

TO KEATS

Hail! golden-throated warbler,
Thou child of muses old.
Thy celestial strains have gained thee place
Mid the Olympic fold.
Thou wert Beauty's courtier
And worshipped her alone
Save when, to veiled Melancholy
Thou mad'st thy plaintive moan.
Thou gavest Nature's precepts
In Beauty's supreme form.
Thou sang'st of the dim past
And to the times unborn.
Thy songs shall live forever,
Bright gems of polished rhyme,
Rare carven fanes of Beauty,
Deep founts of thought sublime.

—C. J. CAMPBELL, '26.