



*Il fiori prediletto
in epoca vittoriana*















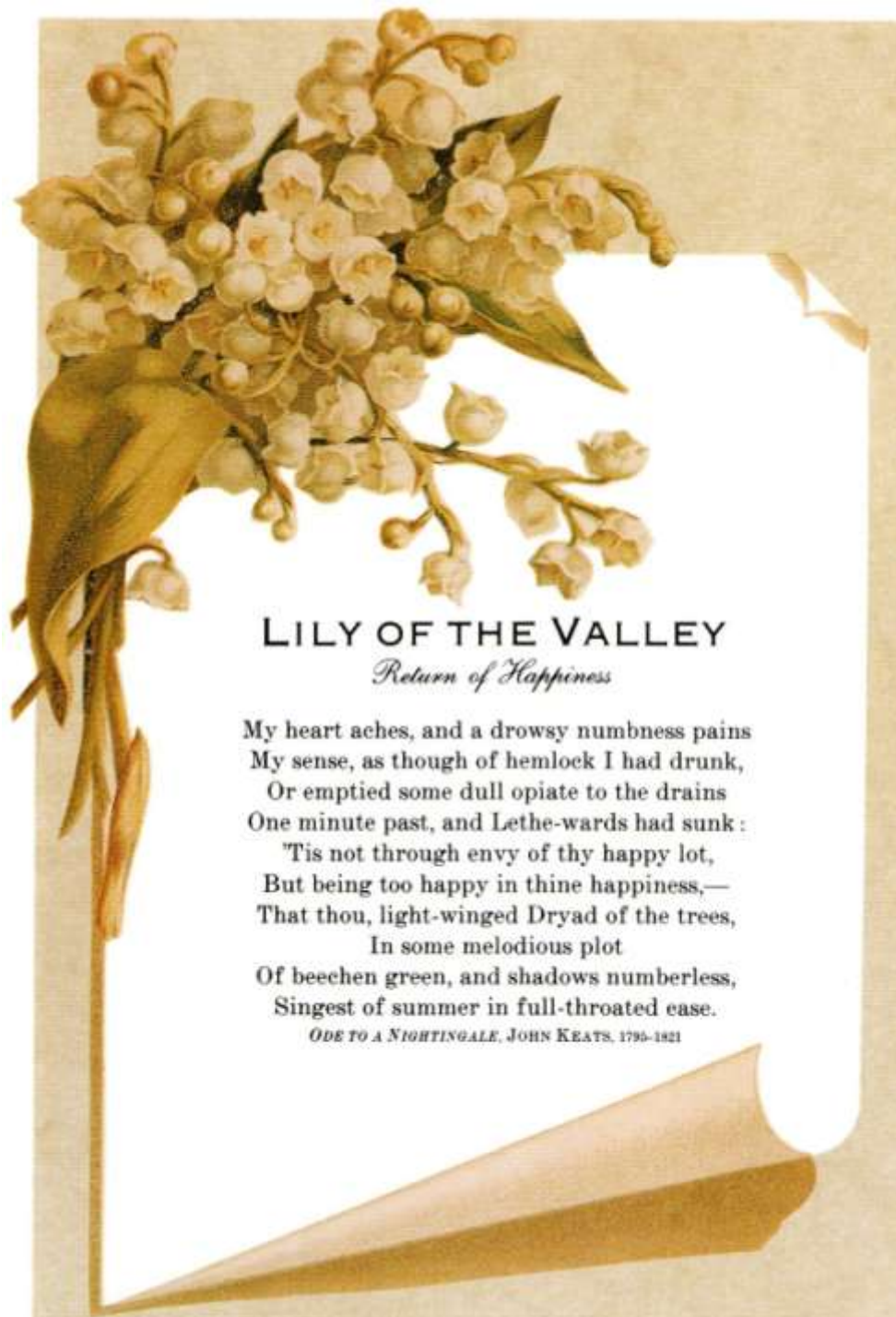












LILY OF THE VALLEY

Return of Happiness

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk :
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
 But being too happy in thine happiness,—
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
 In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE, JOHN KEATS, 1795-1821















Grazie