, loathed Melancholy,
2 of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born
3 In Stygian cave forlorn
4 'Mongst horrid shapes and shrieks, and sights unholy!'
5 Find out some uncouth cell,
6 Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
7 And the night-raven sings;
8 There, under ebon shades and low-browed racks,
9 As ragged as thy locks,
10 In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

John Milton

1. loathed . . . past participle of loath
2. blackest . . . superlative degree of black
3. **Stygian** . . . . proper (Styx)
4. forlorn . . . . meets "seems-very" test
5. horrid. . . . . meets "seems-very" test
6. unholy. . . . . meets "seems-very" test
7. uncouth . . . . meets "seems-very" test
8. brooding. . . . present participial
9. jealous . . . . meets "seems-very" test
10. ebon. . . . . meets "seems-very" test
11. low-browed. . . . meets "seems-very" test
12. ragged. . . . . meets "seems-very" test
13. dark. . . . . meets "seems-very" test
14. Cammerian . . . . proper

Two of the fourteen words to which the "seems-very" test were applied failed phonologically to meet acceptable English usage, but, as was discussed earlier, "loathing" and "brooding" are classified as adjectivals derived from verbs. "Stygian" and "Cammerian" are classified as proper adjectives since they connotate all the qualities of Styx and Cammeriae. The other ten words meet the "seems" test and all 14 can now be subclassified according to the subclassifications previously listed.

(N-2 Verb) . . . . loath(L), brood(L)
(N-2 Val). . . . . forlorn(R), horrid(L), unholy(R), jealous(L), uncouth(L)
That the adjective can stand to the left or right of the noun or nounal can be proved by "forlorn" and "unholy" in line three. "Forlorn" is placed to the right of the nounal "Stygian cave." The phrase "Stygian cave forlorn" is as phonologically acceptable in English as "forlorn Stygian cave." The same rule applies to the adjectival "unholy." "... sights unholy" does not violate the sounds of English although the adjectival is to the right of the nounal. The third example of the right treatment is found in line nine. "Ragged" follows the nounal "rocks", yet the sound of "rocks ragged" is not unintelligible nor displeasing.

The subclasses and the possible positions of the adjectival are further illustrated in Coleridge's "To A Beautiful Spring In A Village."

1 Once more! sweet Stream! with slow foot
   wandering near,
2 I bless thy milky waters cold and clear.
3 Escap'd the flashing of the noontide hours,
4 With one fresh garland of Pierian flowers
(Ere from thy zephyr-haunted brink I turn)
My languid hand shall wreath thy mossy urn.
For not through pathless grove with murmur rude
Thou soothest the sad wood-nymph, Solitude;
Nor thine unseen in cavern depths to well,
The Hermit-fountain of some dripping cell!

In the first ten lines of this thirty-line poem,
there are fourteen adjectives. Eleven stand to the left
of the noun, while three are to the right. As in the quo-
tation from Milton, not all the subclassifications chosen
for the purpose of this paper are used. However, the criteria
applied to Milton's lines were used in studying the lines
from Coleridge, and each adjectival was found to fit one
of the previously-established subclasses.

Since the first ten lines of two poems chosen
at random from the work of two artists of different
literary periods and of different poetic theories contain words
which meet the structural test for adjectivals, and since
these words are placed both to the left and to the right of the noun or nounal, attention should now be given to the adjectivals as to subclassification.

For illustrative purposes, the lists of words taken from Coleridge and Milton will be used. It is purely coincidental that there are fourteen adjectivals in each selection. From the total of twenty-eight, five adjectivals stand at the right of the nounal. Milton places "forlorn" and "unholy" to the right of the nounal while Coleridge makes the same use of "cold", "clear" and "rude". However, the subclasses are not influenced by either number or position:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Milton</th>
<th>Coleridge</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>(N-2 Verb)</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(N-2 Value)</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(N-2 Size)</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(N-2 Motion)</td>
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<tr>
<td>(N-2 Balance)</td>
<td>0</td>
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<td>(N-2 Climate)</td>
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<td>(N-2 Age)</td>
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<tr>
<td>(N-2 Taste)</td>
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<tr>
<td>(N-2 Smell)</td>
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<tr>
<td>(N-2 Touch)</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(N-2 Proper)</td>
<td>2</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

In noting the distribution into subclasses, it is to be seen that only six categories were used in Milton's
lines, whereas nine were needed for the Coleridge lines. Each poet uses the participial form which carries suggestions of strength and movement. However, the more elusive and philosophical "value" adjectives (forlorn, harried, unholy, jealous, and uncouth) are found in a greater number in the work of Milton. Coleridge is concerned with movement, for the motion subclass is used twice. Again, location, a physical attribute, is used equally. Coleridge's "pathless" implies motion without aim or loss of direction, while Milton's "low" shows more concern for the specific. Milton's lines do not use the age subclass, but Coleridge's "fresh" indicates an interest in the sensory.

Age is a matter of birth, growth, and death—all physical. Even as Milton shows concern with location, Coleridge uses the shape category indicating again an interest in preciseness. The use of color is found in both works; however, Milton's colors of "blackest", "dark", and "ebon" are in contrast to the "milky" and "clear" of Coleridge's lines. It is also evident that Coleridge uses "sweet" as defined for the subclass "taste" again revealing a stress on the sensory elements of life. The same suggestion is carried by his use of the touch category with the terms "mossy" and "cold".
The fourteenth subclass, proper, is used by both poets, but Milton's "Stygian" and "Cammerian" carry somewhat different connotations from Coleridge's "Pierian." Milton again places more emphasis on location or exactitude by his allusion to the river Styx and his mythical desert of "Cimmeria" than does Coleridge with his "Pierian flowers". The flowers grown by such a spring would surely be eternally fresh and beautiful as opposed to the death suggestion of "Stygian" and the gloominess of "Cimmerian."

The inference to be drawn from the frequency of adjectivals, the subclasses, and the position seems to be that the two artists make the same use of adjectivals as to numbers, but their interests and attitudes differ. Milton's adjectivals lean more heavily on the speculative adjectives labeled "value." Other than location and shape which may also be considered philosophical if considered in the concept of other worldliness or an intellectual drive to make the abstract concrete, Milton's other stress is on color. Color is usually used to depict physical or emotional imagery—sight, touch, smell, feel—emotive or sensory qualities. In "L'Allegro" the images using color are negative in that the suggestion is of lack of the sensuous element. "Black," "dark" and "ebon" describe non-living, lack of physical life. The lack of adjectivals
concerned with the senses plus the stress on those of philosophical or value judgments give valid reasons for the assumption that Milton's lines were more concerned with thought or reflection than with materiality or emotions.

Coleridge, judged by his use of adjectivals, is more concerned with physical life, the senses and the emotions. The value judgment or notional subclass is found only in "rude" and "sad". "Rude" can be viewed in a physical sense if the reference is to a material object while "sad" is a term used to describe a very human emotion, a matter of spirit.

The subclasses for taste, motion, color, touch, age, and location are used. Touch, color and motion are found twice in the ten lines. Touch and color seem especially sensuous while motion denotes action, also a physical attribute. Color is closely associated with the emotions, and the poet's choice of "clear" and "milky" gives the impression of contentment, understanding and enrichment. Here we have three abstract nouns not found in the poetry but implied by the choice of the colors in the imagery. The heavy emphasis on the sensory perceptions, the stress on the emotions and the very slight interest in the speculative tend to reinforce Coleridge's
position as a romanticist, more involved with the physical
and the emotional than with the intellectual.

It is to be accepted that the number of lines
chosen from the art of each poet is not sufficient to
give the study any degree of validity. However, since
the lines are being used only to indicate the method to
be used in evaluating the adjectival usage of Shelley and
Keats, it is to be understood that no real attempt is
being made to evaluate the philosophic differences in
Milton and Coleridge as expressed in their poetry. No
comment is made on the number of adjectivals since they
were equally used by each writer. Neither is the left
and right of the nounal position discussed for the same
reason.

The position of the adjectival in relation to
the nounal affects the emotive force of the statement.
When the adjectival stands to the left of the nounal, the
emotive force of the adjectival is more powerful than
when it stands at the right. The phrase "the angry mob"
carries more emotive suggestion than does the term "The
mob, angry". The second phrase causes the reader to pause,
and, thus creates a situation favorable to thought. One
would expect scientists and mathematicians to use the ad-
jectivals in the right position since their materials
often require a certain amount of concentration.

The poet is often more concerned with the emotive force than is the scientist or historian. Although the poet also wishes to lead the reader to an idea, he attempts by means of his artistry with words to introduce the idea by means of the senses and the emotions. For this purpose the artist uses imagery, metaphor, alliteration, resonance, sentence structure and other poetic devices to lend emotive force. Through the use of sensory images to arouse emotions the poets hope to stimulate intellectual response. Consequently for this purpose, the adjectival is usually placed at the left of the nounal.
CHAPTER III

ADJECTIVALS: SHELLEY'S POETRY

The poems chosen at random for the purpose of this paper are "Ode to a Skylark," "The Cloud," "Alastor: or The Spirit of Solitude," and "Adonais." Attention is given to the individual poems as to the elements being considered. At the end of the chapter comments follow on the grand totals for the fourteen hundred lines and some interpretative matter based on the conclusions arrived at from the study of the number, position, and subclasses of the adjectivals.

The poems used are found in the appendix with the adjectivals underlined and marked for position. Note that an adjectival may be placed under different subclasses according to its use in the sentence: for example, in the phrase "a fair day", there is a suggestion of climatic conditions, while in the phrase "a fair chance", the "fair" implies a value judgment as a matter of justice is involved.

In order to objectify the data relative to the matter of the subclass chosen, each adjectival is considered in regard to both its denotations and connotations in context.
"Ode To a Skylark"

Subclasses of adjectivals:

Verb . . 18
Value . . 24
Size . . 4
Motion . 0
Balance . 0
Climate . 3
Location 1
Age . . 0
Shape . . 0
Color . . 12
Taste . . 0
Smell . . 0
Touch . . 0
Proper . 1

Number of lines: 105
Number of adjectivals: 63
Position left: 43
Position right: 20

The adjectivals considered as carrying value judgment (23) outnumber all others. Such an arrangement places the emphasis on the intellect, for in choosing these particular words the writer must be concerned with man's problems, a matter of mind. The use of "intense", "clear", "bare", "unseen", "lonely", "decline", "sincere", "saddest", "delightful", "harmonious" places the poet in the realm of thought. Here are indications of abstract ideas as opposed to the concreteness of the purely physical
matters described by the adjectivals in the size, climate, and location subclasses.

Four adjectivals are concerned with the category labeled size. "Full", "profuse", "broad", and "loud" carry some speculative suggestion, but each also indicates a degree of concern for physical description.

The three adjectivals under climate, as well as the one under location, describe man's surroundings. Listed are "bare", "warm", "vernal", and "aerial", all suggesting the physical world and in some way related to sensorial reactions.

The uses of color relate the sensorial to the intellectual mood. The twelve adjectivals in the color subclass point to Shelley's love of earthly beauty. If "blue", "golden", "purple", "white", "green", "pale", "crystal" and others are not taken symbolically, and, in the context they do not appear to be meant so, each describes some attribute of the physical world. In a world of great natural beauty, the poet has thoughts which are in marked contrast to the phenomenon of color and beauty.

If the poet is thoughtful while surrounded by beauty in a world which is real since it has size, climate, and location, then his intellectual qualities must be the
forces which drive him. The incidence of eighteen adjecti-
vials derived from words of action or being is indic-
avative of a restless, energetic, forceful spirit which
desires to question and to seek answers.

The positioning of adjectivals to the right of a
noun or nounal tends to slow the reader's reaction to a
statement, thus causing him to hesitate and to evaluate.
The words "unseen", "hidden", "unbidden", "sweet", "Hymeneal"
standing to the right of the nounal break the speed of the
sentence and, thus, create time for thought. Twenty
adjectivals stand in the right position, while forty-three
are at the left - which is the place through which adjec-
tivals carry the highest emotive force and are most often
found. By this phenomenon, the philosophical mood of
the poem is evident, since the forty-three adjectivals used
to create emotional stresses in proportion to twenty
adjectivals placed to encourage speculation are more often
found in prose than in poetry, or in the realm of science,
rather than in the world of the imagination.

"The Cloud"

Subclasses of Adjectivals:

Verb . . 16
Value. . . 5
Size . . . 2
Motion . 2
Balance. 0
In the poem "The Cloud", the adjectivals derived from verbs outnumber the others. Notice that only the words carrying meanings of color rank numerically in any reasonable degree of comparison to the number of the verb derivatives. The sixteen adjectivals derived from verbs are a moving, questioning and driving force in the poem. The terms "lashing", "burning", "sailing", "fallen", "folded", "thirsting", "outspread", "colored", "built", "laden" and "strewn" are used as powerful descriptive words. Since thirty-three of these stand to the left of the nounal position, the poet has built the mood and the theme into the structure of his work. The reader senses the movement, power and mutability of the artist's vehicle, the cloud, as the reiteration of the "ing" sound pushes the movement forward.
Into the restless, swift, and dynamic movement of the poem, "green", "white", "blue", "purple", "crimson", and "golden" are introduced as elemental colors describing elemental phenomenon. "Burning", which may be described as color, touch, or verb derivative, carries all three connotations, thereby supporting the intensity of the theme by a sensorial image of the sun.

The size, shape, climate, location, motion categories are negligible. The smell, touch, balance, and proper categories are not used. Smell, touch, and balance are of the earth as are age, taste, climate, and size. The lines describe celestial space and events. The feeling of motion is built into the poem by the artist's use of words to simulate movement; consequently, even the terms usually considered as describing motion are not needed.

Value or notional adjectivals are few. "Gentle", "sanguine", "triumphal", "soft" and "sweet" do not suggest philosophic choices; consequently, the swift movement of the lines is not interrupted.

Neither is the flow of the poem broken by excessive use of adjectivals to the right of the nounal. Only ten of the forty-three are found in the thought-evoking position at the right. The other thirty-three
stand to the left of the nounal, giving emotive force to the illusion of soaring so prevalent in the poem.

The total number of adjectivals in "The Cloud" approximates the same number per line as the number in "Ode To A Skylark". However, the quality and position vary to the extent that "The Cloud" reveals more emotive than intellectual force.

"Alastor or The Spirit of Solitude"

Subclasses of Adjectivals:

 Verb. 227
 Value 261
 Size 35
 Motion 30
 Balance 7
 Climate 24
 Location 30
 Age 7
 Shape 44
 Color 130
 Taste 1
 Smell 8
 Touch 20
 Proper 5
839

Number of lines: 720
Number of adjectivals: 839
Position left: 742
Position right: 97

Since "Alastor" is a much longer poem than the two lyrics which were examined above, it is interesting
to speculate as to whether the number of lines is significant in an assessment of intellectual or emotive force as evaluated by the poet's use of adjectivals, or whether the proportion is relatively the same as in the shorter poems.

The value category contains 261 adjectivals. By the quantity alone, the judgment or speculative notion is highly-stressed in the abstract qualities of the adjectivals. For the sake of brevity, only a few of the adjectivals can be commented on. Of the 261 terms labeled "value", enough of them will be mentioned to illustrate the general trend.

The tone of the poem is suggested early by the use of "lonely", "solemn", "obstinate", "silent", "desperate", "awful", "strange", "innocent", "incommunicable", "untimely", and "human". The mood is serious! The air of mystery, of unanswerable questions concerning man's or the poet's loneliness, continues to be stressed by "wilder", "immeasurable", "numberless", "inmost", "irresistible", "vital", and "fearful". These abstractions point to the world of the intellect, of reason, and of philosophic meditation.

Moreover, the number of verb derivatives, 227, deepens the idea of value judgment, for they not only
develop the notion of reason but also add depth to the poet's probing and seeking by the repeated use of the "ing" as in "shifting", "sweeping", "branching", "shuddering", "wandering", "inspiring", "battling", "ascending", "reverting", and "devastating". All contain suggestions of action as progressives. The timeless element is also implied by the "ing" inflection which, in turn, hints at the universal truths of man's concern with his present and his future.

Past or completed action which gives a forward thrust into the area of reason is found in "suspended", "expanded", "reflected", "fallen", "unheeded", and "visioned". The intransitive verb does not require a receiver of the action. In the verbs mentioned there is little physical action; only suggestions of a dream-like state of being are implied. Here is a world in which either emotion or reason is dominant, but the abstract quality of the adjectivals points toward the world of queries and responses where judgments must be made.

However, the physical world surrounds the poet and must influence his decisions for the 130 color adjectivals: twenty touch, thirty-five size, thirty location, twenty-four climate, forty-four shape,

The position of the adjectivals indicates the writer's emotive use of the powerful left-of-the-nounal position, as 742 of the adjectivals are in the left position. It is suggested that in pursuing an intellectual or philosophic notion, Shelley relies on the value adjectivals placed where they will carry the reader on by their emotive strength. The smaller number of adjectivals in the right-of-the-nounal position suggests the writer's need to describe by emotive stress as opposed to intellectual force.

"Adonais"

Subclasses of adjectivals:

Verb . 102
Value. . 124
Size . 18
Motion . 10
Balance. 0
Climate. 18
Location 18
Although the speculative or value adjectivals outnumber the sensorial ones, there is considerable stress on the physical world, with seventeen touch, fourteen age, eighteen shape, eighteen location, eighteen climate, eighteen size, and forty-four color references.

As the poem is an elegy containing the death and regeneration theme, it is to be expected that both the worldly and other-worldly aspects of man's problems must be approached. The use of the sensory images ties the theme to the concrete and worldly, while the speculative imagery takes it into the area of philosophy.

The word "young" is used seven times which indicates a concern with birth and development in a
physical sense. The location category contains "Eastern", a word which, when viewed symbolically, suggests the beginning of light or life. The eighteen adjectivals in the touch column also carry the notion of the sensory: "mossy", "softer", "tender", "rough", "silken", "fiery", "cold", and "thorny". They describe the contrast between two aspects of life, thus suggesting the intellectual balancing of views in order to arrive at a value judgment.

Color is mentioned forty-four times. Since in color-references both the concrete and the abstract are indicated, the juggling between worlds is in evidence. "Clear", "bright", "pale", "white", "dim", "gray", "faint", "sere", "dark", and "dreary" are not the vivid colors of nature. They carry both the value and sensory ideas. Here is another case of the use of the concreteness of color to point up the abstraction of the speculative. The emotive, supported by the sensory, is blended with the mental process.

The verb derivatives (102) rank next in number to the value adjectivals (124). Many of the participles suggest timelessness by their use of the "ing" inflection. "Moving", "revolving", "fitting", "receiving" "trembling", "raging", "dying", "breaking", and "withering" offer more support to the idea of the continuous movement of life through time.
Adjectivals concerned with ideas or value judgments as "sad", "obscure", "melancholy", "wise", "vital", "immortal", "blind", "purest", "eternal", "unprofitable", "spacious", "lucid", "sullen", "awful" stress both the emotive and intellectual in that the senses and emotions are involved in the mental process! The solemn tone of the value category calls for an emotive response.

