

TO APOLLO.

(Horacc.)

O Caesar ! Lord and Ruler of the world !
The Poet kneels before the sacred fane,
That in thy palace, like a dream unfurl'd,
Fortells the glory of Apollo's reign.
What doth thy servant beg ? What fervent prayer
Leaps upward, while the red blood of the vine
He pours upon the holy altar there,—
As a first offering to the God divine ?
Not the rich fruits of famed Sardinia's isle,
Not hot Calabria's goodly flocks and herds ;
Not gold, or Indian ivory, or a pile
Of gems ; nor other wealth the Earth affords :
O Caesar ! These are not the Poet's needs.
Let those on whom blind Fortune hath bestowed