

How Many Bards Gild the Lapses of Time!

John Keats

How many bards gild the lapses of time!
A few of them have ever been the food
Of my delighted fancy, -I could brood
Over their beauties, earthly, or sublime:
And often, when I sit me down to rhyme,
These will in throngs before my mind intrude:
But no confusion, no disturbance rude
Do they occasion; 'tis a pleasing chime.
So the unnumbered sounds that evening store;
The songs of birds -the whispering of the leaves -
The voice of waters -the great bell that heaves
With solemn sound, -and thousand others more,
That distance of recognizance bereaves,
Makes pleasing music, and not wild uproar.