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Percy Bysshe Shelley  
Hymn of Apollo  
1824

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# Hymn of Apollo

Percy Bysshe Shelley

1824

The sleepless Hours who watch me as I lie,  
Curtained with star-inwoven tapestries  
From the broad moonlight of the sky,  
Fanning the busy dreams from my dim eyes,—  
Waken me when their Mother, the grey Dawn,  
Tells them that dreams and that the moon is gone.

Then I arise, and climbing Heaven's blue dome,  
I walk over the mountains and the waves,  
Leaving my robe upon the ocean foam;  
My footsteps pave the clouds with fire; the caves  
Are filled with my bright presence, and the air  
Leaves the green earth to my embraces bare.

The sunbeams are my shafts, with which I kill  
Deceit, that loves the night and fears the day;  
All men who do or even imagine ill  
Fly me, and from the glory of my ray  
Good minds and open actions take new might,  
Until diminished by the reign of night.

I feed the clouds, the rainbows, and the flowers  
With their ethereal colours; the Moon's globe  
And the pure stars in their eternal bowers  
Are tintured with my power as with a robe;  
Whatever lamps on Earth or Heaven may shine  
Are portions of one power, which is mine.

I stand at noon upon the peak of Heaven,  
Then with unwilling steps I wander down  
Into the clouds of the Atlantic even;  
For grief that I depart they weep and frown;  
What look is more delightful than the smile  
With which I soothe them from the western isle?

I am the eye with which the Universe  
Beholds itself and knows itself divine;  
All harmony of instrument or verse,  
All prophecy, all medicine are mine.  
All light of Art or Nature;—to my song  
Victory and praise in their own right belong.