

HYPERION

epic poem by John Keats

1818

Hyperion – Book I

Deep in the shady sadness of a vale
 Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
 Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
 Sat gray-hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone,
 Still as the silence round about his lair; 5
 Forest on forest hung about his head
 Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
 Not so much life as on a summer's day
 Robs not one light seed from the feather'd grass,
 But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest. 10
 A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more
 By reason of his fallen divinity
 Spreading a shade: the Naiad 'mid her reeds
 Press'd her cold finger closer to her lips.
 Along the margin-sand large foot-marks went, 15
 No further than to where his feet had stray'd,
 And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground
 His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
 Unscptred; and his realmless eyes were closed;
 While his bow'd head seem'd list'ning to the Earth, 20
 His ancient mother, for some comfort yet.
 It seem'd no force could wake him from his place;
 But there came one, who with a kindred hand
 Touch'd his wide shoulders, after bending low
 With reverence, though to one who knew it not. 25
 She was a Goddess of the infant world;
 By her in stature the tall Amazon
 Had stood a pigmy's height: she would have ta'en
 Achilles by the hair and bent his neck;
 Or with a finger stay'd Ixion's wheel. 30
 Her face was large as that of Memphian sphinx,
 Pedestal'd haply in a palace court,
 When sages look'd to Egypt for their lore.
 But oh! how unlike marble was that face:
 How beautiful, if sorrow had not made 35
 Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self.
 There was a listening fear in her regard,
 As if calamity had but begun;
 As if the vanward clouds of evil days
 Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear 40

Was with its stored thunder labouring up.
 One hand she press'd upon that aching spot
 Where beats the human heart, as if just there,
 Though an immortal, she felt cruel pain:
 The other upon Saturn's bended neck 45
 She laid, and to the level of his ear
 Leaning with parted lips, some words she spake
 In solemn tenour and deep organ tone:
 Some mourning words, which in our feeble tongue
 Would come in these like accents; O how frail 50
 To that large utterance of the early Gods!
 "Saturn, look up!—though wherefore, poor old King?
 "I have no comfort for thee, no not one:
 "I cannot say, "O wherefore sleepest thou?"
 "For heaven is parted from thee, and the earth 55
 "Knows thee not, thus afflicted, for a God;
 "And ocean too, with all its solemn noise,
 "Has from thy sceptre pass'd; and all the air
 "Is emptied of thine hoary majesty.
 "Thy thunder, conscious of the new command, 60
 "Rumbles reluctant o'er our fallen house;
 "And thy sharp lightning in unpractised hands
 "Scorches and burns our once serene domain.
 "O aching time! O moments big as years!
 "All as ye pass swell out the monstrous truth, 65
 "And press it so upon our weary griefs
 "That unbelief has not a space to breathe.
 "Saturn, sleep on:—O thoughtless, why did I
 "Thus violate thy slumbrous solitude?
 "Why should I ope thy melancholy eyes? 70
 "Saturn, sleep on! while at thy feet I weep."
 As when, upon a tranced summer-night,
 Those green-rob'd senators of mighty woods,
 Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
 Dream, and so dream all night without a stir, 75
 Save from one gradual solitary gust
 Which comes upon the silence, and dies off,
 As if the ebbing air had but one wave;
 So came these words and went; the while in tears
 She touch'd her fair large forehead to the ground, 80
 Just where her falling hair might be outspread
 A soft and silken mat for Saturn's feet.
 One moon, with alteration slow, had shed
 Her silver seasons four upon the night,
 And still these two were postured motionless, 85
 Like natural sculpture in cathedral cavern;

The frozen God still couchant on the earth,
 And the sad Goddess weeping at his feet:
 Until at length old Saturn lifted up
 His faded eyes, and saw his kingdom gone, 90
 And all the gloom and sorrow of the place,
 And that fair kneeling Goddess; and then spake,
 As with a palsied tongue, and while his beard
 Shook horrid with such aspen-malady:
 "O tender spouse of gold Hyperion, 95
 "Thea, I feel thee ere I see thy face;
 "Look up, and let me see our doom in it;
 "Look up, and tell me if this feeble shape
 "Is Saturn's; tell me, if thou hear'st the voice
 "Of Saturn; tell me, if this wrinkling brow, 100
 "Naked and bare of its great diadem,
 "Peers like the front of Saturn. Who had power
 "To make me desolate? whence came the strength?
 "How was it nurtur'd to such bursting forth,
 "While Fate seem'd strangled in my nervous grasp? 105
 "But it is so; and I am smother'd up,
 "And buried from all godlike exercise
 "Of influence benign on planets pale,
 "Of admonitions to the winds and seas,
 "Of peaceful sway above man's harvesting, 110
 "And all those acts which Deity supreme
 "Doth ease its heart of love in.—I am gone
 "Away from my own bosom: I have left
 "My strong identity, my real self,
 "Somewhere between the throne, and where I sit 115
 "Here on this spot of earth. Search, Thea, search!
 "Open thine eyes eterne, and sphere them round
 "Upon all space: space starr'd, and lorn of light;
 "Space region'd with life-air; and barren void;
 "Spaces of fire, and all the yawn of hell.— 120
 "Search, Thea, search! and tell me, if thou seest
 "A certain shape or shadow, making way
 "With wings or chariot fierce to repossess
 "A heaven he lost erewhile: it must—it must
 "Be of ripe progress—Saturn must be King. 125
 "Yes, there must be a golden victory;
 "There must be Gods thrown down, and trumpets blown
 "Of triumph calm, and hymns of festival
 "Upon the gold clouds metropolitan,
 "Voices of soft proclaim, and silver stir 130
 "Of strings in hollow shells; and there shall be
 "Beautiful things made new, for the surprise

