

'Twas Poetry's own darling child,
Who had on him so sweetly smiled,
And gave to him so large a share
Of her maternal sleepless care.

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'Twas in the hours of gloomy night
She nurtured him and with delight,
Until he was entranced ; and then
He sung her sweetest songs to men
In vain, when his harsh critics say,
Scarcely original is a lay.

They declare, and perhaps with truth,
He was a deist in his youth ;
And critically they decide,
A deist the unhappy died.

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And England also thought the same,
When closed the temple of her fame
Against his dust, and then she said,
" Here only lie---the righteous dead."
Grief-slaughtered and ill used bard !
Thee from thy fame thy foes would discard.

Alive, harsh things of thee they said,
And harsher things of thee, when dead.

" He was a deist," That's the rub ;
So was Swift when he hooped his tub :
So was blind Homer begging bread,
And so was Virgil, courtly fed.

50

" He was a plagiarist I wot,"
And of modern bards who is not ?
His poems, if we except the rhyme,
Have the beautiful and sublime ;
A loose thought in them oft is found,
Like a weed in luxuriant ground.

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