

**An uncollected sonnet by John Keats. Sonnet to Spenser. Philadelphia. Printed for Seymour Adelman 1945.**

An Uncollected Sonnet by John Keats

SONNET TO SPENSER.

I thought of witcheries of olden days— Of shaggy satyrs with the cloven heel, And clashing cymbals  
—of the drunken reel, Of Bacchanals—of merry-making fays— Of branching forests, which from the  
sun's rays Shade tender flowers, where in some cool retreat, They shed their hidden beauty, at the  
feet Of huge oak trees;—of shepherds' simple lays— Of nymphs unseen save by their sylvan wooers;  
— Of tinkling rills—of courteous knights, the doers Of proud deeds, warring with enchanter's curst;  
— And with this pleasing dream, by Fancy nurst;— Then, Spenser!<sup>\*</sup> did I think of thee, who such tales  
told, Sounding like springs from mossy caverns old.

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*\* As it appears in our Copy.*

The above sonnet, judging entirely from internal evidence, was written by John Keats. No signature accompanied its first appearance in print; but content and style are signposts pointing in a single direction. Except for every word in the poem, there is no other proof at hand that Keats did write it; but the fourteen lines are sufficient evidence for the undersigned. The sonnet is now printed simply in celebration of the 150th Anniversary of John Keats's birth, October 31, 1945.

Seymour Adelman.

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