"Of the sky-children; I will give command:
 "Thea! Thea! Thea! where is Saturn?"
 This passion lifted him upon his feet, 135
 And made his hands to struggle in the air,
 His Druid locks to shake and ooze with sweat,
 His eyes to fever out, his voice to cease.
 He stood, and heard not Thea's sobbing deep;
 A little time, and then again he snatch'd 140
 Utterance thus.—"But cannot I create?
 "Cannot I form? Cannot I fashion forth
 "Another world, another universe,
 "To overbear and crumble this to nought?
 "Where is another chaos? Where?"—That word 145
 Found way unto Olympus, and made quake
 The rebel three.—Thea was startled up,
 And in her bearing was a sort of hope,
 As thus she quick-voic'd spake, yet full of awe.
 "This cheers our fallen house: come to our friends, 150
 "O Saturn! come away, and give them heart;
 "I know the covert, for thence came I hither."
 Thus brief; then with beseeching eyes she went
 With backward footing through the shade a space:
 He follow'd, and she turn'd to lead the way 155
 Through aged boughs, that yielded like the mist
 Which eagles cleave upmounting from their nest.
 Meanwhile in other realms big tears were shed,
 More sorrow like to this, and such like woe,
 Too huge for mortal tongue or pen of scribe: 160
 The Titans fierce, self hid, or prison-bound,
 Groan'd for the old allegiance once more,
 And listen'd in sharp pain for Saturn's voice.
 But one of the whole mammoth-brood still kept
 His sov'reignty, and rule, and majesty;— 165
 Blazing Hyperion on his orb'd fire
 Still sat, still snuff'd the incense, teeming up
 From man to the sun's God; yet unsecure:
 For as among us mortals omens drear
 Fright and perplex, so also shuddered he— 170
 Not at dog's howl, or gloom-bird's hated screech,
 Or the familiar visiting of one
 Upon the first toll of his passing-bell,
 Or prophesyings of the midnight lamp;
 But horrors, portion'd to a giant nerve, 175
 Oft made Hyperion ache. His palace bright
 Bastion'd with pyramids of glowing gold,
 And touch'd with shade of bronzed obelisks,

Glar'd a blood-red through all its thousand courts,
 Arches, and domes, and fiery galleries; 180
 And all its curtains of Aurorian clouds
 Flush'd angerly: while sometimes eagle's wings,
 Unseen before by Gods or wondering men,
 Darken'd the place; and neighing steeds were heard,
 Not heard before by Gods or wondering men. 185
 Also, when he would taste the spicy wreaths
 Of incense, breath'd aloft from sacred hills,
 Instead of sweets, his ample palate took
 Savour of poisonous brass and metal sick:
 And so, when harbour'd in the sleepy west, 190
 After the full completion of fair day,—
 For rest divine upon exalted couch
 And slumber in the arms of melody,
 He pac'd away the pleasant hours of ease
 With stride colossal, on from hall to hall; 195
 While far within each aisle and deep recess,
 His winged minions in close clusters stood,
 Amaz'd and full of fear; like anxious men
 Who on wide plains gather in panting troops,
 When earthquakes jar their battlements and towers. 200
 Even now, while Saturn, rous'd from icy trance,
 Went step for step with Thea through the woods,
 Hyperion, leaving twilight in the rear,
 Came slope upon the threshold of the west;
 Then, as was wont, his palace-door flew ope 205
 In smoothest silence, save what solemn tubes,
 Blown by the serious Zephyrs, gave of sweet
 And wandering sounds, slow-breathed melodies;
 And like a rose in vermeil tint and shape,
 In fragrance soft, and coolness to the eye, 210
 That inlet to severe magnificence
 Stood full blown, for the God to enter in.
 He enter'd, but he enter'd full of wrath;
 His flaming robes stream'd out beyond his heels,
 And gave a roar, as if of earthly fire, 215
 That scar'd away the meek ethereal Hours
 And made their dove-wings tremble. On he flared,
 From stately nave to nave, from vault to vault,
 Through bowers of fragrant and enwreathed light,
 And diamond-paved lustrous long arcades, 220
 Until he reach'd the great main cupola;
 There standing fierce beneath, he stamp'd his foot,
 And from the basements deep to the high towers
 Jarr'd his own golden region; and before

