

*John Keats*  
*Ode on a Grecian Urn*



I

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,  
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,  
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express  
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:  
What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape  
Of deities or mortals, or of both,  
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?  
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?  
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?  
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

II

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;  
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,  
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:  
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave  
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;  
Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,  
Though winning near the goal — yet, do not grieve;  
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,  
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

III

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed  
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;  
And, happy melodist, unwearied,  
For ever piping songs for ever new;  
More happy love! more happy, happy love!  
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,  
For ever panting, and for ever young;  
All breathing human passion far above,  
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,  
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

IV

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?  
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,  
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,  
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?  
What little town by river or seashore,  
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,  
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?  
And, little town, thy streets for evermore  
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell  
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

V

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede  
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,  
With forest branches and the trodden weed;  
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought  
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!  
When old age shall this generation waste,  
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe  
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,  
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty," — that is all  
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.



## Suggested reading for students.



### From our Hellenic and Hellenistic Papers Series.

- ARISTOTLE ON THE GREAT SOULS
- BLAVATSKY ON GREEK PHILOSOPHY
- CAUCASUS, PARNASSUS, TOMAROS
- COMPENDIUM OF SACRED AND BARBARIC NAMES
- HERACLITUS' FRAGMENTS
- INDIA IS THE MOTHER OF GREECE
- KING'S Gnostics and their remains (1887)
- KINGSLEY ON ALEXANDRIA AND HER SCHOOLS
- LUCIAN'S PHILOSOPHICAL FINESSE AND IRREVERENT WIT
- NICOMACHUS' INTRODUCTION TO ARITHMETIC
- ORPHEUS' HYMN TO THE MUSES
- ORPHEUS' LEGEND AND WORKS
- ORPHEUS' HYMN TO APOLLO
- PLATONIC PHILOSOPHY IS THE MOST ELABORATE COMPENDIUM OF INDIAN PHILOSOPHY
- PLATO'S SEVENTH EPISTLE - TR. HARWARD
- PLOTINUS' ENNEADS - TR. MACKENNA AND PAGE
- PLOTINUS ON FOUR APPROACHES TO ENLIGHTENMENT
- PLOTINUS ON THE INTELLIGIBLE BEAUTY - TR. TAYLOR
- PLUTARCH ON APOPHTHEGMS OF KINGS AND GREAT COMMANDERS
- PLUTARCH ON LACONIC APOPHTHEGMS
- PLUTARCH ON THE PYTHIAN PRIESTESS
- POCOCKE'S INDIA IN GREECE (1852)
- PORPHYRY ON THE CAVE OF THE NYMPHS - TR. TAYLOR
- PROCLUS ON AMBROSIA AND NECTAR
- SAMOTHRACE WAS SUBMERGED BY THE EUXINE

HELLENIC AND HELLENISTIC PAPERS  
SUGGESTED READING FOR STUDENTS

- TAYLOR ON THE HYMNS OF ORPHEUS
- TAYLOR ON THE WANDERINGS OF ULYSSES
- THE ELECTRA OF SOPHOCLES AND EURIPIDES
- THE VALUE OF GREECE TO THE FUTURE OF THE WORLD
- WAS WRITING KNOWN BEFORE PANINI?
- WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR VICTORY?
- ZEUS TRIOPHTHALMOS

