John Keats

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

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