The quavering thunder thereupon had ceas'd, 225
 His voice leapt out, despite of godlike curb,
 To this result: "O dreams of day and night!
 "O monstrous forms! O effigies of pain!
 "O spectres busy in a cold, cold gloom!
 "O lank-ear'd Phantoms of black-weeded pools! 230
 "Why do I know ye? why have I seen ye? why
 "Is my eternal essence thus distraught
 "To see and to behold these horrors new?
 "Saturn is fallen, am I too to fall?
 "Am I to leave this haven of my rest, 235
 "This cradle of my glory, this soft clime,
 "This calm luxuriance of blissful light,
 "These crystalline pavilions, and pure fanes,
 "Of all my lucent empire? It is left
 "Deserted, void, nor any haunt of mine. 240
 "The blaze, the splendor, and the symmetry,
 "I cannot see—but darkness, death and darkness.
 "Even here, into my centre of repose,
 "The shady visions come to domineer,
 "Insult, and blind, and stifle up my pomp.— 245
 "Fall!—No, by Tellus and her briny robes!
 "Over the fiery frontier of my realms
 "I will advance a terrible right arm
 "Shall scare that infant thunderer, rebel Jove,
 "And bid old Saturn take his throne again."— 250
 He spake, and ceas'd, the while a heavier threat
 Held struggle with his throat but came not forth;
 For as in theatres of crowded men
 Hubbub increases more they call out "Hush!"
 So at Hyperion's words the Phantoms pale 255
 Bestir'd themselves, thrice horrible and cold;
 And from the mirror'd level where he stood
 A mist arose, as from a scummy marsh.
 At this, through all his bulk an agony
 Crept gradual, from the feet unto the crown, 260
 Like a lithe serpent vast and muscular
 Making slow way, with head and neck convuls'd
 From over-strained might. Releas'd, he fled
 To the eastern gates, and full six dewy hours
 Before the dawn in season due should blush, 265
 He breath'd fierce breath against the sleepy portals,
 Clear'd them of heavy vapours, burst them wide
 Suddenly on the ocean's chilly streams.
 The planet orb of fire, whereon he rode
 Each day from east to west the heavens through, 270

Spun round in sable curtaining of clouds;
 Not therefore veiled quite, blindfold, and hid,
 But ever and anon the glancing spheres,
 Circles, and arcs, and broad-belting colure,
 Glow'd through, and wrought upon the muffling dark 275
 Sweet-shaped lightnings from the nadir deep
 Up to the zenith,—hieroglyphics old,
 Which sages and keen-eyed astrologers
 Then living on the earth, with labouring thought
 Won from the gaze of many centuries: 280
 Now lost, save what we find on remnants huge
 Of stone, or marble swart; their import gone,
 Their wisdom long since fled.—Two wings this orb
 Possess'd for glory, two fair argent wings,
 Ever exalted at the God's approach: 285
 And now, from forth the gloom their plumes immense
 Rose, one by one, till all outspreaded were;
 While still the dazzling globe maintain'd eclipse,
 Awaiting for Hyperion's command.
 Fain would he have commanded, fain took throne 290
 And bid the day begin, if but for change.
 He might not:—No, though a primeval God:
 The sacred seasons might not be disturb'd.
 Therefore the operations of the dawn
 Stay'd in their birth, even as here 'tis told. 295
 Those silver wings expanded sisterly,
 Eager to sail their orb; the porches wide
 Open'd upon the dusk demesnes of night;
 And the bright Titan, phrenzied with new woes,
 Unus'd to bend, by hard compulsion bent 300
 His spirit to the sorrow of the time;
 And all along a dismal rack of clouds,
 Upon the boundaries of day and night,
 He stretch'd himself in grief and radiance faint.
 There as he lay, the Heaven with its stars 305
 Look'd down on him with pity, and the voice
 Of Coelus, from the universal space,
 Thus whisper'd low and solemn in his ear.
 "O brightest of my children dear, earth-born
 "And sky-engendered, Son of Mysteries 310
 "All unrevealed even to the powers
 "Which met at thy creating; at whose joys
 "And palpitations sweet, and pleasures soft,
 "I, Coelus, wonder, how they came and whence;
 "And at the fruits thereof what shapes they be, 315
 "Distinct, and visible; symbols divine,

"Manifestations of that beauteous life
 "Diffus'd unseen throughout eternal space:
 "Of these new-form'd art thou, oh brightest child!
 "Of these, thy brethren and the Goddesses! 320
 "There is sad feud among ye, and rebellion
 "Of son against his sire. I saw him fall,
 "I saw my first-born tumbled from his throne!
 "To me his arms were spread, to me his voice
 "Found way from forth the thunders round his head! 325
 "Pale wox I, and in vapours hid my face.
 "Art thou, too, near such doom? vague fear there is:
 "For I have seen my sons most unlike Gods.
 "Divine ye were created, and divine
 "In sad demeanour, solemn, undisturb'd, 330
 "Unruffled, like high Gods, ye liv'd and ruled:
 "Now I behold in you fear, hope, and wrath;
 "Actions of rage and passion; even as
 "I see them, on the mortal world beneath,
 "In men who die.—This is the grief, O Son! 335
 "Sad sign of ruin, sudden dismay, and fall!
 "Yet do thou strive; as thou art capable,
 "As thou canst move about, an evident God;
 "And canst oppose to each malignant hour
 "Ethereal presence:—I am but a voice; 340
 "My life is but the life of winds and tides,
 "No more than winds and tides can I avail:—
 "But thou canst.—Be thou therefore in the van
 "Of circumstance; yea, seize the arrow's barb
 "Before the tense string murmur.—To the earth! 345
 "For there thou wilt find Saturn, and his woes.
 "Meantime I will keep watch on thy bright sun,
 "And of thy seasons be a careful nurse."—
 Ere half this region-whisper had come down,
 Hyperion arose, and on the stars 350
 Lifted his curved lids, and kept them wide
 Until it ceas'd; and still he kept them wide:
 And still they were the same bright, patient stars.
 Then with a slow incline of his broad breast,
 Like to a diver in the pearly seas, 355
 Forward he stoop'd over the airy shore,
 And plung'd all noiseless into the deep night.

