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Dedication. To Leigh Hunt, Esq.

(1817)

Glory and loveliness have pass'd away;
For if we wander out in early morn,
No wreathèd incense do we see upborne
Into the east, to meet the smiling day:
No crowd of nymphs soft voic'd and young, and gay,
In woven baskets bringing ears of corn,
Roses, and pinks, and violets, to adorn
The shrine of Flora in her early May.
But there are left delights as high as these.
And I shall ever bless my destiny,
That in a time when under pleasant trees
Pan is no longer sought, I feel a free
A leafy luxury, seeing I could please,
With these poor offerings, a man like thee.

How many bards gild the lapses of time!

(1817)

How many bards gild the lapses of time!
A few of them have ever been the food
Of my delighted fancy, – I could brood
Over their beauties, earthly, or sublime:
And often, when I sit me down to rhyme,
These will in throngs before my mind intrude;
 But no confusion, no disturbance rude
Do they occasion; 'tis a pleasing chime.
So the unnumber'd sounds that evening store;
 The songs of birds – the whisp'ring of the leaves –
 The voice of waters – the great bell that heaves
With solemn sound, – and thousand others more,
 That distance of recognizance bereaves,
Make pleasing music, and not wild uproar.

On First Looking into Chapman's *Homer*

(1817)

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific – and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise –
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.