

*Ode On Melancholy*

NO, no, go not to Lethe, neither twist  
    Wolf's bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine;  
Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kiss'd  
    By nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine;  
Make not your rosary of yew-berries,  
    Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be  
Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl  
A partner in your sorrow's mysteries;  
    For shade to shade will come too drowsily,  
    And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul.

But when the melancholy fit shall fall  
    Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,  
That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,  
    And hides the green hill in an April shroud;  
Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,  
    Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,  
    Or on the wealth of globed peonies;  
Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,  
    Emprison her soft hand, and let her rave,  
    And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

She dwells with Beauty--Beauty that must die;  
    And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips  
Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh,  
    Turning to Poison while the bee-mouth sips:  
Ay, in the very temple of delight  
    Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine,  
    Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue  
    Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine;  
His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,  
    And be among her cloudy trophies hung.