Hyperion – Book II

Just at the self-same beat of Time's wide wings
 Hyperion slid into the rustled air,
 And Saturn gain'd with Thea that sad place
 Where Cybele and the bruised Titans mourn'd.
 It was a den where no insulting light 5
 Could glimmer on their tears; where their own groans
 They felt, but heard not, for the solid roar
 Of thunderous waterfalls and torrents hoarse,
 Pouring a constant bulk, uncertain where.
 Crag jutting forth to crag, and rocks that seem'd 10
 Ever as if just rising from a sleep,
 Forehead to forehead held their monstrous horns;
 And thus in thousand hugest phantasies
 Made a fit roofing to this nest of woe.
 Instead of thrones, hard flint they sat upon, 15
 Couches of rugged stone, and slaty ridge
 Stubborn'd with iron. All were not assembled:
 Some chain'd in torture, and some wandering.
 Coeus, and Gyges, and Briareüs,
 Typhon, and Dolor, and Porphyryon, 20
 With many more, the brawniest in assault,
 Were pent in regions of laborious breath;
 Dungeon'd in opaque element, to keep
 Their clenched teeth still clench'd, and all their limbs
 Lock'd up like veins of metal, cramped and screw'd; 25
 Without a motion, save of their big hearts
 Heaving in pain, and horribly convuls'd
 With sanguine feverous boiling gurge of pulse.
 Mnemosyne was straying in the world;
 Far from her moon had Phoebe wandered; 30
 And many else were free to roam abroad,
 But for the main, here found they covert drear.
 Scarce images of life, one here, one there,
 Lay vast and edgeways; like a dismal cirque
 Of Druid stones, upon a forlorn moor, 35
 When the chill rain begins at shut of eve,
 In dull November, and their chancel vault,
 The Heaven itself, is blinded throughout night.
 Each one kept shroud, nor to his neighbour gave
 Or word, or look, or action of despair. 40
 Creus was one; his ponderous iron mace
 Lay by him, and a shatter'd rib of rock
 Told of his rage, ere he thus sank and pined.
 Iapetus another; in his grasp,

A serpent's plashy neck; its barbed tongue 45
 Squeez'd from the gorge, and all its uncurl'd length
 Dead; and because the creature could not spit
 Its poison in the eyes of conquering Jove.
 Next Cottus: prone he lay, chin uppermost,
 As though in pain; for still upon the flint 50
 He ground severe his skull, with open mouth
 And eyes at horrid working. Nearest him
 Asia, born of most enormous Caf,
 Who cost her mother Tellus keener pangs,
 Though feminine, than any of her sons: 55
 More thought than woe was in her dusky face,
 For she was prophesying of her glory;
 And in her wide imagination stood
 Palm-shaded temples, and high rival fanes,
 By Oxus or in Ganges' sacred isles. 60
 Even as Hope upon her anchor leans,
 So leant she, not so fair, upon a tusk
 Shed from the broadest of her elephants.
 Above her, on a crag's uneasy shelf,
 Upon his elbow rais'd, all prostrate else, 65
 Shadow'd Enceladus; once tame and mild
 As grazing ox unworried in the meads;
 Now tiger-passion'd, lion-thoughted, wroth,
 He meditated, plotted, and even now
 Was hurling mountains in that second war, 70
 Not long delay'd, that scar'd the younger Gods
 To hide themselves in forms of beast and bird.
 Nor far hence Atlas; and beside him prone
 Phorcus, the sire of Gorgons. Neighbour'd close
 Oceanus, and Tethys, in whose lap 75
 Sobb'd Clymene among her tangled hair.
 In midst of all lay Themis, at the feet
 Of Ops the queen all clouded round from sight;
 No shape distinguishable, more than when
 Thick night confounds the pine-tops with the clouds: 80
 And many else whose names may not be told.
 For when the Muse's wings are air-ward spread,
 Who shall delay her flight? And she must chaunt
 Of Saturn, and his guide, who now had climb'd
 With damp and slippery footing from a depth 85
 More horrid still. Above a sombre cliff
 Their heads appear'd, and up their stature grew
 Till on the level height their steps found ease:
 Then Thea spread abroad her trembling arms
 Upon the precincts of this nest of pain, 90

