

And nature's self among her costlier charms,
The daisy and the blue forget-me-not,
Oft echoed sweetly in the muse's ear:—
So have I dared to hope, that Poesie,—
Weighing huge folios, 'gainst some homely song,
And scornfully disowning many a cheat
That apes the passions, strangers to his soul,
May condescend to own my lowly rhymes.

If earnest aspirations after good,
The passionate worship of an ardent soul
Striving to win the Beautiful and True,
Could give the claim to take the lowliest rank
Among 'the God-like race'—then were it mine;
And this, my verse, a heaven-inspired song,
Exacting audience from a listless world.
But vain my song, poor echo to the sense
Of heavenly loveliness, that still eludes,
Charming me onward, in delusive chase,
Attracted by a beauty all divine,
I see, and own, and worship, and would sing,
But that power fails me, and my shamed lyre
Yields but a mockery of the lofty theme.
Yet hath it high reward; though it may seem
Worthless to thee, to me it had a charm
That soothed the writer oft in saddest mood,
And added pleasure to some gayer hours;
A pleasure critics cannot take away.
Nay! fear not! play the critic an thou list,