



Adonais

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he
doth not sleep —
He hath awakened from the
dream of life —
'Tis we, who lost in stormy
visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable
strife,
And in mad trance, strike with
our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings. — We
decay
Like corpses in a charnel; fear
and grief
Convulse us and consume us
day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like
worms within our living clay.
The One remains, the many
change and pass;
Heaven's light forever shines,
Earth's shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-
coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of
Eternity,
Until Death tramples it to
fragments. — Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which
thou dost seek!

Follow where all is fled!—Rome's
azure sky,
Flowers, ruins, statues, music,
words, are weak
The glory they transfuse with
fitting truth to speak.



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