

GENIUS.

(DEDICATED TO CHATEAUBRIAND.)

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Woe unto him! the child of this sad earth,  
Who, in a troubled world, unjust and blind,  
Bears Genius--treasure of celestial birth,  
Within his solitary soul enshrined.  
Woe unto him! for Envy's pangs impure,  
Like the undying vultures', will be driven  
Into his noble heart, that must endure  
Pangs for each triumph; and, still unforgiven,  
Suffer Prometheus' doom, who ravished fire from Heaven.

Still though his destiny on earth may be  
Grief and injustice; who would not endure  
With joyful calm, each proffered agony;  
Could he the prize of Genius thus ensure?  
What mortal feeling kindled in his soul  
That clear celestial flame, so pure and high,  
O'er which nor time nor death can have control,  
Would in inglorious pleasures basely fly  
From sufferings whose reward is Immortality?

No! though the clamors of the envious crowd

Pursue the son of Genius, he will rise

From the dull clod, borne by an effort proud

Beyond the reach of vulgar enmities.

'Tis thus the eagle, with his pinions spread,

Reposing o'er the tempest, from that height

Sees the clouds reel and roll above our head,

While he, rejoicing in his tranquil flight,

More upward soars sublime in heaven's eternal light.

MRS. TORRE HULME