

WILLIAM COLLINS.



olid in old red brick that breathes the
Georges,
Redolent of port and beefsteak orgies,
Is somnolent and Tory Chichester;
For this I love her dullness: that in her
Was born the Poet, who was born to sing
The perfect lyric of the Evening.

But the poor Poet loathed his father's mart,
And went to London, where he broke his heart;
Broken and young and beautiful he died;
Chatterton, Otway, Keats, some few beside
Died so, but happy Collins lived to sing
The perfect Song sung to the Evening.

Exquisite Evening so worshipped him,
She dwelt with him until his mind grew dim;
He had drunken of her wine, and he was laid,
Unknown, unsung, beneath her dusky shade.
One perfect Song her lover sang to her,
Her hapless Poet born in Chichester.

Little young Collins sang, but once he knew
The joyous taste of pure Castalian dew.
In Chichester was born one perfect rose,
And in all love, a brother Poet goes,
A pilgrim, to the staid old Tory shrine,
For one pale rose, one draught of perfect wine.