

SHELLEY.

Bright soul that wept for Adonais dead,
As for the passing of a world of song
And beauty known too late ! Thou wert among
The first of unbound Titans moved to tread
The dumb gloom with thy wingèd feet, and shed
The music of love's tears upon the throng,
Whom pride, dull-eyed and deaf, in ignorance long
Had held ; and so their larger loss, instead
Of gain, reveal. Ah ! Thou didst hear the flight
Of that rare spirit past th' insensate earth,
Thrilling the void with rich melodious light,
Like some new star rejoicing at its birth ;
And listening, rose up from the stormy sea
Of life to bear it blissful company.