And sidelong fix'd her eye on Saturn's face:
 There saw she direst strife; the supreme God
 At war with all the frailty of grief,
 Of rage, of fear, anxiety, revenge,
 Remorse, spleen, hope, but most of all despair. 95
 Against these plagues he strove in vain; for Fate
 Had pour'd a mortal oil upon his head,
 A disanointing poison: so that Thea,
 Affrighted, kept her still, and let him pass
 First onwards in, among the fallen tribe. 100
 As with us mortal men, the laden heart
 Is persecuted more, and fever'd more,
 When it is nighing to the mournful house
 Where other hearts are sick of the same bruise;
 So Saturn, as he walk'd into the midst, 105
 Felt faint, and would have sunk among the rest,
 But that he met Enceladus's eye,
 Whose mightiness, and awe of him, at once
 Came like an inspiration; and he shouted,
 "Titans, behold your God!" at which some groan'd; 110
 Some started on their feet; some also shouted;
 Some wept, some wail'd, all bow'd with reverence;
 And Ops, uplifting her black folded veil,
 Show'd her pale cheeks, and all her forehead wan,
 Her eye-brows thin and jet, and hollow eyes. 115
 There is a roaring in the bleak-grown pines
 When Winter lifts his voice; there is a noise
 Among immortals when a God gives sign,
 With hushing finger, how he means to load
 His tongue with the full weight of utterless thought, 120
 With thunder, and with music, and with pomp:
 Such noise is like the roar of bleak-grown pines;
 Which, when it ceases in this mountain'd world,
 No other sound succeeds; but ceasing here,
 Among these fallen, Saturn's voice therefrom 125
 Grew up like organ, that begins anew
 Its strain, when other harmonies, stopt short,
 Leave the dinn'd air vibrating silverly.
 Thus grew it up—"Not in my own sad breast,
 "Which is its own great judge and searcher out, 130
 "Can I find reason why ye should be thus:
 "Not in the legends of the first of days,
 "Studied from that old spirit-leaved book
 "Which starry Uranus with finger bright
 "Sav'd from the shores of darkness, when the waves 135
 "Low-ebb'd still hid it up in shallow gloom;—

"And the which book ye know I ever kept
 "For my firm-based footstool:—Ah, infirm!
 "Not there, nor in sign, symbol, or portent
 "Of element, earth, water, air, and fire,— 140
 "At war, at peace, or inter-quarreling
 "One against one, or two, or three, or all
 "Each several one against the other three,
 "As fire with air loud warring when rain-floods
 "Drown both, and press them both against earth's face, 145
 "Where, finding sulphur, a quadruple wrath
 "Unhinges the poor world;—not in that strife,
 "Wherefrom I take strange lore, and read it deep,
 "Can I find reason why ye should be thus:
 "No, no-where can unriddle, though I search, 150
 "And pore on Nature's universal scroll
 "Even to swooning, why ye, Divinities,
 "The first-born of all shap'd and palpable Gods,
 "Should cower beneath what, in comparison,
 "Is untremendous might. Yet ye are here, 155
 "O'erwhelm'd, and spurn'd, and batter'd, ye are here!
 "O Titans, shall I say 'Arise!'—Ye groan:
 "Shall I say 'Crouch!'—Ye groan. What can I then?
 "O Heaven wide! O unseen parent dear!
 "What can I? Tell me, all ye brethren Gods, 160
 "How we can war, how engine our great wrath!
 "O speak your counsel now, for Saturn's ear
 "Is all a-hunger'd. Thou, Oceanus,
 "Ponderest high and deep; and in thy face
 "I see, astonied, that severe content 165
 "Which comes of thought and musing: give us help!"
 So ended Saturn; and the God of the Sea,
 Sophist and sage, from no Athenian grove,
 But cogitation in his watery shades,
 Arose, with locks not oozy, and began, 170
 In murmurs, which his first-endeavouring tongue
 Caught infant-like from the far-foamed sands.
 "O ye, whom wrath consumes! who, passion-stung,
 "Writhe at defeat, and nurse your agonies!
 "Shut up your senses, stifle up your ears, 175
 "My voice is not a bellows unto ire.
 "Yet listen, ye who will, whilst I bring proof
 "How ye, perforce, must be content to stoop:
 "And in the proof much comfort will I give,
 "If ye will take that comfort in its truth. 180
 "We fall by course of Nature's law, not force
 "Of thunder, or of Jove. Great Saturn, thou