The emphasis on reason is carried forward by the sixty-nine adjectivals standing to the right of the nounals. The 322 adjectivals used at the left display a strong emotive force, but the sixty-nine at the right slow the reader to a point where he must consider the feelings which are aroused by the power of those in the left position.

Attention should now be given to the total number of adjectivals and subclasses as well as to the total number of adjectivals at the left and right of the nounal in 1400 lines from the poetry of Shelley.

Subclasses

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Subclass</th>
<th>Count</th>
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<td>Verb</td>
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<tr>
<td>Value</td>
<td>414</td>
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<tr>
<td>Size</td>
<td>59</td>
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<td>Motion</td>
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</tr>
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<td>Balance</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Climate</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Location</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Five hundred and sixty adjectivals are classified in categories other than verb derivatives or value. An indication of the poet's concern with the sensory, the world of things, is evidenced by the fifty-nine references to size, forty-two to motion, forty-seven to climate, fifty-one to location, sixty-five to shape, thirty-seven to touch and twenty-two to age. Shelley's sensitivity to the natural world is suggested by the 206 color adjectivals. Although color is sometimes interpreted as symbolism, many of Shelley's color adjectivals are descriptive of physical phenomenon, others are used as motifs to establish mood or setting. The number of size, location, shape, and climate adjectivals seems to
indicate an interest in establishing boundaries for an idea or a place.

The relatively small quantity of motion words is accounted for in that the motion present in Shelley's art is carried by the verb derivatives. There is a feeling of action and timelessness in the "ing" sounds found in many of the 362 adjectivals derived from verbs. The restless searching of the poet's mind is sensed in the strength and forward thrust of these words carrying notions of movement.

The ideas of mentally searching, evaluating, rejecting or accepting, are presented by the value adjectivals. With these the poet moves to an area of speculation, of abstraction, and of value judgments. The 414 words carrying intellectual connotations place Shelley in the sphere of philosophy where there are many questions but few, if any, definite answers.

However, when the positions of the adjectivals are reviewed, a question arises as to the small number of adjectivals standing to the right of the nounal. As the right of the nounal position slows the speed of the sentence and thus tends to give intellectual force, Shelley's avoidance of the adjectival for that purpose seems to point to his use of emotive force to carry his
ideas into the realm of reasoning. Here is the notion of balance between the senses, the emotions, and the mind.
CHAPTER IV

ADJECTIVALS OF KEATS

The poems chosen at random from the art of Keats for the purpose of evaluating the relative intellectual force in the poetry of Percy B. Shelley and John Keats as determined by the number, positions, and classes of adjectivals are "Ode to a Nightingale", "Lamia", "Eve of Saint Agnes", "Isabella", Sonnet I, "O Solitude! If I Must With Thee Dwell", Sonnet II, "How Many Bards Gild the Lapses of Time", and Sonnet III, "To One Who Has Been Long in City Pent". Each poem is given close attention as to the elements being considered.

Following each poem is an interpretative discussion based on the conclusions gathered from the close study of the individual poem as to total number, subclasses and position of the adjectivals in relation to the nounal. At the end of the chapter comment is made on the total number of adjectivals, their subclasses, and their position in the 1400 lines from the poetry of Keats.

The poems used are found in the appendix with the adjectivals marked for quantity and position.
"Ode to a Nightingale"

Subclasses of adjectivals:

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Subclass</th>
<th>Number</th>
</tr>
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<td>Verb</td>
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<tr>
<td>Touch</td>
<td>3</td>
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<tr>
<td>Proper</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td><strong>76</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Number of lines: 80

Number of adjectivals: 76

Position left: 61

Position right: 15

It is to be noted that the largest number of sensory adjectivals is in the color subclass. Here are "beechen", "green", "blushful", "gray", "lustrous", and "verdurous"; all related to the physical phenomenon of earth. Location ranks next with seven terms used to fix or place: "pastoral", "starry", "high", "alien", and "near". The connotation of each of these is that of describing a specific scene.
There is little concern with motion, and none with size, balance, or smell. Touch (3), shape (3), and age (4), however, seem to receive some emphasis which implies a concern with mortality.

The theme and mood of the "Ode" is carried by the verb derivatives which include: "light-winged", "deep-dewed", "tasting", "winking", "stained", "clustered", "winding", "fading", "embalmed", "passing", and "deceiving". The "ed" inflection gives a feeling of past-ness while the "ing" adds the essence of timelessness or the progression of time.

The adjectivals classed as value which imply a judgment or a decision do not appear to be of a speculative nature. "Melodious", "happy", "sad", "easeful", "rich", "sick", "perilous", "forlorn", and "plaintive" carry strong emotive tones.

The adjectivals lean toward the physical and emotive rather than toward the intellectual in both subclasses and position. The fifteen used to the right of the nounal are indicative of a check in speed to give the poem a slow, dreamy tempo.
"The Eve of Saint Agnes"

Subclasses of adjectivals:

Verb...71
Value...117
Size...18
Motion...9
Balance...1
Climate...16
Location...6
Age...20
Shape...23
Color...38
Taste...9
Smell...2
Touch...17
Proper...3

Number of lines: 379.
Number of adjectivals: 350
Position left: 261
Position right: 89

Here the value category carries the greatest number of adjectivals; however, the adjectivals themselves describe emotive and sensory states of mind. The emphasis is on the sensuous and sensual as is indicated by the use of "impassioned", "voluptuous", "soft", "fair", "soothed", "wondrous", "secret", "smooth-sculptured", "drowsy", and "tenderest". Many of the verb derivatives also carry the connotations of sensuality as in "slumberous", "stolen", "entranced", "
"woven", "glowing", "eager-eyed", "sole-thoughted", "hot-blooded", "full-blown", and "blushed". The sensuous is implied in "feeble", "weak", "stricken", "burning", "silken", "balmy", "rough", "harsh", "supine", "honeyed", "candied", "spiced" and "chilly". The adjectivals quoted are used to describe things, concrete nouns, not as symbols of any abstract notion.

The thirty-eight uses of color add to the emotional intensity of the poem with "dim", "blanched", "creamy", "lily", "purple", "pallid" and "pale".

Age is of some concern to the poet, for he uses twenty adjectivals which suggest some physical state of man. "Aged", "old", "footworn", "young", "palsied" and "ancient" are among those, but "old" is repeated eight times and "aged" is used four times. The adjectivals listed above under sensuous could also be applied to age as "feeble", "weak" and "stricken" connotate an attribute of old age.

The eighty-nine adjectivals standing at the right of the nouns serve to break the speed of the sentences, not to create a thoughtful mood, but to stress the lack of warmth and mobility which accompanies old age.

The sensuality of youth is contrasted with the
impotency of age in "The Eve of Saint Agnes", and the poet accomplishes much of his theme by the use of sen-
suous and emotive adjectivals.

"Isabella"
(or "The Pot of Basil")

Subclasses of adjectivals:

Verb. . . . 66
Value. . . . 154
Size. . . . 18
Motion. . . . 16
Balance . . . 0
Climate . . . 9
Location. . . . 28
Age . . . . 16
Shape . . . 6
Color . . . . 50
Taste . . . . 7
Smell . . . . 3
Touch . . . . 21
Proper. . . . 11

405

Number of lines: 598
Number of adjectivals: 405
Position left: 310
Position right: 95

The subclasses of the adjectivals in "Isabella" point out the poet's emphasis on location (28), touch (21), motion (16), size (18), and climate (9). These adjectivals indicate Keat's interest in the visible world, as
the location, size, and touch categories hint at a concern with physical reality or exactitude.

The location adjectives "inward", "western", "close", "pathless", "low", "high", "distant", and "earthly" support the sensory in that each refers to a concrete physical phenomenon. The touch words also add to the sense of earthiness with "cold", "downy", "sharp", "dewy", "feverish", "miry", "prickly" and "clayey". Size as something that can be measured or fixed is found in "long", "whole", "full", "little", "wide", "large", "lean", and "short". And, in the age classification, "young", "ripe", "old", "late", and "new" denote various stages of physical development. Motion is also a matter of the senses and Keats uses "quick", "dead", "idle", "calm", "gradual", "tremulous", and "slow" with many repetitions of "dead" to continue the sense of worldly time and place.

Color is used often (50). The emphasis is on the emotive power in "paler", "fair", "bright", "dark", "orange", "dim", "wan", "cloudy", "glossy", "bloody", "red", "purple", and "green".

Verb derivatives (66) are not so numerous as in "Eve of Saint Agnes". In this work they are used for emotive and sensory purposes as the connotations are related
to those aspects of man's personality. Many are the past participle and thus carry the notion of finality. Such are "dethron'd", "smeared", "casketed", "last", "untouched", "quivered", and "palsied", all highly tinged with emotive factors. The "ing" inflected adjectivals are of the same quality as "gasping", "gnawing", "parting" and "stinging", and reflect both the sensory and emotive reflexes.

Value, a matter of judgment usually concerned with the reasoning process, is well represented by 154 adjectivals. However, the stress is again on feeling rather than thinking. Representative of this are "dead", "bitter", "anxious", "sepulchral", "vile", "piteous", "forlorn", and "cruel". The emotive tones of a lighter mood are: "sweet", "beautiful", "pleasant", "precious", and "gay", but there are far fewer of these.

Adjectivals at the right of the nounal (95) are used to prolong the sense of human misery which pervades the poem. "Moldering", "unknown", "meeker", "dark", "proud", "sly", and "covetous" deepen the emotional attitude which prevails throughout the poem.
"To One Who Has Been Long in City Pent"

Subclasses of adjectivals:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Category</th>
<th>Count</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Verb</td>
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<tr>
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<tr>
<td>Size</td>
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<td>Motion</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Balance</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Climate</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Location</td>
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<td>Shape</td>
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<td>Color</td>
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</tr>
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<td>Taste</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smell</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Touch</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Proper</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Number of lines: 14
Number of adjectivals: 14
Position left: 11
Position right: 3

The number of adjectivals in the three sonnets studied averages almost one to a line, which is a larger proportion than is found in the longer works. The stress is on the value category (7) with "happy", "gentle", "debonair", "pleasant", and "clear". The verb derivatives carry the movement from the mood of the city to the open country with "fatigued", "returning", "sailing". The movement goes from the physical "fatigued"
to the emotional "sailing" by way of "returning".
The eleven adjectivals standing at the left of the
nounal give emotive power to the lines about a sensory
event, while the three at the right slow the early
lines of the sonnet to the pace carried by "fatigued".

"How Many Bards Gild the Lapses of Time!"

Subclasses of adjectivals:

Verb ... 3
Value ... 5
Size ... 1
Motion ... 0
Balance ... 0
Climate ... 0
Location ... 1
Age ... 0
Shape ... 0
Color ... 0
Taste ... 0
Smell ... 0
Touch ... 0
Proper ... 0
10

Number of lines: 14
Number of adjectivals: 10
Position left: 7
Position right: 3

The value adjectivals (5) in this sonnet seem
related to both emotional and sensory elements. "Sub-
limine", "earthly", "rude", "solemn", and "pleasing" combine
the physical and emotive forces in the lines. The verb derivatives (3) "unnumbered", "delighted", and "pleasing" carry more of the connotations of weighing and judging.

The three adjectivals at the right of the nouns are "earthly", "sublime", and "rude". These imply a matter of reason arrived at through the senses and the will.

Sonnet
"O Solitude! If I Must With Thee Dwell!"

Subclasses of adjectivals:

Verb . . . 3
Value . . . 4
Size . . . 0
Motion . . 1
Balance . . 0
Climate . . 0
Location . 1
Age . . . 0
Shape . . . 0
Color . . . 3
Taste . . . 0
Smell . . . 0
Touch . . . 0
Proper . . 0

Number of lines: 14
Number of adjectivals: 12
Position left: 10
Position right: 2
The verb derivatives (3) and the value adjectives (4) are nearly equal in "O Solitude! If I Must With Thee Dwell!". The value classification includes "sweet", "innocent", and "kindred". In the verb derivatives are found "pavillioned", "refined" and "jumbled", all in the past. Both categories appear to touch on pleasant emotions derived from sensuous background. Even the "kindred spirits", "thoughts refined", and "highest bliss" carry no real intellectual tones, only a suggestion of mutual happiness influenced by a background of natural phenomenon. It is possible, however, that there is a value judgment in the choice the speaker has made.

Three color adjectivals contrast the city and pastoral scene: "murky", "flowery", "crystal", as well as connotate the movement from confusion to clarity.

A break in the emotive force is made with two adjectivals at the right of the nounal, but the left-positioned adjectivals overpower any effort at intellectualization by position.
"Lamia"

Part I

Subclasses of adjectivals:

- Verb. ... 89
- Value ... 108
- Size. ... 12
- Motion. ... 12
- Balance ... 0
- Climate ... 12
- Location. ... 19
- Age ... 17
- Shape ... 28
- Color ... 59
- Taste ... 12
- Smell ... 0
- Touch ... 15
- Proper. ... 13

\[396\]

Number of lines: 399
Number of adjectivals: 396
Position left: 276
Position right: 120

"Lamia" Part I contains 396 adjectivals with 108 of them in the value category. This classification denotes some degree of choice based on either an emotive or intellectual reaction. As man responds to the sensory with emotion, and reasoning, it is interesting to note the twelve taste, fifteen touch, twenty-eight shape, nineteen location, seventeen age, twelve size, and twelve climate adjectivals. Keats' feeling for the concrete, the earthy, is apparent in his stress on physical phenomenon.
The fifty-nine color adjectivals seem to stem from both his sense of the beauty of the world of nature and his emotive response to such beauty. "Scarlett", "green", "cowslip'd", "golden", "blue", "crimson", "purple", and "rosey" are all the colors of physical nature, but intermingled with these are "pale", "wan-nish", "fair", "lovely", "dim", "dusky", and "grey" which carry some value connotations. "White" is repeated throughout the poem and, if used symbolically, suggests lack of color or even lack of life.

Verb derivatives (89) are used most often with the "ed" inflection which implies pastness, as if the poet is dwelling on an idea or event which occurred in the past and is now influencing the poet's reasoning through emotive power. "Wearied", "calm'd", "ravished", "anguish'd", "guarded", "chilled", "slow-stepped", and "unsullied" suggest emotional states and, other than "guarded", imply sensory origins.

It is to be noted that the verb derivatives are not powerful words moving the action forward but words which suggest more than they state.

The notion of reason or intellect found in the value subclassification (108) is nullified by "amorous", 
"mad", "imperial", "loud", "rich", "wealthy", "drear", "barren", "melancholy", "jealous", "secret" and "lonely". There are many which carry less depressive tones and do suggest some impact upon the judgment faculty. "Purer", "great", "sacred", "divine", "harmonious", "earnest", and "free" involve some degree of reasoning and of arriving at a conclusion based on the senses and the emotions.

The 120 adjectivals standing at the right of the nouns tend to slow the speed and to put more emphasis on the emotive than the intellectual with the adjectivals "bittersweet", "blown", "divine", "drear", "regal", "alone", and "companioned".

The total number of adjectivals, their subclasses and positions in 1400 lines from the poetry of Keats, are considered for the relative emotive or intellectual force as revealed by the use of the adjectivals.

Subclasses of adjectivals:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Subclass</th>
<th>Count</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Verb</td>
<td>249</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Value</td>
<td>407</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Size</td>
<td>50</td>
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<tr>
<td>Motion</td>
<td>46</td>
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<tr>
<td>Balance</td>
<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>Climate</td>
<td>40</td>
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<tr>
<td>Location</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Age</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shape</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Color</td>
<td>166</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Taste</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Subclasses of adjectivals cont'd.

Smell . . . 6
Touch . . . 55
Proper. . . 28

\[ \frac{1260}{1260} \]

Number of lines: 1404
Number of adjectivals: 1260
Position left: 938
Position right: 322

The adjectivals labeled touch (55), taste (29), shape (65), age (56), location (62), size (50), and climate (40) place emphasis on the natural world. The ideas of shape, location, climate, and size seem to point to the poet's concern with sensory elements, a need to confirm his own existence by duplicating in his art the conditions of the world of nature. The fifty-five adjectivals in the touch category continue the notion of the poet's affinity with the sensory, his desire for reaffirmation from the physical world.

Perhaps the fifty-six adjectivals dealing with age are an extension of Keats' emotive state when he considers the sensory objects about him as a means of arriving at a value judgment. All terms about age carry some meaning of the period between existence and non-existence or life and death, thus a deep appreciation of the world
of things would tend to create a sense of man's mortality.

Again the ideas of the poet's love of sensory beauty are expressed in his use of 166 color adjectivals. Color is a part of the natural world. It is a part of each perceptive man's life, and Keats establishes his perceptiveness by his awareness of and response to the natural phenomenon of color.

For the poet to be stimulated by the sensory into an emotive state appears quite reasonable since the same sequence affects most of mankind. However, the world of reason, of judgment, of philosophical notions sometimes evolves from sensory and emotive stimuli and the result is an evaluation, an intellectual act.

Keats' intellectual responses to the things and events about him are displayed in the 407 value adjectivals. These adjectivals appear speculative, in that they carry suggestions of concern for the artist's purpose in society and with his search for some rule or guideline as to what is worthy of art.

The verb derivatives (249) are not words which connote great activity or thrust, but some do carry the idea of judgment by contrast. The larger number of this subclass implies sensorial or emotional reaction.
Of the 1260 adjectivals studied for the purpose of this paper, 938 stand at the left of the nounal, the most powerful position for emotive intensity; and, at the right, the more thought-provoking position, there are 322. The ratio of 3:1 seems to indicate the poet's use of adjectivals at the right as a means of forcing the reader to break his speed and to focus on the effect which the poet is striving to attain. Perhaps the right-of-the-nounal position is to lead the reader to a meaning deeper than that suggested by the more forcefully placed adjectivals, to cause him to hesitate and let mind mingle with emotion.
CHAPTER V

A COMPARATIVE ANALYSIS

OF THE ADJECTIVALS OF SHELLEY AND KEATS

In the total number of adjectivals used in the lines studied, the disparity of six percent in the totals for Keats indicates some real difference in the two poet's usage of adjectivals as to quantity. Shelley's 1336 as contrasted with Keats' 1260 is worthy of comment since more nouns are marked by Shelley in proportion to those marked by Keats.

However, it is less probable that the subclasses would change to any significant extent as each poet appears to have a pattern of subclasses which is somewhat consistent as to frequency.

