

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 pœans  
 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.

Thee gliding through the sea of form,  
 As the lightning through the storm,  
 Somewhat not to be possessed,  
 Somewhat not to be caressed,  
 No feet so fleet could ever find,  
 No perfect form could ever bind.  
 Thou, eternal fugitive,  
 Hovering over all that live,  
 Quick and skilful to inspire

Sweet extravagant desire,  
 Starry space and lily bell  
 Filling with thy roseate smell,  
 Wilt not give the lips to taste  
 Of the nectar 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 ;  
 E'en 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 !

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**ALLSTON'S FUNERAL.**

The 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.