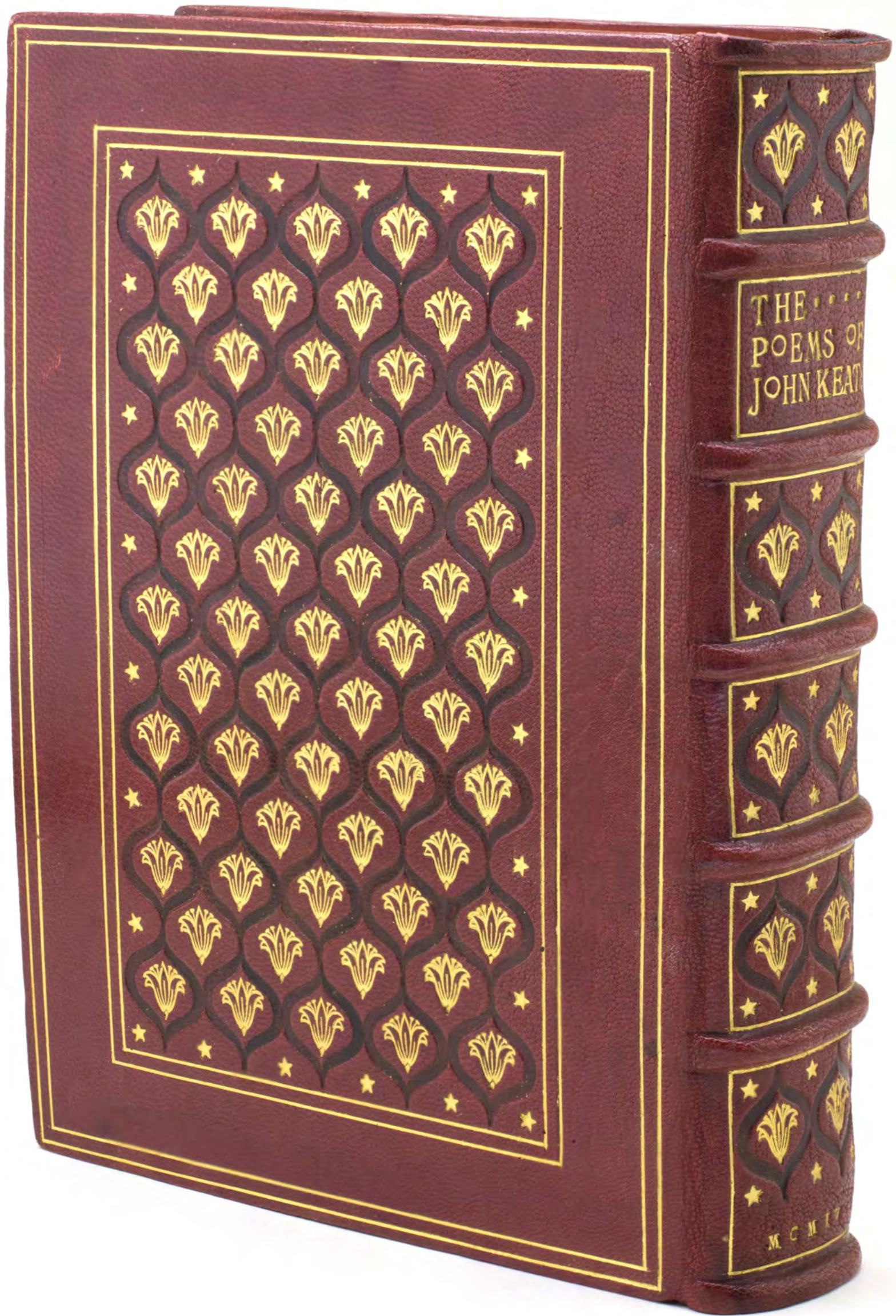


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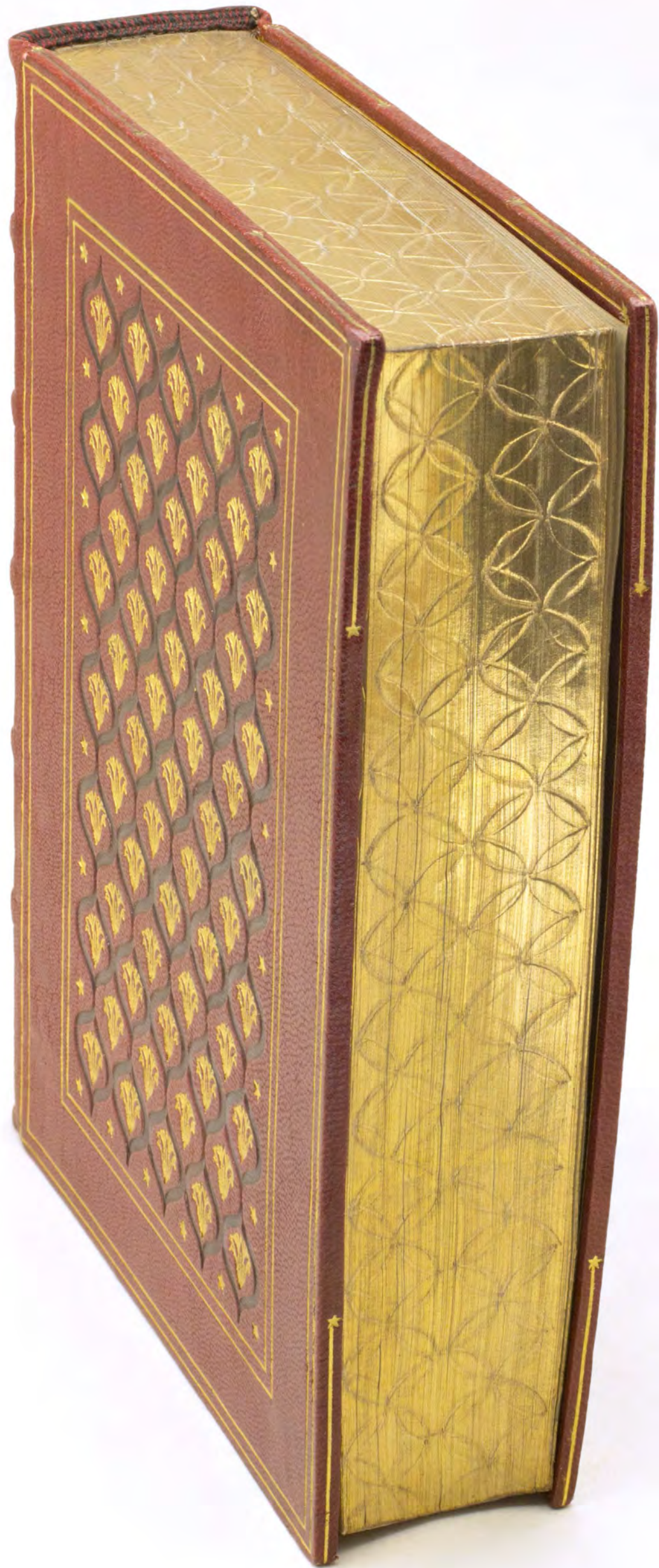




THE
POEMS OF
JOHN KEATS

MCM





THE CHISWICK QUARTOS

THE POEMS OF JOHN KEATS

VOL. I



To the Grave of Keats.

*Soft breezes wander through the laurel tree
Above the quiet grave. Fair shine the skies
O'er the Eternal City, where sleeping lies
All that is mortal, now, O Keats, of thee.
The violets, caressingly and free,
Cluster o'er the silent tomb, - art wise
Perhaps of the dust beneath that gives their lives
To bloom? None can tell but God and he.*

*Blow softly, breeze, and skies shine fair and blue
Bloom, violets, in the beauty of thy kind,
And, laurel, sweep o'er thy graceful leaves, nor falter
In thy watch, but ever faithful, each, and true,
Remem'ring the deathless beauty of his mind;
For "Here lies one whose name was writ in water."*

R. M. M. M. Rome, 1903.