

To Charlotte Cushman

Where is the one so fit to claim
The wildlings nourished on the sod
That rises great with Shakespeares Name
An altar clean to Man & God

To whom around one would I give
The tinsel blossoms offered now
Some har who helps that name to live
And flings more laurels on his brow

Long shall I note the pleasant hours
When fancy wandered, fond & free
And dreaming o'er their poor flowers
Breathed forth a gentle prayer for thee

Shakespeare Cliff Down

Eliza Cook

July 24 1845

A dried rosegay was with this