"Hast sifted well the atom-universe;
 "But for this reason, that thou art the King,
 "And only blind from sheer supremacy, 185
 "One avenue was shaded from thine eyes,
 "Through which I wandered to eternal truth.
 "And first, as thou wast not the first of powers,
 "So art thou not the last; it cannot be:
 "Thou art not the beginning nor the end. 190
 "From chaos and parental darkness came
 "Light, the first fruits of that intestine broil,
 "That sullen ferment, which for wondrous ends
 "Was ripening in itself. The ripe hour came,
 "And with it light, and light, engendering 195
 "Upon its own producer, forthwith touch'd
 "The whole enormous matter into life.
 "Upon that very hour, our parentage,
 "The Heavens and the Earth, were manifest:
 "Then thou first-born, and we the giant-race, 200
 "Found ourselves ruling new and beauteous realms.
 "Now comes the pain of truth, to whom 'tis pain;
 "O folly! for to bear all naked truths,
 "And to envisage circumstance, all calm,
 "That is the top of sovereignty. Mark well! 205
 "As Heaven and Earth are fairer, fairer far
 "Than Chaos and blank Darkness, though once chiefs;
 "And as we show beyond that Heaven and Earth
 "In form and shape compact and beautiful,
 "In will, in action free, companionship, 210
 "And thousand other signs of purer life;
 "So on our heels a fresh perfection treads,
 "A power more strong in beauty, born of us
 "And fated to excel us, as we pass
 "In glory that old Darkness: nor are we 215
 "Thereby more conquer'd, than by us the rule
 "Of shapeless Chaos. Say, doth the dull soil
 "Quarrel with the proud forests it hath fed,
 "And feedeth still, more comely than itself?
 "Can it deny the chieftom of green groves? 220
 "Or shall the tree be envious of the dove
 "Because it cooeth, and hath snowy wings
 "To wander wherewithal and find its joys?
 "We are such forest-trees, and our fair boughs
 "Have bred forth, not pale solitary doves, 225
 "But eagles golden-feather'd, who do tower
 "Above us in their beauty, and must reign
 "In right thereof; for 'tis the eternal law

"That first in beauty should be first in might:
 "Yea, by that law, another race may drive 230
 "Our conquerors to mourn as we do now.
 "Have ye beheld the young God of the Seas,
 "My dispossessor? Have ye seen his face?
 "Have ye beheld his chariot, foam'd along
 "By noble winged creatures he hath made? 235
 "I saw him on the calmed waters scud,
 "With such a glow of beauty in his eyes,
 "That it enforc'd me to bid sad farewell
 "To all my empire: farewell sad I took,
 "And hither came, to see how dolorous fate 240
 "Had wrought upon ye; and how I might best
 "Give consolation in this woe extreme.
 "Receive the truth, and let it be your balm."
 Whether through poz'd conviction, or disdain,
 They guarded silence, when Oceanus 245
 Left murmuring, what deepest thought can tell?
 But so it was, none answer'd for a space,
 Save one whom none regarded, Clymene;
 And yet she answer'd not, only complain'd,
 With hectic lips, and eyes up-looking mild, 250
 Thus wording timidly among the fierce:
 "O Father, I am here the simplest voice,
 "And all my knowledge is that joy is gone,
 "And this thing woe crept in among our hearts,
 "There to remain for ever, as I fear: 255
 "I would not bode of evil, if I thought
 "So weak a creature could turn off the help
 "Which by just right should come of mighty Gods;
 "Yet let me tell my sorrow, let me tell
 "Of what I heard, and how it made me weep, 260
 "And know that we had parted from all hope.
 "I stood upon a shore, a pleasant shore,
 "Where a sweet clime was breathed from a land
 "Of fragrance, quietness, and trees, and flowers.
 "Full of calm joy it was, as I of grief; 265
 "Too full of joy and soft delicious warmth;
 "So that I felt a movement in my heart
 "To chide, and to reproach that solitude
 "With songs of misery, music of our woes;
 "And sat me down, and took a mouthed shell 270
 "And murmur'd into it, and made melody—
 "O melody no more! for while I sang,
 "And with poor skill let pass into the breeze
 "The dull shell's echo, from a bowery strand

“Just opposite, an island of the sea, 275
 “There came enchantment with the shifting wind,
 “That did both drown and keep alive my ears.
 “I threw my shell away upon the sand,
 “And a wave fill’d it, as my sense was fill’d
 “With that new blissful golden melody. 280
 “A living death was in each gush of sounds,
 “Each family of rapturous hurried notes,
 “That fell, one after one, yet all at once,
 “Like pearl beads dropping sudden from their string:
 “And then another, then another strain, 285
 “Each like a dove leaving its olive perch,
 “With music wing’d instead of silent plumes,
 “To hover round my head, and make me sick
 “Of joy and grief at once. Grief overcame,
 “And I was stopping up my frantic ears, 290
 “When, past all hindrance of my trembling hands,
 “A voice came sweeter, sweeter than all tune,
 “And still it cried, ‘Apollo! young Apollo!
 “‘The morning-bright Apollo! young Apollo!’
 “I fled, it follow’d me, and cried ‘Apollo!’ 295
 “O Father, and O Brethren, had ye felt
 “Those pains of mine; O Saturn, hadst thou felt,
 “Ye would not call this too indulged tongue
 “Presumptuous, in thus venturing to be heard.”
 So far her voice flow’d on, like timorous brook 300
 That, lingering along a pebbled coast,
 Doth fear to meet the sea: but sea it met,
 And shudder’d; for the overwhelming voice
 Of huge Enceladus swallow’d it in wrath:
 The ponderous syllables, like sullen waves 305
 In the half-glutted hollows of reef-rocks,
 Came booming thus, while still upon his arm
 He lean’d; not rising, from supreme contempt.
 “Or shall we listen to the over-wise,
 “Or to the over-foolish giant, Gods? 310
 “Not thunderbolt on thunderbolt, till all
 “That rebel Jove’s whole armoury were spent,
 “Not world on world upon these shoulders piled,
 “Could agonize me more than baby-words
 “In midst of this dethronement horrible. 315
 “Speak! roar! shout! yell! ye sleepy Titans all.
 “Do ye forget the blows, the buffets vile?
 “Are ye not smitten by a youngling arm?
 “Dost thou forget, sham Monarch of the Waves,
 “Thy scalding in the seas? What, have I rous’d 320

