



THE POET.

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THOU art vanish'd! Like the blast  
Bursting from the midnight cloud;  
Like the lightning thou art past,—  
Earth has seen no nobler shroud!

Now is quench'd the flashing eye,  
Now is chill'd the burning brow,  
All the poet that can die;  
Homer's self is but as thou.

Thou hast drunk life's richest draught,  
Glory, tempter of the soul!  
Wild and deep thy spirit quaff'd,  
There was poison in the bowl.

Then the haunting visions rose,  
 Spectres round thy bosom's throne.  
 Poet! what shall paint thy woes,  
 But a pencil like thine own?

Thou art vanish'd! Earthly Fame,  
 See of what thy pomps are made!  
 Genius! stoop thine eye of flame!  
 Byron's self is but a shade.

ALFRED.