

Samuel Taylor Coleridge
Pantisocracy

1 No more my visionary soul shall dwell
2 On joys that were; no more endure to weigh
3 The shame and anguish of the evil day,
4 Wisely forgetful! O'er the ocean swell
5 Sublime of Hope, I seek the cottag'd dell
6 Where Virtue calm with careless step may stray,
7 And dancing to the moonlight roundelay,
8 The wizard Passions weave an holy spell.
9 Eyes that have ach'd with Sorrow! Ye shall weep
10 Tears of doubt-mingled joy, like theirs who start
11 From Precipices of distemper'd sleep,
12 On which the fierce-eyed Fiends their revels keep,
13 And see the rising Sun, and feel it dart
14 New rays of pleasance trembling to the heart.

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