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