

Ah ! THEN, if mine had been the painter's hand
 To express what then I saw, and add the gleam,
 The light that never was on sea or land,
 The consecration and the poet's dream,

I would have planted thee, thou hoary pile,
 Amid a world how different from this !
 Beside a sea that could not cease to smile,
 On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss.

A picture had it been of lasting ease,
 Elysian quiet, without toil or strife ;
 No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,
 Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,
 Such picture would I at that time have made ;
 And seen the soul of truth in every part,
 A steadfast peace that might not be betrayed.

So once it would have been ; 'tis so no more ;
 I have submitted to a new control ;
 A power has gone that nothing can restore ;
 A deep distress hath humanized my soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold
 A smiling sea and be what I have been.
 The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old ;
 This, which I know, I speak with mind serene.

Then, Beaumont, friend ! who would have been the
 friend,

If he had lived, of him whom I deplore,
 This work of thine I blame not, but commend—
 This sea in anger and that dismal shore.