

# O Solitude! If I Must With Thee Dwell

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,  
In flowery slopes, its river's crystal swell,  
May seem a span; let me thy vigils keep  
'Mongst boughs pavilioned, where the deer's swift leap  
Startles the wild bee from the foxglove 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 refined,  
Is my soul's pleasure; and it sure must be  
Almost the highest bliss of human-kind,  
When to thy haunts two kindred spirits flee.