

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,