Keats' "Ode to a Nightingale", which is comparable in number of lines to Shelley's "The Cloud", contains twelve verb derivatives in a total of seventy-three adjectivals, while Shelley's poem with a total of forty-three adjectivals has sixteen in the verb classification. Again, in another of the shorter poems, "Ode to a Skylark", Shelley uses eighteen verb derivatives in a total of sixty-three adjectivals, while Keats, in the
three sonnets with a total of thirty-six adjectivals, has eleven verb derivatives.

The ratio continues in a similar pattern in the longer poems of each poet. Shelley, in "Adonais", which consists of 495 lines with 391 adjectivals, uses 102 verb derivatives, while Keats, in "Isabella", a poem of 504 lines, uses sixty-six verb derivatives in a total of 405 adjectivals. Although no poem by Keats was studied which has as many lines as Shelley's "Alastor" (720), in "Lamia" and "The Eve of Saint Agnes" the combined number of lines was 778. Thus, for the sake of comparison, one notices that "Alastor" contains 839 adjectivals, with 227 of these in the verb subclassification, while the two Keats poems contain 746 adjectivals with 160 in the verb category.

In summary as to the use of the verb subclassification in the 1400 lines of each poet, Shelley, with a total of 1336 adjectivals uses 249 verb derivatives. Here we find a difference of seventy more adjectivals in Shelley's lines, a significant difference; however, the greater number in the verb subclassification, Shelley's 362 as compared to Keats' 249, does seem to denote Shelley's consistency in choosing that particular adjectival for his purpose.
As the two most forceful words in our language are the noun and the verb, it would appear that Shelley relied on the suggestion of strength carried by verbs to lend vitality to his passages. Here we note a narrative tendency which is less apparent in Keats' art.

The intellectual element suggested by the value subclassification is supported by the apparent judgment which has been rendered when the poet uses the abstract to further his ideas. The use of the terms "divine", "spiritual", "true", and other notional adjectives, implies some degree of philosophic or intellectual involvement. However, there is always the possibility of emotive reaction to be found in the same abstract words. For the purpose of this study, the assumption has been made that the three aspects of man's personality, the sensory, the emotive and the mental, are all involved in each poet's work, but that the probability exists that one of these three will appear as more dominant in the work of one author as compared with the other.

We note that Shelley makes use of 414 value adjectives in the 1400 lines. Keats' lines contain 407 'in that category. Again it is necessary to consider the fact that the poems used could have influenced the quantity of the adjectivals. Keats' "Isabella", having 154 adjectives
labeled "value", makes the poem emotively charged. His "Eve of Saint Agnes", another narrative with 350 adjectives, contains 117 in the value subclassification. "Lamia", with 399 adjectives, has 108 in the value category. The ratio per line appears fairly consistent, as the thirty-six adjectives of the three sonnets considered have sixteen terms labeled value.

Here we are confronted with the problem of the value category as emotive or philosophic or even as a combination of both. The assumption continues that the judgment involved is based on philosophic or notional ideas as influenced by the emotions, as these adjectivals were more closely discussed earlier.

In considering the value subclassification in Shelley's art as studied, the ratio of value adjectivals in proportion to the total number is close to that found in the work of Keats. Shelley's "Ode to a Skylark", with sixty-three adjectivals, uses twenty-four values. "The Cloud" has five value adjectivals in forty-two adjectivals, a somewhat smaller proportion than in his other poems, since "Alastor", with 839 adjectives, uses 261 labeled value, and of the 391 adjectivals found in "Adonais", 124 are values.
Attention should now be given to the more sensory subclassifications used for the purpose of this paper. Let us note the concern of Keats with age as compared to Shelley's apparent lesser interest in this aspect of physical life. The lines from Keats contain fifty-six references to age in contrast to Shelley's twenty-two. These numbers appear to indicate some difference in the poets' attitude toward life as physical. Keats places more emphasis on birth, age, death and the notion of physical death than Shelley does.

Taste, another sensory element, is found in Keats' lines twenty-nine times, as compared to Shelley's eight references. Here we have another indication of Keats' involvement with the physical world.

The same notion occurs with the fifty-five adjec-
tivals carrying the meaning of touch as compared to the thirty-seven found in Shelley's art.

In the work of Keats sixty-two adjec-
tivals suggest location as opposed to fifty-one used by Shelley. In the shape subclassification, it seems, as with the value, that there is little difference in the stress of the two men, as each uses sixty-five words suggesting physical shape. However, Shelley's frequent use of "bare", "empty", and other similar words might possibly be considered as philosophic,
whereas Keats' "long", "wide", "circular" appear more concerned with physical shape.

A similar contrast in viewpoint occurs with climate and motion. The numbers found in these two categories referring to physical phenomenon were forty climate adjectivals by Keats, and forty-seven by Shelley. They allow no valid conclusion. In the motion subclassification, Keats has forty-six terms and Shelley forty-two, so again, no sound theory can be supported as to any differences.

The size subclassification places fifty adjectivals in Keats' lines and fifty-nine in those of Shelley's. Perhaps there is some indication of difference in Keats' "dwarfish", "little", "wide", "level", "short", and "broad", since these words connote measurement; whereas Shelley's use of the size category leans more toward "profuse", "full", "spacious", "mighty", and "extreme". A question of the quality of the adjectival arises again, since the first list seems more sensory, while the second carries a tone of value judgment. If the second statement is sound, Shelley is again stressing philosophic notions or making value judgments, while Keats is placing his emphasis on physical surroundings.

Color, a part of the perceptive man's surroundings, often influences his emotions through the senses. The
artist may use words which carry color connotations as a means of conveying the concrete into the realm of the abstract; however, he may not, at least consciously, have a symbolic intention.

In the art of Keats and Shelley, there appears to be some degree of difference in quality of the color adjectivals. Keats' art shows a tendency to cling to the material or sensory elements of nature: he uses 166 color references. His colors are often vivid: "golden", "green", "silver", "purple", "red", "scarlet", and "yellow". Those which could possibly imply an emotive state, as "dim", "pallid", "fair", and "pale", are fewer in number and are not repeated as often as are Shelley's.

Shelley's total in the color subclassification is larger than that of Keats, but the same words are repeated many times. He also uses the "green", "purple", "golden", "crimson" of the natural world, but his frequent use of "blue" and "azure" is not found in Keats' work. Also, Shelley often repeats many times in the same poem "dark", "black", "white", and "clear" as though these less vivid tones were of some significance to him as symbolic either of his emotional or philosophic tenor.
### A Comparative Table

Indicating the Relative Frequency

of Adjectivals in Each Category

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Keats</th>
<th>Shelley</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Verb</td>
<td>249</td>
<td>362</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Value</td>
<td>407</td>
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<td>Size</td>
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<td>59</td>
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<td>Shape</td>
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<tr>
<td>Color</td>
<td>166</td>
<td>206</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Taste</td>
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<td>8</td>
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<tr>
<td>Smell</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Touch</td>
<td>55</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Proper</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total adjectivals: 1260 1336

Total lines: 1404 1405

A closer look at the table shows the distribution of the adjectives used by each poet, Keats and Shelley, in the number of lines of poetry selected randomly. Each of the fourteen subclasses is used one or more times by both of the poets. The number of value adjectives for each is very nearly the same. Such is also true of adjectives of shape and motion.

It is not necessary to detail percentage increase or decrease as such. It is true that there is over a
six percent difference in the number of adjectives used by Shelley, in that he used at least seventy-six more adjectives. It is not possible to say how many of the extra seventy-six used by Shelley were used in some areas more than in others. All that can be done at this point is to note the increased number of adjectives and to note the relationships within classes and among classes for both poets.

For the most part, Keats' adjectives are used more specifically as to sensorial effects by way of taste and touch. As well, there is much more emphasis as to temporal time and space in the poetry of Keats than is true of the poetry of Shelley. The use of the proper adjective is much more marked in Keats' lines than is true of Shelley's lines. Value adjectives are nearly balanced. (It should be pointed out that value adjectives in language can be both attitudinal and cognitive.) The abstractions inherently a part of value words can evoke reflection or emotion.

There is no question that the adjectives employed by Keats are more specific in reference to location which, for Keats, is, on the face of the lines of poetry,

5See Appendix, where adjectives classified "value" are sub-divided into "attitudinal" and "cognitive" lists.
more earth-oriented than is true of Shelley's assertions. The use of adjectives as to quality and quantity for Keats is more a matter of flesh and blood nature than is true of Shelley's adjectival use. Before coming back to the critical matter of the distribution of value adjectives into emotive or cognitive ratios, it is important to note the marked use of verbs functioning as adjectives in the lines of Shelley as compared to the verb-derivatives in the lines of Keats.

Where Keats employs two hundred and forty-nine verbs functioning as adjectives, Shelley employs three hundred and sixty-eight functioning as adjectives. There is an appreciable number involved in each case; however, the ratio indicates a 1:0 to 1:48 ratio, or reveals the fact that Shelley employs the verb derivatives 47% more than is true of Keats. Invariably, such a difference in ratio must indicate a marked increase in the narrative force than is true of the descriptive force, even where the verb marks the noun to its left, rather than to its right. Then there is the critical question of the division of the value judgment words. Based on subjective response or opinion alone, the value judgment words for each are
more numerous than the "intellectually-oriented" terms.

For Shelley there are 189 adjectives which are intellectually-oriented words as opposed to 229 emotively-oriented words. For Keats, there are 165 words intellectually-oriented in contradistinction to 242 emotively-oriented words. There is a percentage-wise difference of just over 15% more intellectually-oriented adjectives for Shelley than for Keats. This percentage becomes even greater when it must be considered that although "Adonais" was selected by random sample, there is that much difference. It is rather widely agreed that "Adonais" is an emotively-charged elegy. However, its exclusion from the random-sampling would have been an arbitrary act not justified within the philosophy of random sampling.

Even at this point, it is not possible to make any significant conclusion based on the 15% differential for Shelley as to the preponderance of intellectually-oriented adjectives. The decision was a subjective one, one based on the semantic experience of the one making the judgments. The word "lovely", for example, has no referent and tends to receive an emotive evaluation which as a term does not evoke that emotive response from each individual.
Therefore, it was deemed essential to apply another test in making a division based on the emotive-response. Robson's *Orchestra of the Language* takes the relative phonemic striking power of the phonemes on a scale of one through thirty (1-30) and uses the time duration in fractions or decimals fraction of a second to obtain the intensity. That is, the intensity is derived by dividing the striking power by the denominator expressed in decimal fractions of seconds for the articulation of the sound unit. It is considered that words having an intensity of over ninety-five are most emotively or attitudinally-oriented.

To check against the subjective evaluation, the adjectives were evaluated as to intensity in the area where the "value" classification was employed. As a result of this test, the following results were obtained. They are incorporated in the following comparative table:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Shelley Subjective</th>
<th>Robson</th>
<th>Keats Subjective</th>
<th>Robson</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Intellectually-Oriented</td>
<td>189</td>
<td>203</td>
<td>165</td>
<td>172</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Emotively-Oriented</td>
<td>229</td>
<td>215</td>
<td>242</td>
<td>235</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Using the more objective evaluation of Robson's method, it is found that the differential is a little over 18% in favor of intellectually-oriented value words for Shelley.

It must be cautioned, however, that while the 15% obtained through a subjective decision and the 18% through a more objective method give some solid basis for making conclusions, the cut-off point of ninety-five as distinguishing intellectually-oriented words and emotively-oriented words is a bit arbitrary. However, the method does not favor one poet rather than another.
CHAPTER VI

EVALUATION OF THE PURPOSE OF THIS STUDY IN TERMS
OF EVIDENCE RESULTING FROM THE WORK
DONE IN CHAPTERS III, IV AND V

The soundest approach to take is that which would
indicate that the results of this monograph would be
best used as a "checking" device—as method.

It would not be a sound practice to start with
a methodological or statistical approach to either lit-
ernature or non-literature. The assumption is that any
work, whether literature or non-literature in language
form, is the expression of a total and complete creative
effort on the part of an individual.

Therefore, the first approach to a piece of
literature, in this case, is to read it completely for
general and specific reasons which are assumed to be
related to the literature as literature. Since the
critical faculties of readers essentially come into play,
and since the faculties operate subjectively as well as
objectively, certain standards come into effect. Each
work is measured against the standards of criticism, some
of them subjective in themselves.
However, it is also assumed—at least here—that each creation is accompanied by, if not carried by, words which, through themselves, are patterned and ordered.

In this case, a linguistic search or inquiry is made in the areas of adjectival use or usage. It has been assumed, justly, that little exists by way of patterning or classification without some purpose. Adjectives themselves fall into certain classes, and the classes are fixed with relationship to each other and with relationship to their position before the nouns they signal.

It is verifiable that as adjectives by classes move to the left or to the right of the adjective marked or tagged they become less specific in nature, and more vague or ambiguous. When, for English, the class of the adjective as "value" is reached, the marking must be either intellectually-abstract or emotionally-abstract in the sense of having no referent available. To the very left of the adjective classes in English is the verb used as an adjective. When there is a preponderance of verbs used as adjectives the narrative force is brought into play.
The time-and-space adjectives used in the poetry of Keats are assuredly more specific and earth-oriented than those in Shelley. While it might be urged that such is the case because the poetry of Keats is more concerned with the real here-and-now than is the case for the poetry of Shelley, the answer must be that the decision made in the monograph is one based on the examination of the adjectives themselves and not on a philosophical reading of the poetry of each poet.

It is clear that there will be more descriptive words in the utterances of a poet stating what "is" as existence rather than in the utterances of a poet asserting nature in action. The reader is to refer himself to the nature of the poems as such, to discover whether these findings do confirm or reject the reader's philosophical approach.

By the subjective method of scanning the adjective as value and then as scanning the value as "intellectual" or "emotive" in association, it was discovered that Shelley's poetry—"Adonais" notwithstanding—was more intellectually-directed than that of Keats, and to a difference of some 5%. The more objective application of Robson's theory—applied because of a need to have a
check for the subjective evaluation of value words—indicated a difference of 18% in the same direction.

Despite what appears to be a positive sign of more intellectual direction in Shelley's poetry than in Keats, there would need to be more kinds of linguistic tests that would point in the same direction; for example, it is somewhat of a problem to make the distinction where the poetry of one appears much less narrative than the poetry of the other. Narration tends to be associated with the "emotive" rather than with the "intellectual". However, hindsight informs the reader that Shelley's action–world is quite an intellectualized one. Again, it is the better approach to be conservative and to seek additional confirmation.

It would be useful to incorporate the ratio of adjectives and verbs to the same noun, to discover whether the composition is balanced, clausal, or phrasal. It would be well to determine the intensity of nouns and verbs, as well as that of adjectives. No one technique, then, will prove, overwhelmingly, that a composition is or is not intellectually supported as against one that is not. Nevertheless, the findings in the monograph do reveal certain positions, adjectivally-directed, that indicate the direction of one poet as compared and contrasted with the other poet.
BIBLIOGRAPHY


APPENDIXES
ODE TO A SKYLARK

by Percy Bysshe Shelley

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.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen,—but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear
Until we hardly see—–we feel that it is there;

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.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.
Like a Poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love,—which overflows her bower:

Like a glowworm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering un beholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet those heavy winged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous and clear and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

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.

Chorus Hymeneal
Or triumphal chant?
Matched with thine, would be all
But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields or waves or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? What ignorance of pain?
With thy clear keen joyance
    Langor cannot be;
Shadow of annoyance
    Never came near thee;
Thou lovest—but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep
    Thou of death must deem,
Things more true and deep
    Than we mortals dream—
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

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.

Yet if we could scorn
    Hate and pride and fear;
If we were things born
    Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

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

Teach me half the gladness
    That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
    From my lips would flow.
The world should listen then—as I am listening now.
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 noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I yield 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.

I sift snow on the mountains below,
And their pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bower,
Lightning, my pilot, sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder;
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motions,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the stream,
Wherever he dreams, under mountain or stream,
The spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine Sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead;
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle all a moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when Sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
   Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
   From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
   As still as a brooding dove.
That orbed maiden with white fire laden,
   Whom mortals call the Moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleecelike floor,
   By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
   Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
   The stars peep behind her and peer,
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
   Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
   Till the calm rivers, lakes and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
   Are each paved with the moon and these.
I bind the Sun's throne with a burning zone,
   And the Moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim
   When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridgelike shape,
   Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof—
   The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
   With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the Powers of the air chained to my chair,
   Is the million-colored bow;
The sphere fire above its soft colors wove,
   While the moist Earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of Earth and Water,
   And the nursling of the Sky;
I pass through the ports of the ocean and shores;
   I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain when with never a stain
   The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
   Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
   And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
   I arise and unbuild it again.
ALASTOR

by Percy Bysshe Shelley

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!

Mother of this unfathomable world!
Favour my solemn song, for I have loved
Thee ever, and thee only; I have watched
Thy shadow, and the darkness of thy steps,
And my heart ever gazes on the depth
Of thy deep mysteries. I have made my bed
In charnels and on coffins, where black death
Keeps record of the trophies won from thee,
Hoping to still these obstinate questionings
Of thee and thine, by forcing some lone ghost
Thy messenger, to render up the tale
Of what we are. In lone and silent hours,
When night makes a weird sound of its own stillness,
Like an inspired and desperate alchemist
Staking his very life on some dark hope,
Have I mixed awful talk and asking looks
With my most innocent love, until strange tears
Uniting with those breathless kisses, made
Such magic as compels the charmed night
To render up thy charge: . . . and, though ne'er yet
Thou hast unveiled thy inmost sanctuary,
Enough from incommunicable dream,
And twilight phantasms, and deep noon-day thought,
Has shone within me, that serenely now
And moveless, as a **long-forgotten** lyre
Suspended in the solitary dome
Of some mysterious and deserted fane,
I wait thy breath, Great Parent, that my strain
May modulate with murmurs of the air,
And motions of the forests and the sea,
And voice of living beings, and woven hymns
Of night and day, and the **deep** heart of man.

There was a Poet whose **untimely** tomb
No **human** hands with **pious** reverence reared,
But the **charmed** eddies of **autumnal** winds
Built o'er his **mouldering** bones a pyramid
Of mouldering leaves in the **waste** wilderness:--
A lovely youth,--no **mourning** maiden decked
With **weeping** flowers, or **votive** cypress wreath,
The **lone** couch of his **everlasting** sleep:--
**Gentle** and **brave**; and **generous**;--no **lorn** bard
Breathed o'er his dark fate one **melodious** sigh:
He lived, he died, he sung, in solitude,
Strangers have wept to hear his **passionate** notes,
And virgins, as unknown he passed, have pined
And wasted for **fond** love of his wild eyes.
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.