"Your spleens with so few simple words as these?
 "O joy! for now I see ye are not lost:
 "O joy! for now I see a thousand eyes
 "Wide glaring for revenge!"—As this he said,
 He lifted up his stature vast, and stood, 325
 Still without intermission speaking thus:
 "Now ye are flames, I'll tell you how to burn,
 "And purge the ether of our enemies;
 "How to feed fierce the crooked stings of fire,
 "And singe away the swollen clouds of Jove, 330
 "Stifling that puny essence in its tent.
 "O let him feel the evil he hath done;
 "For though I scorn Oceanus's lore,
 "Much pain have I for more than loss of realms:
 "The days of peace and slumberous calm are fled; 335
 "Those days, all innocent of scathing war,
 "When all the fair Existences of heaven
 "Came open-eyed to guess what we would speak:—
 "That was before our brows were taught to frown,
 "Before our lips knew else but solemn sounds; 340
 "That was before we knew the winged thing,
 "Victory, might be lost, or might be won.
 "And be ye mindful that Hyperion,
 "Our brightest brother, still is undisgraced—
 "Hyperion, lo! his radiance is here!" 345
 All eyes were on Enceladus's face,
 And they beheld, while still Hyperion's name
 Flew from his lips up to the vaulted rocks,
 A pallid gleam across his features stern:
 Not savage, for he saw full many a God 350
 Wroth as himself. He look'd upon them all,
 And in each face he saw a gleam of light,
 But splendor in Saturn's, whose hoar locks
 Shone like the bubbling foam about a keel
 When the prow sweeps into a midnight cove. 355
 In pale and silver silence they remain'd,
 Till suddenly a splendour, like the morn,
 Pervaded all the beetling gloomy steeps,
 All the sad spaces of oblivion,
 And every gulf, and every chasm old, 360
 And every height, and every sullen depth,
 Voiceless, or hoarse with loud tormented streams:
 And all the everlasting cataracts,
 And all the headlong torrents far and near,
 Mantled before in darkness and huge shade, 365
 Now saw the light and made it terrible.

It was Hyperion:—a granite peak
 His bright feet touch'd, and there he stay'd to view
 The misery his brilliance had betray'd
 To the most hateful seeing of itself. 370
 Golden his hair of short Numidian curl,
 Regal his shape majestic, a vast shade
 In midst of his own brightness, like the bulk
 Of Memnon's image at the set of sun
 To one who travels from the dusking East: 375
 Sighs, too, as mournful as that Memnon's harp
 He utter'd, while his hands contemplative
 He press'd together, and in silence stood.
 Despondence seiz'd again the fallen Gods
 At sight of the dejected King of Day, 380
 And many hid their faces from the light:
 But fierce Enceladus sent forth his eyes
 Among the brotherhood; and, at their glare,
 Uprose Iapetus, and Creus too,
 And Phorcus, sea-born, and together strode 385
 To where he towered on his eminence.
 There those four shouted forth old Saturn's name;
 Hyperion from the peak loud answered, "Saturn!
 Saturn sat near the Mother of the Gods,
 In whose face was no joy, though all the Gods 390
 Gave from their hollow throats the name of "Saturn!"

Hyperion – Book III

Thus in alternate uproar and sad peace,
 Amazed were those Titans utterly.
 O leave them, Muse! O leave them to their woes;
 For thou art weak to sing such tumults dire:
 A solitary sorrow best befits 5
 Thy lips, and antheing a lonely grief.
 Leave them, O Muse! for thou anon wilt find
 Many a fallen old Divinity
 Wandering in vain about bewildered shores. 10
 Meantime touch piously the Delphic harp,
 And not a wind of heaven but will breathe
 In aid soft warble from the Dorian flute;
 For lo! 'tis for the Father of all verse.
 Flush every thing that hath a vermeil hue,
 Let the rose glow intense and warm the air, 15
 And let the clouds of even and of morn
 Float in voluptuous fleeces o'er the hills;
 Let the red wine within the goblet boil,

