

S T A N Z A S

WRITTEN AT THE TOMB OF SHAKSPEARE.

TO MISS LEE*.

FAIRY minstrels, haste away,

Here attune the pensive lay ;

Where these roses crown the sod,

Avonia's Bard awaits his God.

Though Avon's stream for ever flow,

So sweet a Bard it ne'er shall know ;

Child of Nature, void of Art,

How he knew the human heart !

* Author of " The Recesss."

When the magic shell he strung,
Echo, glad, responsive fung;
Whilst the cowslip's fairy train
Lightly trod the daisy'd plain.

And still at fall of dewy night,
By the Moon's uncertain light,
Whilst they move to airs divine,
Round his tomb they sweetly twine.