

come work off. His attention was wholly directed by the youngest Schullin, who appeared to indulge a wilful mood, by teasing the Prince, and telling him that he might rest satisfied with what he had got. The Prince, on the other hand, highly colouring, told him that he had got enough, held a short twig to Schullin's nose, and that all that he could provoke a renewal of the combat. At last the Prince's tutor called his attention to the drawings for this work. They seemed to interest and please him. Looking at the view of the Sound, the Prince demanded, "Pray, what is the meaning of the little flag on the fore-top of the guard-ship?"

"*Author*. When that is flying ships need not strike their flags and sails to the King of Denmark."

"*Prince*. What! must ships strike flags and sails to the King of Denmark?"

"*Author*. They must do more; the captains are obliged to come on shore, and pay a toll to the King of Denmark. The other day, an English ship, with a cargo of cotton twist, paid L. 1,500 in toll."

"*Prince*. Indeed! that was a fine ship. I wish such an one would come every day. But how is it that ships pay this toll?"

"*Author*. They do so to refund the expenses his Danish Majesty incurs on account of light-houses, beacons, &c. It is an old custom, of which the English, in particular, are very fond. The English mariners are very partial to Holland's gin, which they get cheap, and in great perfection at Elsinore; besides, they buy knick-knacks, there for their wives and sweet-hearts; and the passengers have an opportunity of visiting Hamlet's Garden."

"*Prince*. Hamlet's Garden! Where is that?"

"*Author*. Close to Elsinore."

"*Prince*. Who is Hamlet?"

"*Author*. According to Shakespeare, the most accomplished prince Denmark ever produced."

WHY ARE POETS INDIFFERENT CRITICS?

MR. EDITOR,

THE various notes on Shakespeare are entertaining reading, and have probably been the cause of many a man's looking into the works of the great poet, who would never have troubled them from pure love of the sublime or pathetic. It is not, then, too much, perhaps, to presume, that most general readers will pretty well recollect Warburton's elaborate note on the player's speech in Hamlet, as well as the much controverted passage to which it is appended. "The greatest poet of this and the last age," says Warburton, "Mr Dryden, in the preface

"*Prince*. I do not know him.
"*Author*. Your Highness has not yet, I presume, begun to read English."

"*Prince*. No, I have not."

"*Author*. But French?"

"*Prince*. O yes!"

"*Author*. Your Highness is probably a great Frenchman?"

"*Prince*. No, indeed, I am not."

"*Author*. And shall I tell you, that you never will be."

"*Prince*. (Smiling, and looking at me with earnestness.) How so? Why?"

"*Author*. You are too fond of the sea, as I have been told by a naval friend of mine."

"*Prince*. (With enthusiasm.) Yes! I do love the sea."

"The Prince looked over the other drawing, and then proceeded to his carriage, which was drawn up to the grand entrance of the palace. As he was going to step into the carriage, he pulled off his hat, and, making a polite bow, exclaimed, 'I thank you much, sir, for the sight of those beautiful drawings; I hope they will like them in England, and I wish you a prosperous voyage.'"

We have now discharged a public duty, in calling the attention of the literary world thus early to a work which is undoubtedly destined to render the name of its author immortal. We once more call upon Mr Fellberg to proceed fearlessly in his high career, till he reaches the goal of glory and of fame, to which the completion of his labours must inevitably conduct him. We shall not fail to give our readers due notice of the future progress of a work, of which it would be unjust to the discernment of the public to augur any thing but the most splendid success.

to Troilus and Cressida, and Mr Pope, have concurred in thinking, that Shakespeare produced this long passage with design to ridicule and expose the bombast of the play from whence it was taken, and that Hamlet's commendation of it is purely ironical. This is become the general opinion. *I think just otherwise*; and that it was given with commendation, to upbraid the false taste of the audience of that time, which would not suffer them to do justice to the simplicity and sublime of this production." Warburton goes on, as usual, through a variety of ingenious and unsatisfactory arguments in

