

'Tis thus with Genius—o'er the spacious earth,
 It flies abroad, and millions own its sway,
 When the poor fragile stem which gave it birth
 Lies blasted, wither'd, in the face of day :
 For worth departed, nations may repay
 The ready tear, the monumental urn,
 'Tis well perhaps—but ah ! the humble clay,
 No more alas ! with love of fame shall burn,
 No more life's storms shall dread, or hope for joy's return.

And sad alas ! and numerous is the train,
 Ordain'd to follow fancy's meteor fire ;
 Who chase the phantom thro' a life of pain,
 At last to see it tremble and expire :
 From such, the cautious, and the cold retire,
 As prudence bids, or int'rest leads the way ;
 Unus'd to aid, though ever wont t' admire
 The fond, the witching sweetness of the lay,
 That bends the stubborn heart which yet it cannot sway !

In friendly shades like these, we seek repose,
 Ne'er to the virtuous and the wise deny'd ;
 From life's loud tumults and its sick'ning woes,
 Its glare, its scorn, its perils and its pride :
 Happy while from the bustling scene we hide,
 To drink the rill, or tread the flow'ry sod ;
 To taste the sweets from nature's hand supply'd—
 To range the fields by folly seldom trod—
 And less of man behold, but more of nature's God !

'Tis thine lov'd solitude, the heart to steal,
 Back to the days when life's young pulse beat high ;
 When joy's light laugh was heard in every gale,
 And hope still revel'd in a cloudless sky :
 To thee as to a friend, will memory fly ;
 Thy twilight mild gives lustre to her gleams ;
 As shines the meteor brightest, when the eye
 Has lost its ken of rocks and fields and streams,
 Shut out from every view, but heaven's ethereal beams.

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