Cold as a bubbling well; let faint-lipp'd shells,
 On sands, or in great deeps, vermilion turn 20
 Through all their labyrinths; and let the maid
 Blush keenly, as with some warm kiss surpris'd.
 Chief isle of the embowered Cyclades,
 Rejoice, O Delos, with thine olives green,
 And poplars, and lawn-shading palms, and beech, 25
 In which the Zephyr breathes the loudest song,
 And hazels thick, dark-stemm'd beneath the shade:
 Apollo is once more the golden theme!
 Where was he, when the Giant of the Sun
 Stood bright, amid the sorrow of his peers? 30
 Together had he left his mother fair
 And his twin-sister sleeping in their bower,
 And in the morning twilight wandered forth
 Beside the osiers of a rivulet,
 Full ankle-deep in lilies of the vale. 35
 The nightingale had ceas'd, and a few stars
 Were lingering in the heavens, while the thrush
 Began calm-throated. Throughout all the isle
 There was no covert, no retired cave
 Unhaunted by the murmurous noise of waves, 40
 Though scarcely heard in many a green recess.
 He listen'd, and he wept, and his bright tears
 Went trickling down the golden bow he held.
 Thus with half-shut suffused eyes he stood,
 While from beneath some cumbrous boughs hard by 45
 With solemn step an awful Goddess came,
 And there was purport in her looks for him,
 Which he with eager guess began to read
 Perplex'd, the while melodiously he said:
 "How cam'st thou over the unfooted sea? 50
 "Or hath that antique mien and robed form
 "Mov'd in these vales invisible till now?
 "Sure I have heard those vestments sweeping o'er
 "The fallen leaves, when I have sat alone
 "In cool mid-forest. Surely I have traced 55
 "The rustle of those ample skirts about
 "These grassy solitudes, and seen the flowers
 "Lift up their heads, as still the whisper pass'd.
 "Goddess! I have beheld those eyes before,
 "And their eternal calm, and all that face, 60
 "Or I have dream'd."—"Yes," said the supreme shape,
 "Thou hast dream'd of me; and awaking up
 "Didst find a lyre all golden by thy side,
 "Whose strings touch'd by thy fingers, all the vast

"Unwearied ear of the whole universe 65
 "Listen'd in pain and pleasure at the birth
 "Of such new tuneful wonder. Is't not strange
 "That thou shouldst weep, so gifted? Tell me, youth,
 "What sorrow thou canst feel; for I am sad
 "When thou dost shed a tear: explain thy griefs 70
 "To one who in this lonely isle hath been
 "The watcher of thy sleep and hours of life,
 "From the young day when first thy infant hand
 "Pluck'd witless the weak flowers, till thine arm
 "Could bend that bow heroic to all times. 75
 "Show thy heart's secret to an ancient Power
 "Who hath forsaken old and sacred thrones
 "For prophecies of thee, and for the sake
 "Of loveliness new born."—Apollo then,
 With sudden scrutiny and gloomless eyes, 80
 Thus answer'd, while his white melodious throat
 Throbb'd with the syllables.—"Mnemosyne!
 "Thy name is on my tongue, I know not how;
 "Why should I tell thee what thou so well seest?
 "Why should I strive to show what from thy lips 85
 "Would come no mystery? For me, dark, dark,
 "And painful vile oblivion seals my eyes:
 "I strive to search wherefore I am so sad,
 "Until a melancholy numbs my limbs;
 "And then upon the grass I sit, and moan, 90
 "Like one who once had wings.—O why should I
 "Feel curs'd and thwarted, when the liegeless air
 "Yields to my step aspirant? why should I
 "Spurn the green turf as hateful to my feet?
 "Goddess benign, point forth some unknown thing: 95
 "Are there not other regions than this isle?
 "What are the stars? There is the sun, the sun!
 "And the most patient brilliance of the moon!
 "And stars by thousands! Point me out the way
 "To any one particular beauteous star, 100
 "And I will flit into it with my lyre,
 "And make its silvery splendour pant with bliss.
 "I have heard the cloudy thunder: Where is power?
 "Whose hand, whose essence, what divinity
 "Makes this alarum in the elements, 105
 "While I here idle listen on the shores
 "In fearless yet in aching ignorance?
 "O tell me, lonely Goddess, by thy harp,
 "That walleth every morn and eventide,
 "Tell me why thus I rave, about these groves! 110

“Mute thou remainest—Mute! yet I can read
“A wondrous lesson in thy silent face:
“Knowledge enormous makes a God of me.
“Names, deeds, gray legends, dire events, rebellions,
“Majesties, sovran voices, agonies, 115
“Creations and destroyings, all at once
“Pour into the wide hollows of my brain,
“And deify me, as if some blithe wine
“Or bright elixir peerless I had drunk,
“And so become immortal.”—Thus the God, 120
While his enkindled eyes, with level glance
Beneath his white soft temples, stedfast kept
Trembling with light upon Mnemosyne.
Soon wild commotions shook him, and made flush
All the immortal fairness of his limbs; 125
Most like the struggle at the gate of death;
Or liker still to one who should take leave
Of pale immortal death, and with a pang
As hot as death’s is chill, with fierce convulse
Die into life: so young Apollo anguish’d; 130
His very hair, his golden tresses famed
Kept undulation round his eager neck.
During the pain Mnemosyne upheld
Her arms as one who prophesied.—At length
Apollo shriek’d;—and lo! from all his limbs 135
Celestial

THE END