support of his opinion; but I must own, that in his conclusion I am inclined for the most part to agree. Not that I can bring myself to think, as he does, the style of the speech a good style, nor that his reasoning, as to what Hamlet says of it, however subtle, appears to me at all convincing; but because it is very possible that Shakespeare may have been fond of the lines, although they are not good in any point of view. Nor is it improbable that he was so. That he himself wrote them, there cannot, I think, be much doubt. The Shakespearean vein shows itself here and there. The style, indeed, exhibits much more of his nerve and manner than that of some of the plays which are attributed to him. Thus Andronicus, for instance, which it is a wonder, by the bye, that the critics have never attributed to Marlow, for the turn of the versification, and the atrocity of the characters, are in exact keeping with the "Jew of Malta."—But that the player's speech is not turgid, and in bad taste, and as unlike the style of the ancients as "Hyperion to a satyr," Warburton will succeed in persuading few readers. His parallel quotations, as he would have them thought, from Troilus and Cressida, and from Anthony and Cleopatra, are utterly worthless; the piece, in which the first occurs, is only half in earnest throughout; and the last nobody but Warburton would have produced as a *similar* passage. Still Shakespeare may have liked the player's speech, though he never wrote it, as the learned doctor supposes, in imitation of the ancients; as a *player*, it is the very thing that he would be likely to deem attractive; and poets are, in truth, seldom good critics, that is to say great poets are seldom judicious critics of poetry. Nor is it natural that they should be, for which the reasons are tolerably obvious.

Whether poets are inspired beings or not, does not much alter the bearings of this question. We have, to be sure, their own word for it that they are, and they should know best, as Count Caylus argued when he assured his officious ghostly advisers, to their great perplexity, that he had no soul. But then the word of a poet is none of the most credible, especially upon subjects like these. Be this as it may, however, still it is impossible to conceive of a great poet but as being,

whether intuitively or by a series of acts of the understanding, filled and saturated with the delight which springs from some favourite poetical style. This style must be *his own*; and it is only by the perfect comprehension, and intense admiration of its peculiarities and its beauties, that he can become an original poet. This feeling of delight, in a particular style of poetry, may have arisen, as it no doubt often arises, unconsciously. The numberless steps, of perception after perception, may have been originally so imperceptible, or so completely forgotten ultimately, as to give the whole process the appearance of instinct,—or it may have been a decided creation of the understanding. If any have originated in the nicest discrimination, and the most profound analysis. It may have been artificial in its conception, in its birth, and in its essence. Still the style so doated on, must be truly the "chosen one" the "only beloved;" and the modes of choice can only differ as the romantic "love at first sight" of the stripling differs from the gradual and intelligent affection of the man.

Under the first supposition, it is nearly impossible to imagine that a mind, influenced by such exclusive and deeply-seated feelings, should not be disqualified impartially to compare the effusions which produce them, with others which do not. In the second instance, it is difficult to imagine this. When we have long and steadily preferred any thing, especially in poetry, that preference, almost necessarily declines, (or if the term displease,) improves into a sort of amiable but unreasonable dogmatism. The lover may be brought to own, that his mistress is, in the abstract, less handsome than some other woman; but he cannot practically think that she is so, because he cannot feel that she is so. Her name must ever be to his ears "more musical than is Apollo's lute," let him play what tune he pleases. As it is in love, so is it in poetry. We are infatuated with a word, a very sound. The poet may exclaim, "What's in a name!" as long as he will, but it is a mistake to say that, to the poet,

"——— A rose
By any other name would smell as sweet!"

It would not do so.

How a mind impregnated with such

feelings should judge truly of the poet-
 ical, is incomprehensible. A jaundiced
 eye might as well distinguish colours.
 In order to judge of poetry, according
 to Burns's indignant expression, "by
 the square and rule," a poet must dis-
 miss for the occasion that "in which
 he lives," which, "is his life." He
 must go out of the very element in
 which he breathes to inhale some new-
 ly discovered gas. He must shuffle off
 nature, and commit high treason against
 the very bent and constitution of his
 soul and intellect. "He must divide
 and go to huffles with himself—

"His understanding's self, must maul his
 ass-self!"

He is to sit down and coolly examine
 that which naturally arouses his finest
 passions, and act the unbiassed judge in
 a cause as to which he has been full of
 prejudices from the very hour of his
 birth; that the struggle to go through so
 unnatural a task as this, should occasion
 all sorts of extremes and absurdities is
 not extraordinary. Poetical criticism de-
 mands other than poetical nerves. It is
 one man's calling to create a beautiful
 metaphor, and another's to dissect it. It
 is for your cold-blooded experimental-
 ist to stare a smile out of countenance,
 on pretence of criticising the regularity
 of its features, or to make mouths at
 the pathetic, under a pretext of subject-
 ing it to the test of ridicule, as an unwin-
 ning in your face in the hope of ma-
 king you as ridiculous as himself.

