

I care not how thy merriment's produced,
So that, in all true friendship thou art pleased :
Perchance the gayest move thee not to smile,
Why then the graver may ! But if thy vein
Is rather, with a sharp and venomous tooth,
To find thy pleasure, torturing my poor verse,
Until it answer as thou list,—I ween
Thou hast full leave to break the Butterfly
Upon thy ponderous wheel ; as I now break,
With a stern sense of duty, this weak Lyre,
And give life's morrow to the fate she wills