

SONNET—TO SCIENCE

Science! true daughter of Old Time thou art!
Who alterest all things with thy piercing eyes.
Why prey'st thou thus upon the poet's heart,
Vulture, whose wings are dull realities?
How should he love thee? or how deem thee wise,
Who wouldst not leave him in his wandering
To seek for treasure in the jewell'd skies,
Albeit he soar with an undaunted wing?
Hast thou not dragg'd Diana from her car?
And driv'n the Hamadryad from the wood
To seek a shelter in some happier star?
The gentle Naiad from her fountain flood,
The Elfin from the green grass, and from me
The summer dream beneath the shrubbery?

[1829]