

SHAKESPEARE.

I may not tell what hidden springs I find
Of living beauty in this deathless page,
Lest the dull world, that chooses to be blind,
Mock me to shame or lash me in its rage.
Alas for me that am a thing of dreams
Without the skill to show where others shine—
Because I hold their truth a thing that seems
While worse than seeming seems all truth of mine.
And yet let others on his music dote,
Or burnish every line with housewife care,
With glutton learning get his words by rote
And fail to find the spirit prisoned there!
For while I read, as thrilled by fire I start
To feel the pulsing of the poet's heart.