# “On the Grasshopper and Cricket”

BY JOHN KEATS

Source: http://www.poetryfoundation.org/poem/238438

1 The Poetry of earth is never dead:

 When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,

 And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run

From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;

5 That is the Grasshopper’s—he takes the lead

 In summer luxury,—he has never done

 With his delights; for when tired out with fun

He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.

The poetry of earth is ceasing never:

 10 On a lone winter evening, when the frost

 Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills

The Cricket’s song, in warmth increasing ever,

 And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,

 The Grasshopper’s among some grassy hills.