

# To a Young Lady Who Sent Me a Laurel Crown

John Keats

Fresh morning gusts have blown away all fear  
From my glad bosom, -now from gloominess  
I mount for ever -not an atom less  
Than the proud laurel shall content my bier.  
No! by the eternal stars! or why sit here  
In the Sun's eye, and 'gainst my temples press  
Apollo's very leaves, woven to bless  
By thy white fingers and thy spirit clear.  
Lo! who dares say, "Do this"? Who dares call down  
My will from its high purpose? Who say, "Stand,"  
Or, "Go"? This mighty moment I would frown  
On abject Caesars -not the stoutest band  
Of mailed heroes should tear off my crown:  
Yet would I kneel and kiss thy gentle hand.