John Keats

|  |
| --- |
| **52. When I have fears that I may cease to be** |
|  |

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| |  | | --- | |  | | When I have fears that I may cease to be |  | | Before my pen has glean’d my teeming brain, |  | | Before high piled books, in charact’ry, |  | | Hold like rich garners the full-ripen’d grain; |  | | When I behold, upon the night’s starr’d face, | *5* | | Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance, |  | | And think that I may never live to trace |  | | Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance; |  | | And when I feel, fair creature of an hour! |  | | That I shall never look upon thee more, | *10* | | Never have relish in the faery power |  | | Of unreflecting love!—then on the shore |  | | Of the wide world I stand alone, and think |  | | Till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink. |  | |