Of the fact of good poets being, in
 general, bad critics, the instances are
 "as plenty as blackberries." His lord-
 ship of Byron is one of the most modern
 and eminent examples. This is appa-
 rent, not only in the recent Bowles
 Controversy—to which one wonders at
 those who are sorry that he "condemns,"
 "for it is highly witty and amu-
 sing, and cannot hurt his reputation as
 a poet with any one who has common
 sense,—but may be, more or less, de-
 tected in many other transactions of
 his life. Byron is truly a poet by in-
 tuition. In his juvenile poems, that
 tendency to melancholy, and to the
 depicting the darker passions, which
 has all along characterized him, is de-
 cidedly developed. He was then too
 young to suffer it to take such complete

possession of him as it has since done,
 nor had he then attained to that ner-
 vous strength, either of thought or
 language, which imparts a double force
 to his misanthropical reflections. He
 accordingly wrote less from his own
 ideas of style and subject than from
 those of others; and whenever Lord

Byron has been an imitator, he has, in
 one or other sense of the word, failed.
 With a predisposition, thus early, to-
 wards a certain style and colouring of
 thought, his judgment has been con-
 stantly overpowered by the peculiarities
 of his poetical temperament. This is
 evident even in what he has said re-
 specting the Elgin marbles; differences
 of opinion is common, but there has
 been no measure in his wrath. He will
 find very few to join him in his exag-
 gerated vituperations of the noble co-
 noisseur, for rescuing these exquisite
 remains from the hands of Time and
 the Turk. The only pity is that it had
 not been done five hundred years
 sooner. But the eye of Byron had seen
 these unattached sculptures in their
 original situation; and he loved them
 with the enthusiasm of a poet. With
 such feelings it were in vain to reason.
 Talk of utility or expediency! we
 might as well expect the lover to cut
 off his mistress's beautiful hair to pre-
 vent it coming out, or draw her front-
 teeth to preserve the rest from caries.

His opinions on poetry, even when
 he has endeavoured to rest them on
 first principles, or logical deductions,
 seem to have veered and varied all his
 life; and with his opinions, variable
 as they have been, his practice has
 generally contrived to be inconsistent.
 In his criticisms in the satire of "Eng-
 lish Bards and Scotch Reviewers,"
 even when they are not warped by
 irritated passions, it would be difficult
 to shew any one rule to which he has
 adhered throughout; if there be any,
 it is the rule of contrariety. His imita-
 tions have not been less inconsistent,
 nor less unfortunate. They are, how-
 ever, often fortunately unfortunate.
 Unfortunate in not being like the style
 imitated, and fortunate in being be-
 ter. The versification, for instance,
 of the "Bride of Abydos" is clearly
 intended to resemble that of Sir Wal-
 ter Scott,—whose poems, by the bye,

he had ridiculed,—but it is more con-
 fused and more correct than that of
 Sir Walter. Again, he has nearly
 spoiled the third canto of "Childe
 Harold," by mixing some unimell-
 gible mysticism, about mountains and
 storms, with his own vigorous and
 well defined conceptions, under an
 idea that he was rivaling Wordsworth.

"When Southey's read, and Wordsworth
 understood,
 I can't help putting in my claim to
 praise."

Don Juan.

The controversy with Bowles is an-
 other instance of the work which po-
 etical prepossessions make with the
 critical judgment of a poet. Lord By-
 ron may persuade himself, if he can,
 that Pope is, after all, the greatest of
 poets—and that he thinks him so; but
 he shall not persuade the public to
 believe either of these propositions, for
 all the syllogisms that he has yet put
 forth. In truth, it is ten to one but
 he hates Pope and his poetry from the
 very bottom of his soul, and if he were
 to make an affidavit of the contrary
 to-morrow, the question would still
 remain where it was. He is, in fact,
 the dupe of his own feelings. Aware of
 the occasional hollowness—the some-
 time extravagance, of those bursts of
 exalted poetry, which are congenial
 and natural to his own mind, he dis-
 trusts himself. Such poetry is an every-
 day feeling with him, and he tires of
 himself. Like the bank, he can com-
 mand an unlimited issue of his own
 coin, and he depreciates himself. With
 these feelings, he endeavours to erect
 an artificial standard of merit, in di-
 rect opposition to that which he feels
 to be the true standard, and, in doing
 so, he has, for lack of better, foundered
 upon the precious piece of logic,
 that—because morals are the best of
 studies, and Pope has written moral
 essays in rhyme, therefore Pope is the
 best of poets. He might as well say,
 that because mahogany is the best of
 woods, therefore an ode to Honduras
 must exceed all possible odes to any
 possible collection of trees; or, that
 because the prospect of Elton is the
 best of prospects, and Elton the best
 of colleges, therefore, Gray's ode must
 be the best that could be written on
 the Prospect of a College. If reasoning
 like this may hold, the celebrated me-
 trical version of the Holy Scriptures
 deposited in the University Library at

