

Come, then, my Muse,—inspire me with a love  
Of truth and human kind, wherever found.  
Let not my fancy range beyond the clouds,  
And wrestle with imaginary ills,  
Or revel in ideal joys—be't mine  
“Nought to extenuate, and nought to write  
In malice ;” for, 'tis good I wish to do,  
Nor fame, nor gain—mere phantoms—I pursue

John Hart in youth from anxious care was free,  
Nor want, nor woe e'er felt. At twenty, John  
Had scarcely heard that poverty and crime  
Existed, and, much less, had he e'er tried  
Their causes and effects to scan. In toil—  
If toil to him, hale and athletic, 'twas—  
And frolic, John alternate passed the day ;  
At night no troubled dreams disturbed his rest.  
Had John been more, or less, than human, he  
Of bliss had seen no end ; but feelings warm  
Had he, and did not see “where ignorance  
Is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise”—wise he  
Would be, and Anna wed, and taste the fruit  
Of the forbidden tree, the knowledge tree.

As erst it was not now in toil, and rest  
And recreation sweet, John passed his time ;  
Labour he did, and hard, but then the cup  
Of life was mixed with gall. He, for a while,