

Yet though, alas! the gifts that shone
 Around that pen's exploring track,
 Be now, with its great master, gone,
 Nor living hand can call them back;—

Who does not feel, while thus his eyes
 Rest on th' enchanter's broken wand,
 Each miracle it work'd arise
 Before him, in succession grand?—

Grand, from the 'Truth that reigns o'er all;
 Th' unshrinking Truth, that lets her light
 Though Life's low, dark, interior fall,
 Opening the whole, severely bright:

Yet softening, as she frowns along,
 O'er scenes which angels weep to see,—
 Where truth herself half veils the wrong,
 In pity of the misery.

True bard!—and simple, as the race
 Of true-born poets ever are,
 When, stooping from their starry place,
 They're children, near, though gods afar.

How freshly doth my mind recal,
 'Mong the few days I've known with thee,
 One that, most buoyantly of all,
 Floats in the wake of memory;*

When he, the poet, doubly grac'd,
 In life, as in his perfect strain,
 With that pure, mellowing power of Taste,
 Without which Fancy shines in vain;

Who in his page will leave behind,
 Pregnant with genius though it be,
 But half the treasures of a mind,
 Where Sense o'er all holds mastery;—

Friend of long years, of friendship tried,
 Through many a bright and dark event;
 In doubts, my judge,—in taste, my guide;—
 In all, my stay and ornament!

He, too, was of our feast that day,
 And all were guests of one, whose hand
 Hath shed a new and deathless ray
 Around the lyre of this great land;

* The lines that follow allude to a day passed in company with Mr. Crabbe, many years since, when a party consisting only of Mr. Rogers, Mr. Crabbe, and the author of these verses had the pleasure of dining with Mr Thomas Campbell, at his house at Sydenham.