Glasgow, but which the worthy pro-
 fessors are so strangely shy of allowing,
 must be, to all Christian readers, the
 paragon of all earthly poetry,—that is,
 has been, or shall be. That a mind
 gifted like that of the author of *Childe
 Harold*, should prefer Pope, *roughly*,
 witty, and elegant as he is, to Shake-
 speare, to Milton, or to himself, and
 for such a reason as this, is next to
 impossible.—Yet we must believe this
 before we can put faith in Lord By-
 ron's criticism.

Lord Byron has been mentioned first
 as being perhaps the most notorious
 instance of the principle which these
 remarks are intended to enforce. Cor-
 roborative examples, however, are suf-
 ficiently abundant. Milton, like Byron,
 seems to have been born a poet, though,
 to his native loftiness and fire, he has
 superadded all the majestic and fanci-
 ful graces which a profound knowledge
 of classical poetry could afford him. His
 genius tended evidently to the higher
 beauties of poetry,—to the sublime and
 the pathetic, rather than to the witty,
 the ingenious, or the elegant. Like
 Byron, however, Milton is known to
 have preferred the works of one, the
 tendencies of whose genius were as op-
 posite to those of his own, as can well
 be conceived. Cowley, the quaint,
 the metaphysical, the artificial Cowley,
 was the favourite of Milton, who pre-
 ferred him to Dryden. Dryden, Ro-
 chester, and the rest of King Charles
 the Second's pet poets, however, re-
 turned the compliment, and were in-
 judicious enough to express their con-
 tempt of Milton, whose *Paradise Lost*
 was characterized amongst the courtiers
 as a "dull poem," by one Milton, a
 blind old rebel, who had been Latin
 secretary to Cromwell, and narrowly
 escaped hanging at the Restoration,
 which, if he had not, they seem to
 have thought would have been no great
 matter for regret.

Pope is another instance of the in-
 ability of great poets to become good
 critics. He is the poet of good sense,
 wit, and judgment. His style, how-
 ever, is plainly the effect of intense
 labour. Its polish is the result of re-
 peated touches, and its correctness, of
 anxious and perpetual punning. A ge-
 nius like that of Pope could not cor-
 dially relish the natural and luxurious
 freedom of the older poets. Their
 thoughts rushed on like the stream of
 a mountain torrent, whilst his flowed
 on with the equable current of a ca-

style that he Mrs Behn, were essentially common-works of men place, and he, like them, only remark-enjoy them. able for the art of unravelling plots, or record that he contrasting characters. After saying Ben Jonson, that *Fleet-street* was his favourite pro-h. His sen- spect, it was natural to expect that he it he was "a should run down *Pastorals*. The poet-sense"—but of "London" was not likely to re-most strongly lish Tasso, Guarini, or Allan Ramsay. takepeare is Nor was he a very fair judge of Os-r published. stan, or even Dr Percy's ballads.

Amongst the living poets the same Warburton's intemperate judgments are daily ma-Pope's worst nifested. Byron, "in his own despite," lly and woe- sets up Pope for a model; deprecates canzonet oc- cant in one breath, and cents about loore's Irish, morals in the next. Percy Shelley, and as, could not the rest of the school of "naturals," Theobald, ebe at the "artifice" and "sing song," "Duncead— called him, intelligible beauties of Chaucer, na-ctically fal- king out in the excesses of their creed, plet of his "All discord, harmony—not understood." is one thing

on Criti- Nay, there was Leigh Hunt, the other- these it. day, doating upon the exquisite pro- nunciation of "tobacco," as a rhyme to "acre,"—tobacco! and impru- dently avowing his fondness, to the mortification of all those who feel sore

