

AN ELEGY

TO THE SHADE OF THOMAS CAMPBELL, LL.D.

(THE GREATEST POET OF HIS AGE.)

LATELY DECEASED.

And hast thou, then, the debt of nature paid?
 No wandering ghost, along the heathen shade.
 Descend, ye weeping Nine, and fire the strain!
 Immortal Campbell, gone unto the fane
 Where thund'ring Ammon, and report doth reign!
 Flown to the planet radiant and divine,
 Where mighty bards in endless splendor shine
 In the tall dome of Fame—minstrel of "Hope"—
 Sits, side by side, with his great master, Pope;
 With Virgil's shade—who sung the warlike deeds
 Of Venus' son—both bleed by Diomedes;
 The Cyprian Queen's pure and immortal blood,
 Mix'd with her Eneas's, dyed Scamander's flood.
 Here, too, learn'd Cæsar, and great Hesiod rest;
 And Plato, with a more than mortal breast;
 With mighty Homer, and proud Avon's fame,
 Fired by Milton, and great Pindar's flame.

But ah! the numbers that should sweetly flow—
 The pensive lay—the animated glow—
 The deep, pathetic, and lamenting strain—
 The tuneful Sisters strive to sing, in vain;
 For in a sable cloud, the heavenly Nine,
 But for their Campbell, weep with tears divine.
 "O! thou, the last," they cry, "of Orpheus' train,
 Shalt no more sing thy Eclogue, on the plain;
 No more shall breathe the warm, inspiring strain,
 That nerved Britannia's heroes on the main;
 Nor sing of Hope, the cheering Nymph of Joy—
 Make Poland famous, as did Homer Troy.