

Phaeton

Critic, whose soul a busy world hath slain,
Whose taste is but the impress of the times,
Bid me no more my eager quill restrain,
Or court the multitude in earthy rhymes.

Say not again that passion, bliss, and woe,
The hackney'd feelings of the gen'ral heart,
Must fill my days, in all my visions glow,
And throb triumphant thro' my labour'd art.

Let the stout swain, whom no reflections wake,
Chant of his Phillis, and his hopes and fears;
Let earth-bound clods of such tame things partake,
Dance with vain joys, and shed their trivial tears.

Why should I fret in microscopic bonds
That chafe the spirit, and the mind repress,
When thro' the clouds gleam beckoning beyonds
Whose shining vistas mock man's littleness?

Can seeing intellect contented lie
Within the confines of our tiny race,
When overhead yawns wide the starry sky,
Pregnant with secrets of unfathom'd space?