Ode to Beauty.

The sun and sea,
Informed by thee,
Before me run
And draw me on,
Yet fly me still,
As Fate refuses
To me the heart Fate for me chooses.
Is it that my opulent soul
Was mingled from the generous whole,—
Sea-valleys and the deep of skies
Furnished several supplies,
And the sands whereof I’m made
Draw me to them self-betrayed.

I turn the proud portfolios,
Which hold the grand designs
Of Salvator, of Guercino,
And Piranesi’s lines;
I hear the lofty psalms
Of the masters of the shell,
Who heard the starry music
And recount the numbers well;
Olympian bards who sung
Divine Ideas below,
Which always find us young,
And always keep us so.

Oft in streets or humblest places
I detect far-wandered graces,
Which from Eden wide astray
In lowly homes have lost their way.

Thou, eternal fugitive,
Hovering over all that live,
Quick and skilful to inspire

Ode to Beauty.

Allston’s Funeral.

Sweet extravagant desire,
Starry space and lily bell
Filling with thy roseate smell,
Wilt not give the lips to taste
Of the sector which thou hast.

Sweet extravagant desire,
Starry space and lily bell
Filling with thy roseate smell,
Wilt not give the lips to taste
Of the sector which thou hast.

All that’s good and great, with thee
Stands in deep conspiracy,
Thou hast bribed the dark and lonely
To report thy features only,
And the cold and purple morning
Itself with thoughts of thee adorning;
The leafy dell, the city mart,
Equal trophies of thine art;
Even the flowing azure air
Thou hast touched for my despair;
And if I languish into dreams,
Again I meet the ardent beams.

Queen of things! I dare not die
In Being’s deeps past ear and eye,
Lest there I find the same deceiver
And be the game of Fate forever.
Dread Power, but dear! if God thou be,
Unmake me quite, or give thyself to me!

ALLSTON’S FUNERAL

Tax summer moonlight lingered there,
Thy gently moulded brow to see,
For art in thee had softened care,
As night’s mild beams the dying tree.

That storied smile was on thy face,
The fair forgetfulness of fame,
The deep concealment of that grace,
Thy tender being’s only aim.