

But did'st thou sweeter far than Orpheus sing,  
When the charmed forest listening, bowed its head ;  
It could not now the blood's warm current bring  
Back to the shadowy form, when life has fled.

By Hermes gathered to the crowds below,  
There fate relentless holds its victim sure.  
Tis hard ; but patience tempers human woe,  
And mitigates the ills we cannot cure.