By **solemn** vision, and **bright** **silver** dream,
His infancy was nurtured. Every sight
And sound from the vast earth and ambient air,
Sent to his heart its **choicest** impulses.
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. When **early** youth had passed, he left
His **cold** fireside and **alienated** home
To seek **strange** truths in **undiscovered** lands.
Many a **wide** waste and **tangled** wilderness
Has lured his **fearless** steps; and he has bought
With his **sweet** voice and eyes, from **savage** men,
His rest and food. Nature's most **secret** steps
He like her shadow has pursued, where'er
The **red** volcano overcanopies
Its fields of snow and pinnacles of ice
With burning smoke, or where bitumen lakes
On black bare pointed islets ever beat
With sluggish surge, or where the secret caves
Rugged and dark, winding among the springs
Of fire and poison, inaccessible
To avarice or pride, their starry domes
Of diamond and of gold expand above
Numberless and immeasurable halls,
Frequent with crystal column, and clear shines
Of pearl, and thrones radiant with chrysolite.
Nor had that scene of ampler majesty
Than gems or gold, the varying roof of heaven
And the green earth lost in his heart its claims
To love and wonder; he would linger long
In lonesome vales, making the wild his home,
Until the doves and squirrels would partake
From his innocuous hand his bloodless food,
Lured by the gentle meaning of his looks,
And the wild antelope, that starts whene'er
The dry leaf rustles in the brake, suspend
Her timid steps to gaze upon a form
More graceful than her own.

His wandering step,
Obedient to high thoughts, has visited
The awful ruins of the days of old:
Athens, and Tyre, and Balbec, and the waste
Where stood Jerusalem, the fallen towers
Of Babylon, the eternal pyramids,
Memphis and Thebes, and whatsoever of strange
Sculptured on alabaster obelisk,
Or jasper tomb, or mutilated sphynx,
Dark Ethiopia in her desert hills
Conceals. Among the ruined temples there,
Stupendous columns, and wild images
Of more than man, where marble daemons watch
The Zodiac's brazen mystery, and dead men
Hang their mute thoughts on the mute walls around,
He lingered, poring on memorials
Of the world's youth, through the long burning day
Gazed on those speechless shapes, nor, when the moon
Filled the mysterious halls with floating shades
Suspected he that task, but ever gazed
And gazed, till meaning on his vacant mind
Flashed like strong inspiration, and he saw
The thrilling secrets of the birth of time.

Meanwhile an Arab maiden brought his food,
Her daily portion, from her father's tent
And spread her matting for his couch, and stole
From duties and repose to tend his steps:—
Enamoured, yet not daring for deep awe
To speak her love:—and watched his nightly sleep,
Sleepless herself, to gaze upon his lips
Parted in slumber, whence the regular breath
Of innocent dreams arose:—then, when red morn
Made paler the pale moon, to her cold home
Wildered and wank and panting, she returned.

The Poet wandering on, through Arabie
And Persia, and the wild Carmanian waste,
And o'er the aerial mountains which pour down
Indus and Oxus from their icy caves,
In joy and exultation held his way;
Till in the vale of Cashmire, far within
Its loneliest dell, where odorous plants entwine
Beneath the hollow rocks a natural bower,
Beside a sparkling rivulet he stretched
His languid limbs. A vision on his sleep
There came, a dream of hopes that never yet
Had flushed his cheek. He dreamed a veiled maid
Sate near him, saking in low solemn tones.
Her voice was like the voice of his own soul,
Heard in the calm of thought; its music long,
Like woven sounds of streams and breezes, held
His inmost sense suspended in its web
Of many-coloured woof and shifting hues.
Knowledge and truth and virtue were her theme,
And lofty hopes of divine liberty,
Thoughts the most dear to him, and poesy,
Herself a poet. Soon the solemn mood
Of her pure mind kindled through all her frame
A permeating fire: wild numbers then
She raised, with voice stifled in tremulous sobs
Subdued by its own pathos; her fair hands
Were bare alone, sweeping from some strange harp
Strange symphony, and in their branching veins
The eloquent blood told an ineffable tale.
The beating of her heart was heard to fill
The pauses of her music, and her breath
Tumultuously accorded with those fits
Of intermitted song. Sudden she rose,
As if her heart impatiently endured
Its bursting burden: at the sound he turned,
And saw by the warm light of their own life
Her glowing limbs beneath the sinuous veil
Of woven wind, her outspread arms now bare.
Her dark locks floating in the breath of night,
Her beamy bending eyes, her parted lips
Outstretched and pale, and quivering eagerly.
His strong heart sunk and sickened with excess
Of love. He reared his shuddering limbs and quelled
His gasping breath, and spread his arms to meet
Her panting bosom:—she drew back a while,
Then, yielding to the irresistible joy,
With frantic gesture and short breathless cry
Folded his frame in her dissolving arms.
Now blackness veiled his dizzy eyes, and night
Involved and swallowed up the vision; sleep,
Like a dark flood suspended in its course,
Rolled back its impulse on his vacant brain.

Roused by the shock he started from his trance—
The cold white light of morning, the blue moon
Low, in the west, the clear and garish hills,
The distinct valley and the vacant woods,
Spread round him where he stood. Whither have fled
The hues of heaven that canopied his bower
Of yesternight? The sounds that soothed his sleep,
The mystery and the majesty of Earth,
The joy, the exultation? His wan eyes
Gaze on the empty scene as vacantly
As ocean's moon looks on the moon in heaven.
The spirit of sweet human love has sent
A vision to the sleep of him who spurned
Her choicest gifts. He eagerly pursues
Beyond the realms of dream that fleeting shade;
He overleaps the bounds. Alas! Alas!
Were limbs and breath and being intertwined
Thus treacherously? Lost, lost, forever lost,
In the wide pathless desert of dim sleep,
That beautiful shape! Does the dark gate of death
Conduct to thy mysterious paradise,
O Sleep? Does the bright arch of rainbow clouds,
And pendent mountains seen in the calm lake,
Lead only to a black and watery depth,
While death's blue vault, with loathliest vapours hung,
Where every shade which the foul grave exhales
Hides its dead eye from the detested day,
Conducts, O Sleep, to thy delighted realms?
This doubt with sudden tide flowed on his heart,
The insatiate hope which it awakened, stung
His brain even like despair.

While daylight held
The sky, the Poet kept mute conference
With his still soul. At night the passion came,
Like the fierce fiend of a distempered dream,
And shook him from his rest; and led him forth
Into the darkness.—As an eagle grasped
In folds of the green serpent, feels her breast
Burn with the poison, and precipitates
Through night and day, tempest, and calm, and cloud,
Frantic with dizzying anguish, her blind flight
O'er the wide aery wilderness: thus driven
By the bright shadow of that lovely dream,
Beneath the cold glare of the desolate night,
Through tangled swamps and deep precipitous dells,
Startling with careless step the moonlight snake,
He fled. Red morning dawned upon his flight,
Shedding the mockery of its vital hues
Upon his cheek of death. He wandered on
Till vast Aornos seen from Petra's steep
Hung o'er the low horizon like a cloud;
Through Balk, and where the desolated tombs
Of Parthian kings scatter to every wind
Their wasting dust, wildly he wandered on,
Day after day a weary waste of hours,
Bearing within his life the brooding care
That ever fed on its decaying flame.
And now his limbs were lean, his scattered hair
Sered by the autumn of strange suffering
Sung dirges in the wind; his listless hand
Hung like dead bone within its withered skin;
Life, and the lustre that consumed it, shone
As in a furnace burning secretly
From his dark eyes alone. The cottagers,
Who ministered with human charity
His human wants, beheld with wondering awe
Their fleeting visitant. The mountaineer, 
Encountering on some dizzy precipice 
That spectral form, deemed that the Spirit of wind 
With lightning eyes, and eager breath, and feet 
Disturbing not the drifted snow, had paused 
In its career: the infant would conceal 
His troubled visage in his mother's robe 
In terror at the glare of those wild eyes, 
To remember their strange light in many a dream 
Of after-times; but youthful maidens, taught 
By nature, would interpret half the woe 
That wasted him, would call him with false names 
Brother; and friend, would press his pallid hand 
At parting, and watch, dim through tears, the path 
Of his departure from their father's door.

At length upon the lone Chorasmian shore 
He paused, a wide and melancholy waste 
Of putrid marshes. A strong impulse urged 
His steps to the sea-shore. A swan was there, 
Beside a sluggish stream among the reeds. 
It rose as he approached, but with strong wings 
Scaling the upward sky; bent its bright course 
High over the immeasurable main. 
His eyes pursued its flight.—'Thou hast a home, 
Beautiful bird; thou voyag'est to thine home, 
Where thy sweet mate will twine her downy neck 
With thine, and welcome thy return with eyes 
Bright in the lustre of their own fond joy. 
And what am I that I should linger here, 
With voice far sweeter than thy dying notes, 
Spirit more vast than thine, frame more attuned 
To beauty, wasting these surpassing powers 
In the deaf air, to the blind earth and heaven 
That echoes not my thoughts?' A gloomy smile 
Of desperate hope wrinkled his quivering lips. 
For sleep, he knew, kept most relentlessly 
Its precious charge, and silent death exposed, 
Faithless perhaps as sleep, a shadowy lure, 
With a doubtful smile mocking its own strange charms.

Startled by his own thoughts he looked around. 
There was no fair fiend near him, not a sight 
Or sound of awe but in his own deep mind.
A little shallop floating near the shore
Caught the impatient wandering of his gaze.
It had been long abandoned, for its sides
Gaped wide with many a rift, and its frail joints
Swayed with the undulations of the tide.
A restless impulse urged him to embark
And meet lone Death on the drear ocean's waste;
For well he knew that mighty Shadow loves
The slimy caverns of the populous deep.

The day was fair and sunny, sea and sky
Drank its inspiring radiance, and the wind
Swept strongly from the shore, blackening the waves.
Following his eager soul, the wanderer
Leaped in the boat, he spread his cloak aloft
On the bare mast, and took his lonely seat,
And felt the boat speed o'er the tranquil sea
Like a torn cloud before the hurricane.

As one that in a silver vision floats
Obedient to the sweep of odorous winds
Upon resplendent clouds, so rapidly
Along the dark and ruffled waters fled
The straining boat.--A whirlwind swept it on,
With fierce gusts and precipitating force,
Through the white ridges of the chafed sea
The waves arose. Higher and higher still
Their fierce necks writhed beneath the tempest's scourge
Like serpents struggling in a vulture's grasp.
Calm and rejoicing in the fearful war
Of wave ruining on wave, and blast on blast
Descending, and black flood on whirlpool driven
With dark obliterating course, he sate:
As if their genii were the ministers
Appointed to conduct him to the light
Of those beloved eyes, the Poet sate
Holding the steady helm. Evening came on,
The beams of sunset hung their rainbow hues
High 'mid the shifting domes of sheeted spray
That canopied his path o'er the waste deep
Twilight, ascending slowly from the east,
Entwined in duskier wreaths her braided locks
O'er the fair front and radiant eyes of day;
Night followed, clad with stars. On every side
More horribly the multitudinous streams
Of ocean's mountainous waste to mutual war
Rushed in dark tumult thundering, as to mock
The calm and spangled sky. The little boat
Still fled before the storm; still fled, like foam
Down the steep cataract of a wintry river;
Now pausing on the edge of the riven wave;
Now leaving far behind the bursting mass
That fell, convulsing ocean: safely fled—
As if that frail and wasted human form
Had been an elemental god.

At midnight
The moon arose: and lo! the ethereal cliffs
Of Caucasus, whose icy summits shone
Among the stars like sunlight, and around
Whose caverned base the whirlpools and the waves
Bursting and eddying irresistibly
Rage and resound for ever.—Who shall save?—
The boat fled on,—the boiling torrent drove,—
The crags closed round with black and jagged arms,
The shattered mountain overhung the sea,
And faster still, beyond all human speed,
Suspended on the sweep of the smooth wave,
The little boat was driven. A cavern there
Yawned, and amid its slant and winding depths
Ingulfed the rushing sea. The boat fled on
With unrelaxing speed.—"Vision and Love!"
The Poet cried aloud, "I have beheld
The path of thy departure. Sleep and death
Shall not divide us long!"

The windings of the cavern. Daylight shone
At length upon that gloomy river's flow;
Now, where the fiercest war among the waves
Is calm, on the unfathomable stream
The boat moved slowly. Where the mountain, riven,
Exposed those black depths to the azure sky,
Ere yet the flood's enormous volume fell
Even to the base of Caucasus, with sound
That shook the everlasting rocks, the mass
Filled with one whirlpool all that ample chasm;
Stair above stair the eddying waters rose,
Circling immeasurably fast, and laved
With alternating dash the gnarled roots
Of mighty trees, that stretched their giant arms
In darkness over it. I' the midst was left,
Reflecting, yet distorting every cloud,
A pool of treacherous and tremendous calm.
Seized by the sway of the ascending stream,
With dizzy swiftness, round, and round, and round,
Ridge after ridge the straining boat arose,
Till on the verge of the extremest curve,
Where, through an opening of the rocky bank,
The waters overflow, and a smooth spot
Of glassy quiet mid those battling tides
Is left, the boat paused shuddering.--Shall it sink
Down the abyss? Shall the reverting stress
Of that resistless gulf embosom it?
Now shall it fall?--A wandering stream of wind,
Breathed from the west, has caught the expanded sail,
And, lo! with gentle motion, between banks
Of mossy slope, and on a placid stream,
Beneath a woven grove it sails, and, hark!
The ghastly torrent mingles its far roar,
With the breeze murmuring in the musical woods.
Where the embowering trees recede, and leave
A little space of green expanse, the cove
Is closed by meeting banks, whose yellow flowers
For ever gaze on their own drooping eyes,
Reflected in the crystal calm. The wave
Of the boat's motion marred their pensive task,
Which nought but vagrant bird, or wanton wind,
Or falling spear-grass, or their own decay
Had e'er disturbed before. The Poet longed
To deck with their bright hues his withered hair,
But on his heart its solitude returned,
And he forbore. Not the strong impulse hid
In those flushed cheeks, bent eyes, and shadowy frame
Had yet performed its ministry; it hung
Upon his life, as lightning in a cloud
Gleams, hovering ere it vanish, ere the floods
Of night close over it.

The noonday sun
Now shone upon the forest, one vast mass
Of mingling shade, whose brown magnificence
A narrow vale embosoms. There, huge caves,
Scooped in the dark base of their aery rocks
Mocking its moans, respond and roar for ever.
The meeting boughs and implicated leaves
Wove twilight o'er the Poet's path as led
By love, or dream, or god, or mightier Death
He sought in Nature's dearest haunt, some bank,
Her cradle, and his sepulchre. More dark
And dark the shades accumulate. The oak,
Expanding its immense and knotty arms,
Embraces the light beech. The pyramids
Of the tall cedar overarch the frame
Most solemn domes within, and far below,
Like clouds suspended in an emerald sky,
The ash and the acacia floating
Tremulous and pale. Like restless serpents, clothed
In rainbow and in fire, the parasites,
Starred with ten thousand blossoms, flow around
The grey trunks, and, as gamsome infants' eyes,
With gentle meanings, and most innocent wiles,
Fold their beams round the hearts of those that love,
These twine their tendrils with the wedded boughs
Uniting their close union; the woven leaves
Make net-work of the dark blue light of day,
And the night's noontide clearness, mutable
As shapes in the weird clouds. Soft mossy lawns
Beneath these canopies extend their swells,
Fragrant with perfumed herbs, and eyed with blooms
Minute yet beautiful. One darkest glen
Sends from its woods of musk-rose, twined with jasmine,
A soul-dissolving odour, to invite
To some more lovely mystery. Through the dell,
Silence and Twilight here, twin-sisters, keep
Their noonday watch, and sail among the shades,
Like vaporous shapes half seen beyond, a well,
Dark, gleaming, and of most translucent wave,
Images all the woven boughs above,
And each depending leaf, and every speck
Of azure sky, darting between their chasms;
Nor aught else in the liquid mirror laves
Its portraiture, but some inconstant star
Between one foliaged lattice twinkling fair,
Or painted bird, sleeping beneath the moon,
Or gorgeous insect floating motionless,
Unconscious of the day, ere yet his wings
Have spread their glories to the gaze of noon.
Hither the Poet came. His eyes beheld
Their own wan light through the reflected lines
Of his thin hair, distinct in the dark depth
Of that still fountain; as the human heart,
Gazing in dreams over the gloomy grave,
Sees its own treacherous likeness there. He heard
The motion of the leaves, the grass that sprung
Startled and glanced and trembled even to feel
An unaccustomed presence, and the sound
Of the sweet brook that from the secret springs
Of that dark fountain rose. A Spirit seemed
To stand beside him—clothed in no bright robes
Of shadowy silver or enshrining light,
Borrowed from aught the visible world affords
Of grace, or majesty, or mystery;—
But undulating woods, and silent well,
And leaping rivulet, and evening gloom
Now deepening the dark shades, for speech assuming,
Held commune with him, as if he and it
Were all that was; only—when his regard
Was raised by intense pensiveness—two eyes,
Two stary eyes, hung in the gloom of thought,
And seemed with their serene and azure smiles
To beckon him.

Obedient to the light
That shone within his soul, he went, pursuing
The windings of the dell. 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.---'O stream!
Whose source is inaccessibly profound?
Whither do thy mysterious waters tend?
Thou imagest my life. Thy darksome stillness,
Thy dazzling waves, thy loud and hollow gulfs,
Thy searchless fountain, and invisible course
Have each their type in me; and the wide sky
And measureless ocean may declare as soon
What oozy cavern or what wandering cloud
Contains thy waters, as the universe
Tell where these living thoughts reside, when stretched
Upon thy flowers my bloodless limbs shall waste
I' the passing wind!

Beside the grassy shore
Of the small stream he went; he did impress
On the green moss his tremulous step, that caught
Strong shuddering from his burning limbs. As one
Roused by some joyous madness from the couch
Of fever, he did move; yet not like him
Forgetful of the grave, where, when the flame
Of his frail exultation shall be spent,
He must descend. With rapid steps he went
Beneath the shade of trees, beside the flow
Of the wild-babbling rivulet; and now
The forest's solemn canopies were changed
For the uniform and lightsome evening sky.
Grey rocks did peep from the spare moss, and stemmed
The struggling brook: tall spires of windlestrae
Threw their thin shadows down the rugged slope,
And nought but gnarled roots of ancient pines
Branchless and blasted, clenched with grasping roots
The unwilling soil. A gradual change was there,
Yet ghastly. For, as fast years flow away,
The smooth brow gathers, and the hair grows thin,
And white, and where irradiate dewy eyes
Had shone, gleam stoney orbs:—so from his steps
Bright flowers departed, and the beautiful shade
Of the green groves, with all their odorous winds
And musical motions. Calm, he still pursued
The stream, that with a larger volume now
Rolled through the labyrinthine dell; and there
Fretted a path through its descending curves
With its wintry speed. On every side now rose
Rocks, which, in unimaginable form,
Lifted their black and barren pinnacles
In the light of evening, and, its precipice
Obscuring the ravine, disclosed above,
Mid toppling stones, black gulfs and yawning caves,
Whose windings gave ten thousand various tongues
To the loud stream. Lo! where the pass expands
Its stoney jaws, the abrupt mountain breaks,
And seems, with its accumulated crags,
To overhang the world: for wide expand
Beneath the wan stars and descending moon
Islanded seas, blue mountains, mighty streams,
Dim tracts and vasty robed in the lustrous gloom
Of leaden-coloured even, and fiery hills
Mingling their flames with twilight, on the verge
Of the remote horizon. The near scene,
In naked and severe simplicity,
Made contrast with the universe. A pine,
Rock-rooted, stretched athwart the vacancy
Its swinging boughs, to each inconstant blast
Yielding one only response, at each pause
In most familiar cadence, with the howl,
The thunder and the hiss of homeless streams
Mingling its solemn song, whilst the broad river,
Roaming and hurrying o'er its rugged path,
Fell into that immeasurable void
Scattering its waters to the passing winds.