written well." Pope's and at the jokes lately played off on the keepeare, is peculiarities of what is termed the "Cockney School of Poetry."* The axion. Lake poets sneer at every body, and if er our own Dr Southey be not careful with his ry opinions hexameters, they run some risk of a ce Walpole, return. Indeed, the Laureate's "Spe- ay predict- cimens" of English Poetry are in them- ally, disco- selves no bad specimen of that perverse the young singularity of judgment which haunts paucity of the tribe of poets; nor is Mr Camp- nself were bell's selections without some tenden- ; preferred. cies of this sort, though more judicious passage in than Southey's. Sir Walter Scott's ide, to be confirmed predilection for antiquarian ; than any description, and heroes who "cannot and Horace the list, this infirmity of judgment, so ng him ge- fatal to great poets, is apparent even in the dramatists the venerable father of "The Leg of s from the Mutton School," who, it is plain, must admirable have taken the hint of praising all his e become great dining acquaintance from Pope's by saying idea of writing "panegyrics on all the sage from kings in Europe, unmindful that the in of his plan was, upon second thoughts, aban- ant, who done by its original and equally il- ole of the lustrous author.

re's mate- In this principle may be found the ative, or origin of that illiberal habit more or

less common to all nations, of depre- cating each other's literature, and especially poetical literature.

A nation, like a poet, necessarily has a favourite style; the national style is only more extended than that of the individual. Any national stand- ard of taste must, of course, be to the nation that owns it, as near perfection as possible; and because one people is incapable of entering into some of the peculiar feelings of another, these feelings are ridiculed, or even denied to exist. Thus the French, bigotted to the dramatic unities, and believing that nature and Aristotle are the same, designate the works of Shakespeare, "monstrous fancies." And when Lord Byron, in his *Don Juan*, first fairly introduced into English literature that fantastic mixture of the serious and co- ming, in which Pulci, and some of the other precursors of Ariosto, and Ari-osto himself delighted, many of our horror-stricken critics imagined, that the noble poet sat deliberately down to insult and confound the best feelings of our nature. Their very hair stood on end at such compleats as,

"They grieved for those that perish'd with the cutter,
And likewise for the bisquit-cakes and butter."

So difficult is it to reconcile one's self at first to any thing that is in opposi- tion to a preconceived standard of taste. The Edinburgh Review has lately let itself down, by shewing some feelings of this sort with respect to French li- terature; but it is most apparent in our dramatic criticisms, which go be- yond all bounds in expressing contempt for the very opposite styles of our neigh- bours. It is hardly necessary to instance any particular passage; but a specimen occurred to me the other day, so trans-

pendantly unjust, and altogether im- prudent, that it is impossible to help giv- ing it, once for all, especially as it comes from a quarter in which good sense, if not great genius, might have been ex- pected. It is the pretatory address pre- fixed to Shadwell's "Miser," which commences thus:

"Reader, the foundation of this play I took from one of *Moliere's*, called *L'Avare*; but that having too few persons, and too little action for an English theatre, I added to both so much that I may call more than half of this play my own, and I think I may say, *without vanity*, that *Moliere's* part has not suffered in my hand; nor did I ever know a *French comedy made use of by the worst of our poets, that was not bettered by me*. 'Tis not barrenness of wit or invention that makes us borrow from the *French*, but *business*;—and this was the occasion of my making use of *L'Avare*!"—Poor *Moliere*! it is difficult to read such things as this without thinking of Prior's well-known epi- gram.—"Ned" had probably hit up- on this sally of Shadwell's, amongst his other proofs of the absurdities of poets; and could his "inverted rule," as Prior wishes,

"Prove every fool to be a poet,"

I am not inclined to think he would have turned out half so great a one as the elegant and witty epigrammatist. It may be observed, in conclusion, that Prior himself was one of the many poets who have preferred their *worst work*. As *Milton* doated upon "*Para- dise Regained*," so Prior was enrapt- ured with his prosing poem of "*Solomon*," and is said to have been highly vexed on hearing that some one had put it below the humorous and exqui- site "*Alma*."

