



A SONNET.

Ans longa Vita brevis.



Rare Sprite! conceived of Thought, to Heavly wed,
One of Arts triple brotherhood, whose birth,
Oping the gates of Paradise to earth,
Brought down Promethean fire, and shed
The flame of aspiration heaven-bred —
Man blindly works his evanescent day
On to oblivion and dark decay;
And emptier grows the void of Aeons sped.
But storied records of the Artists skill,
The brush and chisel's deathless offerings
Attest the purpose of thy prescient will —
Dumb fragments of thy fingers' fashionings.
Thou art the soul of silence, by whose breath
We mock the date and epitaph of Death.

