

BYRON.

Great soul of song! Which for a changeful day,
Strong destiny lent to the earth, and held
In silken liberty to fret unquelled
By light, or love, or fame, or passion's sway,
Against the bars of gold. The world did say
That thou wert false—though living gloom compelled
The universe within thee, unexcelled,
To flash and burn before the sons of clay
In wondrous symphonies.

Yet still, the world,—
Forgetting her own darkness half the time,
And that the sun may show dull vapour curled
Around his orb—prude-like, doth mope and mime;
While the dark soul of Byron, soaring free
Through the long night, graspeth eternity.