

A Poet's Grave

T.J. Dunbar

How still this solemn place of gloom!
The gaunt, bare trees, their leaves have shed;
Where winter shrouds grey spire and tomb,
And tablet sacred to the dead.

Beneath yon solitary mound,
Where one white daisy rears its breast;
With yew and cypress clustered round,
The world-tired Poet lies at rest!

No more shall toil, or daily strife,
Wake his calm dreaming, slumber-won;
Cold, alone, neglected as in life,
Sleeps Erin's chiefest minstrel son!

No titled pomp, nor wealth had he -
Yet all his toiling life he sung
Of Youth, and Love and Chivalry,
And Beauty, when the world was young.

Though poor and hard his lot below,
To all mankind he could afford,
Kind friendship's gift; in weal or woe,
The rapture of a kindly word.

Dear Bard, whose worth lived all unknown,
While sweet the strains thy wild harp made;
No humble tribute stands, nor stone,
To mark the spot where thou art laid.

Yet, from the distant city gay;
Here, where December's chill winds rave;
One kindred spirit comes to lay,
This laurel chaplet on thy grave.

Great singer of the South! whose name,
By future tongues shall revered be -
Graved in the golden scroll of Fame,
Though once the cold world frowned on thee!

