

As wasted, gray, and worn as he.
 To minstrel meditation given,
 His reverend brow was raised to heaven,
 As from the rising sun to claim
 A sparkle of inspiring flame.
 His hand, reclined upon the wire,
 Seemed watching the awakening fire ;
 So still he sat as those who wait
 Till judgment speak the doom of fate ;
 So still, as if no breeze might dare
 To lift one lock of hoary hair ;
 So still, as life itself were fled
 In the last sound his harp had sped.

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v.

Upon a rock with lichens wild,
 Beside him Ellen sate and smiled.—
 Smiled she to see the stately drake
 Lead forth his fleet upon the lake,
 While her vexed spaniel from the beach
 Bayed at the prize beyond his reach ?
 Yet tell me, then, the maid who knows,
 Why deepened on her cheek the rose ?—
 Forgive, forgive, Fidelity !
 Perchance the maiden smiled to see
 Yon parting lingerer wave adieu,
 And stop and turn to wave anew ;
 And, lovely ladies, ere your ire
 Condemn the heroine of my lyre,
 Show me the fair would scorn to spy
 And prize such conquest of her eye !

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vi.

While yet he loitered on the spot,
 It seemed as Ellen marked him not ;