

# Written on a Summer Evening

John Keats

The church bells toll a melancholy round,  
Calling the people to some other prayers,  
Some other gloominess, more dreadful cares,  
More harkening to the sermon's horrid sound.  
Surely the mind of man is closely bound  
In some blind spell: seeing that each one tears  
Himself from fireside joys and Lydian airs,  
And converse high of those with glory crowned.  
Still, still they toll, and I should feel a damp,  
A chill as from a tomb, did I not know  
That they are dying like an outburnt lamp, -  
That 'tis their sighing, wailing, ere they go  
Into oblivion -that fresh flowers will grow,  
And many glories of immortal stamp.