

He sings God-taught such marrow-thrilling strains  
As seem the very voice of dying Spring,  
A flute-like wail that mourns the blossoms gone,  
And sinks, and is not, like their fragrant breath,  
With fine transition on the trembling air.  
He sits as if imprisoned by some fear,  
Motionless, with wide eyes that seem not made  
For hungry glancing of a twelve-year'd boy  
To mark the living thing that he could tease,  
But for the gaze of some primeval sadness  
Dark twin with light in the creative ray.  
This little PABLO has his spangles too,  
And large rosettes to hide his poor left foot  
Rounded like any hoof (his mother thought  
God willed it so to punish all her sins).

I said the souls were five—besides the dog.  
But there was still a sixth, with wrinkled face,  
Grave and disgusted with all merriment  
Not less than Roldan. It is ANNIBAL,  
The experienced monkey who performs the tricks,  
Jumps through the hoops, and carries round the hat.  
Once full of sallies and impromptu feats,  
Now cautious not to light on aught that's new,  
Lest he be whipped to do it o'er again  
From A to Z, and make the gentry laugh:  
A misanthropic monkey, gray and grim,  
Bearing a lot that has no remedy  
For want of concert in the monkey tribe.

We see the company, above their heads  
The braided matting, golden as ripe corn,  
Stretched in a curving strip close by the grapes,  
Elsewhere rolled back to greet the cooler sky;  
A fountain near, vase-shapen and broad-lipped,  
Where timorous birds alight with tiny feet,  
And hesitate and bend wise listening ears,  
And fly away again with undipped beak.  
On the stone floor the juggler's heaped-up goods,