

To the A.H.S.P.C., on Receipt of the May Pippin

Szerző: Howard Phillips Lovecraft • Év: 1919

Dispense, ye shades of dulness and of gloom,
 As welcome rays the letter'd realm illumine;
 Bright thro' the vapour of Boeotian reams
 The fulgent lamp of youthful talent gleams:
 Transported throngs acclaim th' increasing light,
 And the blest Pippin greets our ravish'd sight!
 Say, blameless babes grown wise beyond your years,
 In whose rare pages ev'ry charm appears—
 How is 't that you, with such perfection past,
 Can make each issue loftier than the last?
 First in the book, in witty rhymes unroll'd,
 The honour'd members of the club behold;
 Here wit and genius, art and learning shine,
 And sacred Wisdom sheds her beams benign:
 To verse and stanza pictures add their grace;
 Each child displays a shining morning face;
 Whilst high above (in inches and in brain),
 Immortal GALPIN rules the infant train.
 All-knowing youth, in whose capacious mind
 The lore of all the ages is confin'd!
 Next on the list, resplendent thro' the sky,
 See flocks of wing'd heroicks gaily fly;
 The critick murmurs with unwonted pleasure,
 Glad to encounter his own fav'rite measure;
 Pope was in luck so long ago to sing,
 For we should else declare he copy'd WING!
 Now for skill'd fiction must the gaze prepare,
 As we observe bright CARY'S "First Affair";
 With art and sympathy our author glows,
 And charms the fancy with his vivid prose:
 Struck with the lustre of the new-found star,
 We swear in chorus—CARY will go far!
 The Muse once more enchants our watching eyes
 As PATTERSON'S and BRADFORD'S lines arise;
 Pleas'd with the images so nobly wrought,
 We laud the numbers, and commend the thought.
 To this poetic pair we fain would add
 The modest STEVENS, at his crudeness sad;
 Henry, take heart! The peak is not so high
 That thou needst miss it, if thou wilt but try!
 (And as for roughnesses of taste and grammar—
 Hast ever heard about a certain Stammer?
 Compar'd to him, thou art already great—
 The heir of genius, and the pet of Fate!)
 And now, to quit a while the Yahoo kind,
 In MORSE'S prose bright canine thoughts we find;
 How pleas'd the heart, at human baseness pain'd,
 To view the faithful dog, in soul unstain'd!
 Such are the gems, from infant genius born,
 That this gay crown of letter'd fame adorn;
 Sing now the hand that with surpassing art

Chose and arrang'd each bright particular part:
All Hail, Learn'd ABRAHAM! whose magick skill
Hath mark'd thee out, great GALPIN'S place to fill;
Thy studious mind, each day more lofty grown,
Was sure design'd the nearest to his own:
Stars in their courses cast thy kindred fate,
For thou wert also born November 8!
Dazzled with art, the rhymester fain would know
How minds so young to such vast heights can go;
Abash'd, he pauses, conscious of a grace
His own dull pencil fruitless strives to trace.
Vain were the bard who still could court the ear,
When contrast shews him so much in the rear!