

Ode to the Nightingale

My heart aches and a <sup>dreary</sup> numbness falls  
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk;  
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains  
One minute <sup>lost</sup> ~~gone~~ and I have had sunk.  
It 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 melonious plot  
Of hushen green, and shadowy numbs  
Lingerest of summer in full-throated ease.  
O for a draught of ventage that has been  
Cooling us <sup>long</sup> ~~age~~ in the deep-delved earth  
Tasting of Flora, and the country green  
And Dance, and Provencal song and sunburnt mirth  
O for a Beaker full of the warm South,  
Full of the true and blueful Hippocrene  
With clustered bubbles writhing 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  
Fade far away, dissolve and quite forget  
What thou among the leaves hast never known  
The meaning, the fear and the fit  
Here, where men sit and hear each other's voices  
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs  
Where <sup>hysteria</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>your</sup> pale and thin ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> dies



Where but to think is to be full of <sup>sorrow</sup> ~~grief~~  
and leaden-eyed despair.

Where Beauty cannot keep her lustre eye  
Or <sup>new</sup> Love pine at them beyond tomorrow.

Aw ay - away - for I will fly <sup>to</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~  
Not charioted by Bacchus and his bands

But on the winged 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  
Clothed around by all her starry fays -

But here there is no light

I see what from <sup>warm</sup> is with the breeze blown

~~So long~~ Though wondrous glooms and winding ways

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet

Nor what ~~blooms~~ soft incense hangs upon the

But in embalm'd darkness gels each <sup>couple</sup> ~~sweet~~  
~~with~~ ~~with~~ the seasonable month endows

The grass the thicket and the fruit tree wild

White Hawthorn and the pastoral ecstasies

Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves

And midday's eldest child

The coming muskrose full of sweetest wine

Her crimsonous haub of flies on summer seas

Small wings of







Folow! The very world is like a bell  
To toll ~~me~~ <sup>me back</sup> from thee unto myself  
Adieu! The fancy cannot cheat so well  
As she is found to do, deceiving <sup>my</sup> self!  
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 real or waking dream?  
Fled is that Music - do I wake or sleep?