

8. On the Grasshopper and Cricket

Singer: Keats

The poetry of earth is never dead:

When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,

And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run

From hedge to hedge... From hedge to hedge about...

From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;

That is the Grasshopper's—he takes the lead

He takes the lead in summer luxury

He has never done with his delights;

He has never, never, never done with his delights,

For when tired out with fun he rests at ease... he rests at ease beneath...

He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.

The poetry of earth is ceasing never:

On a lone winter evening, when the frost has wrought a silence...

A silence... when the frost has wrought a silence,

From the stove there shrills the Cricket's song

In warmth increasing ever, in warmth increasing ever,

And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,

The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.