

1819

**THE DAY IS GONE, AND ALL ITS
SWEETS ARE GONE!**

John Keats

Keats, John (1795-1821) - Widely regarded as the most talented of the English romantic poets, Keats, whose work was poorly received during his lifetime, could not have foreseen his later recognition. Ironically, he wrote for his own epitaph: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." Day is gone and all its sweets are gone! (1819) - Written for Fanny Brawne, Keats' fiancée. Opening lines: The day is gone, and all its sweets are gone! / Sweet voice, sweet lips, soft hand, and softer breast, ...

THE DAY IS GONE

The day is gone, and all its sweets are gone!
Sweet voice, sweet lips, soft hand, and softer breast,
Warm breath, light whisper, tender semi-tone,
Bright eyes, accomplish'd shape, and lang'rous waist!
Faded the flower and all its budded charms,
Faded the sight of beauty from my eyes,
Faded the shape of beauty from my arms,
Faded the voice, warmth, whiteness, paradise

Vanish'd unseasonably at shut of eve,
When the dusk holiday or holineight
Of fragrant-curtain'd love begins to weave
The woof of darkness thick, for hid delight;
But, as I've read love's missal through to-day,
He'll let me sleep, seeing I fast and pray.

THE END