

TO BYRON

Died April 19, 1824

If it be sin to love the dead, or sin

To worship one whose only relics are

A song, a sacrifice, a soul at war

With life, I have sinned deeply, Byron, in

My love of thee. For from the moment when

Thy hot defiance flung its challenge far

Into my blood, like one to whom a star,

Unknown before, now glows alone within

Its corner of the sky, so loved I thee.

No Milton thou, no silent builder of

A universe; no Shelley, standing pale

To tear one down. These saw eternity;

Thou, only what was near. Yet high above

Thy brow was written: "Man." Couldst thou
then fail?

—R. D.