

Must pass, before the harp from which the Fates  
 460 Will strike this music has been made, and oh!  
 How many thousand times my burning wheels  
 Will lighten round this globe before I can  
 Announce that happy morn; the day will still  
 Steal into narrow rooms where genius pines  
 In want, or breaks his heart against the odds  
 Of the blind, baffling, brutish multitude.  
 More than a century ago I look'd  
 Into the room of Chatterton and saw  
 The boy of genius dead by his own hand,  
 The empty vial near. I've peer'd between  
 The bars which held Cervantes in; obscure  
 And poor and blind great Milton felt my presence;  
 And often have I seen the faithful black  
 Attendant of poor Camoens return  
 From begging all the night for food to feed  
 His master destin'd soon to die a pauper  
 In an almshouse. But why pursue a theme  
 Too trite and sad? So sad if gods with grief  
 For human things could suffer, tears of mine  
 480 Would flow, so that the sun which follows hard  
 Upon our track could not dry up the ground  
 This summer day. Right under where we stand  
 The savage ruled and on that very hill  
 His councils held, councils which in the mind  
 Of Jove rank just as high as those which now  
 A race self-styled superior hold, alone