Yet; the grey precipice and solemn pine
And torrent were not all;—one silent nook
Was there. Even on the edge of that vast mountain,
Upheld by knotty roots and fallen rocks,
It overlooked in its serenity
The dark earth, and the bending vault of stars.
It was a tranquil spot, that seemed to smile
Even in the lap of horror. Ivy clasped
The fissured stones with its entwining arms,
And did embower with leaves for ever green;
And berries dark the smooth and even space
Of its inviolated floor, and here
The children of the autumnal whirlwind bore,
In wanton sport, those bright leaves, whose decay,
Red, yellow, or ethereally pale,
Rivals the pride of summer. 'Tis the haunt
Of every gentle wind, whose breath can teach
The wilds to love tranquility. One step,
One human step alone, has ever broken
The stillness of its solitude:—one voice
Alone inspired its echoes;—even that voice
Which hither came, floating among the winds,
And led the loveliest among human forms
To make their wild haunts the depository
Of all the grace and beauty that endued
Its motions, render up its majesty,
Scatter its music on the unfeeling storm,
And to the damp leaves and blue cavern mould,
Nurses of rainbow flowers and branching moss,
Commit the colours of that varying cheek,
That snowy breast, those dark and drooping eyes.

The dim and horned moon hung low, and poured
A sea of lustre on the horizon's verge
That overflowed its mountains. Yellow mist
Filled the unbounded atmosphere, and drank
Wan moonlight even to fulness: not a star
Shone, not a sound was heard; the very winds,
Danger's grim playmates, on that precipice
Slept, clasped in his embrace.--0, storm of death!
Whose sightless speed divides this sullen night:
And thou, colossal skeleton, that, still
Guiding its irresistible career
In thy devastating omnipotence,
Art king of this frail world, from the red field
Of slaughter, from the reeking hospital,
The patriot's sacred couch, the snowy bed
Of innocence, the scaffold and the throne,
A mighty voice invokes thee. Ruin calls
His brother Death. A rare and regal prey
He hath prepared, prowling around the world;
Glutted with which thou mayst repose, and men
Go to their graves like flowers or creeping worms,
Nor ever more offer at thy dark shrine
The unheeded tribute of a broken heart.

When on the threshold of the green recess
The wanderer's footsteps fell, he knew that death
Was on him. Yet a little, ere it fled,
Did he resign his high and holy soul
To images of the majestic past,
That paused within his passive being now,
Like winds that bear sweet music, when they breathe
Through some dim latticèd chamber. He did place
His pale lean hand upon the rugged trunk
Of the old pine. Upon an ivied stone
Reclined his languid head, his limbs did rest,
Diffused and motionless, on the smooth brink
Of that obscurest chasm;--and thus he lay,
Surrendering to their final impluses
The hovering powers of life. Hope and despair,  
The torturers, slept; no mortal pain or fear.  
Marred his repose, the influxes of sense,  
And his own being unalloyed by pain,  
Yet feeble and more feeble, calmly fed  
The stream of thought, 'till he lay breathing there  
At peace, and faintly smiling:—his last sight  
Was the great moon, which o'er the western line  
Of the wide world her horn suspended,  
With whose dun beams darkness seemed  
To mingle. Now upon the jagged hills  
It rests, and still as the divided frame  
Of the vast meteor sunk, the Poet's blood,  
That ever beat in mystic sympathy  
With nature's ebb and flow, grew feeble still:  
And when two lessening points of light alone  
Gleamed through the darkness, the alternate gasp  
Of his faint respiration scarce did stir  
The stagnate night:—till the minutest ray  
Was quenched, the pulse yet lingered in his heart.  
It paused—it fluttered. But when heaven remained  
Utterly black, the murky shades involved  
An image, silent, cold, and motionless,  
As their own voiceless earth and vacant air.  
Even as a vapour fed with golden beams  
That ministered on sunlight, ere the west  
Eclipses it, was now that wondrous frame—  
No sense, no motion, no divinity—  
A fragile lute, on whose harmonious strings  
The breath of heaven did wander—a bright stream  
Once fed with many-voiced waves—a dream  
Of youth, which night and time have quenched for ever,  
Still dark, and dry, and unremembered now.  

O, for Medea's wondrous alchemy,  
Which wheresoe'er it fell made the earth gleam  
With bright flowers, and the wintry boughs exhale  
From vernal blooms fresh fragrance! O, that God,  
Profuse of poisons, would concede the chalice  
Which but one living man has drained, who now,  
Vessel of deathless wrath, a slave that feels  
No proud exemption in the blighting curse  
He bears, over the world wanders for ever,
Lone as incarnate death! O, that the dream
Of dark magician in his visioned cave,
Raking the cinders of a crucible
For life and power, even when his feeble hand
Shakes in its last decay, were the true law
Of this so lovely world! But thou art fled
Like some frail exhalation, which the dawn
Robes in its golden beams,—ah! thou hast fled!
The brave, the gentle, and the beautiful,
Are done and said i' the world, and many worms
And beasts and men live on, and mighty Earth
From sea and mountain, city and wilderness,
In vesper low or joyous orison,
Lifts still its solemn voice:—but thou art fled—
Thou canst no longer know or love the shapes
Of this phantasmal scene, who have to thee
Been purest ministers, who are, alas!
Now thou art not. Upon those pallid lips
So sweet—even in their silence, on those eyes
That image sleep in death, upon that form
Yet safe from the worm's outrage, let no tear
Be shed—not even in thought. Nor, when those hues
Are gone, and those divinest lineaments,
Worn by the senseless wind, shall live alone
In the frail pauses of this simple strain,
Let not high verse, mourning the memory
Of that which is no more, or painting's woe
Or sculpture, speak in feeble imagery
Their own cold powers. Art and eloquence,
And all the shows o' the world are frail and vain
To weep a loss that turns their lights to shade.
It is a woe 'too deep for tear,' 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.
ADONAI\S

by Percy Bysshe Shelley

I

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 companion,
And teach them thine own sorrow, say: 'With me
Died Adonais; till the Future dares
Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity!'

II

Where wert thou, mighty Mother, when he lay,
When thy Son lay, pierced by the shaft which flies
In darkness? where was Lorn Urania
When Adonais died? With veiled eyes,
'Mid listening Echoes, in her Paradise
She sat, while one, with soft enamoured breath,
Rekindled all the fading melodies,
With which, like flowers that mock the corse beneath,
He had adorned and hid the coming bulk of Death.

III

Oh, weep for Adonais—he is dead!
Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and weep!
Yet wherefore? Quench within their burning bed
Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep
Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep;
For he is gone, where all things wise and fair
Descend;—oh, dream not that the amorous Deep
Will yet restore him to the vital air;
Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our despair.
IV

Most musical of mourners, weep again!
Lament anew, Urania!—He died,
Who was the Sire of an immortal strain,
Blind, old, and lonely when his country's pride,
The priest, the salve, and the liberticide,
Trampled and mocked with many a loathed rite
Of lust and blood; he went, unterrified,
Into the gulf of death; but his clear Sprite
Yet reigns o'er earth; the third among the sons of light.

V

Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
Not all to that bright station dared to climb;
And happier they their happiness who knew,
Whose tapers yet burn through that night of time
In which suns perished; others more sublime,
Struck by the envious wrath of man or god,
Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent prime;
And some yet live, treading the thorny road,
Which leads, through toil and hate, to Fame's serene abode.

VI

But now, thy youngest, dearest one, has perished—
The nursling of thy widowhood, who grew,
Like a pale flower by some sad maiden cherished,
And fed with true-love tears, instead of dew;
Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the last,
The bloom, whose petals nipped before they blew
Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste;
The broken lily lies—the storm is overpast.

VII

To that high Capital, where kingly Death
Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,
He came; and bought, with price of purest breath,
A grave among the eternal:—Come away!
Haste, while the vault of blue Italian day
Is yet his fitting charnel-roof! while still
He lies as if in dewy sleep he lay;
Awake him not! surely he takes his fill
Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.

VIII

He will awake no more, oh, never more!—
Within the twilight chamber spreads apace
The shadow of white Death, and at the door
Invisible Corruption waits to trace
His extreme way to her dim dwelling-place;
The eternal Hunger sits, but pity and awe
Sooth her pale rage, nor dares she to deface
So fair a prey, till darkness, and the law
Of change, shall o'er his sleep the mortal curtain draw.

IX

Oh, weep for Adonais!—The quick Dreams,
The passion-winged Ministers of thought,
Who were his flocks, whom near the living streams
Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he taught
The love which was its music, wander not,—
But droop there, whence they sprung; and mourn their lot
Round the cold heart, where, after their sweet pain,
They ne'er will gather strength, or find a home again.

X

And one with trembling hands clasps his cold head,
And fans him with her moonlight wings, and cries;
"Our love, our hope, our sorrow, is not dead;
See, on the silken fringe of his faint eyes,
Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there lies
A tear some Dream has loosened from his brain."
Lost Angel of a ruined Paradise!
She knew not 'twas her own; as with no stain
She faded, like a cloud which had outwept its rain.
XI

One from a lucid urn of starry dew
Washed his light limbs as if embalming them;
Another clipped her profuse locks, and threw
The wreath upon him, like an anadem,
Which frozen tears instead of pearls begem;
Another in her wilful grief would break
Her bow and winged reeds, as if to stem
A greater loss with one which was more weak;
And dull the barbed fire against his frozen cheek.

XII

Another Splendour on his mouth alit,
That mouth, whence it was wont to draw the breath
Which gave it strength to pierce the guarded wit,
And pass into the panting heart beneath
With lightning and with music: the damp death
Quenched its caress upon his icy lips;
And, as a dying meteor stains a wreath
Of moonlight vapour, which the cold night clips,
It flushed through his pale limbs, and passed to its eclipse.

XIII

And other came ... Desires and Adorations,
Winged Persuasions and veiled Destinies,
Splendours, and Glooms, and glimmering Incarnations
Of hopes and fears, and twilight Phantasies;
And Sorrow with her family of Sighs,
And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam
Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,
Came in slow pomp;--the moving pomp might seem
Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream.

XIV

All he had loved and moulded into thought,
From shape, and hue, and odour, and sweet sound,
Lamented Adonais. Morning sought
Her Eastern watch-tower, and her hair unbound,
Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground,
Dimmed the aereal eyes that kindle day;
Afar the melancholy thunder moaned,
Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay,
And the wild Winds flew round, sobbing in their dismay.

XV

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 woodmen hear.

XVI

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?
To Phoebus was not Hyacinth so dear
Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both
Thou, Adonais: wan they stand and sere
Amid the faint companions of their youth,
With dew all turned to tears; odour, to sighing ruth.

XVII

Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightingale
Mourns not her mate with such melodious pain;
Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale
Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's domain
Her mighty youth with mourning, doth complain,
Soaring and screaming round her empty nest,
As Albion wails for thee: the curse of Cain
Light on his head who pierced thy innocent breast,
And scared the angel soul that was its earthly guest!
XVIII

Ah, woe is me! Winter is come and gone,
But grief returns with the revolving year;
The airs and streams renew their joyous tone;
The ants, the bees, the swallows reappear;
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.

XIX

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;
Diffuse themselves; and spend in love's delight,
The beauty and the joy of their renewed might.

XX

The leprous corpse, touched by this spirit tender,
Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath;
Like incarnations of the stars, when splendour
Is changed to fragrance, they illumine death
And mock the merry worm that wakes beneath;
Nought we know, dies. Shall that alone which knows
Be as a sword consumed before the sheath
By sightless lightning?—the intense atom glows
A moment, then is quenched in a most cold repose.

XXI

Alas! that all we loved of him should be
But for our grief, as if it had not been,
And grief itself be mortal! Woe is me!
Whence are we, and why are we? of what scene
The actors or spectators? Great and mean
Meet massed in death, who lend what life most borrow.
As long as skies are blue, and fields are green,
Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow,
Month follow month with woe, and year wake year to sorrow.

XXII

He will awake no more, oh, never more!
'Wake thou,' cried Misery, 'childless Mother, rise
Out of thy sleep, and slake, in thy heart's core,
A wound more fierce than his, with tears and sighs.'
And all the Dreams that watched Urania's eyes,
And all the Echoes whom their sister's song
Had held in holy silence, cried: 'Arise!
Swift as a Thought by the snake Memory stung,
From her ambrosial rest the fading Splendour sprung.

XXIII

She rose like an autumnal Night, that springs
Out of the East, and follows wild and dream
The golden Day, which, on eternal wings,
Even as a ghost abandoning a bier,
Had left the Earth a corpse. Sorrow and fear
So struck, so roused, so rapped Urania;
So saddened round her like an atmosphere
Of stormy mist; so swept her on her way
Even to the mournful place where Adonais lay.

XXIV

Out of her secret Paradise she sped,
Through camps and cities rough with stone, and steel,
And human hearts, which to her aery tread
Yielding not, wounded the invisible
Palms of her tender feet where 'er they fell;
And barbed tongues, and thoughts more sharp than they,
Rent the soft Form they never could repel,
Whose sacred blood, like the young tears of May,
Paved with eternal flowers that undeserving way.
XXV

In the death-chamber for a moment Death,
Shamed by the presence of that living Might,
Blushed to annihilation, and the breath
Revisited those lips, and Life's pale light
Flushed through those limbs, so late her dear delight.
'Leave me not wild and drear and comfortless
As silent lightning leaves the starless night!
Leave me not! cried Urania: her distress
Roused Death: Death rose and smiled, and met her vain caress.

XXVI

'Stay yet awhile! speak to me once again;
Kiss me, so long but as a kiss may live;
And in my heartless breast and burning brain
That word, that kiss, shall all thoughts else survive,
With food of saddest memory kept alive,
Now thou art dead, as if it were a part
Of thee, my Adonais! I would give
All that I am to be as thou now art!
But I am chained to Time, and cannot thence depart!

XXVII

'O gentle child, beautiful as thou wast,
Why didst thou leave the trodden paths of men
Too soon, and with weak hands though mighty heart
Dare the unpastured dragon in his den?
Defenceless as thou wast, oh, where was then
Wisdom the mirrored shield, or scorn the spear?
Or hadst thou waited the full cycle, when
Thy spirit should have filled its crescent sphere,
The monsters of life's waste had fled from thee like deer.

XXVIII

'The herded wolves, boldly only to pursue;
The obscene ravens, clamorous o'er the dead;
The vultures to the conqueror's banner true
Who feed where Desolation first has fed,
And whose wings rain contagion;—how they fled,
When, like Apollo, from his golden bow
The Pythian of the age one arrow sped
And smiled!—The spoilers tempt no second blow,
They fawn on the proud feet that spurn them lying low.

XXIX

'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 godlike 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.'

XXX

Thus ceased she: and the mountain shepherds came,
Their garlands sere, their magic mantles rent;
The Pilgrims of Eternity, whose fame
Over his living head like Heaven is bent,
An early but enduring monument,
Came, veiling all the lightnings of his song
In sorrow; from her wilds Ierne sent
The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong;
And Love taught Grief to fall like music from his tongue.

XXXI

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,
Actaeon-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.
XXXII

A bardlike Spirit beautiful and swift.
A Love in desolation masked;--a Power
Girt round with weakness;--it can scarce uplift
The weight of the superincumbent hour;
It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,
A breaking billow;--even whilst we speak
Is it not broken? On the withering flower
The killing sun smiles brightly: on a cheek
The life can burn in blood, even while the heart may break.

XXXIII

His head was bound with pansies overblown,
And faded violets, white and pied and blue;
And a light spear topped with a cypress cone,
Round whose rude shaft dark ivy-tresses grew
Yet dripping with the forest's noonday dew,
Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart
Shook the weak hand that grasped it; of that crew
He came the last, neglected and apart
A herd-abandoned deer struck by the hunter's dart.

XXXIV

All stood aloof, and at his partial moan
Smiled through their tears; well knew that gentle band
Who in another's fate now wept his own,
As in the accents of an unknown land
He sung new sorrow; sad Urania scanned
The Stranger's mien, and murmured: 'Who art thou?'
He answered not, but with a sudden hand
Made bare his branded and ensanguined brow,
Which was like Cain's or Christ's—oh! that it should be so!

XXXV

What softer voice is hushed over the dead?
Athwart what brow is that dark mantle thrown?
What formleans sadly o'er the white death-bed,
In mockery of monumental stone,
The heavy heart heaving without a moan?
If it be He, who, gentlest of the wise,
Taught, soothed, loved, honoured the departed one,
Let me not vex, with inharmonious sighs,
The silence of that heart’s accepted sacrifice.
XXXVI

Our Adonais has drunk poison—oh!
What deaf and viperous murderer could crown
Life's early cup with such a draught of woe?
The nameless worm would now itself disown:
It felt, yet could escape, the magic tone
Whose prelude held all envy, hate, and wrong,
But what was howling in one breast alone,
Silent with expectation of the song,
Whose master's hand is cold, whose silver lyre unstrung.

XXXVII

Live thou, whose infamy is not thy fame!
Live! fear no heavier chastisement from me,
Thou noteless blot on a remembered name!
But be thyself, and know thyself to be!
And ever at thy season be thou free,
To spill the venom when thy fangs o'eflow;
Remorse and Self-contempt shall cling to thee;
Hot Shame shall burn upon thy secret brow,
And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt—as now.

XXXVIII

Nor let us weep that our delight is fled
Far from these carrion kites that scream below;
He wakes or sleeps with the enduring dead;
Thou canst not soar where he is sitting now—
Dust to the dust! but the pure spirit shall flow
Back to the burning fountain whence it came,
A portion of the Eternal, which must glow
Through time and change, unquenchably the same,
Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid hearth of shame.

XXXIX

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—
He hath awakened from the dream of life—
'Tis we, who lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantous an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance, strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings. We decay
Like corpses in a charner; fear and grief
Convulse us and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

XL

He has outsoared the shadow of our night;
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn,
A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain;
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an un lamented urn.

