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|  **A Thing of Beauty (from *Endymion* 1818)**  |

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|   | A thing of beauty is a joy for ever: Its loveliness increases; it will never Pass into nothingness; but still will keep A bower quiet for us, and a sleep Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing. Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing A flowery band to bind us to the earth, Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth Of noble natures, of the gloomy days, Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all, Some shape of beauty moves away the pall From our dark [spirits](http://www.poemhunter.com/poem/a-thing-of-beauty-endymion/). John Keats (1795-1821), *The Complete Collection, Penguin Classics,* 1977 |

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