

III

FAME SPEAKS

Stand forth, John Keats! On earth thou knew'st me not;
Steadfast through all the storms of passion, thou,
True to thy muse, and virgin to thy vow;
Resigned, if name with ashes were forgot,
So thou one arrow in the gold had'st shot!
I never placed my laurel on thy brow,
But on thy name I come to lay it now,
When thy bones wither in the earthly plot.
Fame is my name. I dwell among the clouds,
Being immortal, and the wreath I bring
Itself is Immortality. The sweets
Of earth I know not, more the pains, but wing
In mine own ether, with the crownéd crowds
Born of the centuries.—Stand forth, John Keats!