XLI

He lives, he wakes--'tis Death is dead, not he;
Mourn not for Adonais.--Thou young Dawn,
Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from thee
The spirit thou lamentest is not gone;
Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!
Cease, ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou Air,
Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown
O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare
Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair!

XLII

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.
XLII

He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely: he doth bear
His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there
All new successions to the forms they wear;
Torturing th' unwilling dross that checks its flight
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear;
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's light.

XLIV

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. When lofty thought
Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
And love and life contend in it, for what
Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there
And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air.

XLV

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown
Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal thought,
Far in the Unapparent. Chatterton
Rose pale—his solemn agony had not
Yet faded from him; Sidney, as he fought
And as he fell and as he lived and loved
Sublimely mild, a Spirit without spot,
Arose; and Lucan, by his death approved:
Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing reproved.

XLVI

And many more, whose names on Earth are dark,
But whose transmitted effluence cannot die
So long as fire outlives the parent spark,
Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.
'Thou art become as one of us', they cry,
'It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long
Swung blind in unascended majesty,
Silent alone amid an Heaven of Song.
Assume thy winged throne, thou Vesper of our throng!'  

XLVII

Who mourns for Adonais? Oh, come forth,
Fond wretch! and know thyself and him aright.
Clasp with thy panting soul the pendulous Earth;
As from a centre, dart thy spirit's light
Beyond all worlds, until its spacious might
Satiate the void circumference; then shrink
Even to a point within our day and night;
And keep thy heart lightlest it make thee sink
When hope has kindled hope, and lured thee to the brink.

XLVIII

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre,
Oh, not of him, but of our joy: 'tis nought
That ages, empires, and religions there
Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought;
For such as he can lend,—they borrow not
Glory from those who made the world their prey;
And he is gathered to the Kings of thought
Who waged contention with their time's decay,
And of the past are all that cannot pass away.

XLIX

Go thou to Rome,—at once the Paradise,
The grave, the city, and the wilderness;
And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise,
And flowering weeds, and fragrant copse dress
The bones of Desolation's nakedness
Pass, till the spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread;
And gray walls moulder round, on which dull time
Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;
And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,
Pavilioning the dust of him who planned
This refuge for his memory, doth stand
Like flame transformed to marble; and beneath,
A field is spread, on which a newer band
Have pitched in Heaven's smile their camp of death,
Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished breath.

Here pause: these graves are all too young as yet
To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned
Its charge to each; and if the seal is set,
Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,
Break it not thou! too surely shalt thou find
Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,
Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind
Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.
What Adonais is, why fear we to become?

The one remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light forever 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!—Die
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!
Follow where all is fled!—Rome's azure sky,
Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my Heart?
Thy hopes are gone before: from all things here
They have departed; thou shouldst now depart!
A light is passed from the revolving year,
And man, and woman; and what still is dear
Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.
The soft sky smiles, -- the low wind whispers near:
'Tis Adonais calls! oh, hasten thither,
No more let Life divide what Death can join together.

LIV

That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,
That Beauty in which all things work and move,
That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
Which through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst; now beams on me,
Consuming the last clouds of cold-mortality.

LV

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven,
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
The massy earth and spheréd skies are riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;
Whilst, burning through the immost veil of Heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.
ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE
by John Keats

I

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

II

O for a draught of vintage! that hath been
Cool'd long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

III

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond tomorrow.
IV

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous blooms and winding mossy ways.

V

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

VI

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain-
To thy high requiem become a sod.

VII

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the selfsame song that found a path
   Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
   She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
   Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

VIII

Forlorn! the very work is like a bell
    To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
   As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
    Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
    Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
    In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
    Fled is that music:-do I wake or sleep?
THE EVE OF ST. AGNES

by John Keats

I

St. Agnes' Eve - Ah, bitter chill it was! 
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold; 
The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass, 
And silent was the flock in woolly fold:
Numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seem'd taking flight for heaven, without a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

II

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man;
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
And back returneth, meager, barefoot, wan,
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees:
The sculptured dead, on each side, seem to freeze,
Emprison'd in black, purgatorial rails:
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb oratories,
He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

III

Northward he turneth through a little door,
And scarce three steps, ere Music's golden tongue
Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor;
But no-already had his death-bell rung:
The joys of his life were said and sung:
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve:
Another way he went, and soon among
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to grieve.
IV

That ancient Beadsman heard the prelude soft;
And so it chanced, for many a door was wide,
From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,
The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide:
The level chambers, ready with their pride,
Were glowing to receive a thousand guests:
The carved angels, ever eager-eyed,
Stared, where upon their heads the cornic rests,
With hair blown back, and wings put crosswise on their breasts.

V

At length burst in the argent revelry,
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
Numerous as shadows haunting fairly
The brain, new-stuff'd, in youth, with triumphs gay
Of old romance. These let us wish away,
And turn, sole-thoughted to one Lady there,
Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,
On love, and wing'd St. Agnes' saintly care,
As she had heard old dames full many times declare.

VI

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,
Young virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adorings from their loves receive
Upon the honey'd middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright;
As, supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine their beauties, lily white;
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

VII

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline:
The music, yearning like a God in pain,
She scarcely heard: her maiden eyes divine,
Fix'd on the floor, saw many a sweeping train
Pass by—she heeded not at all: in vain
Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,
And back retired; not cool'd by high disdain.
But she saw not: her heart was otherwher;
She sigh'd for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the year.

VIII

She danced along with vague, regardless eyes,
Anxious her lips, her breathing quick'nd short:
The hallow'd hour was near at hand: she sighs
Amid the timbrels and the throng'd resort
Of whisperers in anger, or in sport;
'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn,
Hoodwink'd with faery fancy; all amort,
Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,
And all the bliss to be before to-morrow morn.

IX

So, purposing each moment to retire,
She linger'd still. Meantime, across the moors,
Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire
For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,
Buttress'd from moonlight, stands he, and implores
All saints to give him sight of Madeline,
But for one moment in the tedious hours,
That he might gaze and worship all unseen;
Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss—in sooth such things have be—

X

He ventures in: let no buzz'd whisper tell:
All eyes be muffled, or a hundred sword
Will storm his heart, Love's fev'rous citadel:
For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes,
Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,
Whose very dogs would execrations howl
Against his lineage: not one breast affords
Him and mercy, in that mansion foul,
Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul.
XI

Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came,
Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,
To where stood, hid from the torch's flame,
Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond
The sound of merriment and chorus bland:
He startled her; but soon she knew his face,
And grasp'd his fingers in her palsied hand,
Saying, 'Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from this place;
They are all here to-night, the whole bloodthirsty race!

XII

Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish Hildebrand:
He had a fever late, and in the fit
He cursed thee and thine, both house and land:
Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit
More tame for his gray hairs - Alas me! flit!
Flit like a ghost away.' - 'Ah, Gossip dear,
We're safe enough; here in this armchair sit,
And tell me how' - 'Good Saints! not here, not here;
Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy bier.'

XIII

He follow'd through a lowly arched way,
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume;
And as she mutter'd 'Well-a-well-a-day!'
He found him in a little moonlight room,
Pale latticed, chill, and silent as a tomb.
'Now tell me where is Madeline,' said he,
'O tell me, Angela, by the holy loom
Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously.'

XIV

'St. Agnes! Ah! it is Agnes' Eve-
Yet men will murder upon holy days:
Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,
And be liege-lord of all the Elves and Fays,
To venture so: it fills me with amaze.'
To see there, Porphyro! - St. Agnes' Eve!

God's help! my lady fair the conjuror plays
This very night: good angels her deceive!
But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle time to grieve.'

XV

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,
While Porphyro upon her face doth look,
Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone
Who keepeth closed a wondrous riddle-book,
As spectacled she sits in chimney nook.
But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told
His lady's purpose; and he scarce could brook
Tears, at the thought of those enchantments cold,
And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

XVI

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,
Flushing his brow, and in his pained heart
Made purple riot: then doth he propose
A stratagem, that makes the beldame start:
'A cruel man and impious thou art:
Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep, and dream
Alone with her good angels, far apart
From wicked men like thee. Go, go! I deem
Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst seem.'

XVII

'I will not harm her, by all saints I swear,'
Quoth Porphyro: 'O may I ne'er find grace
When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,
If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
Or look with ruffian passion in her face:
Good Angela, believe me by these tears;
Or I will, even in a moment's space,
Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's ears,
And beard them, though they be more fang'd than wolves and bears.
XVIII

'Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?
A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, church-yard thing,
Whose passing-bell may ere midnight toll;
Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,
Were never miss'd.' Thus plaining, doth she bring
A gentler speech from burning Porphyro;
So woeful,-and of such deep sorrowing,
That Angela gives promise she will do
Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe.

XIX

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,
Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide
Him in a closet, of such privacy
That he might see her beauty unespied,
And win perhaps that night a peerless bride,
While legion'd faires paced the coverlet,
And pale enchantment held her sleep-eyed.
Never on such a night has lovers met,
Since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous debt.

XX

'It shall be as thou wishest,' said the Dame:
All cates and dainties shall be stored there
Quickly on this feast-night: by the tambour frame
Her own lute thou wilt see: no time to spare,
For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare
On such a catering trust my dizzy head.
Wait here, my child, with patience; kneel in prayer
The while: Ah! Thou must needs the lady wed,
Or may I never leave my grave among the dead.'

XXI

So saying she hobbled off with busy fear.
The lover's endless minutes slowly pass'd:
The Dame return'd and whisper'd in his ear
To follow her; with aged eyes aghast
From fright of dim espial. Safe at last
Through many a dusky gallery, they gain,
The maiden's chamber, silken, hushed, and chaste;
Where Porphyro took covert, pleased amain.
His poor guide hurried back with agues in her brain.

XXII

Her faint'ring hand upon the balustrade,
Old Angela was feeling for the stair,
When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmed maid,
Rose, like a mission'd spirit, unaware:
With silver taper's light, and pious care,
She turn'd and down the aged gossip led
To a safe level matting. Now prepare,
Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed;
She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove fray'd and fled.

XXIII

Out went the taper as she hurried in;
Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died:
She closed the door, she panted, all akin
To spirits of the air, and vision wide:
No uttered syllable, or, woe betide!
But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side;
As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled in her dell.

XXIV

A casement high and triple arch'd there was,
All garlanded with carven imag'ries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damask'd wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutche blush'd with blood of queens and kings.
XXV

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silvercross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint:
She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven: Porphyro grew faint.
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

XXVI

Anon his heart revives: her vespers done,
Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees;
Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one;
Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees:
Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weeds,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

XXVII

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay,
Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppress'd
Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away;
Flown, like a thought, until morrow-day;
Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain;
Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims pray;
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

XXVIII

Stol'n to this paradise, and so entranced,
Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,
And listen'd to her breathing, if it chanced
To wake into a slumberous tenderness;
Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,
And breathed himself: then from the closet crept,
Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,
And over the hush'd carpet, silent stept,
And 'tween the curtains peep'd where, lo! —how fast she slept.

XXIX

Then by the bed-side, where the faded moon
Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set
A table, and, half anguish'd, threw thereon
A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet:-
O for some drowsy Morphean amulet!
The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarinet,
Affray his ears, though but in dying tone:-
The hall-door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

XX

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanched linen, smooth, and lavender'd,
While he from forth the closet brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd;
With jellies soother'd than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd
From Fez; and spiced dainties, every one,
From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon.

XXXI

These delicates he heap'd with glowing hand
On golden dishes and in baskets bright
Of wreathed silver: sumptuous they stand
In the retired quiet of the night,
Filling the chilly room with perfume light.—
And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake!
Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite:
Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,
Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache.'
XXXII

Thus whispering, his warm, unnerved arm
Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream
By the dusk curtains; 't was a midnight charm
Impossible to melt as iced stream:
The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam;
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies:
It seem'd he never, never could redeem
From such a steadfast spell his lady's eyes;
So mused awhile, entoil'd in woofed phantasies.

XXXIII

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute,—
Tumultuous—and, in chords that tenderest be,
He play'd an ancient ditty, long since mute,
In Provence call'd 'La belle dame sans mercy:'
Close to her ear touching the melody;—
Wherewith disturb'd, she utter'd a soft moan:
He ceased — she panted quick — and suddenly
Her blue affrayed eyes wide open shone:
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured stone.

XXXIV

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
Now wide awake the vision of her sleep:
There was a painful change, that nigh expell'd
The blisses of her dream so pure and deep:
At which fair Madeline began to weep,
And moan forth witless words with many a sigh;
Who knelt, with joined hands and piteous eye,
Fearing to move or speak, she look'd so dreamingly.

XXXV

'Ah Porphyro!' said she, 'but even now
Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,
Made tuneable with every sweetest vow;
And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear.
How changed thou art! how pallid, chill, and drear!
Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
Those looks immortal; those complainings dear!
Oh leave me not in this eternal woe,
For if thou diest, my Love, I know not where to go.'

XXXVI

Beyond a mortal man impassion'd far
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
Ethereal flush'd, and like a throbbing star
Seen mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose;
Into her dream he melted, as the rose
Blendeth its odour with the violet,
Solution sweet; meantime the frost-wind blows
Like Love's alarum pattering the sharp sleet
Against the window-panes; St. Agnes' moon hath set.

XXXVII

'T is dark; quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet:
'Tis no dream, my bride, my Madeline!'
'T is dark: the iced gusts still rave and beat.
'No dream, alas! alas! and woe is mine!
Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine.-
Cruel! what traitor could thee hither bring?
I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,
Though thou forsaikest a deceived thing;-
A dove forlorn, and lost with sick unpruned wing.'

XXXVIII

'My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!
Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?
Thy beauty's shield, heart-shaped and vermeil-eyed?
Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest
After so many hours of toil and quest,
A famish'd pilgrim, -saved by miracle.
Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest
Saving of thy sweet self; if thou thinkest well
To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.
XXXIX

'Hark! 't is an elfin storm from faeryland,
Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed:
Arise-arise! the morning is at hand:-
The bloated wassailers will never heed:-
Let us away, my love, with happy speed;
There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see,-
Drown'd all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead:
Awake! Arise! my love, and fearless be,
For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee'.

XL

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,
For there were sleeping dragons all around,
At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears-
Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found.-
In all the house was heard no human sound.
A chain-dropp'd lamp was flickering by each door;
The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,
Flutter'd in the besieging wind's uproar;
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

XLI

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall;
Like phantoms to the iron proch they glide,
Where lay the Porter, in uneasy sprawl,
With a huge empty flagon by his side:
The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,
But his sagacious eye an inmate owns:
By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide:-
The chains lie silent on the footworn stones;-
The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

XLII

And they are gone: aye, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm.
That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe,
And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form
Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,
Were long be-nightmared. Angela the old
Died palsy-twitch'd, with meagre face deform;
The Beadsman, after thousand aves told,
For aye unsought - for slept among his ashes cold.
ISABELLA
or
THE POT OF BASIL

by John Keats

I

Fair Isabel, poor simple Isabel!
Lorenzo, a young palmer in Love's eye!
They could not in the self-same mansion dwell
Without some stir of heart, some malady;
They could not sit at meals but feel how well
It soothed each to be the other by;
They could not, sure, beneath the same roof sleep
But to each other dream, and nightly weep.

II

With every morn their love grew tenderer,
With every eve deeper and tenderer still;
He might not in house, field, or garden stir,
But her full shape would all his seeing fill;
And his continual voice was pleasanter
To her, than noise of trees or hidden rill;
Her lute-string gave an echo of his name,
She spoilt her half-done broidery with the same.

III

He knew whose gentle hand was at the latch
Before the door had given her to his eyes;
And from her chamber-window he would catch
Her beauty farther than the falcon spies:
And constant as her vespers would he watch,
Because her face was turn'd to the same skies;
And with sick longing all the night outwear,
To hear her morning-step upon the stair.

IV

A whole long month of May in this sad plight
Made their cheeks paler by the break of June:
"To-morrow will I bow to my delight,  
To-morrow will I ask my lady's boon."—
"O may I never see another night,  
Lorenzo, if thy lips breathe not love's tune."—
So spake they to their pillows; but, alas,
Honeyless days and days did he let pass;

V

Until sweet Isabella's untouch'd cheek  
Pfell sick within the rose's just domain,  
Fell thin as a young mother's, who doth seek  
By every lull to cool her infant's pain:
"How ill she is," said he; "I may not speak,  
And yet I will, and tell my love all plain:  
If looks speak love-laws, I will drink her tears,  
And at the least 'twill startle off her cares."

VI

So said he one fair morning, and all day  
His heart beat awfully against his side;  
And to his heart he inwardly did pray  
For power to speak; but still the ruddy tide  
Stifled his voice, and puls'd resolve away—  
Fever'd his high conceit of such a bride,  
Yet brought him to the meekness of a child:  
Alas! when passion is both meek and wild!

VII

So once more he had wak'd and anguished  
A dreary night of love and misery,  
If Isabel's quick eye had not been wed  
To every symbol on his forehead high;  
She saw it waxing very pale and dead,  
And straight all flush'd; so, lisped tenderly,  "Lorenzo!"—here she ceas'd her timid quest,  
But in her tone and look he read the rest.
VIII

"O Isabella, I can half perceive
That I may speak my grief into thine ear;
If thou didst ever anything believe,
Believe how I love thee, believe how near
My soul is to its doom: I would not grieve
Thy hand by unwelcome pressing, would not fear
Thine eyes by gazing; but I cannot love
Another night, and not my passion shrive.

IX

"Love! thou art leading me from wintry cold,
Lady! thou leadest me to summer clime,
And I must taste the blossoms that unfold.
In its ripe warmth this gracious morning time."
So said, his erewhile timid lips grew bold,
And poesied with hers in dewy rhyme:
Great bliss was with them, and great happiness
Grew, like a lusty flower in June's caress.

X

Parting they seem'd to tread upon the air,
Twin roses by the zephyr blown apart
Only to meet again more close, and share
The inward fragrance of each other's heart.
She, to her chamber gone, a ditty fair,
Sang, of delicious love and honey'd dart;
He with light steps went up a western hill,
And bade the sun farewell, and joy'd his fill.

XI

All close they met again, before the dusk
Had taken from the stars its pleasant veil,
All close they met, all eves, before the dusk
Had taken from the stars its pleasant veil,
Close in a bower of hyacinth and musk,
Unknown of any, free from whispering tale.
Ah! better had it been for ever so,
Than idle ears should pleasure in their woe.
XII

Were they unhappy then? - It cannot be-
Too many tears for lovers have been shed,
Too many sighs give we to them in fee,
Too much of pity after they are dead,
Too many doleful stories do we see,
Whose matter in bright gold were best be read;
Except in such a page where Theseus' spouse
Over the pathless waves towards him bows.

XIII

But, for the general award of love,
The little sweet doth kill much bitterness;
Though Dido silent is in under-grove,
And Isabella's was a great distress,
Though young Lorenzo in warm Indian clove
Was not embalm'd, this truth is not the less-
Even bees, the little almsmen of spring-bowers,
Know there is richest juice in poison-flowers.

