

KEATS

IMMORTAL exile from the Grecian shore,
Thou who didst lay thine heart at Nature's
 shrine,
Breathing a noble praise in song divine,
Making melodious rhymes that sweetly pour
Enchantment like the Lesbian isle of yore
And dreams of dryads, amber honey, wine,
And flowery wreaths the white-limbed
 nymphs did twine ;
These sadly thou didst leave, and sing no
 more.

In crumbling Rome, beneath Italian skies,
Where memories of Virgil haunt the spot,
Thou sleep'st alone, and Time's great ruin
 lies
About thy grave. Young dreamer, who
 once sought
Parnassian heights and bore a precious prize,
Thy golden reed of promise lies forgot !