

Yet new to life—a stranger to the woes  
His harp is doomed to mourn in plaintive tones.  
His ardent unsophisticated mind,  
On all things beautiful, delighted, dwells.  
Earth is to him a paradise. No cloud  
Floats o'er the golden promise of the morn.  
Hope daily weaves fresh roses for his brow,  
Shrouding the grim and ghastly phantom, Death,  
Beneath her soft and rainbow-tinted wings.  
Ere Care has tainted with her poisonous breath  
Life's opening buds, all objects wear to him  
A lovely aspect, and he peoples space  
With creatures of his own. The glorious forms  
Which haunt his solitude, and brightly fill  
Imagination's airy hall, atone  
For all the faults and follies of his kind.  
Nor marvel that he cannot comprehend  
The speculative aims of worldly men:  
Dearer to him a leaf, or bursting bud,  
Culled fresh from Nature's treasury, than all