XIV

With her two brothers this fair lady dwelt,
Enriched from ancestral merchandize,
And for them many a weary hand did swelt
In torched mines and noisy factories,
And many once proud-quiver'd loins did melt
In blood from stinging whip;-with hollow eyes
Many all day in day in dazzling river stood,
To take the rich-ored drippings of the flood.

XV

For them the Ceylon diver held his breath,
And went all naked to the hungry shark;
For them his ears gush'd blood; for them in death
The seal on the cold ice with piteous bark
Lay full of darts; for them alone did seethe
A thousand men in troubles wide and dark
Half-ignorant, they turn'd an easy wheel,
That set sharp racks at work, to pinch and peel.
XVI

Why were they proud? Because their marble founts
Gush'd with more pride than do a wretch's tears?—
Why were they proud? Because fair orange-mounts
Were of more soft ascent than lazar stairs?
Why were they proud? Because red-lin'd accounts
Were richer than the songs of Grecian years?—
Why were they proud? again we ask aloud,
Why in the name of Glory were they proud?—

XVII

Yet were these Florentines as self-retired
In hungry pride and gainful cowardice,
As two close Hebrews in that land inspired,
Paled in and vineyarded from beggar-spired,
The hawks of ship-mast forests—the untired
And pannier'd mules for ducats and old lies—
Quick cat's-paws on the generous stray-away,—
Great wits in Spanish, Tuscan, and Malay.

XVIII

How was it these same ledger-men could spy
Fair Isabella in her downy nest?
How could they find out in Lorenzo's eye
A straying from his toil? Hot Egypt's pest
Into their vision covetous and sly!
How could these money-bags see east and west?—
Yet so they did—and every dealer fair
Must see behind, as doth the hunted hare.

XIX

O eloquent and famed Boccaccio!
Of thee we now should ask forgiving boon,
And of thy spicy myrtles as they blow,
And of thy roses amorous of the moon,
And of thy lillies, that do paler grow
Now they can no more hear thy gittern's tune,
For venturing syllables that ill beseem
The quiet glooms of such a piteous theme.
Grant thou a pardon here, and then the tale
Shall move on soberly, as it is meet;
There is no other crime, no mad assail
To make old prose in modern rhyme more sweet.
But it is done—succeed the verse or fail—
To honour thee, and thy gone spirit greet;
To stead thee as a verse in English tongue,
An echo of thee in the north-wind sung.

These brethren having found by many signs
What love Lorenzo for their sister had,
And how she lov'd him too, each unconfines
His bitter thoughts to other, well nigh mad
That he, the servant of their trade
Should in their sister's love be blithe and glad.
When 'twas their plan to coax her by degrees
To some high noble and his olive-trees.

And many a jealous conference had they,
And many times they bit their lips alone,
Before they fix'd upon a surest way
To make the younger for his crime atone;
And at last, these men of cruel clay
Cut Mercy with a sharp knife to the bone;
For they resolved in some forest dim
To kill Lorenzo, and there bury him.

So on a pleasant morning as he leant
Into the sun-rise, o'er the balustrade
Of the garden-terrace, towards him they bent
Their footing through the dews; and to him said,
"You seem there in the quiet of content,
Lorenzo, and we are most loth to invade
Calm speculation; but if you are wise,
Bestride your steed while cold is in the skies."
"To-day we purpose, aye, this hour we mount
To spur three leagues towards the Apennine;
Come down, we pray thee, ere the hot sun count
His dewy rosary on the eglantine."

Lorenzo, courteously as he was wont,
Bow'd a fair greeting to these serpents' whine;
And went in haste, to get in readiness,
With belt, and spur, and bracing huntsman's dress.

And as he to the court-yard pass'd along.
Each third step did he pause, and listen'd oft
If he could hear his lady's mantin-song,
Or the light whisper of her footstep soft;
And as he thus over his passion hung,
He heard a laugh full musical aloft;
When, looking up, he saw her features bright
Smile through an in-door lattice, all delight.

"Love, Isabell!" said he, "I was in pain
Lest I should miss to bid thee a good morrow:
Ah! what if I should lose thee, when so fain
I am to stifle all the heavy sorrow
Of a poor three hours' absence? but we'll gain
Out of the amorous dark what day doth borrow.
Good bye! I'll soon be back."—"Good bye!" said she:
And as he went she chanted merrily.

So the two brothers and their murder'd man
Rode past fair Florence, to where Arno's stream
Gurgles through straiten'd banks, and still doth fan
Itself with dancing bulrush, and the bream
Keeps head against the freshets. Sick and wan
The brothers' faces in the ford did seem,
Lorenzo's flush with love.—They pass'd the water
Into a forest quiet for the slaughter.
XXVIII

There was Lorenzo slain and buried in,
There in that forest did his great love cease;
Ah! when a soul doth thus its freedom win,
It aches in loneliness—is ill at peace
As the break-covert blood-hounds of such sin:
They dipp'd their swords in the water, and did tease
Their horses homeward, with convulsed spur,
Each richer by his being a murderer.

XXIX

They told their sister how, with sudden speed,
Lorenzo had ta'en ship for foreign lands,
Because of some great urgency and need
In their affairs, requiring trusty hands.
Poor Girl! put on thy stifling widow's weed,
And 'scape at once from Hope's accursed bands;
To-day thou wilt not see him, nor to-morrow,
And the next day will be a day of sorrow.

XXX

She weeps alone for pleasures not to be;
Sorely she wept until the night came on,
And then, instead of love, O misery!
She brooded o'er the luxury alone:
His image in the dusk she seem'd to see,
And to the silence made a gentle moan,
Spreading her perfect arms upon the air,
And on her couch low murmuring, "Where? O where?"

XXXI

But Selfishness, Love's cousin, held not long
Its fiery vigil in her single breast;
She fretted for the golden hour, and hung
Upon the time with feverish unrest—
Not long—for soon into her heart a throng
Of higher occupants, a richer zest,
Came tragic; passion not to be subdued,
And sorrow for her love in travels rude.
XXXII

In the mid days of autumn, on their eves
The breath of Winter comes from far away,
And sick west continually bereaves
Of some gold tinge, and plays roundelay
Of death among the bushes and the leaves,
To make all bare before he dares to stray
From his north cavern. So sweet Isabel
By gradual decay from beauty fell,

XXXIII

Because Lorenzo came not. Oftentimes
She ask'd her brothers, with an eye all pale,
Striving to be itself, what dungeon climes
Could keep him off so long? They spake a tale
Time after time, to quiet her. Their crimes
Came on them, like a smoke from Hinnom's vale;
And every night in dreams they groan'd aloud,
To see their sister in her snowy shroud.

XXXIV

And she had died in drowsy ignorance,
But for a thing more deadly dark than all;
It came like a fierce potion, drunk by chance,
Which saves a sick man from the feather'd pall
For some few gasping moments; like a lance,
Waking an Indian from his cloudy hall
With cruel pierce, and bringing him again
Sense of the gnawing fire at heart and brain.

XXXV

It was a vision. In the drowsy gloom,
The dull of midnight, at her couch's foot.
Lorenzo stood and wept: the forest tomb
Had marr'd his glossy hair which once could shoot
Lustre into the sun, and put cold doom
Upon his lips, and taken the soft lute
From his lorn voice, and past his loamed ears
Had made a miry channel for his tears.
XXXVI
Strange sound it was, when the pale shadow spake;
For there was striving, in its piteous tongue,
To speak as when on earth it was awake,
And Isabella on its music hung:
Languor there was in it, and tremulous shake,
As in a palsied Druid's harp unstrung;
And through it moan'd a ghostly under-song,
Like hoarse night-guests sepulchral briars among.

XXXVII
Its eyes, though wild were still all dewy bright
With love, and kept all phantom fear aloof
From the poor girl by magic of their light,
The while it did unthread the horrid woof
Of the late darken'd time,—the murderous spite
Of pride and avarice,—the dark pine roof
In the forest,—and the sodden turfed dell,
Where, without any word, from stabs he fell.

XXXVIII
Saying moreover, "Isabel, my sweet!
Red whortle-berries droop above my head,
And a large flint-stone weighs upon my feet;
Around me beeches and high chestnust shed
Their leaves and prickly nuts; a sheep-fold bleat
Comes from beyond the river to my bed:
Go, shed one tear upon my heather-bloom,
And it shall comfort me within the tomb.

XXXIX
"I am a shadow now, alas! alas!
Upon the skirts of human-nature dwelling
Alone: I chant alone the holy mass,
While little sounds of life are round me knelling,
And glossy bees at noon do fieldward pass,
And many a chapel bell the hour is telling,
Paining me through: those sounds grow strange to me,
And thou art distant in Humanity."
XL

"I know what was, I feel full of what is,
And I should rage, if spirits could go mad.
Though I forget the taste of earthly bliss,
That paleness warms my grave, as though I had
A Seraph chosen from the bright abyss
To be my spouse: thy paleness makes me glad.
Thy beauty grows upon me, and I feel
A greater love through all my essence steal."

XLI

The Spirit mourn'd "Adieu!" -dissolv'd and left
The atom darkness in a slow turmoil;
As when of healthful midnight sleep bereft,
Thinking on rugged hours and fruitless toil,
We put our eyes into a pillowy cleft,
And see the spangly gloom froth up and boil:
It made sad Isabella's eyelids ache,
And in the dawn she started up awake;

XLII

"Ha! ha!" said she, "I knew not this hard life,
I thought the worst was simple misery;
I thought some Fate with pleasure or with strife
Portion'd us—happy days, or else to die;
But there is crime—a brother's bloody knife!
Sweet Spirit, thou hast school'd my infancy:
I'll visit thee for this, and kiss thine eyes,
And greet thee morn and even in the skies."

XLIII

When the full morning came, she had devised
How she might secret to the forest hie;
How she might find the clay, so dearly prized,
And sing to it one latest lullaby;
How her short absence might be unsurmised,
While she the inmost of the dream would try.
Resolv'd, she took with her an aged nurse,
And went into that dismal forest-hearse.
See, as they creep along the river side,
   How she doth whisper to that aged Dame,
And, after looking round the champaign wide,
   Shows her a knife.—"What feverous hectic flame
Burns in thee, child?—What good can thee betide,
   That thou should' st smile again?"—The evening came;
And they had found Lorenzo's earthly bed;
The flint was there, the berries at his head.

Who hath not loiter'd in a green church-yard,
   And let his spirit, like a demon-mole,
Work through the clayey soil and gravel hard,
   To see scull, coffin'd bones, and funeral stole;
Pitying each form that hungry Death hath marr'd,
   Ah! this is holiday to what was felt
When Isabella by Lorenzo knelt.

She gazed into the fresh-thrown mould, as though
   One glance did fully all its secrets tell;
Clearly she saw, as other eyes would know
   Pale limbs at bottom of a crystal well;
Upon the murderous spot she seem'd to grow,
   Like to a native lily of the dell:
Then with her knife, all sudden, she began
To dig more fervently than misers can.

Soon she turn'd up a soiled glove, whereon
   Her silk had play'd in purple phantasies,
She kiss'd it with a lip more chill' r than stone,
   And put it in her bosom, where it dries
And freezes utterly unto the bone
Those dainties made to still an infant's cries:
Then 'gan she work again; nor stay'd her care,
But to throw back at times her veiling hair.
XLVIII

That old nurse stood beside her wondering;
Until her heart felt pity to the core
At sight of such a dismal labouring,
And so she kneeled, with her locks all hoar,
And put her lean hands to the horrid thing:
Three hours they labour'd at this travail sore:
At last they felt the kernel of the grave,
And Isabella did not stamp and rave.

XLIX

Ah! wherefore all this wormy circumstance?
Why linger at the yawning tomb so long?
O for the gentleness of old Romance,
The simple plaining of a minstrel's song!
Fair reader, at the old tale take a glance,
For here, in truth, it doth not well belong
To speak:-O turn thee to the very tale,
And taste the music of that vision pale.

L

With duller steel than the Perséan sword
They cut away no formless monster's head,
But one, whose gentleness did well accord
With death, as life. The ancient harps have said,
Love never dies, but lives, immortal Lord:
If Love impersonate was ever dead,
Pale Isabella kiss'd it, and low moan'd
'Twas love; cold, indeed, but not dethroned.

LI

In anxious secrecy they took it home,
And then the prize was all for Isabel:
She calm'd its wild hair with a golden comb,
And all around each eye's sepulchral cell
Pointed each fringed lash; the smeared loam
With tears, as chilly as a dripping well,
She drench'd away:-and still she comb'd, and kept
Sighing all day- and still she kiss'd, and wept.
LII

Then in a silken scarf,—sweet with the dews
Of precious flowers pluck'd in Araby,
And divine liquids come with odorous ooze
Through the cold serpent-pipe refreshfully,—
She wrapp'd it up; and for its tomb did choose
A garden-pot, wherein she laid it by,
And cover'd it with mould, and o'er it set
Sweet Basil, which her tears kept ever wet.

LIII

And she forgot the stars, the moon, and sun,
And she forgot the blue above the trees,
And she forgot the dells where waters run,
And she forgot the chilly autumn breeze;
She had no knowledge when the day was done,
And the new morn she saw not: but in peace
Hung over her sweet Basil evermore,
And moisten'd it with tears unto the core.

LIV

And so she ever fed it with thin tears,
Whence thick, and green, and beautiful it grew,
So that it smelt more balmy than its peers
Of Basil-tufts in Florence; for it drew
Nurture besides, and life, from human fears;
From the fast mouldering head there shut from view:
So that the jewel, safely casketed,
Came forth, and in perfumed leafits spread.

LV

O Melancholy, linger here awhile!
O Music, Music, breathe despondingly!
O Echo, Echo, from some sombre isle,
Unknown, Lethean, sigh to us—o sigh!
Spirits in grief, lift up your heads, and smile;
Lift up your heads, sweet Spirits, heavily,
And make a pale light in your cypress glooms,
Tinting with silver wan your marble tombs.
LVI

Moan hither, all ye syllables of woe,
From the deep throat of sad Melpomene!
Through bronzed lyre in tragic order go,
And touch the strings into a mystery;
Sound mournfully upon the winds and low;
For simple Isabel is soon to be
Among the dead: She withers, like a palm.
Cut by an Indian for its juicy balm.

LVII

O leave the palm to wither by itself;
Let not quick Winter chill its dying hour!-
It may not be those Baalites of pelf,
Her brethren, noted the continual shower
From her dead eyes; and many a curious elf,
Among her kindred, wonder'd that such dower
Of youth and beauty should be thrown aside
By one mark'd out to be a Noble's bride.

LVIII

And, furthermore, her brethren wonder'd much
Why she sat drooping by the Basil green,
And why it flourish'd, as by magic touch;
Greatly they wonder'd what the thing might mean:
They could not surely give belief, that such
A very nothing would have power to wean
Her from her own fair youth, and pleasures gay,
And even remembrance of her love's delay.

LIX

Therefore they watch'd a time when they might sift
This hidden whim; and long they watch'd in vain;
For seldom did she go to chapel-shrift,
And seldom felt she any hunger-pain;
And when she left, she hurried back, as swift
As bird on wing to breast its eggs again;
And, patient as a hen-bird, sat her there
Beside her Basil, weeping through her hair.
LX

Yet they contriv'd to steal the Basil-pot,
   And to examine it in secret place:
   The thing was vile with green and livid spot,
   And yet they knew it was Lorenzo's face:
   The guerdon of their murder they had got,
   And so left Florence in a moment's space,
   Never to turn again.—Away they went,
   With blood upon their heads, to banishment.

LXI

O Melancholy, turn thine eyes away!
   O Music, Music, breathe despondingly!
O Echo, Echo, on some other day,
   From isles Lethean, sigh to us—O sigh!
Spirits of grief, sing not your "Well-a-way!"
   For Isabel, sweet Isabel, will die;
Will die a death too lone and incomplete,
   Now they have ta'en away her Basil sweet.

LXII

Piteous she look'd on dead and senseless things,
   Asking for her lost Basil amorously;
And with melodious chuckle in the strings
   Of her lorn voice, she oftentimes would cry
   After the Pilgrim in his wanderings,
   To ask him where her Basil was; and why
   'Twas hid from her: "For cruel 'tis," said she,
   To steal my Basil-pot away from me.

LXIII

And so she pined, and so she died forlorn,
   Imploring for her Basil to the last.
No heart was there in Florence but did mourn
   In pity of her love, so overcast:
And a sad ditty of this story born
   From mouth to mouth through all the country pass'd:
   Still is the burthen sung—"O cruelty,
   To steal my Basil-pot away from me!"
III

TO ONE WHO HAS BEEN LONG IN CITY PENT

by John Keats

To one who has been long in city pent,
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven,—to breathe a prayer
Full in the smile of the blue firmament.
Who is more happy when, with heart's content,
Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair
Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair
And gentle tale of love and languishment?
Returning home at evening, with an ear
Catching the notes of Philomel,—an eye
Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,
He mourns that day so soon has glided by:
E'en like the passage of an angel's tear
That falls through the clear ether silently.
I

O. SOLITUDE! IF I MUST WITH THEE DWELL

by John Keats

O Solitude! if I must with thee dwell,
Let it not be among the jumbled heap
Of murky buildings; climb with me the steep,—
Nature's observatory—whence the dell,
Its flowery slopes, its river's crystal swell,
May seem a span; let me thy vigils keep
'Mongst boughs pavillion'd where the deer's swift leap
Startles the wild bee from the fox-glove bell.
But though I'll gladly trace these scenes with thee,
Yet the sweet converse of an innocent mind,
Whose words are images of thoughts refin'd,
Is my soul's delight; and it sure must be
Almost the highest bliss of human-kind,
When to thy haunts two kindred spirits flee.