T. D.

[We have inserted this ingenious paper, on account of its literary merits; but we must take leave to enter our protest against the doctrine which the author attempts to inculcate.—We think it indisputable, in so much as poetry is an art, that poets, like other artists, must be the best judges of each other's skill. In what, therefore, relates to the rhythm, the construction of the verse, and to the melody of the numbers, a poet, we conceive, must necessarily be a better judge than any ordinary critic, precisely as a painter is a better judge of pictures, that is, of the style, the drawing, and the colouring, than any ordinary spectator. We think it is paradoxical, therefore, to deny the superiority of a poet's critical judgment;—and we think so too with respect even to the

element of poetry itself. The taste of a gay and jovial Anacreon, is not likely to find the same delight in the solemn and serious compositions of a Milton, a Dante, or a Byron, that he would in those of a Moore; but it does not surely follow, that he is less a judge of poetry than the critic who does not possess the same delicacy of tact in any class of the art. We do not, however, wish to enter into a controversy on the subject, but merely to give a caveat against the principle assumed by our respected correspondent.—C. N.]

GRACIOUS RAIN.

THE east wind has whistled for many a day,
Sere and wintry o'er Summer's domain;
And the sun, muffled up in a dull robe of grey,
Look'd sullenly down on the plain.

The butterfly folded her wings as if dead,
Or swayed 'er the fall destined time;
The daisy flower shrunk inward, or hung down its head
Like a young heart, grief-struck in its prime.

I too shrank and shiver'd, and eyed the cold earth,
The cold heavens, with comfortless looks;
And I listen'd in vain, for the summer bird's mirth,
And the music of rain-pleas'd brooks.

But, lo! while I listen'd, down heavily dropt
A few tears, from a low-sailing cloud;
Large and slow they descended; then thickened—then stop'd—
Then pour'd down abundant and loud.

Oh, the rapture of beauty, of sweetness, of sound,
That succeeded that soft gracious rain!
With laughter and singing the valleys rang round,
And the little hills shouted again.

The wind sunk away, like a sleeping child's breath,
The pavilion of clouds was unroll'd;
And the sun, like a spirit, triumphant o'er death,
Smiled out on this beautiful world!

On this beautiful world!—such a change had been wrought
By those few blessed drops.—Oh! the same
On some cold stony heart might be work'd too (methought,)
Sunk in guilt, but not senseless of shame.

If a few virtuous tears by the merciful shed
Touch'd its hardness, perhaps the good grain
That was sown there and rot'd, though long seeming dead,
Might shoot up and flourish again.

And the smile of the virtuous, like sunshine from heaven,
Might chase the dark clouds of despair,
And remove, when the rock's flinty surface was riven,
Might gush out, and soften all there.

Oh! to work such a change—by God's grace to recel
A poor soul from the death-sleep—to this!
To this joy that the angels partake, what were all
That the worldly and sensual call bliss?

A MOTHER'S DIRGE OVER HER CHILD.

Bring me flowers all young and sweet,
That I may strew the winding sheet,
Where calm thou sleepest, baby fair,
With roseless cheek, and auburn hair!

Bring me the rosemary, whose breath
Perfumed the wild and desert heath;
The lily of the vale, which, too,
In silence and in beauty grew.

Bring cypress from some sunless spot,
Bring me the blue forget-me-not,
That I may strew them o'er thy bier
With long-drawn sigh, and gushing tear!

Oh what upon this earth doth prove
So steadfast as a mother's love!
Oh what on earth can bring relief,
Or solace, to a mother's grief!

No more, my baby, shalt thou lie
With drowsy smile, and half shut eye,
Pillow'd upon my fostering breast,
Serenely sinking into rest!

The grave must be thy cradle now;
The wild-flowers o'er thy breast shall grow,
While still my heart, all full of thee,
In widow'd solitude shall be.

No tint of earth, no thought of sin,
E'er dwell thy stainless breast within;
And God hath laid thee down to sleep,
Like a pure pearl below the deep.

Yea! from mine arms thy soul hath flown
Above, and found the heavenly throne,
To join that blest angelic ring,
That aye around the altar sing.

Methought, when years had roll'd away,
That thou wouldst be mine age's stay,
And often have I dreamt to see
The boy—the youth—the man in thee!

But thou hast past! for ever gone
To leave me childless and alone,
Like Rachel pouring tear on tear,
And looking not for comfort here!

Farewell, my child, the dews shall fall
At morn and evening o'er thy pall;
And daisies, when the vernal year
Revives, upon thy turf appear.

The earliest snow-drop there shall spring,
And lark delight to fold his wing,
And roses pale, and lilies fair,
With perfume lend the summer air!