TO A MANIAC.

There was a time, poor phrensied maid,
When I could o'er thy grief have mourned,
And still with tears the tale repaid
Of sense by sorrow's sway o'erturned.

But now thy state my envy moves:

For thou art woe's unconscious prize;

Thy heart no sense of suffering proves,

No fruitless tears bedew thine eyes.

Excess of sorrow, kind to thee,

At once destroyed thy reason's power;

But reason still remains to me,

And only bids me grieve the more.

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