II

HOW MANY BARDS GILD THE LAPSES OF TIME!

by John Keats

How many bards gild the lapses of time!
A few of them have ever been the food
Of my delighted fancy,—I could brood
Over their beauties, earthly, or sublime.
And often, when I sit me down to rhyme,
These will in throngs before my mind intrude:
'But no confusion, no disturbance rude,
Do they occasion; 'tis a pleasing chime.'
So the unnumber'd sounds that evening store;
The songs of birds—the whisp'ring of the leaves—
The voice of waters—the great bell that heaves
With solemn sound,—and thousand others more;
That distance of recognizance bereaves,
Make pleasing music, and not wild uproar.
LAMIA

by John Keats

Part I

Upon a time, before the faery broods
Drove Nymph and Satyr from the prosperous woods,
Before king Oberon's bright head,
Sceptre, and mantle, clasped with dewy gem,
Frighted away the Dryads and the Fauns
From rushes green and brakes, and cowslip'd lawns,
The ever-smitten Hermes emptied
His golden throne, bent warm on amorous theft:
From high Olympus had he stolen light,
On this side of Jove's clouds, to escape the sight
Of his great summoner, and made retreat
Into a forest on the shores of Crete.
For somewhere in that sacred island dwelt
A nymph, to whom all hoofed Satyrs knelt;
At whose white feet the languid Tritons poured
Pearls, while on land they withered and adored.
Past by the springs where she to bathe was wont,
Were strewn rich gifts, unknown to any Muse,
Though Fancy's casket were unlock'd to choose.
Ah, what a world of love was at her feet!
So Hermes thought, and a celestial heat
Burnt from his winged heels to either ear,
That from a whiteness, as the lily clear,
Blushed into roses 'mid his golden hair,
Fallen in jealous curls about his shoulders bare.
From vale to vale, from wood to wood, he flew,
Breathing upon the flowers his passion new,
And wound with many river to its head,
To find where this sweet nymph prepar'd her secret bed:
In vain; the sweet nymph might nowhere be found,
And so he rested, on the lonely ground,
Pensive, and full of painful jealousies
Of the Wood-Gods, and even the very trees.
There as he stood, he heard a mournful voice,
Such as once heard, in gentle heart, destroys
All pain but pity: thus the lone voice spake:
"When from this wreathed tomb shall I awake!
When move in a sweet body fit for life,
And love, and pleasure, and the ruddy strife
Of hearts and lips! Ah, miserable me!
The God, dove-footed, glided silently
Round bush and tree, soft-brushing, in his speed,
The taller grasses and full-flowering weed,
Until he found a palpitating snake,
Bright and cirque-couchant in a dusky brake.

She was a gordian shape, dazzling hue,
Vermillion-spotted, golden, green, and blue;
Striped like a zebra, freckled like a pard,
Eyed like a peacock, and all crimson bared.
And full of silver moons, that, as she breathed,
Dissolv'd or brighter shone, or interwreathed
Their lustres with the gloomier tapestries—
So rainbow-sided touch'd with miseries,
She seem'd at once, some penanced lady elf,
Some demon's mistress, or their demon's self.
Upon her crest she wore a wannish fire
Sprinkled with stars, like Ariadne's tiar:
Her head was serpent but ah, bitter-sweet!
She had a woman's mouth with all its pearls complete:
And for her eyes: what could such eyes do there
But weep, and weep, that they were born so fair?
As Proserpine still weeps for her Sicilian air.
Her throat was serpent but the words she spake
Came, as through bubbling honey, for Love's sake,
And thus; while Hermes on his pinions lay,
Like a stoop'd falconere he takes his prey.

"Fair Hermes, crown'd with feathers, fluttering light,
I had a splendid dream of thee last night:
I saw thee sitting on a throne of gold,
Among the Gods, upon Olympus old.
The only sad one; for thou didst not hear
The soft, lute-finger'd Muses chanting clear.
Nor even Apollo when he sang alone,
Deaf to his throbbing throat's long, long melodious moan.
I dreamt I saw thee, robed in purple flakes,
Break amorous through the clouds, as morning breaks,
And, swiftly as a bright Phoebean dart,
Strike for the Cretan isle; and here thou art!
Too gentle Hermes, hast thou found the maid?"
Whereat the star of Lethe not delay'd
His rosy eloquence, and thus inquired:
"Thou smooth-lipp'd serpent, surely high inspired!
Thou beauteous wreath, with melancholy eyes,
Possess whatever bliss thou canst devise,
Telling me only where my numph is fled,—
Where she doth breathe!" "Bright planet, thou hast said," Return'd the snake, "but seal with oaths, fair God!"
"I swear," said Hermes, "by my serpent rod,
And by thine eyes, and by thy starry crown!"
Light flew his earnest words, among the blossoms blown.
Then thus again the brillance feminine:
"Too frail of heart! for this lost nymph of thine,
Free as the air, invisibly, she strays
About these thornless wilds; her pleasant days
She tastes unseen; unseen her nimble feet
Leave traces in the grass and flowers sweet;
From weary tendrils and bow'd branches green,
She plucks the fruit unseen, she bathes unseen:
And by my power is her beauty veiled:
To keep it unaffronted, unassail'd
By the love-glances of unlovely eyes,
Of Satyrs, Fauns, and beary'd Silenus' signs.
Pale grew her immortality, for woe
Of all these lovers, and she grieved so
I took compassion on her, bade her steep
Her hair in weird syrops, that would keep
Her loveliness invisible, yet free
To wander as she loves, in liberty.
Thou shalt behold her, Hermes, thou alone,
If thou wilt, as thou swearest, grant my boon!"
Then, once again, the charmed God began
An oath, and through the serpent's ears it ran
Warm, tremulous, devout, psalterian.
Ravish'd she lifted her Circean head,
Blush'd a live damask, and swift-lisping said,
"I was a woman, let me have once more
A woman's shape, and charming as before.
I love a youth of Corinth—O the bliss!
Give me my woman's form, and place me where he is.
Stoop, Hermes, let me breathe upon thy brow,
And thou shalt see thy sweet nymph even now."
The God on half-shut feathers sank serene,
She breath'd upon his eyes, and swift was seen
Of both the guarded nymph near-smiling on the green.
It was no dream; or say a dream it was,
Real are the dreams of Gods, and smoothly pass
Their pleasures in a long immortal dream.
One warm, flush'd moment, hovering, it might seem
Dash'd by the wood-nymph's beauty, so he burn'd;
Then, lighting on the printless verdure, turn'd;
To the swoon'd serpent, and with languid arm,
Delicate, put to proof the lythe Caducean charm.
So done, upon the nymph his eyes he bent
Full of adoring tears and blandishment,
And towards her stept: she, like a moon in wane,
Faded before him, cower'd nor could restrain
Her fearful sobs, self-folding like a flower
That faints into itself at evening hour:
But the God fostering her chilled hand,
She felt the warmth, her eyelids open'd bland,
And, like new flowers at morning song of bees,
Bloom'd, and gave up her honey to the lees.
Into the green-recessed woods they flew;
Nor grew they pale, as mortal lovers do.

Left to herself, the serpent now began
To change; her elfin blood in madness ran,
Her mouth foam'd, and the grass, therewith besprent,
Wither'd at dew so sweet and virulent;
Her eyes in torture fix'd, and anguish drear,
Hot, glaz'd, and wide, with lid-lashes all sear,
Flash'd phosphor and sharp sparks, without one cooling tear.
The colours all inflam'd throughout her train,
She writh'd about, convuls'd with scarlet pain:
A deep volcanian yellow took the place
Of all her milder-mooned body's grace;
And, as the lava ravishes the mead,
Spoilt all her silver mail, and golden brede;
Made gloom of all her frecklings, streaks and bars,
Eclips'd her crescents, and lick'd up her stars:
So that, in moments few, she was undrest
Of all her sapphires, greens, and amethyst,
And rubious-argent: of all these bereft,
Nothing but pain and ugliness were left.
Still shone her crown; that vanish'd, also she
Melted and disappear'd as suddenly;
And in the air, her new voice luting soft,
Cried, "Lycius! gentle Lycius!" -Borne aloft
With the bright mists about the mountains hoar
These words dissolv'd: Crete forests heard no more.

Whither fled Lamia, now a lady bright?
A full-born beauty new and exquisite?
She fled into that valley they pass o'er
Who go to Corinth from Cenchreas' shore;
And rested at the foot of those wild hills,
The rugged founts of the Peraean rills,
And of that other ridge whose barren back
Stretches, with all its mist and cloudy rack,
South-westward to Cleone. There she stood
About a young bird's flutter from a wood,
Faithful on a sloping green of mossy tread,
By a clear pool, wherein she passioned
To see herself escap'd from so sore ills,
While her robes flaunted with the daffodils.

Ah, happy Lycius!—for she was a maid
More beautiful than ever twisted braid,
Or sighed, or blush'd, or on spring-flowered lea
Spread a green kirtle to the minstrelsy:
A virgin purest lipp'd, yet in the lore
Of love deep learned to the red heart's core:
Not one hour old, yet of sciential brain
To unperplex bliss from its neighbour pain;
Define their pettish limits, and estrange
Their points of contact, and swift counterchange;
Intrigue with the specious chaos, and dispart
Its most ambiguous atoms with sure art;
As though in Cupid's college she had spent
Sweet days a lovely graduate, still unshent,
And kept his rosy terms in idle languishment.

Why this fair creature chose so faerily
By the wayside to linger, we shall see;
But first 'tis fit to tell how she could muse
And dream, when in the serpent prison-house,
Of all she list, strange or magnificent.
How, ever, where she will'd her spirit went;
Whether to faint Elysium, or where
Down through tress-lifting waves the Nereids fair
Wind into Thetis' bower by many a pearly stair;
Or where God Bacchus drains his cups divine,
Stretch'd out, at ease, beneath a glutinous pine;
Or where in Pluto's gardens palatine
Malciber's columns gleam in far piazzian line.
And sometimes into cities she would send
Her dream, with feast and rioting to blend;
And once, while among mortals dreaming thus,
She saw the young Corinthian Lycius
Charioting foremost in the envious race,
Like a young Jove with calm uneager face,
And fell into a swooning love of him.

Now on the mothy-time of that evening dim. 
He would return that way, as well she knew,
To Corinth from the shore; for freshly blew
The eastern soft wind, and his galley now
Grated the quaystones with her brazen prow
In port Cenchreas, from Egina isle
Fresh anchor'd; whither he had been awhile
To sacrifice to Jove, whose temple there
Waits with high marble doors for blood and incense rare.
Jove heard his vows, and better'd his desire;
For by some freakful chance he made retire
From his companions, and set forth to walk,
Perhaps grown wearied of their Corinth talk:
Over the solitary hills he fared,
Thoughtless at first, but ere eve's star appeared
His phantasy was lost, where reason fades,
In the calm'd twilight of Platonic shades.
Lamia beheld him coming, near more near-
His silent sandals swept the mossy green;
So neighbor'd to him, and yet so unseen
She stood: he pass'd, shut up in mysteries,
His mind wrapp'd like his mantle, while her eyes
Followed his steps, and her neck regal white
Turn'd-syllabling thus, "Ah, Lycius bright,
And will you leave me on the hills alone?"
Lycius, look back! and be some pity shown."
He did; not with cold wonder fearingly,
But Orpheus-like at an Eurydice;
For so delicious were the words she sung,
It seemed he had lov'd them a whole summer long:
And soon his eyes had drunk her beauty up,
Leaving no drop in the bewildering cup,
And still the cup was full while he, afraid
Lest she should vanish ere his lip had paid
Due adoration, thus began to adore;
Her soft look growing coy, she saw his chin so sure:
"Leave thee alone! Look back! An, Goddess see
Whether my eyes can ever turn from thee!
For pity do not this sad heart belie-
Even as thou vanishest so shall I die.
Stay! though a Naiad of the rivers, stay!
To thy far wishes will thy streams obey:
Stay! though the greenest woods be thy domain,
Alone they can drink up the morning rain:
Through a descended Pleiad, will not one
Of thine harmonious sisters keep in tune
Thy spheres, and as thy silver proxy shine?
So sweetly to these ravish'd ears of mine
Came thy sweet greeting, that if thou shouldst fade
Thy memory will waste me to a shade:-
For pity do not melt!" - "If I should stay,"
Said Lamis, "here, upon this floor of clay,
And pain my steps upon these flowers too rough,
What canst thou say or do of charm enough
To dull the nice remembrance of my home?
Thou canst not ask me with thee here to roam
Over these hills and vales, where no joy is,-
Empty of immortality and bliss!
Thou art a scholar, Lycius, and must know
That finer spirits cannot breathe below
In human climes, and live: 'Alas! poor youth,
What taste of purer air hast thou to soothe
My essence? What serener palaces,
Where I may all my many senses please,
And my mysterious sleights a hundred thirsts appease?
It cannot be - Adieu!"
So said, she rose
Tiptoe with white arms spread
The amorous promise of her lone complaint,
Swoon'd murmuring of love, and pale with pain.
The cruel lady, without any show
Of sorrow for her tender favourite's woe,
But rather, if her eyes could brighter be,
With brighter eyes and slow amenity,
Put her new lips to his, and gave afresh
The life she had so tangled in her mesh:
And as he from one trance was wakening
Into another, she began to sing,
Happy in beauty, life, and love, and everything,
A song of love, too sweet for earthly lyres,
While, like held breath, the stars drew in their panting fires.
And then, she whisper'd in such trembling tone,
As those who, safe together met
For the first time through many anguish'd days,
Use other speech than looks; bidding him raise
His drooping head, and clear his soul of doubt,
For that she was a woman, and without
Any more subtle fluid in her veins
Than throbbing blood, and that the self-same pains
Inhabited her frail-strung heart as his.
And next she wonder'd how his eyes could miss
Her face so long in Corinth, where, she said,
She dwelt but half retir'd; and there had led
Days happy as the gold coin could invent
Without the aid of love: yet in content
Till she saw him, as once she pass'd him by,
Where 'gainst a column he leant thoughtfully
At Venus' temple porch, 'mid baskets heap'd
Of amorous herbs and flowers, newly reap'd
Late on that eve, as 'twas the night before
The Adonian feast; whereof she saw no more,
But wept alone those days, for why should she adore?
Lycius from death awoke into amaze,
To see her still, and singing so sweet lays:
Then from amaze into delight he fell
To hear her whisper woman's lore so well;
And every word she spake entic'd him on
To unperplex'd delight and pleasure known.
Let the mad poets say whate'er they please
Of the sweets of Faeries, Peris, Goddesses,
There is not such a treat among them all,
Haunters of cavern, lake, and waterfall,
As a real woman, lineal indeed
From Pyrrha's pebbles or old Adam's seed.
Thus gentle Lamia, judg'd and judg'd aright,
That Lycius could not love in half a fright,
So threw the goddess off, and won his heart
More pleasantly by playing woman's part,
With no more awe than what her beauty gave,
That, while it smote, still guaranteed to save.
Lycius to all made eloquent reply,
Marrying to every word a twinborn sigh;
And last, pointing to Corinth, ask'd her sweet,
If too far that night for her soft feet.
The way was short, for Lamia's eagerness
Made, by a spell, the triple league decrease
To a few paces; not at all surmised
By blinded Lycius, so in her comprized.
They pass'd the city gates, he knew not how,
So noiseless, and he never thought to know.

As men talk in a dream, so Corinth all,
Throughout her palaces imperial,
And all her populous streets and temples lewd,
Mutter'd, like tempest in the distance brew'd,
To the wide-spreaded night above her towers.
Men, women, rich and poor, in the cool hours,
Shuffled their sandals o'er the pavement white,
Companion'd or alone, while many a light
Flared, here and there, from wealthy festivals,
And threw their moving shadows on the walls,
Or found them cluster'd in the corniced shade
Of some arch'd temple door, or dusky colonnade.

Muffling his face, of greeting friends in fear,
Her fingers he press'd hard, as one came near
With curl'd gray beard, sharp eyes, and smooth bald crown,
Slow-steep'd, and robed in philosophic gown:
Lycius shrank closer, as they met and past,
Into his mantle, adding wings to haste,
While hurried Lamia trembled: "Ah", said he,
"Why do you shudder, love, so ruefully?
Why does your tender palm dissolve in dew?"
"I'm wearied," said fair Lamia: "tell me who
Is that old man? I cannot bring to mind
His features: - Lycius! wherefore did you blind
Yourself from his quick eyes?" Lycius replied,
"'Tis Apollonius sage, my trusty guide
And good instructor; but tonight he seems
The ghost of folly haunting my sweet dreams."

While yet he spake they had arrived before
A pillar'd porch, with lofty portal door,
Where hung a silver lamp, whose phosphor glow
Reflected in the slabbed steps below,
Mild as a star in water; for so new
And so unsullied was the marble hue,
So through the crystal polish, liquid fine,
Ran the dark veins, that none but feet divine
Could e'er have touch'd there. Sounds Aeolian
Breath'd from the hinges, as the ample span
Of the wide doors disclos'd a place unknown
Some time to any, but those two alone,
And a few Persian mutes, who that same year
Were seen about the markets: none knew where
They could inhabit; the most curious
Were foul'd, who watch'd to race them to their house:
And but the flitter-winged verse must tell,
For truth's sake, what woe afterwards befell,
'Twould humour many a heart to leave them thus,
Shut from the busy world of more incredulous.
Qualities of Romanticism

1. The romanticist is strongly intuitive in holding that the great truths come to man independent of the intellectual core of man.

2. The romanticist believes in the world of spirit—the world of the imagination which they believe to be eternity or equated with God.

3. The romanticist is introverted.

4. The romanticist believes that he alone is able to grasp Plato's Ideal Forms and is able to render these ideal forms concrete through the use of the imagination.

5. The romanticist believes that God is inside the world, making all forms of matter equally divine.

6. The romanticist is often pantheistic.

7. The romanticist leans heavily on interpretations of the power of nature.

8. The romanticist relies on the use of the senses to render the abstract concrete.

9. The romanticist is inclusive.

10. The romanticist is often intellectual in rendering the thoughts concrete.

11. The romanticist asserts that innocence and virtue are equated in the child: maturity brings knowledge of evil.

12. Romanticism often asserts that man's total personality should respond purely to instinct.

13. The romanticist is essentially in the tragic tradition. He lacks a sense of humor.

14. The romanticist loathes his present condition. He looks to the past and hopes for a better and brighter future.
15. The romanticist opposes intellectual organizations, and dogma.

16. The romanticist is often seized with a romantic melancholy.

17. The romanticist is a defender of human freedom.

18. The romanticist is a humanitarian.
### Subclassification of the Value Category

into Cognitive and Attitudinal Adjectives

#### Attitudinal—

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grim irresistible sweet mystic
harmonious proud lone feeble lovely
heartless joyous solemn phantasmal feeble
frail frail frail passionate sweet

Cognitive--

obscure mute wise amorous vital
mute musical immortal blind musical
sublime envious extinct refulgent serene
ture musical purest invisible eternal
mortal lucid weak quiet voiceless
dead wan melodious dead baser
sacred mortal holy eternal sacred
eternal silent weak obscene clamorous
ture immortal bare magic frail
naked feeble rugged pardlike superincumbent
weak deaf nameless magic notchless
secret purer sordrid unprofitable faint
dense mortal mortal blind sublime
keen secret divine keen true
great natural silent awful strange
incommunicable untimely pious waste votive
melodious wild mute choicest divine
numberless savage secret secret immeasurable
obedient awful eternal dead strong
natural inmost speechless divine pure
wild eloquent ineffable strong irresistible
choicest mysterious dead insatiate careless
vital strange dead eager troubled
false strong strong immeasurable deaf
blind silent doubtful deep mighty
eager fierce resplendent mutual elemental
everlasting one glassy nightly musical
pensive strong mightier close mutable
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