

XVI.

You teach me a fine lesson, my old boy!
I've looked on my superiors for too long.
And small has been my profit as my joy.
You've done the right while I've denounced the wrong.
Prosper me later!

Like you I'll despise the sniggering throng,
And please myself & my Creator.

XVII

I'll bring the linen-drafter & his wife
Some day to see you: taking off my hat.
Should they ask why, I'll answer: in my life
I never found so true a democrat.
Base occupation
Can't rob you of your own esteem, old rat!
I'll preach you to the British Nation.

Farewell!

Sept 13
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Farewell! if ever fondest prayer
For others' weal ascended on high,
None will not be lost in air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky.
'Twere vain to speak, to weep, to sigh:
Oh! more than tears of blood can tell,
Then wrung from guilt's expiring eye,
Are in that word - Farewell! - Farewell!

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry,
But in my breast & in my brain,
Awake the pangs that pass not by,
The thought that ne'er shall sleep again.
My soul nor deigns nor dares complain,
Though grief & passion there rebel:
I only know I loved in vain -
I only feel - Farewell! - Farewell!

L. B.