

# To my muse

[Life](#), [Love](#)



To my Muse Invoked no longer is the Muse, The lyre is out of date; The poets  
it no longer use, And youth its inspiration now imbues With other form and  
state. If today our fancies aught Of verse would still require, Helicon's hill  
remains unsought; And without heed we but inquire, Why the coffee is not  
brought. In the place of thought sincere That our hearts may feel, We must  
seize a pen of steel, And with verse and line severe Fling abroad a jest and  
jeer. Muse, that in the past inspired me, And with songs of love hast fired  
me; Go thou now to dull repose, For today in sordid prose I must earn the  
gold that hired me. Now must I ponder deep, Meditate, and struggle on; E'en  
sometimes I must weep; For he who love would keep Great pain has  
undergone. Fled are the days of ease, The days of Love's delight; When  
flowers still would please And give to suffering souls surcease From pain and  
sorrow's blight. One by one they have passed on, All I loved and moved  
among; Dead or married—from me gone, For all I place my heart upon By fate  
adverse are stung. Go thou, too, O Muse, depart, Other regions fairer find;  
For my land but offers art For the laurel, chains that bind, For a temple,  
prisons blind. But before thou leavest me, speak: Tell me with thy voice  
sublime, Thou couldst ever from me seek A song of sorrow for the weak,  
Defiance to the tyrant's crime.