

Ah, shameless ! for he did but sing
 A song that pleased us from its worth ;
 No public life was his on earth,
 No blazon'd statesman he, nor king.

He gave the people of his best ; 25
 His worst he kept, his best he gave.
 My Shakespeare's curse¹ on clown and knave
 Who will not let his ashes rest !

Who make it seem more sweet to be 30
 The little life of bank and brier,
 The bird that pipes his lone desire
 And dies unheard within his tree.

Than he that warbles long and loud
 And drops at Glory's temple gates,
 For whom the carrion vulture waits 35
 To tear his heart before the crowd !

FROM "THE PALACE OF ART"

First published in 1833, but very much changed in the edition of 1842 and in subsequent editions. The extract here used is a description of the rooms in the palace.

Full of great rooms and small the palace stood,
 All various, each a perfect whole
 From living Nature, fit for every mood
 And change of my still soul.

¹ My Shakespeare's curse—

Good frend for Jesus' sake forbear
 To digg the dust enloased heare:
 Blest be ye man yt spares thes stones
 And curst be he yt moves my bones.