

**1818**  
**TRANSLATED FROM RONSARD**  
**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." Translated from Ronsard (1818) - Opening lines: Nature withheld Cassandra in the skies / For more adornment a full thousand years; ...**

**TRANSLATED FROM RONSARD**

Nature withheld Cassandra in the skies  
For more adornment a full thousand years;  
She took their cream of Beauty's fairest dyes,  
And shap'd and tinted her above all Peers:  
Meanwhile Love kept her dearly with his wings,  
And underneath their shadow fill'd her eyes  
With such a richness that the cloudy Kings  
Of high Olympus utter'd slavish sighs.  
When from the Heavens I saw her first descend  
My heart took fire, and only burning pains  
They were my pleasures- they my Life's sad end;  
Love pour'd her beauty into my warm veins...

**THE END**