

The genial tide of thought still swiftly flows
Rejoicing onward, ere the icy breath
Of sorrow falls upon the sunny fount,
And chains the music of its dancing waves.—
What is the end of all his lovely dreams—
The bright fulfilment of his earthly hopes ?
Too often penury and dire disease,
Neglect, a broken heart, an early grave !—
Oh, had he tuned his harp to truths divine,
With saints and martyrs sought a heavenly crown,
How had his theme immortalized his song !—

Behold the man, who to the poet's fire
Unites the painter's fascinating art ;
His touch embodies all that fancy brings
To charm the mental vision, and he dives
Into the rich and shadowy world of thought,
Soars up to heaven, or plunges down to hell,
In search of forms to mortal eyes unknown,
To animate the canvass. His bold eye