

**1818**

**SPENSER! A JEALOUS HONOURER OF THINE**

**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." Spenser! a jealous honourer of thine (1818) - Opening lines: Spenser! a jealous honourer of thine, / A forester deep in thy midmost trees, ...**

**SPENSER A JEALOUS HONOURER**

Spenser! a jealous honourer of thine,  
A forester deep in thy midmost trees,  
Did last eve ask my promise to refine  
Some English that might strive thine ear to please.  
But, Elfin Poet, 'tis impossible  
For an inhabitant of wintry earth  
To rise like Phoebus with a golden quill  
Fire-wing'd and make a morning in his mirth.  
It is impossible to escape from toil  
O' the sudden and receive thy spiriting;  
The flower must drink the nature of the soil  
Before it can put forth its blossoming;  
Be with me in the summer days, and I  
Will for thine honour and his pleasure try.

**THE END**